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STATUE OF GIORDANO BRUNO.

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

ANOTHER year has closed its door behind us, and our thirty-third volume is complete. Another year swings back its door before us, and we begin the first page of our thirty-fourth volume. Let it open with a greeting to all our readers, far and near, scattered the whole world over: greeting of love and gratitude to the many friends who ring our globe; greeting of love and gratitude also to those, happily few, who hide their true faces beneath the mask of enmity, and think themselves to be our foes; for they bring us as gift the opportunity to practise forbearance and to increase fortitude—a good gift surely, albeit it be thrown in our faces instead of given with a smile into our hands. Peace, then, and goodwill and gratitude to all, “friends, neutrals, and enemies,” for we can learn from all, and while our friends give us inspiration and the longing to live up to their ideal of us, our opponents do us the great service of pointing to our mistakes, apparent or real, and by

showing us the joints in our armour, enable us to mend them ere the real day of battle dawns upon us. So to all, goodwill.

* * *

The only cloud in our Theosophical sky is over Germany which seems to resent any attempt at co-operation. Last winter, as our readers know from our March number, I asked various residents at Adyar to put themselves into touch with their different countries, in order to gather news from each of the progress of the movement, to be published for the general benefit. This attempt to draw the countries together has been warmly welcomed, save in Germany, and we have been able to publish Theosophical news from different parts of the world. (By error, it has been put into *The Adyar Bulletin* instead of into THE THEOSOPHIST.) But a letter from Mr. Cordes to Herr Bernard Hubo brought the astonishing answer that by the request "it is only possible to understand confidential news of a personal character, possibly about Dr. Steiner. Although no secret doings happen in Germany that have to eschew the light of day, I have to refute very strongly the insinuation of a kind of spying as an insult of the grossest kind. It has really come very far that the Headquarters of the T. S. instigate attempts at spying! . . . If such happenings should become generally known a bigger storm than that of five or six years ago might arise" (Translation). I should have regarded this as the ill-feeling of one man, had I not received a similar letter from two ladies, and had not Fraulein von Sivers, Dr. Steiner's right hand, written to Dr. Hübbschleiden, that she could not invite Mr. Cordes to Munich because of his attempts at espionage. Such is

the astounding and most untheosophical distortion of our wish to draw the National Societies nearer to each other by news of the work done in each. As there is no way of reaching German members, in order to remove the misrepresentations spread among them as to Adyar and the President of the T. S., I print this explanation of the absence of German news in our columns; the absence is not due to antagonism to Germany, but to the accusation of spying which answered our attempt to enter into closer relations with our German brethren. I wrote last May to the *Mitteilungen*, sending the letter, registered, to Dr. Steiner—correcting his misrepresentation of me to the German Convention of last December, but have had no answer; the *Mitteilungen* is only published occasionally, so I publish these letters in this number of THE THEOSOPHIST, and ask my German friends to make them known as widely as possible in Germany.

* * *

A very large gathering assembled at Harrogate for the Seventy-third Conference of the Northern Federation, on August 3rd and 4th, 1912. The General Secretaries of England and Wales, Scotland, and Russia were present; Mrs. Russak represented the T. S. in America, and many members were present from Scotland. On the evening of August 2nd, I lectured to the Harrogate Lodge on 'Broad Lessons from the Study of Past Lives,' and the subject proved a very interesting one. On the morning of the 3rd, we all assembled on the new site, purchased by the Lodge for the erection of a building of their own; addresses were given by Mr. Hodgson-Smith, the three General Secretaries, Mrs. Russak and myself. We then descended and encircled the stone; two copper

boxes—one containing the pictures of four of the Masters and the other the usual journals, etc.—were placed in the cavity, and then the stone was lowered to its bed of mortar spread over the surface of the lower stone, was carefully adjusted, and declared to be well and truly laid. Two appropriate verses were sung, led by Mrs. Russak, and the simple but impressive ceremony was over. May the building thus consecrated prove a centre of blessing to the town.

*
* *

The General Conference met at 3-30, and was presided over by myself ; it opened with greetings from the representatives of other countries, and then the discussion on 'The Nature of Memory' was begun with a paper by Mrs. Russak. This was followed by speeches from Mr. Theodore Bell, Miss Pattinson, and Miss Kate Browning, M. A., all bringing out some interesting aspect of the many-sided subject. A couple of useful questions and the summing up by myself closed the meeting. We then adjourned for the annual photograph, and were afterwards re-invigorated by an excellent tea. The day's work was closed by a lecture from myself on 'Instinct and Intuition,' and I also laid before the meeting the proposed organisation of the Order of the Sons and Daughters of England.

*
* *

On Sunday, August 4th, the long spell of wet weather, which had been broken by a very fine day on the 3rd, resumed its uncomfortable sway, and the skies poured down on us uncompromising rain. The first meeting was of the E. S. Then at 3-30, a damp crowd gathered at the Grand Opera House, to listen to a lecture, 'Who are the Masters and how can we reach Them?'

It was the largest meeting we had ever had in Harrogate. The evening meeting was smaller, a violent storm of wind and rain breaking out just when people should have been setting out for the lecture; however the hall was two-thirds full, despite the pelting shower, and the lecture, 'Reincarnation applied to Social Problems,' aroused keen interest.

* * *

August 5th saw our party again in London, and I had a long conference with our architect, Mr. Lutyens, in the evening. The land we bought from the Skinners' Company has been taken over by the Bedford Estate, and our large Hall can be built thereon. A large strip of vacant land has been added on each side of the Headquarters' building, so as to give plenty of light and air, and the final arrangements are in train to complete the taking over of the land on which the wings are to be built.

* * *

August 5th had long been given to the Letchworth Summer School, and Mr. Alan Leo kindly motored me with his wife to the Garden City. It was a stormy day, with occasional gleams of watery sunshine, and fierce gusts of wind. At 5 P. M. there was a Lodge meeting, for the formal initiation of members into the Society. The late President-Founder would have rejoiced over the revival of his favourite ceremony in the West. About forty members gathered at the meeting. In the evening I gave the concluding lecture of the Garden City Summer School; the subject was 'The Citizenship of Coloured races in the Empire.' The church wherein the lecture was given was crowded, and the subject evoked much interest. The Summer School has been a great success,

and the promoters were all quite radiant over the brilliant realisation of their hopes.

* * *

Lady Emily Lutyens, National Representative for England, has organised second and third grades of the Order of the Star in the East. The second will consist of all wearers of the Silver Star who volunteer for definite service, such as meditation, lecturing, writing, answering letters in the press, acting as stewards at meetings, attending on stated days to meet visitors, etc. This grade is called the Service Corps. The third grade consists of members of the Service Corps, who are free to go wherever they are wanted, and can give up their lives entirely to service. These are chosen by myself. Any members who wish to join the Service Corps should communicate with Lady Emily Lutyens.

* * *

I often advise people to choose territorial names for Lodges of the T. S. rather than personal ones, unless the personal are those of historical characters, or of those who have passed away. A case in point supporting this view is the action of the Board of the Besant Lodge, Berlin, which has discarded the name because Dr. Steiner is President of it. 'Berlin Lodge,' the new designation, is much better, and will not arouse 'feelings'. Apropos of the controversy now going on in India the following is interesting: "Those who follow personalities rather than principles will *always* be shaken out of the Theosophical Society." I quite agree with this remark, made by the present President of the T. S. a short time ago—before the controversy.

* * *

When I sent from Sicily the articles on 'Consciousness in Men and Animals,' and on the 'Four-dimensional World,' I had not with me the name of the book from which the chapters were taken, or that of the author. The book is *Tertium Organum, a key to the Enigmas of the World*, and the author is Mr. P. D. Ouspensky. I am glad to be able to remedy the omissions.

* * *

The Wesleyan Conference has been largely advertising me: "Mrs. Besant's influence in India" is printed in big type as a heading in many reports. The Rev. Philip Cape of Benares complained "of the influence of Mrs. Besant in India". He said that, "whatever she might say in England, in India she was always hostile to Christian missions". The Theosophical idea of religions is difficult for the ordinary missionary to grasp. We regard all great religions as divinely inspired, and seek to strengthen the noblest side of each in its own domain. Just as in England I try to serve the faith of the country by representing it in its best light, by pointing to its mystical side, and elucidating its deeper meanings, so in India do I seek to serve the local religions. In Ceylon, I lecture on Buddhist lines, as I do also in Burma. In India proper, I lecture on Hindûism, Zoroastrianism and Islâm; I have lectured on Christianity, but very rarely, for my audiences are non-Christian. I try to serve these great faiths, to strengthen and to deepen their hold on the minds and hearts of their adherents. It is perfectly true that this work is a great obstacle in the way of Christianising India, but the obstacle is the vivification of these faiths in their adherents, not any attack made by me on Christianity. To me all religions are ways to God, and the spirit of hatred

to the religion of another has no place in the heart of the Theosophist.

* * *

I explain and justify the faiths of the country in which I am lecturing, and I grant that this weakens the position of the missionary, who seeks to destroy them. As regards the missionaries, I have praised their educational work, except on its religious side; in the latter, they promote infidelity and materialism, by destroying the boys' belief in the faith of their fathers, while unable to implant their own; I have protested against the use of ridicule and insult as weapons against Hindūism, and Christians should not object to that, as they go much further in England, and punish blasphemy with imprisonment; to me blasphemy against the Object of worship of the Hindūs is as offensive and in as bad taste as blasphemy against the Object of worship of the Christians. The missionary medical work is splendid, and deserves the highest praise. I have often spoken to Christian audiences in England against the attempts to injure the great eastern faiths, and have found much sympathy with this position. I make no effort to conceal my own views, and often have been blamed in England for stating frankly: "I am not a Christian." To me personally, Hindūism, in its noblest form, is the highest exoteric expression of religion, but I never seek to force it on an English audience. In speaking to Christians I put spiritual ideas into a Christian garb, as I speak French when addressing Frenchmen.

* * *

The Rev. C. W. Scott-Moncrieff, F. T. S., is doing good work in lecturing, whenever he is able to leave his duty in Scotland. He spoke lately in the Ladies' County

Club at Cardiff, the Countess of Plymouth, F. T. S., presiding, and also gave a public lecture under the auspices of the Cardiff Lodge; Miss de Normann, F. T. S., is doing splendid work in that district. Among other signs of progress is the acceptance by the chief daily journal of Alsace of a novel by Mdlle. Aimée Blech, F. T. S., to be published *en feuilleton*; Mdlle. Blech is becoming well known as a writer of Theosophical novels. My own little book, *Theosophy*, in 'The People's Books'—a six-penny series of books by well-known authors, on religion, philosophy, and science, published by Messrs. Jack, of Edinburgh and obtainable at our THEOSOPHIST Office, Adyar—will be issued on September 4th of the present year. It will be on sale at the T. P. S., London, and by the Propaganda Committee, at 19, Tavistock Square and may be had at railway book-stalls; it should reach India in October.

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A League, named the League of Redemption, has been formed under the T. S. Order of Service. The Chairman is Captain Arthur St. John; Secretary, Reginald Farrer; Executive Committee, Mrs. Haden Guest, Lady Emily Lutyens, Miss Ord, Miss Pye; Mrs. A. J. Webb, Major Adam, and Dr. Armstrong Smith are also invited to join. The League is to work for the redemption of women who have fallen into evil hands. I met the Committee before leaving London, and we passed some amendments to the White Slave Traffic Bill now before the House of Commons. The methods of work agreed upon are:

- a. Directed thought and meditation on principles;
- b. Consideration of causes and how to deal with them;

c. Constructive application of principles by :

- (1) Finding out what is being done and where and how we can help ;
- (2) Experiment of our own, as we see the way.

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Bishop Anderson of Chicago, in his Annual charge, spoke very nobly on Christian unity, and, if the "Brotherhood of Humanity" were substituted for the "Church of Christ," every Theosophist would endorse the following :

The unity of the Church of Christ is an established spiritual fact. The manifestation of this unity is the duty of Christ's disciples. . . . It was the manifestation of unity for which He prayed, not the creation of unity. . . . There is a unity, but the world cannot see it. There *is* unity, but the world does not believe it.

The Bishop wisely remarks, dealing with Christian sects, that "the Church cannot live on its past conflicts. It cannot acquiesce in an armed truce as a permanent attitude." And he then proposes :

1. Let us confess the sin of schism. . . .
2. Let us confess our part in the schism. . . .
3. Let us cease confessing other people's sins. We Anglicans have confessed the sins of the Roman Catholics and the Protestants with great ardour and with unstinted fulness. Let them confess their own.

The advice might be generally taken. If we all gave up confessing other people's sins, the world would be more peaceful.

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Science may sometimes add to the gaiety of nations :

M. Edmond Perrier, director of the Museum of Natural History, brought to the notice of the Academy of Sciences yesterday a series of researches among oysters made by M. Danton. This scientist has discovered that the sex of an oyster often varies in the same subject. A male oyster, for example, will change into half male, half female, and then into a female without apparent cause. M. Danton has also discovered that the female oyster is undoubtedly the superior sex. The male is weaker and inferior in every way, and when badly

nourished a female oyster will 'degenerate' into a male. With a change of diet, however, she resumes the privileges of her sex.

Is this a vestigium or a rudiment ?

* * *

A friend sends another of the interesting 'coincidences' which guide those who are ready into the T. S. In June, 1902, he received a letter in which the writer referred to myself. He wrote in reply, asking who I was and where I could be seen or heard. He posted his letter in the Union Rooms at Oxford. Five minutes afterwards he saw a poster announcing a coming lecture by me. He went to the lecture, felt much attracted to Mrs. Sharpe, who was with me, and so began his acquaintance with the T. S.

* * *

We bade farewell on August 23rd to a large crowd of well-wishers at Charing Cross Station, the General Secretaries of England and Scotland, and Miss Green of Southampton kindly accompanying Miss Stewart and myself to Dover. Their affectionate farewell is the last memory of England. Across a 'choppy sea' and then on steady land we sped forwards through the night, and through the following day, until at Turin another crowd greeted us; here Mr. Leadbeater and Mr. Hodgson-Smith joined us and travelled with us to Alessandria, a pleasant interlude of happy converse; the face of another friend, Mr. Kirby, smiled at us at Alessandria, and the three waved goodbye as our train ran onwards. Only seven passengers boarded the little Osiris, and two of them left us at Port Said for the Soudan, so that only five of us embarked on the China. But here Mrs. Kerr met us, having come from Bombay, and I had the pleasure of meeting Major Nicholson,

a brother of Lieut.-Colonel Nicholson, F. T. S., who, however, landed at Aden, so our acquaintance was of the shortest.

* * *

At Aden a little group greeted us, Fellows of the T. S., the fruit of the labours at Aden of Captain and Mrs. Powell and Lieut.-Colonel Nicholson; they joined the T. S. after my lecture at Aden on the last journey, and came, with some friends, to wish us a good voyage, bringing some fragrant flowers. At Aden, a letter met me from Captain Powell, asking me to receive some addresses of welcome at Bombay from the Blavatsky Lodge, a number of Indian Lodges, and the Order of the Star in the East. The signatories had been moved to their kindly thought by the many attacks made on me during my absence; and truly I know that the great majority of loving and loyal hearts are willing to accept the poor services I can render to India, the beloved Motherland, without casting stones at me because I am not yet perfect in their eyes—who indeed could be? I fear, however, that the noisy section of the press, which has been throwing mud at me, may have somewhat weakened, not my influence with the Indians, but my power to help; the Indians know the value of the largely subsidised attacks, but the Government may be misled by them, not realising that they are instigated from America and Paris; because I am against the separation of India from the Empire, I am regarded as an obstacle to be removed. I have some letters from one of the instigators, urging the Indians to “throw off the English yoke”. I have, however, no inclination to purchase immunity by ceasing to preach union, so must put up with the results of my work of peace.



BUST OF GIORDANO BRUNO (SIDE VIEW).



GIORDANO BRUNO

THEOSOPHY'S APOSTLE IN THE SIXTEENTH
CENTURY¹

By ANNIE BESANT

THREE centuries and more have rolled away since Giordano Bruno, the Nolan, spoke in the Sorbonne of Paris; not here he spoke, in this magnificent Hall in which we are gathered to-night; but nevertheless it was in this same famous Sorbonne that he set forth his theories on the Infinite Universe, on the Universal Life, on the Immortality—or rather, the Eternity—of the human Spirit, and on the Life Heroic that leads to Human Perfection.

Come with me up the stream of history to the sixteenth century. We are in the year 1576. Bruno,

¹ A Lecture delivered in the Sorbonne at Paris, on June 15, 1911.

having narrowly escaped the clutches of the Inquisition—which had tried to seize him in his monastery and to arraign him for a somewhat audacious pamphlet, in which he had jibed with caustic irony at the vices of the monks and had criticised none too gently some of the dogmas of the Church—had fled from the neighbourhood of Naples and had betaken himself, with more courage than good sense, to Rome. Rome had no welcome for the peccant monk, and finding there the same danger menacing him, he escaped to Noli, a small town of northern Italy, and sought to gain there a modest livelihood by teaching, dropping his garb of monk. Noli, however, proved a failure, and Geneva attracted his errant steps. But the Calvinist proved no less hostile to him than the Roman Catholic, for Beza, successor of Calvin, was hard as iron, and the ashes of the fire that had burned Servetus were scarcely cold. A hint that his arrest was ordered and that a similar fate might meet him, sent him, an agile climber, over the city wall, since the gates had been closed to cage him; he betook himself to Lyons, later on to Toulouse—where the stake of Vanini glowed in the not distant future—and finally reached Paris.

Eager to spread his ideas, he asked permission of the Sorbonne to lecture; permission was given, and soon a professorship was offered, with the usual condition: a Sorbonne professor must attend the Mass. Now Bruno had no mind to attend Mass; impatient of falsehood, frank to rashness, to him a lie in action was as base as a lie in words. But the times were dangerous; often in Paris streets the cry rang out: "The Mass—or death." Yet, death or no death, Giordano Bruno was resolute not to buy a professorship with a fraud, so

of professorship he would have none.¹ What to do? How seat him in a chair in the Sorbonne? Henry III, then King, was attracted for the moment by the young Italian. The students, careless of authority, would, by all means, hear the Nolan, so great a contrast to the ordinary professor; his fiery and vivid eloquence; his irony, now gay, now biting; his satirical humour, sometimes laughing and light, sometimes sardonic and bitter; his magnetic personality above all, drove them wild with enthusiasm. A way must be found, lest King should be angered, and students rise in revolt. "Let us create for him a professorship extraordinary, without conditions," said the somewhat alarmed authorities. It was done, and Giordano Bruno was named professor extraordinary, with permission to teach the dull and harmless system of Raymond Lully, a system of logic and mnemonics. To all appearance his subject was innocent enough, but the solemn University grey beards did not know their new professor, truly extraordinary, and the way in which he could vivify the dreariest theme.

To him, in truth, the theme was not dreary, but full of vivid possibilities, opening out to him vast horizons. For was not speech materialised thought? that which in the intelligible world was Idea became Thought in the world of intelligence, and Object in the world of matter. Was not the Idea creator, while speech and object were only its creatures? God Himself, when He willed to create a universe, manifested Himself as Word, and the Word, in turn, was made flesh.

¹ He said later as to this: "I would not accept it, because it is the rule for lecturers in this city to attend Mass and the other Sacred Offices, and I have always avoided doing so, knowing that I was excommunicated for having left the religious life and unfrocked myself; and though in Toulouse I was lecturer in ordinary, I was not bound to do this, as I should have been bound in Paris had I accepted the post of lecturer in ordinary." (Doc. IX).

Under the veil of Lully, he could teach the philosophy which he had breathed in his father's house, the lore of Pythagorean Greece, transplanted into Italy.

Let us see who this Giordano Bruno was, who for a brief time was the idol of the Paris students, and for a few months, at least, the favourite of a fanatical and weak King.

He was born in the neighbourhood of Naples, in the little town of Nola, under the flashes of Vesuvius. This town had been once a city of some importance, dating from the Etruscan period, and perhaps colonised by some Greeks from Chalcis. Its inhabitants, brave and warlike folk, had guarded well their town through many a period of storm; more than once the troops of Hannibal had rolled back broken from its walls. Later on, the town had been sacked by the Goths, and had fallen into the hands of the Saracens. When its best-known son, our Giordano Bruno, was born, it was little more than a heap of ruins. Yet over those ruins shone the mighty figure of Pythagoras, for the whole district was part of 'Greater Greece,' and had been a centre of Greek philosophy; the tradition of Greek thought and of the doctrines of the neo-platonic School of Alexandria was still living and potent, and it may be that, lying on the slopes of Vesuvius, the ardent boy dreamed of Hypatia, and half awed, half attracted, was fascinated and stimulated by her fate.

It was in this atmosphere that Filippo Bruno, he who was to be known as Giordano, was born, and under the ægis of this philosophy he was nurtured. Moreover the boy listened eagerly, with shining eyes, to the talk of the erudite and cultured men who gathered in his

father's house, fervid lovers and devoted admirers of the philosophy and the ideals of Pythagorean Greece.

His father was a man of cold, strong, balanced temperament, at times bordering on severity, and always austere; a man of the type of the Stoic, a thorough Pagan of ancient times. Our philosopher recalls an incident of his childhood: One evening after supper, one of the neighbours cried gaily: "Never did I feel so jolly as I feel at this moment." The father answered grimly: "Never wast thou such a fool as now."¹

His mother was gentle and pious, timid and limited in intelligence; she tenderly loved her son, and her one hope, her one prayer for him, was that he should become a monk.

From this strangely assorted pair, so opposed in temperament, was born this fiery spirit, this knight-errant of philosophy. A soul aflame, a spirit subtle and proud, an inspired orator, a prolific writer, at times himself carried away by the torrent of his own fatal facility—such was he whom Hegel called a "comet that flashed across Europe," whom Bernouf spoke of as "this blazing spark of a fiery life".

The mother's prayer was fulfilled. Filippo Bruno, a mere boy, but fifteen years of age, steeped in the thought of Pythagoras, of Plotinus, of Porphyry, of Proclus, of Iamblichus, entered a Dominican monastery, and hid his ardent heart under the frock of the monk. His superiors, unwisely delighted with his remarkable and precocious intelligence, dreamed of great glory to come through him to their monastery, and named him Giordano, after the successor of G. Dominic. So lightly

¹ *Degli Heroici Furori*, Part I, Dial. ii.

did the boy's feet tread the road which led to the Dominican monastery, and thence, by many a precipice and many a height and depth, to the Field of Flowers in Rome.

Poor mother, dreaming of her son in peaceful Nolan home, dreaming of pious future, of holy sermons to devoted listeners—dreams never to be realised. Poor, simple, gentle heart, and narrow intelligence. It was as though a barnyard hen had hatched an eagle's egg, and gazed up helplessly at the young eaglet that had nestled 'neath her wing, and then, grown strong, had cloven his way sunwards. She had dreamed of a saint, and had given birth to a hero; she had planned for a monk, and behold! a heretic and a martyr. Cruel, in truth, was the fate of the mother, but splendid the destiny of the son. For the red glow of Bruno's funeral pyre was the rosy dawn of modern thought in Europe.¹ By his words he was to vivify life, by his martyrdom he was to slay death.

To understand Bruno, to understand the intensity of the passion, of the ardour, with which he proclaimed his message, we must realise the splendour of the light which had just burst upon the dazzled eyes of Europe, the immensity of the horizons it disclosed.

In all civilised countries, the Hebraic cosmology dominated the world of thought, and Aristotle was the arbiter of all science, the adopted son of the Christian Church tyrannising equally over Rome and Geneva. To challenge Aristotle was as heretical as to challenge canonical Scripture: both were heretical, and heresy spelt death. The earth was immovably fixed, the centre of the universe; on and for this earth, God had suffered

¹ The simile is due to M. Bartholmiss.

and died, and from it had ascended visibly to the fixed heaven arching above it; everything had been created out of nothing for the sole benefit of the human race—for it the sun, moving amid the clouds, for it the silvery moon, for it the myriad stars; beyond those stars, studded like golden nails in the revolving azure vault of the firmament, was the immutable heaven, the throne of God, the realm of saints and of angels. On high, above our heads, heaven with its delights; below, beneath our feet, hell with its torments. *The Universe is finite—small, narrow, limited, walled in by visible horizons.*

Not so! cried out the new insurgent thought. The earth is rolling round the sun, one of a myriad worlds; the sun is fixed, and round it the earth is travelling, with many another revolving ball; there is no firmament, there is only space; space above and below us, space stretching around us everywhere, space dotted with a million worlds, inhabited like our own. Where heaven and hell may be we know not; there is room and to spare for every thing. *The Universe is infinite—wide, broad, unlimited, stretching through limitless space.*

Such was the startling antithesis, such the cry of re-awakened Science, ringing out with glad assurance, and deafening the ears of Faith.

We, who from infancy have been brought up in a limitless universe, cannot readily conceive—unless we use a vivid imagination¹—the upheaval of ideas, the dismay produced in the minds of men, by the new theories which launched our hitherto stable world, a rolling ball, into the void of infinite space—infinite nothingness, it seemed. Man felt himself crushed by this

¹ Perhaps Memory?

Nature, which had always been his servant, created for his use, but which had suddenly grown gigantic, overwhelming, menacing, while he was reduced to a mere pigmy, lost in infinite size. He was terrified; and as the child, who seeing in the dusk of twilight some familiar thing grown dim and terrible, runs for protection to his mother, hiding his face in her bosom, so man, scared by the new vistas opened before him in a world that was familiar, rushed madly for protection to the arms of his mother, the Church, and hid his eyes in her faith.

Only five years before Bruno's birth, Copernicus had given to the world, from his death-bed, his revolutionary book. He had, in fact, revived the science of antiquity—the science of the Mysteries, the science slain by Aristotle—and, like Pythagoras, he had taught that the sun was fixed and that the earth moved. These ideas were innate in Bruno, the fruit of a long series of lives in which he had known the great Being incarnated as Pythagoras, and these innate ideas rushed into articulate speech as soon as he studied the ideas of Copernicus.

The period was, indeed, the beginning of a terrible crisis, alike for Religion and for Science, a crisis which well-nigh became fatal to both, dragging the one into superstition, the other into scepticism. For the new ideas seemed to threaten the very life of humanity, to menace it with destruction.

“How then!” came the cry from all sides, “is man, the king of creation, naught but a pigmy, a thing of no account, an atom, a mere grain of sand in the desert of an infinite universe?” The dignity, the greatness, the moral stature of the human soul, were destroyed by these ideas. Everything was tottering, was

crumbling into ruins, round the feet of an amazed and horrified Church. It was with a true intuition of the change implied in the old-new astronomy, if by atrocious methods, that the Church straightway set herself in opposition to the altered science. The mere change as to the relation between the earth and the sun mattered little; but the change of relation between man and God, the sacrifice of Christ for love of man, His victory over death and triumphant ascension into heaven—these mattered infinitely, for they were the charter which secured the immortality of man.

Bruno, on the other hand, viewed the problem which confronted the sixteenth century from quite another view-point, the problem of the relations between God, the infinite universe, and man. In his turn he cried out, but with a triumph and a transport of joy that seemed diabolical to the alarmed Church: "Yes! yes! the earth with its inhabitants revolves and moves in space; the worlds are innumerable, the Universe illimitable, Life incarnates everywhere in forms. Therefore life is universal, and on all sides creates living beings. This life, universal, omnipresent, infinite, is the Universal Being whom men have called God. On all sides inhabited worlds, everywhere living beings! Then Death can only disintegrate bodies; it cannot touch life. Hence the body has no value except as an instrument for a life which is deific, a life noble, loving, heroic, worthy of being a part of the life universal and divine. Fear, falsehood, baseness, these are the real ills of life. Dishonour is worse than death, since dishonour stains the life, while Death but breaks the form."

Such was the new moral basis, corresponding to the new thought, that Bruno offered to Christianity

with a certain naive expectation of friendly response: The Immanence of God, the Life Universal animating all bodies; the eternity of the Spirit, since by his very nature he is part of the Life Universal; based on these two natural and irrefragable facts, the cult of the True, the Good, and the Beautiful, the life heroic, the only way in which the specialised life could be made worthy of the Life Universal.

This was the thesis upheld by Giordano Bruno in all the countries of Europe visited by him, in all the Universities which opened their doors to him, in all the centres of thought. It was this view of life which fanned his eloquence into flame. Science for him was not arid and sterile, a mere set of categories; it was a religion, fruitful and inspired. He loved science, he preached science with all his fiery energy and ineffable enthusiasm; he was the apostle of science, its fervid defender, and he became its martyr. For to him science meant Occultism, the study of the divine Mind in Nature, the study of divine Ideas embodied in material objects. By studying objects, then, it was possible to read the language of Nature, and to learn therein the thoughts of God.

But Christianity utterly refused his message. Had it accepted it, the bitter conflict waged from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century between religion and science would never have broken out. The Church imprisoned the Messenger; then burned his body to ashes, and scattered the ashes to the winds, which carried them as seeds of truth over Europe. But the thesis rejected by the sixteenth century is being eagerly accepted by the twentieth. The message stifled by the smoke of his martyrdom is ringing through Europe to-day. His

voice died in his throat, but it is now echoing around us, for "to know how to die in one century is to live for all centuries to come".¹ Vainly did the Vatican place his books on the Index. His thoughts have winged their way to immortality, and they are spreading over the modern world; they are *Theosophy*.

Three of the works of Giordano Bruno are of special interest to-day, those which he himself called "the pillars of my system," "the foundations of the whole edifice of our philosophy". The two first are purely philosophical, and are entitled: *Della Causa, Principio e Uno*, and *Del Infinito Universo e Mondi*. The third contains also much of his philosophy, but is irradiated with his lofty and inspiring conception of a truly human life; it is the famous *Degli Heroici Furori*, and contains the application of his philosophy to conduct, and the description of his ideal.

If the earth be not an immovable body in the centre of a finite Universe, it follows—according to Bruno's philosophy—that the Universe has neither centre or limits; thus the Infinite is already realised in the visible creation, in the immensity of space. Hence, in short, the undetermined totality of beings constituted an unlimited unity, produced and sustained by the primitive unity of life Universal, the Cause of causes. That is to say, this Unity of life is the basis of humanity, and the Immanence of God is the foundation for the solidarity of man.

¹ *Tansillo*: To those whom Heaven favours the greatest evils are converted into still greater good: since necessities bring forth toil and study, and these in most cases [produce] the glory of immortal splendour.

Cicada: And death in one century brings life in all the others.

Degli Heroici Furori, Part I, Dial. ii.

The working out of these ideas is sometimes obscure in the text of his books, but the underlying original concept is ever clear, and it is that of One Existence, a Life, a Consciousness unlimited, intelligent, and universal. This Existence is everything—everything without exception ; in it everything has being, not only actualities—a universe that is—but also possibilities—all universes that may be. This Existence contains all ; all derives from it, all returns to it. Bruno used to say, quoting from S. Paul : “ Truly was it said that in Him ‘ we live and move and have our being ’ .” Yet was he burned as an atheist.

This One Existence manifests itself in three hypostases, or modes :

(1) The first is THOUGHT. This Thought is the Substance of the Universe. The Act of divine Thought, according to Giordano Bruno, is the substance of things, the root-base of all particular beings. Herein his philosophy recalls the Vedāntic doctrine—which must have been in him as the result of his past—that the Universe is but the Thought of God, and that all things save the One Reality, the Universal Self, are unreal.

(2) & (3) In this Thought, the Substance, are two elements : SPIRIT and MATTER, which are the second and third hypostases of Universal Being. Spirit is the positive, or formative, element, which informs and moulds all. Matter is the negative, or receptive, element, which becomes all. Again we note the appearance of Indian thought, this time of the Sāṅkhya—another of the six Schools—but with an important difference. In Bruno’s philosophy, Spirit and Matter are always conjoined, and the universe consists of these two elements ; they are opposites, ever bound together, and



BUST OF GIORDANO BRUNO (FRONT VIEW).

together form Nature, the shadow of God.¹ In the Sāṅkhya, on the contrary, Spirit (Puruṣha) exists by itself, dwelling apart as a witness, as a spectator, and reflecting itself in Matter as energy, acting only on Matter as a magnet acts on particles of iron: Energy and Matter together are the parents of form. Many will recognise herein the doctrine of the great German biologist, Ernest Hæckel, who, probably all unconsciously, is really a follower of the Sāṅkhya philosophy, and holds that Force and Matter create the Universe. For Bruno, however, Spirit is ever present, not as a witness but as an agent, for Spirit is the builder of every form; it is the one formative, or creative, agency:

Be it ever so small a thing, it has in it part of the spiritual substance; which, finding appropriate conditions, expands into a plant or an animal, receiving the members of any kind of body which commonly is called living; for Spirit is found in all things, and there is not the minutest particle which does not contain such a portion in itself, which is not ensouled.²

The second element, Matter, is passive. Bruno says that we should conceive Matter as one, even as we conceive Spirit as one. Let us take, for example, he says, the analogy of an art, like that of the wood-worker. In all its operations it has as material, as subject, wood. This art produces, always in its own material, the most varied forms and objects, none of which is proper or natural to the wood itself. Thus Spirit, the formative principle, of which Art is a reflection, requires for its operation certain Matter, or material, since no agent can work on nothing, nor produce anything from nothing.

¹ "Birth, growth, and the perfection of all which we see is from opposites through opposites and in opposites; and where there is opposition, there there is action and reaction, there is motion, variety with its grades and succession." *Spaccio della Bestia Trionfante*. Here, again, we are reminded of the Hindu 'pair of opposites'.

² *Della Causa Principio e Uno*, Dial. ii.

But the Matter on which Spirit works cannot be perceived by the senses, as can that on which Art is employed ; it is perceptible only to Reason. The senses only perceive its forms, after Spirit has shaped them. All natural forms come forth from Matter, and to Matter they return; a grain becomes herb, then corn in the ear, then bread, chyle, blood, seed, embryo, man, corpse; then again, earth, stone or some other thing, and so on in endless revolutions. There is surely then herein, throughout these recurring changes, something which transforms itself into all these different objects, and yet remains the same. Whence it follows that nothing save Matter is constant, or worthy of being called a principle. That which is, that which exists, that which all beings have in common is Matter. Matter should therefore be regarded as a being, a unit, which produces all bodies.¹

“To reach the knowledge of the One is the aim of every philosophy.” “Bodies are the true objects of knowledge.” We have here two admirable definitions of philosophy and of science. Philosophy is the knowledge of Unity by the Reason, apart from the multiplicity of objects; Science is the observation of objects by means of the senses. Only he who knows the Unity is a philosopher. “Such a one”, said Plato, “I esteem as a God”.

The positive element, Spirit, is the soul in all separate beings, the soul of each object. This is another important concept in Bruno's philosophy. The Universal Spirit individualises as the soul in each body; hence, he says, the soul is the cause of the harmony of bodies, not their resultant. In this lies the essential

¹ This is a summary of Bruno's teaching as to Matter. The student may compare *Della Causa Principio e Uno*, Dial. iii.

difference between a spiritual and a materialistic philosophy.

Materialism holds that the molecular arrangement of matter is the cause of life and intelligence, that life and thought depend on such arrangements. A spiritual philosophy maintains that life is the formative principle, and that its efforts to express and manifest itself determine the various aggregations of molecules, building thus the bodily organs intended to subserve the functions of life. In the first, it is Matter which produces all; in the second, Life dominates Matter, and shapes it for its own use.

For Giordano Bruno the two elements are eternal—Matter which produces a succession of bodies, Spirit which individualises itself as soul. The soul thereafter develops itself through successive incarnations in bodies which ever become more complex and more perfect. The perfecting of the soul is the goal of all progress, since the life of the soul is the life of man. Sin is the negation, the absence, of good.

As for death, it is absolutely negligible, for the body is continually changing, and every change is a little death.

There is no death for us, nor for any substance; nothing substantially diminishes, but everything, travelling through infinite space, changes in appearance. And because all of us are subject to the best efficient law, we must not believe, hold and hope aught else, than that as all proceeds from good, so everything is good, works towards good, and ends in good.¹

In order to demonstrate that his philosophy must induce morality, and that morality is its sure basis, Giordano Bruno explains the constitution of man. Man is made up of three principles which reflect the three

¹ *Del Infinito Universo e Mondi. Præmia Epistolare.*

hypostases, or modes of manifestation, of God in the universe. Man thinks: hence he participates in the divine Substance, which is Thought—as we have seen; this is the highest part of man, the germ of Divinity existing in him. Man feels: that is, he wills; hence he reflects the divine Will, or Spirit, the formative element; this individualises itself as soul, which is in man the positive element, individualised from Spirit the universal positive element; this soul, by means of its higher powers, may unite itself to Thought, or Intelligence, while, by means of its lower powers, it may unite itself to the body, its creature. The student must not here allow himself to be confused by the nomenclature; that which Bruno calls Thought is what we call in these days Spirit; he does not use the term Spirit as an element in man; that which is Universal Life, outside Man, he calls Spirit, and this becomes soul when particularised in man. His trinity is not therefore Spirit, Soul, and Body, but Thought, Soul and Body. He says the Soul must aspire upwards to Thought, where we should say that the soul must aspire upwards to the Spirit. The idea is identical; only the names are different.

The body is man's instrument for action. Man acts; that is to say, he manifests the positive principle of energy, making use of the negative principle, Matter. The body must, therefore be considered as man's third principle.

But we must be careful to assign to the body its proper place:

The soul is not in the body in any local sense, but only as intrinsic form, and as extrinsic formative agent, as that which makes the limbs, and shapes the mass from within and from without. The body, therefore, is in the soul, the soul is

in Thought, and Thought is either God, or is in God, as Plotinus said.¹

Thus, according to Bruno, man's true and primitive form is divinity ; if he has the consciousness of his own divinity, if he realises it, he may regain his primitive form, and raise himself to the highest heaven. Through knowledge of his own essential nature, man can regain the form divine.

The Church was ever saying to man : " Thou art wicked and corrupt, conceived and born in sin ; lying under the wrath of God, thou canst only be saved by divine grace." Bruno said to man : " Thou art divine, and essentially pure and good ; realise thine own nature, and set thyself to rise until thou canst manifest that God who is ever in thy heart."

But how should man rise? By the will, which must be fixed to reach upwards to Thought, and must be ruler and lord. He likened, in one striking passage, the man to a ship, the captain of which was the human will, and the reason its rudder.

The captain, he says :

With the sound of the trumpet, that is, with his determined choice, summons all the warriors—that is to say, evokes all the powers (which are named warriors because they are in constant strife and contrast), or their effects (which are contending thoughts, some of which incline this way and some that); and he tries to bring them all together under the banner of a predetermined end. And should it happen that some of them be called in vain to quickly show themselves obsequious (especially those which proceed from natural powers, which obey the reason either slightly or not at all), at least through his effort to prevent their actions and his condemnation of those that cannot be prevented, it is shown how he kills the former and banishes the latter, proceeding against those with the sword of wrath, and against these with the whip of scorn.¹

¹ *Degli Heroici Furori*, Part I, Dial. iii.

² *Degli Heroici Furori*, Part I, Dial. i.

But something is needed to stimulate the will to this effort to lead the heroic, instead of the sensuous life. What is that something? It is the love of the Beautiful and the True.

The heroic enthusiast, uplifting himself by the species of divine beauty and goodness he has conceived, on the wings of the intellect and of the intellectual will, exalts himself to divinity, abandoning the form of inferior being.¹

The soul which loves the objects of sense binds itself by means of this love to the body; but the soul which loves Beauty, Goodness, Truth, unites itself thereby to its inner God. The doctrine of Bruno contains no threats; he seeks to allure, to attract, not to alarm. To him Divinity is so supremely desirable, that it seems to him that God need only be seen to be loved. His ardent, passionate soul rushes upwards, spurning the delights of the lower world. For him no hell exists save the hell of the soul's degradation.

For the soul, he says, is able to degrade itself, even as it is able to rise. From the longings of the soul we may discover whether it is rising to the Divine, or descending to the brute. Poised between the Angel and the animal, with a hand laid on each, the soul must choose its mate; Love gravitates towards earth, when it is attracted by sensual pleasures; it soars aloft, when it pursues noble aspirations. Listen to his words :

Because the mind aspires to divine splendour, he shuns the gathering of the common herd; he withdraws from common opinion If he aspires to the lofty splendour, he draws himself in as much as he can towards unity, he contracts himself as far as possible into himself, so as not to be similar to the many, because they are many; and not to be hostile to the many, because they are dissimilar, if it be possible to keep both the one and the other good thing; otherwise, let him hold on to that which seems to him the better The mind, therefore, that aspires high, in the first place ceases to care for the

¹ *Degli Heroici Furori*, Part I, Dial. iii.

multitude, realising that that light reckons toil of no account, and is only to be found there where intelligence is; and not even where there is any kind of intelligence, but where alone there is that which among those few principal and pre-eminent intelligences, is first, chief and unique [It is needful] to withdraw to the innermost part of oneself, considering that God is near, with oneself and within oneself, nearer than one can be to oneself, as that which is the Soul of souls, the Life of lives, the Essence of essences; considering also that what you see, high or low or around you (as you choose to express it), of the stars, are bodies, are works similar to this globe in which we are, and in them is neither more nor less divinity present than there is in this globe of ours or in ourselves.¹

Such is Bruno's word to man: By means of love fixed in contemplation on Divine Beauty and Goodness the soul is set aflame, and man becomes heroic, leading the only life which is worthy of such a fervid lover. The taste for lower objects is lost in the contemplation of the real and the lasting Beauty. This fervid lover of the Beautiful, the True and the Good shall so live, being present in the body, that with the better part of himself he is absent from it; he shall conjoin and bind himself as through an indissoluble sacrament to divine things, in such wise that he feels neither love nor hatred for mortal things, considering that he is above being servant and slave of his body; which he must not otherwise regard than as the prison which restricts his freedom; the lime which glues his wings; the chain which fetters his hands; the stocks which hold fast his feet; the veil which confuses his sight. But he withal shall not be serf, captive, ensnared, chained, idle, stockstill and blind; for his body can no longer tyrannise over him than he himself shall suffer it; seeing that the Spirit is placed over the body, just as the corporeal world and matter are subject to Divinity and to Nature. So shall he become

¹ *Degli Heroici Furori*, Part II, Dial. i.

strong against fortune, magnanimous against contumely, intrepid against want, sickness and persecutions.¹

This, then, is the Heroic Life, as depicted by Giordano Bruno: and in the face of the fire which consumed his living body, will any dare to say that he did not, at least, strive to live it?

An objection arises. All cannot be heroic. What of those who cannot rise to heights so splendid? Is there no word of cheer for them? Oh yes! for the laurel-crown of heroism is not for the brows of only the successful and the strong; he also is heroic who aspires, even though, aspiring, he fails.

Enough that all should run; enough that each should do that which is possible for him; since the heroic mind is content rather to fall, or to fail worthily, and in a high cause, wherein the dignity of his Spirit is shown forth, than to achieve perfection in things less noble, or even base.²

Thus taught Giordano Bruno.

The message that here, to-night, I have sought to expound, is a message not only to individuals, but to nations, for there are souls of nations, as well as souls of individuals. For the nations, as for the individual, Thought is the instrument of progress; for both equally the effort to realise a noble and lofty Ideal transforms the life into the Great and the Heroic. But nations, like individuals, must choose between the brute and the God. The choice is ours. None, save ourselves, can compel. We can either wallow in the mire, degrading and abasing ourselves to the level of the brute, or we can, step by step, ascend to those sublime heights where is manifest the Eternal Ideal.

¹ *Degli Heroici Furori*, Part II, Dial. i.

² *Degli Heroici Furori*, Part I, Dial. iii.

In our own hands is our fate, and that fate depends on our mastery of the body, or on our enslavement thereby. This body of ours is a magnificent instrument, but it must be an instrument and not a tyrant, usurping authority over its proper lord. Be then, as you will, either masters or slaves. Choose for yourselves, and also for your nation. France is idealistic at the core, the standard-bearer of ideas she was, marching in the van of Europe. For many a long year she has forgotten her birthright; she has been groping in cellars and in underground dens; she has been rolling in mire and in dung-heaps, declaring that these were the fit subjects of Art. Now she is awakening from the nightmare that has oppressed her, and is again beginning to understand, as of old, that beauty, not ugliness is divine, that purity, not vice, is alluring. True Art sees ever the Beautiful, and for the man and the nation alike progress lies in the sunlight and not in the gloom of the vault. Upward lies the road that climbs to the God; downwards the road that slopes to the brute. Choose, for before you lie open the roads, and the fate of the future depends on the choice.

Annie Besant

THE SPIRITUAL SECRET OF IRELAND

By JAMES H. COUSINS

WHILE it is a psychological truism that a dozen minds will have a dozen different attitudes on any single idea presented to them, it is also true that ideas, like wolves in winter, hunt in packs, and that a number of minds will be found to join in a loose community of interest either for or against some particular proposition.

If you are a Protestant of the very narrow kind, born in the north-eastern corner of that island which is the western extremity of Europe, the enunciation of the word *Ireland* will call up in you an emotion of religious antagonism, the outcome of seven centuries of futile effort on the part of your invading ancestors to turn the remainder of the island from what you regard as the worse than heathen darkness of Catholicism to the blessed light of your own view of the universe. I make this statement, and those that follow, not as a partisan, but as an observer of recognised facts.

If, on the other hand, you are a Catholic, born in the south-west of Ireland, the name of your Motherland will fill you with the pathos and glow of an ideal of national and religious freedom that your forefathers have died for, but that the will of God has destined to

delayed fruition. These two opposed views of Ireland are insistently voiced from press and platform.

But perhaps the most widespread view of Ireland is that of a dreamy feminine person, beautiful to gaze upon, but devoid of the supreme Anglo-Saxon virtue of practicality, who wears shamrocks, plays upon a harp, and insists on the right to speak her own language, and govern herself.

Whatever divergencies may mark off these and a multitude of other views of 'the Irish Question,' there is in them all a common recognition of a long struggle on the part of a remnant of the Keltic race, which once possessed the half of Europe, but was driven westward by sections of the Teutonic race, and is now, on new fields and with new weapons, fighting for the preservation of its national individuality.

A great French historian has declared that the history of Ireland, since the beginning of the English invasion, has been the most pitiful and tragic that the world has witnessed. That history is a record of unceasing aggression from without; of external defeat at the hands of a country of incalculably greater wealth and power; of adjustment to new conditions, and of rejuvenation out of the very depths of despair.

The gentle English poet, Edmund Spenser, advised the extermination of the Irish race as the most effective means by which England might conquer Ireland; but many of the chief leaders among the invaders fell under the spell of the country and its people, and themselves became 'rebels' even unto death. Oliver Cromwell, in an outburst of zeal for the conversion of Ireland to non-conformity, decreed the banishment of the Irish people from the rich midlands, and ordered them to go "to Hell

or Connaught"—Connaught being the remotest and barrenest province of the island; but the children's children of Cromwell's supplanters became sturdy fighters for Ireland. Less than a generation ago an English statesman prescribed twenty years of resolute government, with no hesitation in the use of fire arms on the people, as a means of ending the Irish agitation. He is dead, and almost forgotten; but a few months ago the Irish language, which the conquerors sought to annihilate by methods that friends and foes alike now regard as barbarous, was raised by the National University to the position of the National language, as the result of a popular agitation; and to-day the balance of power in the Parliament of the British Empire is in the hands of the eighty Irishmen who are sent there primarily to achieve the political freedom of Ireland.

Whatever our attitude may be with regard to the political or religious situation in Ireland, we have to acknowledge an extraordinary power of recuperation and continuity in a more or less definite body of thought which is regarded as Irish. *What is the Secret of this power? What is the Secret of Ireland?*

We shall not look for her Secret in the minutæ of history; for the power to interpret a deed depends on a full knowledge of antecedent and contemporary deeds. Nor shall we look for it even in the expressed thought of the participants in the struggle; for through the thought go impulses and motives, coloured and modified by the circumstances of the time and by the impact of extraneous thought. But beneath the thought and its manifestation in action lies the fundamental basis, the *spiritual character*, from which, in nations,

as in individuals, some revelation wells up at special times, some illuminating generalisation that co-ordinates apparent contradiction in word and deed, and discloses the true direction of progress of the individual or the nation. The laws and institutions of a people, which express the relationship of man to man, are forever changing: the creeds and ceremonials, which embody the conception of the relationship between humanity and the invisible, are in a state of constant flux. Grasp the spiritual character of a people, and you may write its history in advance; and the expression of that spiritual character, whereby we may most readily come at its secret and its message, is its *mythology*—that shadowing forth, in the universal form of symbolism, of pure and unsophisticated intuition, which is the basis of succeeding intellectual formulations in ritual and dogma.

The mythology of a country is, as it were, its horoscope, projected from its own inner consciousness. However the passing of time, and the development of directions, may disclose new phases and combinations. These will all be controlled and coloured by its initial tendencies; and a knowledge of these primal impulses, which are always few and simple, will provide a key to the things in national life which are regarded as characteristic, and also to those things that are anomalous.

It is impossible here to give even an outline of the personages and incidents of the Keltic mythos as localised in Ireland. To many students of such subjects the existence of an Irish mythology has been unknown. Now, however, in spite of centuries of obscurity, in spite of ruthless endeavour to destroy even the memory of a distinctive culture in Ireland, the fact is being made

known that Ireland possesses a mythos that is not second to that of Greece,¹ and almost equal to that of India, in expression and significance. Let us consider briefly three basic ideas of unity, duality, and trinity.

The genealogy of the major Grecian divinities takes us back stage by stage to chaos. The Gods of light and of darkness have a common ancestry on this side of the curtain that hides the beginnings of things. The Irish genealogies, on the contrary, do not meet in the realm of formulation, but carry the great opposing forces back into the invisible world. In neither genealogy have we a creating Deity like the Hebraic God! but, while the basis of things in the classical conception is a natural or material monism, the basis of the Keltic conception is a *super*-natural or spiritual monism.

Out of the inscrutable, unifying Unknown arise the pairs of opposites. From the invisible world come the radiant Gods of Day, and the positive virtues. From the invisible also come the horned or moon-faced Gods of Night, and the negative virtues which men now call evil. But their operation on one another has no great gulf fixed between them. The imagination which apprehended a spiritual unity beneath all manifestation, apprehended also the great law that, *good*, if it is to influence evil, must have something of evil in it; and *evil*, if it is to react to good, must have something of good in it. And so, along with the battles of Irish mythology, which symbolise the Cosmic struggle, we have the great marriages, which symbolise the partnership and interrelation of the forces which superficially appear to be at war. Dagda, the father of the Irish Pantheon, and

¹ Truly so. It should never be forgotten that Ireland and Greece are both Keltic, and that the Tuatha de Danaon were Greeks.—ED.

Dana, its mother, have light and darkness in their ancestry; and by virtue of a common parentage are called also brother and sister. Brigit, an Irish Athene, one of the daughters of Light, marries Bress, a son of Darkness; and the offspring of this duality form one of the numerous expressions of the 'Trinity in Unity' which appear in the Irish mythos—Brian, Juchar, Jucharba, three inseparable brethren, who become the joint progenitors of another myth-personage, whose name, Ecne, means knowledge.

With so significant a conception of Deity, one is prepared to find an equally significant conception of the relationship between humanity and divinity. Accordingly, we learn that the Druids, the shapers of the myth-stories, taught that man was the *offspring* of divinity—not an extraneous thing created by God, as in the Hebraic idea. Humanity was, therefore, a partaker of the divine essence. Reincarnation is symbolised in stories of successive metamorphoses, as the method of evolution. Consciousness is the common attribute of divinity and humanity. In what is called the first poem made in Ireland, the poet identifies himself with "the God who creates fire in the head"; he regards himself as one with the Illuminator, and hence with the illumination: the thinker and the thought are one; and here we come upon the subjective, and true mystical view of things, which is the inevitable outcome of the spiritual-monistic conception that lies at the root of Keltic thought and action.

How this view of the universe might have developed is a matter of speculation. In the fifth century Christianity took over the good-will and stock-in-trade of the pagan ritual and laws. The Danes in the tenth

and eleventh centuries made sad inroads in the records of the ancient world, which the Christian students had gathered with much industry. The Norman invasion from the twelfth century onwards disturbed, thwarted, and finally—in the all but complete destruction of the national language—misdirected the evolution of the mind of the country. Hence, a great basic ganglion of thought, which might have ramified into a philosophical system as profound and complete as the Vedānta, became an attitude, an atmosphere, a race temperament, diffuse and elusive. Here and there, however, along the line of philosophical advance, witnesses to the Keltic idea have arisen. To the Galatians—Kelts from Gaul, now France—the Apostle Paul was able to impart the allegorical significance of the Old Testament story, because he knew that they had the interpretative eye which sees through diversity to unity. In the Middle Ages, an incursion of argumentative Irishmen into continental circles caused much mental commotion. One of the number, Joannes Scotus Erigena—“John the Scot from Ireland”—became the professional philosopher to King Charles the Bald. In his monumental exposition of Dionysius the Areopagite he linked up the eastern and western Churches, brought something Grecian and Oriental into Christianity, and expressed his race tradition by lifting the whole dogma and ritual of the church to the symbolic level. In the eighteenth century, Berkeley, an Irish Protestant bishop, searching for the true behind the illusory, anticipated the most recent phases of both physical and psychological science, and ratified by pure reason the conception of the one-ness of Consciousness in God and man which his Irish forefathers had apprehended through illumination. To-day

the great doctrine of spiritual monism, which is the key to the New Theology movement, is being preached from one of the most influential pulpits of Christendom by an Irishman, the Rev. R. J. Campbell.

In the works of John the Scot, to whom I have just referred, we find expressed the two main results of the subjective view of things which arises out of the fundamental concept of the spiritual unity of the Cosmos.

The first of these results is that to which I have already alluded—the raising of ritual and dogma to the level of *symbolism*. John the Scot maintained, as the outcome of the spiritual-monistic doctrine, that, since God was the super-essential essence of all things, the attributing of the limitations of personality to him must be purely figurative. It was clear to him that the transcendent and immanent Godhead could not be forced into or fully expressed in the intellectual moulds of one, even the presumed highest, of his creation. If the less was to represent the greater, it must assuredly do so imperfectly; but since it is necessary to the human mind to express itself in terms of *itself*—whether it be expressing its own thought or the inner light of revelation—the terms must be regarded as symbols merely, and be subject to an expanding interpretation as the mind of humanity expanded.

Having thus boldly dealt with the central figure of worship, the adventurous Irishman plunged into the great mediæval controversy on the efficacy of the Sacraments, and demolished the claim of the priesthood to be the mediators between God and man, by declaring the teachings of the Church, and its ordinances, to be symbolical representations of spiritual truths. It is not to be wondered at that in later centuries, when the

Church had stamped out all independent thought, and established sacerdotalism, John the Scot was honoured with excommunication, and his writings given the dignity of a place on the *Index Expurgatorius*.

The second great result of the subjective view of things, is the acceptance of all things as part of the Great Plan in the Divine Mind. To the Seers of the ancient world there were no gaps in the Cosmos. To explain the simplest event, one would have to trace all its primary and secondary causes to their beginnings; and these beginnings could have their root no other-where than in the great underlying unification of the Will of God. Hence in the Keltic Mind the 'larger hope' was a 'larger certainty,' a Higher Calvinism, an 'optimistic determinism' as an Irish woman has called it. John the Scot maintained that the universe had come forth from God, and to none lower would it return. What is true in the Cosmos is true in the microcosmos; and the ever-present sense of destiny—divine, loving destiny—fills the mind and utterance of the people of Ireland down to apparently trifling details. If it is a fine day, it is "Thanks to God". If it is a bad day it is "The will of God". When the son of a peasant was shot in battle, it was said that "the gun that shot him was loaded from all eternity". When I told the details connected with the drowning of a young lady in trying to save a fishergirl, the old woman to whom I told them on a stony road in the Aran Islands, summed up the matter like a true Kelt and optimistic determinist: "Well, it just shows you that everything is set out for us: it was the will of God." It is this sense of nearness to the inner world, and a picturesqueness of thought and word arising from

the naturally symbolic tendency of the Keltic mind, that is the charm of the people.

But in this very quality lies what, to the mind which calls itself practical, is the defect of Ireland—a spirit of acquiescence which leads to a lack of initiative in what an industrial age regards as the important things in life. But it is this acquiescence, coupled with the assurance that all things are working together for good, that has enabled this remnant of the Keltic people in Ireland to preserve its soul, and in many respects its body, from absorption, in spite of a thousand years of ceaseless effort on the part of a powerful imperial people. In times of calamity the genius of Ireland has bent like the pine to the storm; but as soon as the stress has passed, the natural resilience of faith has raised her again towards the sky.

And thus the Divine Mind has preserved through the ages a trumpet through which to sound once more the great note of spiritual unity. This is the secret of recuperation and continuity; this is the spiritual Secret of Ireland: the recognition, as John the Scot has put it, of *One Being* as the essential source of all things; of *One Power*, which is the soul, the controller of all things; and of *One Activity*, co-ordinating all the apparently diverse activities of the universe.

This is the message which Ireland has given, and will continue to give, to the world. Abstract thought can attain no loftier conception. What is for us, as embodied beings, of still greater importance, practical life can demand no completer guide. If we recognise all things as partakers of the *One Being*, we shall overleap antagonisms, and strive for voluntary union and co-operation in aim through diversity of organisation, and

strive to attain in individual and social life the stature of our essential Godhood. If we recognise all things as manifestors of the *One Power*, we shall seek to purify our ideas of evil and of good, and to adjust our laws, and our institutions for dealing with offences against these laws, to a nobler idea of motives and purpose ; and we shall look for the one Truth underlying all its expressions in the great religions of the world, and in their sectarian sub-divisions. If we recognise in all things the operation of *One Activity*, we shall seek to understand the laws of nature and of ourselves, and so order our lives as to quicken and intensify and develop those powers which are the common possession, and those which are as yet the privilege of the few.

Finally, in thus living out the ancient Keltic ideal, we shall, as John the Scot taught, exercise a perfect tolerance and patience while losing no whit of our own enthusiasm ; and we shall experience the truth in the statement of another great Irishman, Bishop Jeremy Taylor : “ He to whom all things are one, who draweth all things to one, and seeth all things in one, may enjoy true peace and rest of Spirit.”

James H. Cousins

A WONDERFUL NIGHT OF STARS

A SERMON

By THE REV. C. W. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF, M.A., F.T.S.

For I will consider Thy heavens, even the work of Thy fingers ; the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained.

What is man that Thou art mindful of him : and the son of man that Thou visitest him ?

Thou hast made him lower than the angels : to crown him with glory and worship.

Psalm viii, 3-5.

SUPPOSE we go out, or look out, some night when we are alone, and see above us, spangling the whole vault of the sky, the innumerable company of the stars.

We look up at them, and as we gaze we remember what the science of astronomy tells us. A few, a very few, of those we see are planets, worlds like our own world, larger or smaller, circling with it round our leader the sun. All the rest are not worlds like our earth, but each of them, suns like our sun. Some are enormously larger than it is, others rather smaller. But there they are, the hundreds of thousands that our unaided eyes can see, the hundred million more that a powerful telescope reveals, each of them suns, each of them, we may reasonably believe, surrounded by its cluster of planets.

Further, we may reasonably suppose that around each of these suns, in each one of these millions of systems, there are at least one or two planets, more or less resembling our world, inhabited by beings not wholly unlike ourselves.

And, as we gaze upon this panorama of the starry heavens, as we realise that our world which seems so big to us, so important, is but one of the smaller planets belonging to a sun not of the first size, and that that sun is only one out of a hundred millions visible to our telescopes—to say nothing of those which exist invisible beyond their utmost ranges—the heart seems to freeze within us. Human life seems so tiny, so trifling an episode amid the boundless fields of star-peopled space, in the almost infinite vistas of time during which these universes have endured and shall endure, that we are driven to cry out, in the words of this Psalm or in words like them :

What is man, that Thou art mindful of him : and the son of man that Thou visitest him ? Thou, the eternal source of all these worlds, these systems, these universes of systems, Thou, Who canst fold them up and change them as a garment, Thou unthinkable, ineffable, unsearchable One, Life, Spirit, God. What can we matter, how can we count in Thy sight ?

Try the experiment for yourself. Open your window to the starry spaces and you will feel and say what the Psalmist felt and said when, on some lustrous Eastern night, alone upon his palace roof, he sat beneath the silent stars, what millions of the sons of men have also felt and said, as they gazed upon the age-long wonder of the skies at night.

We gaze a little longer, and, as we gaze, behold—the quarrels and janglings of our fretful human life, our own private griefs and perplexities, our own failures and

shortcomings, the annoyances others may cause us, the world's wars and politics, disputes in Church and State, the ordinary religious questions and difficulties, where are all these things now? Blotted out, gone, disappeared. They may return with the return of day. They, or some of them, may be awaiting us when we step into our house again, or close our window and turn back into the warm and lighted room. But for the moment they are nothing, and less than nothing. We cannot look, really look with all our souls, at the hosts of heaven, the starry multitudes, and keep any remembrance of these daily problems and difficulties, our own and the world's. And, in the same way, our joys and hopes, our personal interests and plans, these too, for the time being, have vanished.

We are in the presence of something, of a power so tremendous, a beauty so compelling, an order and harmony so wonderful, a majesty so indescribable, that our souls are uplifted with a rapture which is also terror.

Because we are still, as it were, inwardly crushed and overwhelmed, we say:

What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? How can man count? How can I count, who am only one of many millions of men, and these the inhabitants of only one planet, a speck of dust in this immensity?

And then we shall go on to feel this, that one of two things must be true. Either we are of no importance at all, and "eat, drink, and be merry" is the only Gospel for us: or else we are of immense and eternal importance, because we stand in an intimate relation to That from which all these worlds and universes proceed.

We are nearer to That, we are a fuller manifestation of That, than all these uncounted suns and planets, regarded simply as material forms. They, wonderful,

unutterably wonderful, as they are, are but matter, and matter is but the form whose life is Spirit, the garment in which Spirit clothes itself.

But we, the real we, the immortal Self, are Spirit, God's offspring, sharers in His life, sharers in His eternity. In the great phrase of the *Book of Wisdom*: "God created man to be immortal, and made him to be an image of His own eternity."

Let us calmly think this out, and see that it must be so.

Everything can be thought of as belonging to one or another side, seen under one or another aspect; the Spirit side or the matter side, the Life or the form aspect.

Forms change, are continually changing, disappearing, and being replaced by other forms. From the tiniest leaf that falls, withers, and decays to the mightiest sun that goes out in a blaze of light, this great law everywhere holds good. Forms pass and change. But what of the Spirit within them?

Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundations of the earth, and the heavens are the work of Thine hands. They shall perish but Thou shalt endure. They all shall wax old as doth a garment, and as a vesture shalt Thou change them, and they shall be changed. But Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail.

Forms change and disappear, matter breaks up and recombines and has no lasting existence in any one shape. But the Life, the Self, the Spirit, endures, is immortal, is eternal.

Now if all that is, God, man, bodies, planets, suns, universes, can be thought of under one or other of these aspects, Life and form, Spirit and matter, to which do we really belong? to Life or form, to the Spirit or to

matter, to the eternal or the temporal? Clearly our bodies belong to the matter side, to the world of perishing forms—every funeral forces that fact upon our notice. And with the body many of our thoughts, emotions and more temporary interests must disappear.

But we ourselves, the real we, the inner man, the image of God, we are immortal, not to be destroyed; we belong to the side of Spirit, we are, as S. Peter puts it, "partakers of the Divine Nature," partakers of that Spirit of which it is said:

Never the Spirit was born, the Spirit shall cease to be never;
Never was time it was not, end and beginning are dreams;
Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the Spirit for
ever;
Death hath not touched it at all; dead though the house of it
seems.

And we are not the houses; we are the dwellers in the houses. And because we are sharers of this Spirit we are greater than all the universe of stars, regarded simply as forms. We can study them, look on them, think about them; they cannot so look upon or study us.

Our bodies, indeed, are infinitesimally small, very fragile, very helpless, compared with these mighty solar systems and universes. But size is only for body. It has no meaning in the world of Spirit. Even here, in our imperfection, in all the infancy of our powers, we can take them all within ourselves by the grasp of our out-reaching thought.

And if they all were this instant destroyed, resolved into the original fire-mist, into a chaos of whirling atoms, what would it matter to us? There is that in us which would remain quite unaffected, that in us which is "older than the elements, and owes no homage to the sun," a life which would go on unchanged, except

for this : that it would be a freer life, no longer weighed down by the burden of the flesh, this physical body which now we wear. If we reflect upon this fact, that, for the individual man, it would come to exactly the same thing in the end, whether he died, left his body, and so were taken away from the physical universe, or whether that universe itself were blotted out and so were taken away from him ; if we reflect upon this, we shall see how much greater we really are than all these innumerable worlds. No longer need the contemplation of them freeze our heart or stifle our thoughts. Rapture that contemplation will still bring, but now unmingled with terror. “ What is man that Thou art mindful of him ? ” Said our Psalmist beneath these same stars, and there comes the answer in the following verse :

Thou madest him lower than the angels, to crown him with glory and worship.

“ To crown him with glory and worship.” And so S. John tells us : “ Beloved, now ”—that is in our present condition, with all its humiliations—“ now ” he says “ we are the Sons of God ” (we can never cease to be that, never) and what we are going to be has not yet been shown forth ; but we know, that if it be shown forth, we shall be like Him ; for we shall see Him even as He is.

Like Him. Like Whom ? Like Christ. There is our goal. There is our destiny. There is the mark of the prize of our high calling. Lest we should grow weary, lest we should faint in running our race, lest the sense of our own littleness should crush us, lest we should wholly forget that we are temples of the living God, images of His eternity, sharers of His Life ; lest we should forget all this and be drowned in life's

pleasures, or worn out by its cares, Christ came to us and showed us in Himself what we really are.

We “grope in the muck-heaps of earth for fancied jewels;” we would defile, if we could, the Divine image within us; we go out, as Prodigals, into the far country; “Sons of the immortal King”, we forget our high destiny, refuse the thrones that are ours, turn our eyes to earth instead of to heaven.

And so He found us. So He came to us, “to seek and to save that which was lost”. “A prophet,” said God, “will I raise up unto you of your brethren, like unto yourselves”. Yes, like unto ourselves, but like our true selves, like us, not as we now are, but as we are meant to be and shall be.

Look at Him, not as He is often too exclusively depicted, as the ‘Man of Sorrows,’ the despised, the crucified. These things—that suffering, that humiliation—are but the marks that our stupidity, our blindness, our unlovingness, set upon Him.

Look at Him as He stands, triumphant, glorified, the Master of Life and Death, the Divine Wisdom Incarnate, the outshining of the Love that is at the very core of creation, the Love that made the starry heavens, that dwells in the heart of man: He is indeed Perfect God, within the limits of humanity, Perfect Man, as man is meant to be.

His eyes are “luminous with the radiance of the eternal peace,” His voice is “as the sound of many waters,” His words are power, His touch is strong to heal and to bless, His presence is the transfiguration of life. And He calls us. To what? To forget the things that lie behind, to strive onward and upward to those that lie before us.

He calls us to be like Himself, yes, even you and me. And every power that is in us now, every capacity of loving, every longing for things that are pure and of good report, every willingness for self-sacrifice, every dawning intuition of the majesty of our spiritual nature, all these are seeds which have begun, even now, to germinate, which shall expand and grow from strength to strength, shall grow and grow, reaching upwards to the Father's Life, spreading outwards in love to man; until we too, yes, even you and I, shall become as He is, Sons who know their oneness with the Father, Saviours and Helpers of their younger brethren. But:

Think not that of a sudden, in a minute,
All is accomplished and the work is done;
Though with thine earliest dawn thou should'st begin it,
Scarce were it ended with thy setting sun.

And many suns may rise and set, the suns of many days, which are lifetimes; but sooner or later there comes a day, when that which we shall be will be made manifest. It is spoken of as the day of Resurrection, when the Christ in us, our hope of glory, rises at last from the tomb of this lower life and our imprisoning self-hood, and, rising, "lives for ever and lives in the eternal".

Towards that day we are moving in this life and in all the lives that lie beyond it, through all the many 'stopping-places' of the 'Father's house,' that mark our road to Him. The road is long, the way is hard and narrow. But is not life a new thing, well worth living, infinitely important, every hour of it full of possibilities, with the thought of this goal before us—to be like Christ?

We can look undismayed on these starry universes : for are we not greater than they ? Are we not—we, and such as we are, or rather such as we shall be—the end for which they exist ? Suppose there are ten million million other worlds, peopled like our own ; they are so many schools the more for the training of the Sons of God. The pupils leave the schools, passing elsewhere to wider opportunities and fuller life, and the schools may be taken away, but the pupils remain. And so these worlds shall perish, and they are ever changing ; but we are immortal, sons of the living God ; the glory of our future knows no limit. We look out once more upon the stars. We have read their secret, and it is the sure token of our supremacy. We have seen the “Light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ,” Him whose words of promise stand sure :

He that overcometh, I will give to him to sit down with Me on my throne, even as I also overcame and sit down with my Father in His throne. He that overcometh, I will make him a pillar in the Temple of my God, and he shall go out thence no more.

And there is that final word of God, of the Infinite Life itself :

He that overcometh shall inherit all things.

C. W. Scott-Moncrieff

A REFORMATORY FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN¹

By CAPT. ARTHUR ST. JOHN

HON. SEC., PENAL REFORM LEAGUE

I SUBMIT that it is in the nature of a public scandal that no woman should have been found to contribute the paper on this subject. I fear that the audience may have reason to regret the inability of the Committee to find anyone but my poor self to fill the gap; for I am going to hide my pardonable nervousness under a cloak of audacity. Not having a close acquaintanceship with girls' reformatories in this country, and, through all my wanderings, never having found one that quite satisfies me, I propose to build one of my own—a little castle in the air. I shall build in haste, and you may knock down at your leisure.

First a few words as to the need of a reformatory for girls over sixteen. Many of the young women under consideration can, with some hope, be removed from their surroundings and put on probation—first in a temporary home or institution, and then in some situation. Others may simply be sent home. But, for many of them, we must reluctantly feel that what is

¹ A paper on "Girls over sixteen in moral danger—Punishment or Reformation?" read at a Conference convened by the Ladies National Association in London on April 26, 1912.

wanted is to place them in carefully arranged surroundings, where they can, as it were, begin again and grow afresh. This is wanted for girls over sixteen as much as for those under that age. There is no sense in drawing the line at sixteen. The only line to draw is that between need and no need, or between different degrees and kinds of need. The sixteenth birthday has nothing to do with it.

We are all grateful for the Borstal Institution for Girls as an improvement on the ordinary prison; but, even if there were Borstal Institutions enough to take in all the girls and women of whom I speak, I hardly think we should be satisfied with that. Surely not! The Borstal Institution is after all a kind of prison; and we want something very different.

Let us consider the need of these girls and women. They are in danger—if they have not already gone beyond danger—of sliding into utter ruin, a menace to themselves, to those they meet, and to society in general. They are untrained and ill-regulated in life. They have false ideas of enjoyment, and probably hate or despise useful work. They lack self-respect and self-control. The task required of the community, and which the community must require of any institution that undertakes to deal with them, is to introduce a person who has a false idea of life to a truer idea; to train an ill-trained girl, who dislikes work, to self-control and a love of useful activity; to enrich the life of an ignorant pleasure-seeker with new and wholesome interests which shall drive out and supersede the old ones; to lead her to the knowledge of the true joy of life. Here we have the keynote to our Institution—the true joy of life for every one of its inmates. Our aim must be

always that they may have life, and have it more abundantly.

The elements or factors of joy are self-expression and fellowship. We must, therefore, begin by giving a foretaste of fellowship, with a spectacle of happy industry so attractive as to excite a desire to join in and help, thus giving a start along the road to self-expression and realised fellowship.

For these purposes we must have a variety of industries, out-door and in-door. We must aim at eventually doing almost everything necessary to the up-keep of the establishment by the work of the pupils. This will, of course, take time. But from the out-set there must be some variety of more or less attractive occupations, carried out in as attractive a way as can be contrived compatibly with efficiency.

There must also be plenty of good music, singing, dancing, acting; plenty of opportunities for study of nature, geography, history, literature in a practical, interesting, playful way. The aim held in view will be the cultivation of helpfulness, cheerful diligence, trustworthiness, self-reliance, resourcefulness, with joy of heart—a useful human being living and growing on every side.

The first impression to be made on the new-comer being one of good fellowship and homeliness, the efforts of the whole place must be concentrated on making her feel that she is a welcome guest. Her tastes and inclinations must be studied. She must not at first be called on to do anything that she dislikes. She must be comforted and made to feel that she is amongst friends who will cherish her and never desert her. This must be looked upon as the duty of all the girls and their

elders, a part of natural and necessary hospitality. In the meantime the new guest has to choose the cottage in which she is to take up her abode, and she will, it is to be hoped, find a chum amongst one of the members. Some will be slow to do this. The pace must not be forced; let it come naturally. In the meantime one of the girls may have to be told off to befriend her and show her round. Perhaps one will be naturally attracted to do so; or a certain number of girls might be set apart for this duty of looking after new-comers.

When the guest has settled down, and evinces a desire to be a member of the community, she will be allowed to become a Candidate for Membership. She will be asked, or advised what work, what classes, what games she would like to join in, and will at first be gently initiated into the lighter tasks or those which attract her most.

As soon as she is able to do a useful day's work, can keep her own room clean, and seems otherwise eligible, the members of her cottage or workshop, or group, may recommend her to the general assembly or council for full membership. She will then be put to severer tests, to see what hardships or inconveniences she can endure, and what drudgery. If she passes these satisfactorily she will then be inaugurated with some ceremony, and enrolled as a full member for life. All members belong to the general assembly and have a voice in the management of affairs, election of officers, etc.

Various matters concerning the business of the institution will be liable to be submitted for discussion to the members of cottages, classes, committees or other groups as a part of their school work or everyday

interests. They will be invited to interest themselves in domestic and other details, such as the raising of fresh out-houses or other buildings, the ordering of new machinery, repairs, choosing of samples of material, etc., etc. Clubs and guilds for various studies and pursuits will be encouraged.

Every endeavour must be made to ensure that the establishment shall be a model for the neighbourhood in farming, gardening, building, and other industrial and social departments.

Another grade beyond membership will be that of Fellowship. To be elected a Fellow, a member will have to qualify by a period—say at least of one or two years, perhaps more—of life and work outside, be fitted by character, and have proved that she can do work which represents full subsistence in the institution with a considerable margin beyond it. She must also have mastered some degree of simplicity and economy in living, and show capacity for helping those in need. Wherever she goes the Fellow will be a missionary and witness to the principles for which this Community stands.

The next grade might perhaps be called Guardians, some, at first at any rate being appointed from outside, others perhaps elected from amongst the Fellows. Possibly the adult officials of the Institution might belong to this grade. The terms here used—candidate, member, fellow, ect.,—are, of course, only suggestive and illustrative. It may be that better ones could be found.

How long will members remain in this home? Some may want to remain for long, even all their days—but, if so, they must be self-supporting as long as they are able-bodied. Others will be encouraged to go

out and do their work in the world, always remaining Members or Fellows, and keeping in touch with their College home. If some of these find the world too much for them, or if they fall again by the way, they will always be welcomed back again. But it must be understood that, as a rule, every able-bodied member living within the precincts is expected to be a source of profit, financial or its equivalent, to the Institution. It might be well to pay wages, and charge members for board, lodging, etc.

It would be a good plan, very often, to send two or three members out together for a time. Trips might occasionally be made by groups of Members, or Fellows and Members.

I do not believe that, in such an institution as I am trying to sketch, any other classification would be necessary than the kind of natural selection I have described, provided that the true tone and spirit were maintained, and responsibility placed upon the girls. This, of course, is not an institution for the feeble-minded, who must, I suppose, be cared for apart.

The Superintendent, teachers, etc., must place themselves as nearly and naturally as they can on a level with their charges, and be their friends. The inhabitants of each cottage will gather round the Sister, Mother, Aunt, or whatever they like to call her, but in deed and truth she must be their friend. She, whom the outside world will call the Principal and Superintendent, should be known to the Members and Fellows as the dearest sister—the greatest common friend.

These helpers or friends must be imbued with a sense of the freedom of and of reverence for the individuality of each person, and must cultivate a habit of masterly

non-interference, trying to learn by experience just where this should give place to suggestion or to peremptory control. All sensible people like to be firmly handled where the business in hand requires it, and those who are not so sensible must learn the necessity. But I submit, that, where once a right tone and atmosphere prevail, and due responsibility has been established amongst the girls, as a rule, there need be no more punishment by adults. If any be required, it should, under such supervision as may be necessary, be entrusted to the girls, properly organised for the purpose. The exact form of tribunal, and the necessary rules, I will not lay down. They must arise out of the peculiar atmosphere and sense of responsibility that evolve themselves in each particular community.

The tone, the atmosphere will be, or should be, created by the sub-conscious influence of the Principal and her assistants, in conjunction with the stronger and more spiritual characters amongst the girls. In the meantime there is a secret which, it is to be hoped, each inmate will gradually learn for herself, the more surely that it is not often formulated in words, namely, that the whole community has an Unseen Head. In a Christian community one may perhaps be permitted to surmise that He will be recognised as none other than the Lord Jesus Christ.

The best human channel of leadership, or friendship, would perhaps be a man and wife. This brings me to the difficult question of the admission of the other sex to my little Utopia. I do not believe that any education, either of woman or man, is complete that keeps the other sex out. So that, as soon as practicable, I should allow a natural intermingling of girls and boys,

women and men. I have sometimes thought that it might be well, in dealing with the special kind of cases we are considering at this Conference, to have two institutions, separate and far apart, on similar lines—one for boys and young men, the other for girls and women,—and to have a third where those from both who have had a certain training apart, may have a further training together. I am afraid we must admit that there are a few unhappy individuals who are better apart from persons of the other sex altogether.

In any case there should be, in any institution where such young women as these are trained, a strong feminist atmosphere ; by which I mean a deep permeating conviction and faith in the role of woman in the world, and in the mission laid upon her for the race, not only round the family hearth, but for the socialising of human affairs in the world at large.

Such, in brief outline, is the framework of my castle in the air. It need not remain in the air. In due time some of us are prepared to prove its practicability, if support be forthcoming. It is much needed, and not one only ; many of such are needed—a network about the land. Obviously there should be no hard and fast rules about ages. They must be organised in accordance with the necessities of human nature, physical, mental, and spiritual, and the principles of growth. First the natural man, then the spiritual. As the Spirit unfolds in a healthy body and mind, indulgences will be left behind, and greater simplicity and economy of living will facilitate, and be fostered by helpfulness and devotion. In the meantime I offer my dream for thought and for discussion.

Arthur St. John

A LOVE POEM

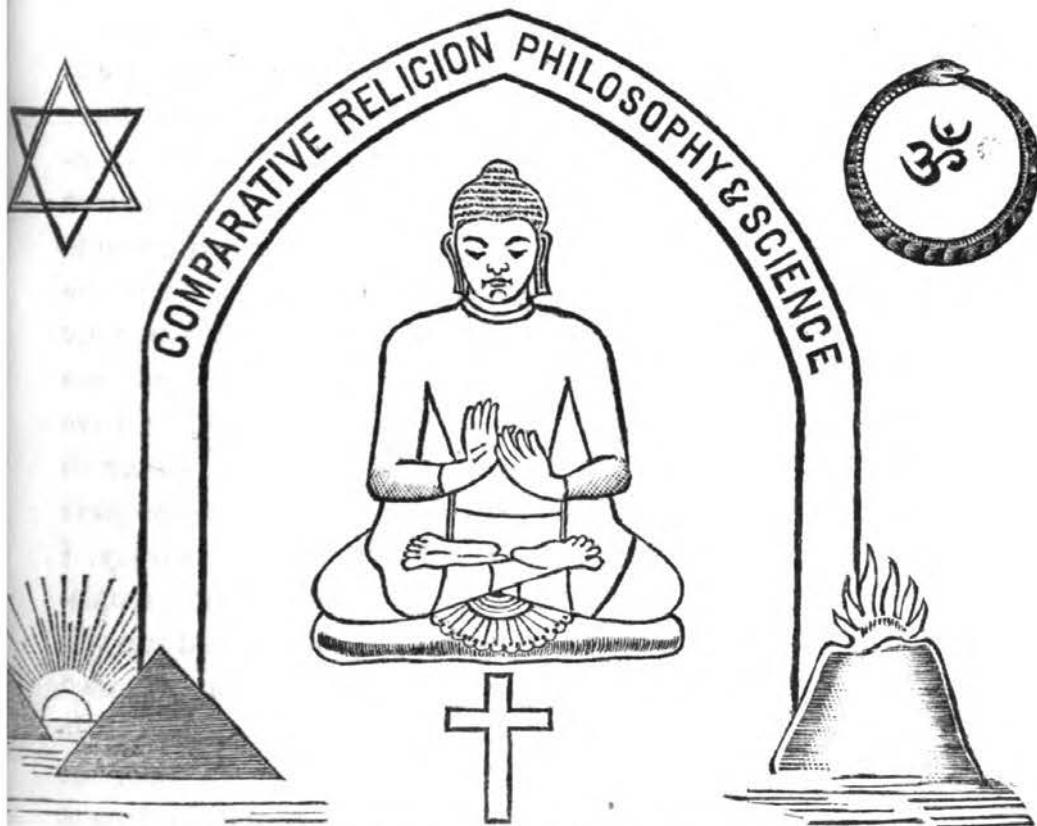
By GWENDOLEN BISHOP

If love be this—to kiss and know
More than the touch of lips conveys
In this dense air, where blind Eros,
Groping his way through earthly dross,
Seeks to attain the Effulgent Rays
That bleach his roses white, as snow :
If love be this—to kiss and know ;
Then know I, faintly, what love is.

If love be this—to subtly feel
The delicate pulsing of a soul,
The melody that shakes the blue
Of heaven to purple ; through and through,
Piercing the iridescent whole
Of Being with fine drawn gold and steel :
If love be this—to subtly feel ;
Then know I, faintly, what love is.

If love be this—to give and give,
Nor yet be bankrupt when the last
Pale gift of flesh-enshrouded prayer
Is offered by One, luminous ; there
Set torch-wise ; shadowing the past
Dead sacrifice with one alive :
If love be this—to give and give ;
Then know I, faintly, what love is.

Love, let me blend my melodies
With thine, in one great tide of praise.
Wave upon wave of love to roll
Circling the world from pole to pole,
And on beyond the world, till spent,
We in the Soundless All be blent !
If love be this—if love be this ;
Then know I, faintly, what love is.



AN OUTLINE OF MANICHÆISM

By DR. RAIMOND VAN MARLE

INTRODUCTION

Manes was an Occultist.

—H. P. Blavatsky, *The Secret Doctrine*, III, 160.

IT is a critical moment for the study of Manichæism. The discoveries recently made in Turfan throw a light upon this religion which reveals to us new aspects of it. Few have hitherto thought that there was a time

when, in the Orient and in the Occident, Manichæism was counted amongst the most important spiritual movements; however such seems to have been the case.

I have been very careful in writing this study on Manichæism, and have not touched upon some questions not yet explained, on which we may find information, when the hundreds of Manichæan documents which are not yet deciphered shall have been given to the public. So I have only stated in this study the points of the religion which are very probable, or fully attested by the documents already published, and have thus given merely an outline of Manichæism. I have tried to do this in such a way that every document which may hereafter be published shall elucidate or complete certain points. As the deciphering goes slowly, I have thought it better not to wait for the completion, especially as the documents published up till now generally confirm the statements long known to us. When for certain points we can only refer to these newly discovered documents there may be some danger that the facts we find are only true of the form of Manichæism at the time and in the country to which the documents belong.

Two other articles might follow this first one: (1) the esoteric side of the Manichæan doctrines; (2) the history of Manichæism since Manes. I certainly intend to write this last one, so far as Europe is concerned, and I hope to find definitely the link between this religion and the order of Knight Templars, which—as is known—is a later form of the same thought. I do not think that it is for the moment possible to trace the history of Manichæism in the Orient, but this also may perhaps become clear by the discoveries which remain

to be made¹. As to the esoteric meaning of Manichæism, I think that it will remain hidden for those who simply study the history of religions, and will be known only to those who still represent Manichæism in our own days.

This is perhaps the right place to give some of the statements made as to the importance of the influence of Manichæism on several religious systems.

H. P. Blavatsky says² that it was during the struggle between Manichæism and Christianity that the latter adopted the personality of the devil.

K. Vollers thinks that Manichæism kept alive some parts of the religion of Mithra when this was dying³. Through Manichæism many Buddhistic moral stories were brought to Persia, Syria and Arabia, and through the Mussulmans and Jews they came into European literature⁴.

Dr. Burnell says, that the Manichæan mission to India in the third century A. D. is the only historical fact that we know of in relation to Christian Missions to India⁵. This may be true as far as Manichæism is to be considered as Christian. It anyhow contained Christian ideas as we shall see.

¹ When I mentioned the possibility of adding supplements to this article after the publication of further documents, I did not think that the occasion to do so would present itself so very soon.

Prof. Chavannes and M. Pelliot published in the last number of the *Journal Asiatique* (November-December, 1911) which unfortunately for me came out between the writing and the printing of my article—'Un traite Manechien retrouve en Chine,' which had already been published in Chinese and which forms a part of the findings of the famous cave of Tuan-huang (*Comptes rendus de l'Academie des Inscriptions*, 1910, p. 245).

All the same it seems better to me to wait before mentioning the new elements which this publication gives us, till, from some other Texts, secrets still hidden, shall have been unveiled.

² *The Secret Doctrine*, ii, 249.

³ *Die Welt-Religionen*, p. 98.

⁴ *Idem*, p. 117.

⁵ *Indian Antiquary*, iv, 182.

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I. SOURCES

During many years the only sources which were known for the history of Manichæism were the treatises written by the enemies of this religion. In the first place we must mention S. Augustine, who was an active

combatant of Manichæism, and in addition we have Epiphanius, Titus of Bostra, Cyril of Jerusalem, Didymus of Alexandria, Diodorus of Tarsus, Pope Leo I, Theodocritus of Cyprus, Philostres of Bresse, Socrates of Constantinople, John of Ephesus, John of Damascus and Photius. Most of these authors belong to the fifth Century, or about one and a half centuries after the founder of this religion.

With the exception of S. Augustine and Titus of Bostra—who are very well-informed—most of the other authors have not much value, though it may be interesting to read Cyril of Jerusalem for the violence with which he attacks this religion.

S. Augustine had good reasons for knowing much about Manichæism. As we shall see presently, the Manichæan hierarchy was divided into five grades, the two lowest of which were the 'auditores' and the 'electi'. Though S. Augustine had been an auditor for nine years he had never been allowed to become an elect, and it seems probable that a natural human weakness turned him from an adherent into an enemy of the doctrines of Manes. In any case it is remarkable that so learned and clever a man took nine years to find all the faults in Manichæism which he exposed later on in some of his writings.

Nevertheless the Manichæans reproached S. Augustine with understanding nothing of their doctrines. Some of his writings are against Faustus of Mesene, one of the chiefs of Manichæism after the time of the founder. We know the writings of Faustus, not from the originals but from S. Augustine himself, who gave the texts before giving his arguments against them. Faustus' writings are extremely interesting, not only

for the knowledge shown of the Manichæan religion, but also as an example of early Biblical criticism; he especially attacked the authority of the Old Testament.

Some further information about Manichæism is to be found in a Greek Anathema of about 800 A.D., in which are condemned those who confess the doctrines of Manes, with a brief explanation of the principal points of this doctrine. A very curious document is the *Acta Archelai*. Several scientific men believed and tried to prove that these *Acta* were the original report of a discussion between Manes and Archelaus, but it is now generally admitted that the whole is a forgery. The original must have been in Greek.¹ If it had been in Syrian² it might possibly have been the original report. Hegemonius, the author of the *Acta*, has used old documents, but has arranged them.³ He took much out of the apocryphal *Acts of S. Peter*.⁴ Greek texts must have existed, and been used by Cyril, Epiphanius and Socrates, but also Arabian⁵ and Coptic texts must have been known.⁶ The geographical names in this document—of which the translation may date from 392 A.D.—offer also some strange difficulties. The author speaks of the town Charax and the river Stranga. Possibly this town is Cascar and the river the Tigris. Many details of the *Acta* also make us think of the North of Mesopotamia as the spot where this discussion took place, or at

¹ Beeson, in his edition of the *Acta*.

² As pretended by the first editor Zacagni in 1698 and Kessler in 1889 (against him were Noldeke and Rahlfs.) Later on Kessler also believed that the Latin text was translated from the Greek, but before the Greek a Syrian text existed.

³ Zittwitz; Oblasinski.

⁴ Ficker.

⁵ Renaudot.

⁶ Crum. All the literature on this question is quoted in Beeson's edition of the *Acta*.

least that the author thought that to be the place of the discussion.

From the non-Christian side we find an opponent of Manichæism in Simplicius, in his *Enchirideon of Epictetus*; and from the Christian side also Alexander of Lycas of the Thebaid, but neither of them has much importance.

Kessler gives in his quoted book and article—a list of fifteen Arabian authors, five Syrian, five Persian, and one Armenian, mostly dating from the 9th to the 13th centuries, and he gives one Chinese inscription, dealing with Manichæism. Saleman thinks that this list is far from being complete. Anyhow during late years many Oriental Texts have been discovered, which throw much light on certain details of the Manichæan religion, though, for the fundamental doctrines, the most important for us are the *Fihrist*, and the *Book of Scholia* of Theodor bar Khoni. The author of the *Fihrist* (text with translation and notes published by Flügel in 1862. Some parts newly translated by Kessler 1889) is Abû 'l faradsch Muhammad ben Ishak an Nadim, generally called Ibn Abî Ja'kûb al-Warâk of Bagdad. His work was written in 987-88 and followed much older documents, which he does not quote. But as these documents were probably Manichæan books, the *Fihrist* is of enormous importance. In many points it is completed by the *Book of Scholia* of Theodor bar Khoni, which is three centuries older but was discovered more recently. The author was Bishop of Cascar, about 600 A. D., and was an enemy of Manes, who tried to render his doctrine ridiculous. In his work he gives us one of Manes' own books, the *Epistula Fundamenti*, of which S. Augustine speaks. It gives us in a sort of mythological

allegory the origin of Manichæan dualism, and the struggle which was the consequence of this dualism.

Of Manes' own writings we do not know much more than the titles, and perhaps a few letters. One of the Arabian authors—al Biruni—gives a list of eight books written by Manes: (1) *Pragmateia*; (2) *Book of the Giants*; (3) *Treasure of Life-giving*; (4) *Light of Certainty and Foundation*; (5) *Gospel*; (6) *Shāhpūrakān*; (7) *Epistles of Manes*; (8) *Book of Secrets*. The *Fihrist* speaks of seven principal works of Manes but gives only six—the first, second, third, sixth and eighth of al Biruni's list, and the *Book of Prescriptions for Auditors*, with supplement the *Prescriptions for the Elected*—perhaps the same as the fourth of al Biruni. The name of the seventh is missing, but this must have been the *Gospel*, following al Biruni's order. We do not know anything about the *Pragmateia*. The *Book of the Giants* speaks of the different giants in the religions of Babylon, India, Ancient Bactria, the Jews, and Persians. The *Book of Life-giving* gives one chapter to the Marcionists; and Jacubi, another Arabian author, says, that Manes stated which particles were touched by the purity of light, and which by the corruption of obscurity. The *Light of Certainty and Foundation*, or *Book of Prescription for Auditors and Elected*, gives, of course, the rules of life for these two degrees of Manichæans; it probably gave the whole doctrine of the link between God and Man, and must have been written as letters which should be read to all the Manichæan communities. The *Gospel* had twenty-two books, the same number as there are letters in the Syriac alphabet. Here Manes is said to be the Paraclete whom the Messiah announced. Al Biruni says that the doctrine exposed in this book is the

antithesis of the Christian doctrine. It speaks of the deliverance of the Spirit out of the obscurity into the light, and of the prayers which are the only rites of the Manichæan religion. The *Shâpûrakân* was dedicated to King Shâpûr, and was in three divisions, which spoke of the different manners in which man may meet death, according as he is an auditor, an elect, or a sinner. It was possibly written with the purpose of bringing King Shâpûr into the Manichæan religion and is therefore in Persian. The day King Shâpûr came to the throne, Manes preached for the first time in public (20th March, A.D. 242). Of the epistles the *Fihrist* gives us a list of seventy-six; in the titles Kessler claims to recognise Jewish, Persian, Babylonian and Buddhistic elements. Also the *Book of Secrets*—from which the *Fihrist* quotes eighteen chapters—treats of many different subjects; Jacubi says that Manes calumniates the prophets in this book. Kessler tells us that there are Babylonian religious elements to be found in it. There are also five fragments of letters of Manes in Fabricius' *Bibliotheca Graeca* (20th edition, iii, 315). If not entirely false, these letters are parts of older writings. A part of one of them seems to be a polemic against the Christian religion. The letters are translations from Syriac Texts, but their origin is impossible to trace.

II. MANES' LIFE

Nowhere do the Eastern and the Western documents so differ as on what they tell us of Manes' life. The *Acta* gives us the Christian version of it, and the *Fihrist* the Eastern.

About the origin of Manes' name we have the opinion of H. P. B. who says in *Isis Unveiled*, ii, 208 (quoting King's *Gnostics*, etc.,) that *Manes* means chosen vessel, or receptacle, and also gives Plutarch's explanation, that *Manes* or *Manis* means masses or anointed, the vessel, or vase, of election; *Manes* is therefore the vessel full of that Light of God, which He pours on one He has elected as His Messenger.

Kessler gives an etymology of Manes' name which derives it from the Mandeian Mânâ, which means World of Light.

The *Acta* possibly contain a realistic version of a symbolic story of Manes' life. Many points in it might find their explanation in this way. As a realistic story it is difficult to consider it as true; Baur has already remarked the mythical elements in it. The story is briefly told as follows:

Scythianus, a rich merchant of Scythia, living in the apostolic times, travelling in Sarascenia on the Arabian frontier, knew the dualistic doctrine. He married a woman of the upper Thebaid, who had led an immoral life, and whom he bought out of prison. Scythianus then went to Egypt, where he came to know the wisdom of that country, and here Terebinthius became his disciple. Terebinthius wrote four books: the *Mysteries*, the *Capitula*, the *Gospel* and the *Thesaurus*. They all went to Judæa to dispute there with the priests, whom Scythianus wanted to convince of the truth of his doctrine, but in debate he was defeated. He died suddenly, and Terebinthius fled to Babylon with his master's treasures and books, leaving Scythianus' widow behind. He began to spread his doctrine in Babylon, saying that he possessed much of

the Egyptian wisdom, but he had only one disciple, an old widow. Terebinthius claimed to have been born of a virgin, and to have been nourished by angels in the mountains; he called himself Buddha.

He tried to make an impression by magic, climbed on to the roof of a house, and, calling out some magic names or words, endeavoured to fly through the air; but a gust threw him down and he died; this recalls the fate of Simon Magus.¹ The old widow—his only disciple—inherited his books and treasures; she bought a slave, Corbicius only seven years old, freed and taught him, and adopted him as her child. When he was twelve years old the widow died, and the boy inherited all her belongings, including the famous books. He buried his mistress, and went to the town where the King of Persia lived, and changed his name to that of Manes. We hear nothing more of Manes' life from then till he was sixty years old. Then, knowing the Persian doctrines perfectly, he translated the four books—we do not know from what language nor into what language—and mixed in them much of his own, which was without any value. He changed the titles of the books, and treated them as if he had written them himself. He had three disciples, Thomas, Addas, and Hermas. Thomas he sent into Egypt, and Addas into Scythia to preach his doctrine, and kept Hermas with him. After this the son of the King fell ill, and his father promised a great reward to anyone who could cure the prince. Manes came, but the prince died in his arms. The King was furious and threw Manes into prison. Also the two disciples were

¹ H. P. Blavatsky says in *The Secret Doctrine*, iii, 118, that Simon Magus and Manes knew too much of the mysteries of original Christianity, and therefore both were called the servants of evil.

brought back ; they fled again, but returned afterwards to their teacher, advising him to become a Christian. He told them not to be afraid, and asked them to procure him the books of the Christians, in which they succeeded after much trouble. Manes looked into them, seeking for texts which would be useful for his dualistic system. He also accepted the idea of Christ and some other doctrines, but with great restrictions, and he condemned a great part of the Bible. What he found on the Paraclete, Manes applied to himself and sent his disciples out again to preach his doctrine. The King heard this, and decided therefore to kill Manes, who learning this by a dream and bribing the gaolers—who were subsequently punished with death—fled to Castell Arabion. From Castell Arabion he wrote a letter to Marcellus, a Christian of Carchar (Cascar ?) known for his good works, and whom he wished to win to his belief. As messenger for this letter he chose Turbo, a disciple of Adda. Marcellus received this messenger kindly, but Archelaus, the bishop of Carchar—was furious, and determined to get Manes into his power. Marcellus, 'this excellent Christian,' wrote a short letter to Manes inviting him to come to his house. This letter was sent by a servant of Marcellus, for Turbo did not want to see or hear any more of Manes, as he had suddenly become a convert to Christianity, never missing any of Archelaus' discourses. Marcellus and Archelaus also asked Turbo what was Manes' doctrine, and the explanation which Turbo gave is the most important part of the *Acta Archelai*. Finally, Turbo said that what he had told was the doctrine which Manes charged his three disciples to preach, Addas in the Orient, Thomas in Syria, and Hermas in Egypt. After the communications of Turbo, Marcellus prepared

a debate. Manes arrived unprepared, with twenty-two youths and virgins; his appearance prejudiced the audience against him; he carried a Babylonian book under his arm. The debate was held before a large audience, and four judges were named who consistently agreed with Archelaus, the speaker for the Christian side. The public grew furious with Manes, who claimed to be a disciple of Christ, an apostle of Jesus and the Paraclete, while much honour was paid to Archelaus. Manes fled to the town of Diodorus, where he preached his doctrines to many, and, as nobody was of an opposite opinion, he gained some disciples. This Diodorus—the presbyter of this place—wrote to Archelaus—who answered very shortly, but gave enough information to enable Diodorus to challenge Manes to debate. Just as they were about to begin, Archelaus himself arrived, and with some difficulty defeated Manes; but this did not satisfy him. He gathered the public together, and told them all he knew about Manes—the story of his life up to the time of his escape from prison in Persia; Manes again fled, but was taken in Castell Arabion, and handed over to the King who—to punish him for the death of his son, and of the gaolers—condemned him to be flayed and hanged, and his flesh given to the birds. Archelaus added this story of Manes' death to the *Acta*, and said that Manes' doctrines were not original, but were also taught by Basilides and others.

That this story is not genuine has been argued on quite technical grounds—I might even say proved—by many authors. Beausobre noticed it as early as 1734. The part which speaks of the doctrines of Manes is certainly copied, or compiled, from a well-informed

source, but the rest must be a wrongly interpreted symbolical or mythical tale; the Manichæan Doctrine must have included very many mythical stories, as we shall see in the *Cosmogony*. Besides the whole *Acta* are composed to show the superiority of Christianity over its adversary, and have hereby lost all the historical value which they might otherwise have had.

Kessler tries to bring light into this chaos by identifying Terebinthus with Manes, and Scythianus with his father Patak of the *Fihrist*; this argument is not impossible, but this does not make the *Acta* and the *Fihrist* in accordance with each other.

An interesting detail is the fact that Terebinthus took the name of Buddha, and his follower Corbicius that of Manes. The names remind us that Buddha and Manas are the names of two adjoining planes. M. Rochat offers some very sound arguments to show that the *Acta*-story is not historical. I think that Rochat is quite right when he thinks it improbable that a bishop (Archelaus) would hold two public debates with an escaped criminal—which Manes was for the moment—also, the King of Persia could never have put anyone to death for pretending to be the Paraclete of whom Jesus spoke. If he were angry because of the death of his son, he would surely have at once condemned Manes to death. The death of the gaolers at his own command, would not have caused the King to take vengeance on Manes. Christian influences are also very visible in such phrases as: "The doctrine inspired by Anti-Christ," "We have shown that he was a false prophet". That Cascar was a town mixed up with the story of Manes is rendered a little probable by the fact that more than three hundred years later a bishop

of Cascar wrote on the religion of Manes (Theodore bar Khoni).

The *Fihrist* biography seems much less extraordinary than the *Acta*. Perhaps the author had read Manichæan books or documents dating from the time of Manes. Many reject this version as there are some marvels and visions told in it—indigestible elements for historians—but on the whole, the *Firhist* version does not look improbable though of course alterations and mistakes may have crept in, in course of time.

According to the *Fihrist*, Manes was the son of Patak (also called Fatak, Papah, Babah, Patik), belonging to the Abber Persian race of the Chaskans, and lived in Hamadan (Ekbatana). He went to live in Babylon where he settled in the neighbourhood of Teisifun. Here Manes was born—al Biruni says in A. D. 215-16—in the town Mardinu on the Chanal Kuthâ; but bar Khoni speaks of Abrûmiâ as the town where he was born. Perhaps the same name is to be found in Ibn abi barzâm of the *Fihrist*, but all are unintelligible. The date may not be quite exact, but no great error is possible. Manes' mother belonged to the royal family of the Aschghanies, or Arsacides. The *Fihrist* gives three different names for her—Mês, Utâchîm and Marmarjam. Kessler sees in the names of Manes' Mother only the names of the towns to which Manes' birth was assigned (Mês from Mesene, Utachîm from Kutha, Marmarjam from Mordinu) but I think that Flügel's explanations are not less probable than Kessler's. MêS, or Meiss, as Manes' mother, might be (as the Turk Kâmûs says) the name of a large tree which is called by the Greeks the lotus, and by the Turks, the wild pepper-tree. If we admit that the similarity of names in Greek for the Indian lotus

and the Turkish pepper-tree has caused a certain confusion, we find here that Manes was called a lotus-born.

Of Utachim Flügel gives no explanation, but of Mar Marjam—which he writes in two words—he says that this is still the name actually given in Syria and Egypt to the Virgin Mary.¹ One codex of the *Fihrist* gives *Marjam* only a form, which is also found in the New Testament for the Virgin. It thus reminds us of the name of several Virgin-mothers of World-Teachers. Now we must of course remember the fact that the believers in Manes tried, from the earliest times, to create an aureole of sanctity around the figure of Manes. The Greek anathema, mentioned above, gives Carossa as the name of Manes' mother, a name of which it is impossible to find the origin. Once Patak, going into the inner part of the temple to say his prayers, heard a voice which said: "O Patak, do not eat meat, do not drink wine, and have no converse with women;" for three days running Patak heard these words repeated several times. After having thought this over, Patak joined a community in the neighbourhood of Dastashan, which was called Mugtasila—"those who wash or baptise themselves"—the members of which lived under the discipline which the voice had commended to Patak. At the time of the author of the *Fihrist*, members of this sect still remained. Soon afterwards Manes was born, and his mother had beautiful dreams in which she saw some one lifting up her son, taking him through the air, and bringing him back again. From time to time this absence of the child lasted for one or two days. Later, Manes' father went away,

¹ In the Turfan fragments we find sometimes the name Mar, as for instance in the following prayer: God, Mar, Manes, deliver my soul. M. 176.

and took his son to relations who belonged to the same religion, in which Manes was thus brought up. Manes spoke in spite of his youth 'the speech of wisdom,' and at twelve years of age he received, as he himself said, "revelations from the King of the Paradise of Light". The Angel who brought him these revelations was called at-Taum, which means the companion. This Angel said to him: "Leave this community. You do not belong to its members; your mission is the purity of morals and the suppression of desires. But in view of your youth, it is not yet time to make your appearance." When he was twenty-four years old, the Angel at-Taum came again, and said to him: "Now the time is come for you to appear in public, and to proclaim aloud your own doctrine."

So Manes with two disciples—Simeon and Zakû—appeared on the day that King Shâpûr I was crowned. This was between A.D. 240 and 241,¹ and as we saw that Manes was born in the year 215 or 216, and began to preach his doctrine when he was twenty-four, the dates are in perfect accord. Only the *Fihrist* says that the day of Shapur's coronation and of Manes' appearance was Sunday, the first day of Nisan, when the Sun was in the Sign of Capricorn. These details made Flügel² think that the year A.D. 238 was meant, which however does not make much difficulty. Other historians also say that Manes appeared in public in Shâpûr's time, but do not give any precise information.³ The *Fihrist* quotes Muhammad ben Ishak, who said that Manes began his public life in the second year of the reign of Gallus. As

¹ Flügel, 145-6.

² *Ibid.* 146-149.

³ *Ibid.* 146.

the two Gallus, (Trebonius Gallus I and Gallus Volusianus) both began to reign in A.D. 251, this disaccord can only be explained if the name of Gallus was given in mistake for that of Gordianus III, whose reign lasted from A.D. 238 to 244, giving us A.D. 239 as the year of Manes' appearance.¹ We are brought to the same year by the *Fihrist* which gives us the number of years between the appearance of Manes and those of Marcion and Bordesanes, and I think with Flügel that A. D. 239 must be the year in which Manes started his public life; and as he was then twenty-four years old, he must have been born in the year 214. The *Fihrist* says then that after Manes had travelled for about forty years in different countries he turned back to the town from which he started, where he asked the brother of King Shâpûr, called Firûz, to follow his doctrine. This period of about forty years causes some difficulty, as King Shâpûr reigned only thirty-two years at the most, (possibly only thirty); besides, the word 'about' makes it possible that it was some years less; also it is not said that these forty years are to be counted from his appearance in public; it is quite possible that we are to count this period as beginning with his twelfth year, when he heard the Angel for the first time and then all the dates would be in agreement.

Firûz presented Manes to his brother King Shâpûr, and—the Manichæans say—when Manes came to the palace, it was as if two lamps of light shone from his back. Shâpûr paid him much honour, though he had decided to make him a prisoner and to kill him. But when Manes appeared before him, the King was afraid; he was glad to see him (strange combination!) asked

¹ *Ibid*, 150. etc.

Manes what he brought him, and promised even to become a Manichæan. Manes asked for many favours and begged that his disciples should be respected in Persia, and be free to go there whenever they liked. Shâpûr consented to everything. Manes had already invited the Indians, Chinese, and the inhabitants of Khurasan to accept his doctrine, and he left a disciple in each of these regions.

The *Fihrist* tells us further that Manes was said to be the Paraclete; he derived his doctrine from the Magicians and the Christians; and the script in which the religious books of the Manichæans are written must have been taken from the Syrian and the Persian alphabets.

Amongst later oriental authors, we often find Manes spoken of as having been a celebrated painter. This legend can be traced back to the Persian historian Mirchond, who, speaking of Manes, tells the following story, of which I have not been able to find the origin¹: Manes must have been an unequalled painter; he could draw an enormous circle with his free hand without the least irregularity. Once, while travelling, he noticed a cavern in the mountains, of which the air was healthful although it had only one entrance. He carried thither enough food for a year, and said to his disciples that he would be taken up into heaven, would remain there for a year, and would then return, bringing with him the orders of heaven. He told them when they should meet. During this year he painted the most wonderful pictures, which he afterwards pretended to have brought with him from heaven.² Later

¹ Kessler. *Manes*, p. 377.

² Flugel, p. 382 speaks of a book illustrated by Manes, but that is not mentioned in Kessler's translation of the text.

on, Manes is sometimes spoken of as having been a famous painter; and he is always called in Persia "Manes the painter".

The newly discovered documents published by Dr. F. W. K. Müller give us some further details about Manes' life, which are to a certain extent in harmony with the *Acta Archelai*, as they also speak of a meeting between Manes and King Shâpûr I. When Manes was announced to the King, the latter, who had been out hunting, was at dinner, and Manes had to wait till the King had washed his hands. When Manes entered, the King said to him: "I had sworn that you should not come into this country." Manes answered that he had done good to the relations of the King and had cured many from illness.¹ This last phrase reminds us of the story of the son of the King who was ill, though the rest of the description of the interview is quite different from the *Fihrist* one.

Another fragment gives us a rather incomprehensible story, how Manes, received by two brothers of the King in a beautiful garden, was asked by them—most probably in jest—whether the garden of heaven was as beautiful as the one they were in. Whereupon Manes showed them the garden of heaven in a sort of trance.² We also find the very important statement that Manes had himself said: "I am a physician from the country of Babylon."³

(To be Continued)

Raimond van Marle

¹ M. 3.

² M. 47.

³ M. 566.

ZOROASTRIAN RITES AND CEREMONIES

By SHAMS-UL-ULMA ERVAD JIVANJI J. MODI, B.A.

(Concluded from Vol. XXXIII, No. 11, p. 892.)

[In this paper, I have tried to give a brief description of the Zoroastrian rites and ceremonies. Where possible and available, for example in the case of some of the socio-religious, purificatory and the initiation ceremonies, I have given references to the religious books and have briefly explained the signification and symbolism, without attempting any justification.]

IV. CONSECRATION CEREMONIES

THE Parsis have the following principal consecration ceremonies :

A. Consecration of the Sacred Fire and the Fire Temples.

B. Consecration of the Towers of Silence.

C. Consecration of the *Alat* ; *i. e.*, certain religious requisites for ceremonial purposes, such as the consecrated water, cows' urine, etc.

(A) CONSECRATION OF THE SACRED FIRES AND FIRE TEMPLES

There are three grades of Sacred Fires :

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Three Grades of Sacred
Fires | 1. The Atash Beharam. |
| | 2. The Atash Adaran. |
| | 3. The Atash Dad-gah. |

These three have their different rituals of consecration and also different rituals for the daily prayers at the five times (*gahs*) of the day, when they are fed with fresh fuel by the priests.

It is the *Vendidad*¹ that has suggested the ritual for the preparation of the Sacred Fire of the first grade. Therein, it is enjoined, that the following kinds of fire may be carried from their places and enshrined in a *Dad-gah* (*Av. Daityo-gatu*):

The Atash Beharam.
The Different Fires that
make up its Fire

1. The fire that burns a corpse.
2. The fire that burns filth.
3. The fire that burns dirt.
4. The fire used by a potter.
5. The fire used by a glass blower.
6. The fire used by a coppersmith.
7. The fire used by a goldsmith.
8. The fire used by a silversmith.
9. The fire used by an ironsmith.
10. The fire used by a man working in steel.
11. The fire used by a baker.
12. The fire used by a furnace-worker.
13. The fire used by a tinsmith.
14. The fire used by a shepherd.
15. The fire used by a military man.
16. The fire used by a neighbour.

In modern practice, the sixteen are used:

1. The fire from a burning corpse.
2. The fire of a dyer.
3. The fire from the house of the king, or the ruling authority who represents the king.
4. The fire of a potter.

¹ *Vendidad*, VIII, 81-96. *Vide* the Revayets.

5. The fire of a brick kiln.
6. The fire of a fakir or an ascetic.
7. The fire of a goldsmith.
8. The fire of a mint.
9. The fire of an ironsmith.
10. The fire of an armourer.
11. The fire of a baker.
12. The fire of a brewer or distiller.
13. The fire of a soldier or traveller.
14. The fire used by a shepherd.
15. The fire kindled by lightning.
16. The fire from the house of a Zoroastrian.

The different processes for the consecration of the Sacred Fire of the Atash Beharam

The various processes for the consecration, gone through, one after another, are the following :

1. Collection of the above sixteen fires.
2. Purification of these sixteen fires.
3. Consecration of these sixteen fires.
4. Uniting these sixteen fires into one fire.
5. Consecration of the united Sacred Fire.
6. Consecration of the chamber of the Fire, the *sanctum sanctorum*, of the Fire Temple.
7. Enthroning the Sacred Fire.

We will not go into the details of each of the above processes, which are long, but simply state what a Fire so collected, purified, united, consecrated and enthroned signifies to

Signification of the purifying and consecrating processes of the Sacred Fire

a Parsi. A Parsi has to meditate thus on looking at the Sacred Fire when he attends the Fire Temple: "If this Fire in the vase before me, though pure in itself, though the noblest of the creations of God, and the best symbol of the Deity, had to undergo

certain processes of purification, had to draw out, as it were, its essence—nay its very quintessence—of purity, in order to be worthy to occupy its exalted position, how much more necessary, more essential and more important is it for me, a poor mortal liable to commit sins and crimes and coming into contact with hundreds of evils, both physical and mental, to undergo the process of purification by making my *manashni*, *gavashni* and *kunashni* (thoughts, words and deeds) pass, as it were, through a sieve of purity and piety, virtue and morality, and to separate, by that means, my *humata*, *hukhta*, and *hvarshata*, (good thoughts, good words and good deeds) from my *dushmata*, *duzukhta*, and *duzvarshata* (evil thoughts, evil words, and evil deeds), so that I may, in my turn, be enabled to acquire an exalted position in future?"

The fires, which are united and consecrated, are collected from the houses and places of business of men of different grades in society. This must remind a Parsi that, as all these fires from the houses of men of different grades have, by the process of purification, equally acquired the exalted place in the vase, so, before God, all men—no matter to what grade of society they belong—are equal, provided they pass through the process of purification, provided they preserve purity of thought, of word, and of deed.

Again, when a Parsi goes before the Sacred Fire, which is kept burning day and night in the Fire Temple, the officiating priest presents to him the burnt ashes from a part of the fire. The Parsi applies these to his forehead and thinks to himself; "Dust to dust. The fire, all brilliant, shining and resplendent, has,

while burning, spread around, the fragrance of sweet smelling sandalwood and frankincense. So, shall it be with me. After all, I have to depart from this transient life and my body will be reduced to dust. Let me do my best to spread, like this fire, before my death, the fragrance of charity and good deeds and hold the light of righteousness and knowledge before others." In short, the Sacred Fire, burning in a Fire Temple, serves as a perpetual reminder to a Parsī standing before it, that he must practise purity and piety, humility and brotherhood.

The ceremony of feeding the Sacred Fire five times (*gahs*) during the day is known as that of *bui dadan*; i.e., to give the perfume; it varies according to the grade of the Sacred Fire referred to above. In the case of the Fire of the first grade, the priest must be one, who has gone through the *Barashnum* and has performed the *Khub* ceremony. After saying his morning prayers, he places six pieces of sandalwood on the fire in the form of a *machi*, or throne. The pieces are arranged in a particular way. The priest washes with pure water the stone slab on which the censer of the sacred fire stands. He goes round the censer with a metallic ladle in his hand, and, standing in eight different positions, namely, the four sides and four corners, recites different parts of a prayer formula, the substance of which is as follows: "O God! We praise Thee through Thy fire. We praise Thee by the offering of good thoughts. We praise Thee through Thy fire. We praise Thee by the offering of good words. We praise Thee through Thy fire. We

The Bui Ceremony for feeding the Sacred Fire of the Atash Beharam¹

¹ For the details of this ceremony, *vide The Theosophist* of September, 1905.

praise thee by the offering of good actions. We do all this for the enlightenment of our thoughts, for the enlightenment of our words, and for the enlightenment of our actions.”

The consecrations of the sacred fires of the second and third grades are similar but simpler and the number of different fires required is less. The *bui* ceremony for feeding the fires is also simple.

The temples or buildings which hold all these sacred fires are consecrated with the recital of the *Yaçna*, *Vendidad*, *Afringan* and *Baj* prayers for four days.

(B) THE CONSECRATION OF THE TOWERS OF SILENCE

There are three ceremonies in connection with the consecration of a Tower of Silence. They are as follows:

1. *Kodari-marvi* (lit. striking the spade); *i.e.*, the ceremony of digging the foundation.
2. The *Tana* ceremony; *i.e.*, the ceremony of laying the foundation.
3. The Consecration proper.

In the centre of the spot chosen for the Tower, a priest encloses a certain place with a *pavi*¹ and performs the *Baj* ceremonies in honour of Sraosha

(1) The Ceremony of digging the Foundation

¹ *Pavi* (from *pav*; *i.e.*, sacred) is a kind of trench, a few inches deep. It is intended to separate a portion of a place, from the adjoining ground, in order to perform a sacred ceremony therein. No outsider is allowed to enter within this enclosure while the ceremony is being performed. The *Yacna*, *Baj* and *Vendidad* ceremonies are performed only within such enclosed spaces. In Fire Temples, the Sacred Fire burns in a censer within such an enclosed space. (*Vide* my paper on “The Kashas of the Iranian Barashnum and the Boundary-lines of the Roman Lustrum” in my *Anthropological Papers*, pp. 330—339).

—the guardian angel guiding the souls of the dead; of Ahura Mazda; of Spenta Armaiti—the archangel presiding over land, a portion of which is at the same time being enclosed for the construction of the Tower; of Ardafraosh—all the departed souls; and of Haft Ameshaspands—the seven archangels. Having performed these ceremonies and prayers, the priest digs with his own hand a part of the ground required for the Tower.

A few days after this preliminary ceremony, when the whole of the required ground is excavated for the foundation by the labourers, two priests perform, in the morning, the *tana* ceremony for laying the foundation of the Tower. The ceremony is so called from the fact that '*tana*,' *i.e.*, a very fine thread is used in the ceremony. One hundred and one¹ fine threads are woven into one strong thread or string. The thread so prepared is sufficiently long to go three-times round the circumference of the proposed tower in various directions and cross directions.² Sometime before its use the thread is made '*pav*;' ³ *i.e.*, ceremonially washed, purified and dried.

To hold this thread, the priests fix in the excavated ground three hundred and one nails of different sizes, varying in weight, from one maund to the fraction of a seer. After saying the *Sraosh baj* prayer up to

¹ One hundred and one is a sacred number, as Ahura Mazda has one hundred and one names which signify His virtues and characteristics. These names are recited in the *Yacna* ceremony.

² The number three is a sacred number, being symbolic of *Humata*, *Hukhta* and *Hvarshta*, *i.e.*, good thoughts, good words and good deeds.

³ To make a thing '*pav*', is to wash it properly with pure water, with the recital of the prayer formula of '*Khshnaoitra Ahurahe Mazdao*,' *i.e.*, "I do this for the pleasure or recognition of Ahura Mazda."

Ashahe, they proceed to fix the three hundred and one nails, reciting one *Ahunavar* while fixing each nail. These nails are fixed in different directions. The thread is then passed round, and through, these nails without touching the ground.

The ceremony of the consecration of the Tower lasts four days. The Tower is surrounded by a *pavi*, and in the central well of the Tower, called the *Bhandar*, two priests perform the *Yaçna* ceremony during the day, in the *Havan gah*, and the *Vendidad* ceremony at night, in the *Ushahin gah*, for three consecutive days and nights. These ceremonies are in honour of the angel Sraosha, who guides the souls of the dead for three days and nights after death. On the morning of the fourth day, a *Yaçna* ceremony is performed in honour of Ahura Mazda. Then the *Baj* and *Afringan* prayers are recited in honour of Ahura Mazda, of Ardafraosh, *i.e.*, the departed souls, of Spenta Armaiti, *i.e.*, the Yazata presiding over mother earth, a portion of which is now set apart for laying the dead upon, and of Sroasha. In the *Afringan* prayer, known as the *Fashan* prayer, which is recited in the presence of a large assemblage of the community, the name of the donor at whose expense the Tower is built is mentioned and the blessing of God invoked upon him. If the Tower is constructed by the donor, in honour of, or to commemorate the memory of a deceased relative, the name of that relative is mentioned. When the ceremony is over, the Parsis assembled, go into the Tower and throw into the central well, gold, silver or copper coins, as their mite, towards the cost of the construction of the Tower.

(3) The Consecration of
the Tower

V. LITURGICAL RITES AND CEREMONIES

Division of the subject This branch of the ceremonies
may be divided into three parts :

- A. The inner liturgical services and ceremonies.
- B. The outer liturgical services and ceremonies.
- C. Ceremonies which are made up of more than one of the above services.

The inner liturgical ceremonies and services are those which are performed in a place specially allotted for the purpose. Such a place is known as the *Dar-i-Meher* (lit. 'the house of Mithra') and is generally attached to a Fire Temple. Such ceremonies can only be performed by the priests who have passed through the second grade of initiation *viz.*, the *Maratab*, and who observe the *Barashnum*. These ceremonies are generally spoken of as the *Pav Mahal ni Krya* ; *i.e.*, the ceremonies of the holy or consecrated grade. The priests capable of performing these ceremonies are known as *yaozdathrugar* (lit. 'purifiers, or purity-givers').

Under this head, fall the following ceremonies :

- 1. The Yaçna or Yazashna.
- 2. The Visparad.
- 3. The Vendidad.
- 4. The Baj.

The outer liturgical ceremonies are those, which may be, but need not necessarily be, performed in a *Dar-i-Meher*. They may be performed in any ordinary or private house or place. Again, they may be performed by any priest, even by one who does not observe the *Barashnum*, or by one who has passed through only the first grade of initiation into priesthood ; *viz.*, the *Navar* ceremony and not through the second grade or the

Maratab ceremony. Under this heading fall the following ceremonies :

1. The Afringan.
2. The Farokhshi.
3. The Satum.

There are certain liturgical ceremonies which are, as it were, a group of several liturgical services of the first two classes. The following ceremonies fall under this third head :

1. Hamayasht or Homast.
2. Geti-kharid.
3. Sarosh (Sraosha).
4. Zindeh-ravan.
5. Nirangdin.
6. Gahambar.
7. Jashan.
8. Fravardegan.
9. Faresta.

Out of all the above liturgical services, we will describe a few that are common.

(A) INNER LITURGICAL SERVICES

The word Yaçna or Yazashna is the same as Samskr̥t Yajna or Yagña, meaning 'sacrifice'.

1 The Yacna

It consists of a prayer which includes the praise of God and His Spiritual Intelligences and invokes Their aid. It consists of two parts :

1. The Paragna.
2. The Yaçna proper.

The word paragna means a preliminary ceremony and recital which precede (*para*) the Yaçna (*yagna*). It consists of

The Paragna

the following ceremonies :

- (a) The Barsam ceremony.
- (b) The Aiwyaonghana.
- (c) The Urvaram.
- (d) The Jivam.
- (e) The Zaothra or Zor.
- (f) The Haoma.

The *Barsam* is the ceremony referred to by Ezekiel,¹ Strabo² and Dino,³ a contemporary of Philip. The *Barsam* is identified with the *Barhis*, or sacred grass (*kusha*) of the Brāhmaṇas.⁴ The ceremony consists of the process of a ceremonial preparation of the twigs of a plant. In the present practice, the twigs are replaced by thin metallic sticks or rods.

(a) The Barsam Ceremony

The *Aiwyaonghana* is the strip of a leaf of the date palm, which was a symbol of fertility and which also signified the tree of life. The officiating priest, qualified with the *khub* ritual, goes before the tree in the compound of the *Dar-i-Meher*, and with the recital of a short prayer, washes one of its leaves, cuts it, and brings it into the *yazashna-gah* where the *Yaçna* ceremony is performed. It is there divided into six strips and is used for tying the *Barsam* rods referred to above. The signification of the ceremony is to impress an idea of unification (*ayokardgih*).⁵

(b) The Aiwyaonghana Ceremony

The Avestaic word *urvara* is the same as Latin *arbour*, *i.e.*, tree. The word is specially meant for a twig of the

¹ Ezekiel, VIII, 16, 17.

² Strabo, Bk. XV, chap. III, 14.

³ Darmesteter's Zend Avesta, III, p. 69.

⁴ Haug's Essays, second ed., p. 283; Journal B. B. R. As. Society, Vol. XIV, 5-15.

⁵ *Pahlavi Yasna*, IX, 26.

pomegranate. The pomegranate represented the vegetable creation and especially the fruit-giving trees. It symbolised the immortality of the soul, the fecundity of Nature and plenty and prosperity. The process of cutting its twig is similar to that of the *Aiwyaonghana*.

Every *Dar-i-Meher*, where inner liturgical services are performed, must have, beside a

(d) The *Jivam* date palm and a pomegranate tree, a she-goat for the use of its milk, called *jivam* in the ritual. *Jivam* is the abbreviated form of *gam-jivyam*, i.e., the living product of a cow. The she-goat is brought into the place of ceremonies, and a properly qualified priest first washes the udder of the goat with the recital of a short prayer and then milks it with another recital.

The *Zaothra* or *Zor* is the water consecrated for use in the liturgical services of

(e) The *Zaothra* the *Yaçna*, the *Visparad* and the *Vendidad*. Literally, it means any sacrificial offering over which a religious ceremony is performed. In the *Yaçna* recital, it is restricted to the ceremonial consecrated water. According to the *Bundehesh*¹, the ceremony seems to have been intended to inculcate the idea of preserving the purity of water. The consecrated *zaothra* water, is at the end of the ceremony, poured into the well whence it was brought. The process is called *zor melavvi*; i.e., the mixing of the *zaothra* water.

The ritual of preparing the *Haoma* juice plays an important part in the *Yaçna* ceremony. The *Haoma* plant of the *Parsis* is the *Soma* of the *Hindus*.

(f) The *Haoma* Ceremony²

¹ Chapter XXI, 3.

² *Vide* my paper on "Haoma in the Avesta" in my *Anthropological Papers* pp. 225-43.

It belongs to a species of *Ephedra*, nat. order *Gnetaceæ*. The twigs of this plant are cleaned and then purified ceremonially. They are afterwards pounded with the ceremonial recital of certain prayers. The Haoma ceremony consists of three parts :

1. *Hom pav Karvani Kriya* ; i.e., the ceremony of ceremoniously purifying Haoma.

2. *Hom galvani Kriya* ; i.e., the ceremony of pounding the twigs, preparing the solution and straining the juice.

3. *Hom pivani Kriya* ; i.e., the ceremony of drinking the Haoma juice.

The *Dadistan-i-dinik*¹ explains a part of the ceremony. It says that the four poundings of the twigs of the plant symbolise the coming of Zoroaster and His three future apostles. The triple ringing of the *Havana*, or the metallic mortar, in which it is pounded, reminds us of the triad of good thoughts, good words and good actions. The three ceremonial processes of pouring the *saothra* water in the mortar for pounding the twigs is symbolical of the three processes of the formation of rain in Nature ; viz., evaporation, formation of clouds and condensation as rain. The juice prepared as above by pounding the Haoma twigs in the *saothra* water is called '*para-haoma*.'

After the preliminary *paragna* ceremony, follows the *Yaçna* proper. It consists of the recital of the seventy-two chapters of the *Yaçna* with some ritual here and there. In the *paragna*, certain things, such as the *haoma* juice, the *urvaram* plant, etc., were prepared ceremonially. In the *Yaçna* proper, there occurs, what may be called, the consummation. All the different ceremonies, referred to

The *Yacna* proper

¹ Chapter XXVIII, p. 30-33.

above, were accessories to the principal *haoma* ceremony which prepared the *haoma* juice. In the *Yaçna* proper, after the recital of its few chapters, the officiating priest (*zaoti*) consummates the ceremonial preparation. He eats a little of the *Draona* (*Darun*) or the consecrated bread and drinks the *haoma* juice.

The word *Visparad* has two significations; *viz.*,
 2. The *Visparad* 'all seasons' and 'all lords or chiefs'. It is a form of prayer, recited to celebrate the season festivals. It is also a form of prayer, wherein all the *rads*, *i.e.*, chiefs, or the best types of the creation are invoked. The *Visparad* prayer is divided into twenty-three *kardahs*, or sections. The celebration of the *Visparad* is the celebration of the *Yaçna* with its *paragna* and with the additional recital of the twenty-three chapters of the *Visparad* proper.

Gahambars, or the season festivals, are the special occasions on which the *Visparad* is recited and the ceremony performed. Originally, it required the presence of seven priests, but now, only two are required.

The word *Vendidad* comes from the Avestaic
 3. The *Vendidad* word 'Vi-daeva-data,' *i.e.*, the law given against the Daevas, or the evil influences that lead to impurity and decay, both of body and mind. The *Vendidad* is made up of twenty-two *pargarads* or chapters. It formed the nineteenth book, out of the twenty-one *nasks* or books referred to by the *Dinkard*. It is recited in the *Ushahingah*; *i.e.*, after midnight. Its celebration consists of the ceremonial recital of its twenty-two chapters, not successively, but with the interpolations of the different chapters of the *Yaçna* and the *Visparad*. The *Vendidad*, thus mixed up, is known as the *Vendidad sadeh*.

The derivation of the word *Baj* is doubtful. The *Baj* ceremony consists of the recital of some chapters of the *Yaçna* with the addition of some Pazend prayers. The recital is made over the offerings of sacred bread, called *Darun* (Av. *Draona*), fruit, milk, water, etc. Besides the *Dar-i-Meher*, it can be performed on the down floor of a house within a place, enclosed by a *pavi*. As these offerings and recitals are often made on the anniversaries of the dead, these anniversary days also are called *Baj*.

4. The Baj

(B) THE OUTER LITURGICAL SERVICES

The word "*Afringan*" from the root '*fri*' (San. *pri*), 'to praise,' means a prayer expressive of praise to God and the Higher Intelligences. This prayer corresponds to the *Apri* of the Brāhmaṇas. Its celebration generally requires two priests, called the *Zaoti* and the *Rathwi*, but one priest alone can recite the prayer. It consists of the following three parts :

1. The Afringan

(a) The Dibacheh, or introduction.

(b) The Afringan proper.

(c) The Afrin, or benediction.

The *Zaoti*, or senior officiating priest can perform all the three parts, the *Rathwi* only the second.

The *Dibacheh*, i.e., the Introduction or the Exordium of the *Afringan* is the principal part of the prayer. It is the introductory part of the service which prepares the congregation for the main subject of the service. It is composed in the Pazend language. When recited in the midst of Avesta prayers, it is recited in *baj*; i.e., in a suppressed tone.

(a) The Dibacheh

The two main subjects that the *Dibacheh* announces are the following :

1. The *Khshnuman*. It announces the name of the *Yazata*, or heavenly being, in whose honour or for whose glorification or invocation, the service is performed.

2. The *Yad*. It announces the name of the person living (*zindeh ravan*) or dead (*anoshe-ravan*), in whose honour or memory the service is held. The name of the person (*farmayashne*), at whose direction the prayer is recited, is announced therewith.

The *Afringan* proper consists
(b) The *Afringan* proper of two parts :

(A) The variable part.

(B) The invariable part.

(A) The first part varies in the following points :

a. The number of *Ahunavars* recited varies according to the *Yazata* in whose honour the *Afringan* is recited.

b. The recital of the *gah* varies according to the period of the day when the ceremony is performed.

c. The *Khshnuman* ; i.e., the recital in praise of the heavenly being varies according to the *Yazata* in whose honour the recital takes place.

d. The *kardah* or section of the recital varies according to the nature of the *Afringan*.

(B) The invariable part contains an excellent prayer invoking the blessings of God upon

The Prayer for the King, forming the most important part of the invariable part

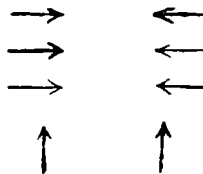
the ruler of the land, on whose stable, just and kind rule depends the prosperity of the country and its people. The prayer runs :

O Ahura Mazda! I pray for courage, victory and majestic sovereignty for my King. I pray for his rule, for allegiance to his throne, for a long period of his reign, for his long life and for strength to his body. I pray that he may have

powerful courage, God-granted victory and victorious superiority, that he may suppress those who are evil-minded, hostile, evil-disposed and quarrelsome. I pray that our King may be victorious over all those who entertain evil thoughts, utter evil words, and do evil actions, over revengeful enemies and malicious persons. I pray that our King may be victorious through his good thoughts, good words and good actions. May he smite all the enemies, all the evil doers. May he be gifted with all these boons in return for his good life. May that bring all glory to him, and may all that enhance the piety of his soul.

O Ruler! May you live long, may you live happy to help the righteous and to punish the unrighteous. May the best brilliant life of the righteous and pious be your lot.

The third part of the *Afringan* prayer is known as the *Afrin*, or benediction. This (c) The *Afrin* does not form a necessary part of the *Afringan*. Its omission would not vitiate the prayer. In these *Afrins*, the priest names some of the Yazatas, some of the departed worthies of ancient Iran, the great divisions of space and time, etc., and prays that the congregation or the parties may be blessed with the virtues and qualifications possessed by them. For the recital of the *Afringan*, the *Zaoti* has before him, on a carpet, a tray of offerings, consisting, principally, of fruits and flowers, milk, water, wine and *sherbet* or syrup. A fire is burning in a vase before him. The fire is fed with sandalwood and frankincense by the priest (*Rathwi*), sitting before the vase. The offerings thus presented and recited upon are called *myazda*. Eight of the flowers are specially arranged as shown below.



During a part of the recital, the priests exchange flowers, and point, with the ladle, to the different directions. This process reminds one of the Svastika of the Hindūs and the Cross of the Christians. The recital of the invariable part of the *Afringan* ends with a *Hamazor*; i.e., a kind of hand-fastening, which is similar to the 'Kiss of Peace'¹ among the Israelites and the early Christians. The money, given by the layman to the priest or priests, at the end of the *Afringan* and of other liturgical ceremonies, is called *Ashodad*, literally, the gift to the righteous.

The word *Farokhshi* which is another form of *Fravashi*, is the prayer in honour
 (2) The *Farokhshi* of the *Fravashis* or the *Farohars*.

The *Farohar* is the guardian spirit, inherent in everything inanimate or animate, which protects it from decay and enables it to grow, flourish and prosper. Every object in Nature has its *Fravashi*. The *Fravashis* are the spiritual essences. They have something in common with the Ideas of Plato and Patterns of the Bible. In connection with the recital of the *Farokhshi*, the *Farohars* referred to are specially those of the dead, and more especially those of the particular dead, in whose honour the ceremony is performed.

Zoroastrianism teaches veneration for the dead. This veneration is founded on the belief, that the dead have a future existence somewhere, and that there exists some relation, though invisible and spiritual, between the dead and the living. The channel, through which this relation continues, is the *Fravashis*, or the guiding and guardian spirits of the dead, which comes to the help

¹ Vide my paper on "The Kiss of Peace among the Bene-Israels of Bombay and the Hamazor among the Parsis" in my *Anthropological Papers* pp. 283-94.

of the living dear ones, provided the latter live a pure and virtuous life and hold their departed ones in esteem and veneration. *Farokhshi* is the recital of these *Fravashis* in honour of the dead. The recital consists of the recital of the *Satum* prayer and the *Fravardin Yasht*. The offerings are the same as in the case of the *Afringan*.

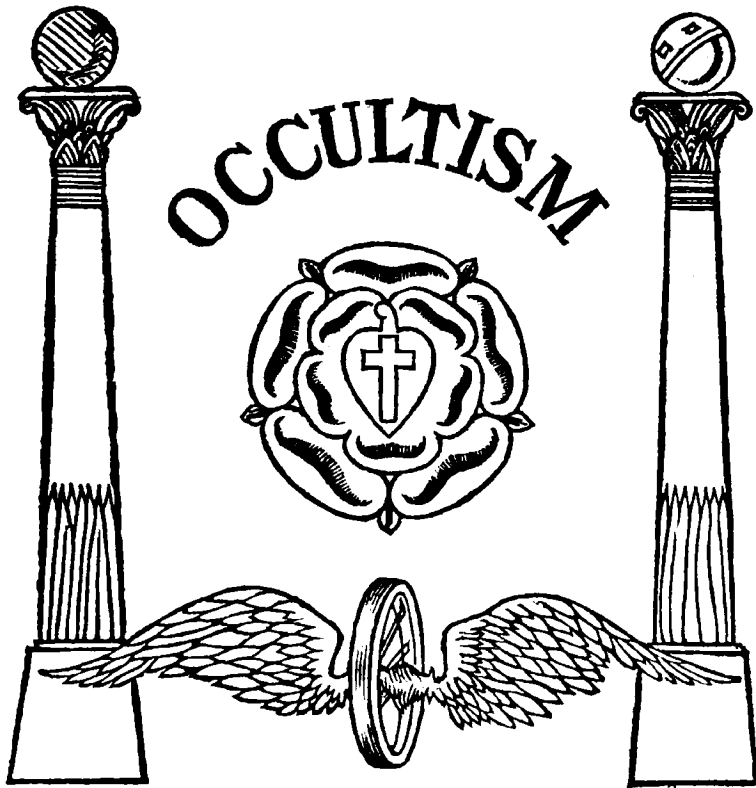
The word '*satum*' means 'praise'. The prayer is so called, because the word '*staomi*,'
 (3) The *Satum* i.e., 'I praise', occurs in the early part of the recital.¹ It is, as it were, a prayer of praise in honour of the *Fravashis* of the dead. The meal of the day is served in a tray and placed before the priest during its recital. The name of the dead, in whose honour it is specially recited, is mentioned first in the Pazend prayer, which is the same as the *Dibacheh* of the *Afringan* prayer.

(C) GROUPED CEREMONIES

There are certain ceremonies, or rather groups of ceremonies, which are performed by celebrating a number of different liturgical ceremonies described above. They are enumerated above. In the celebration of these ceremonies, the *Yaçna*, *Vendidad*, *Visparad*, *Afringan*, *Baj* and other prayers and ceremonies are performed several times, in particular orders of sequence.

Jivanji Jamshedji Modi

¹ *Yaçna*, XXVI.



RENTS IN THE VEIL OF TIME

LIVES OF ERATO

XII

ERATO was next born as a boy in a fine house standing amid large gardens in a city of ancient India. This city, which was built in a picturesque rocky valley, was the old Ajmere (4032-3987 B.C.) in Rajputānā. The people of the place were Kshat̥triyas, a fine, tall, valiant race, and Erato's family had long been of importance and position amongst them. His

father Deneb was a high military officer, in many ways a good and religious man, yet fanatical and fierce in temper and an inveterate fighter. This was perhaps largely due to the times, which were uneasy and disturbed, with wars and rumours of wars ever in the air.

Erato grew up in luxury, and was loaded with costly jewels, most of which were spoils of war. His education, so far as intellectual training went, was simple if not meagre, consisting only of reading and writing, the latter art being practised in sand. The physical training was more varied, consisting in riding, swordsmanship and the use of the lance—arts which were taught to him by an old family retainer who took a keen delight in showing off his own prowess in these knightly accomplishments. Later on the boy began to learn mathematics and to commit a great many verses to memory. His mother Melete seems to have been a most winning and attractive soul, and to have taken great care and pains over the religious side of her son's training, ever striving to impress upon him out of her own saintly philosophy that all earthly glory was perishable and not worth pursuing. She had a hard task, however, as the boy was strongly drawn towards everything warlike and took delight in nothing so much as feats of horsemanship, and could thus with difficulty be induced to pay attention to more serious matters. He seems indeed to have spent his whole time in riding and martial exercises until he was sixteen or seventeen years old, at which age he actually accompanied his father on a campaign, a great war having arisen in connection with some question of suzerainty over a confederation of neighbouring states.

The methods of warfare were in some ways decidedly curious, and a good deal of magic was mixed up with them. For instance, one of the leaders, Pallas, would stand by a rock with a line of archers in front of him, and just as they shot, would make a sign with his staff, which by some miraculous means would not only affect the flight of the arrows, but would also increase their number, so that the men that fell wounded on the other side were actually more numerous than the arrows originally shot. The enemy also had their counter magic, and this took the shape either of a violent wind which blew the arrows back upon their senders, or of a dense fog which came up suddenly and completely covered operations. But on neither side does the magic employed appear to have gone beyond tricks of this kind.

Erato, now a tall agile young man, fair of skin and richly dressed, with a handsome jewel in the front of his turban, threw himself with zest into the joys of fighting. He was a warrior to his finger-tips, and nothing indeed could have been more different from the Erato of earlier Egyptian days, who, as will be remembered, had looked upon the whole business of war as a distasteful and irksome duty. Whether this change was purely the product of environment or was due to the definite putting down of a different portion or aspect of the Ego, cannot be altogether determined; still, the contrast is sufficiently interesting to suggest a profitable line of investigation.

At length hostilities ceased, and a temporary truce was concluded. Erato returned home, to the unbounded joy of his mother and younger brother, who had often trembled for his safety. The fact that peace had been declared however made little difference to his habits of life, and he went on with his warlike exercises as keenly

as ever. The love of art, which had been so prominent in some of his earlier incarnations, can hardly be said to have shown itself at all in this. If it did, it was under the very military guise of a liking for well made and skilfully decorated weapons, and for all kinds of inlaying and damascene work.

At the age of twenty-one Erato married. His bride Concordia, who had been selected for him according to Hindū custom, was much younger than himself and of a timid, shrinking disposition. The marriage ceremony was on a most magnificent scale, and included many elaborate banquets and costly entertainments. Much money also was given away in alms in honour of the occasion. After his marriage Erato lived for some time in his father's house with Concordia and his younger brother Ausonia—the latter a psychic, mystically minded sort of boy, affectionate but capricious, somewhat weakly in body and perhaps for that reason inclined to be wayward and irritable. Erato was deeply attached to this boy, and always tried to help him on in every possible way, so that life went on very happily, until a few years later he was called away again. This time the occasion was an important embassy to Egypt upon which Erato and his father were sent by Mars the reigning Emperor of Bārāṇāsi (Benares). Obedient to the command they set forth, taking with them bales of costly presents and jewels of fabulous value. Travelling westward on elephants, until they reached the sea-coast somewhere in the neighbourhood of Cutch, the party embarked on four ships somewhat resembling the modern dhow, in appearance, highly decorated yet exceedingly clumsy for purposes of seamanship. They sailed north past Karachi and across the

Persian Gulf by Ras-el-had, hugging the coast the whole way. Compasses apparently were not in use at this period, and so the flotilla was forced to guide its course exclusively by charts. It passed in turn by Socotra, Aden, and Berim, and sailed up the Red Sea, calling for provisions at many flourishing cities along the Somali coast, and finally entered a canal connecting the Gulf of Suez with the Nile. After journeying for a while up the canal, which seems to have entered the Nile somewhere below Memphis—for which city the embassy was bound—the ships were left at anchor in a lagoon and the last part of the journey was performed on land.

Memphis had grown still larger and more magnificent than when Erato had dwelt there as Court Architect in his last incarnation. A descendant of the Pharaoh whom he had then served sat upon his ancestor's throne, but of the court life of that age only one relic now remained, namely the dome-shaped regal crown described in the last life. Everything else was different and on a much more gorgeous scale.

Amongst the officers told off to receive the embassy were Sirius and Castor, who soon struck up a fast friendship with Erato and saw a great deal of him during his sojourn in the royal palace which had been set aside for the ambassadors, taking him with them on many river expeditions and sometimes on hunting excursions.

There seems to have been no hurry, and so it was only after a year had passed in this fashion that the ambassadors began to think of returning home. At last they set forth, laden with presents of every description—elaborately worked fabrics, vessels of agate and onyx,

elegantly designed lamps and other articles of virtue—and carrying a complimentary letter to the Emperor at Benares. The parting present given to Erato by Sirius and Castor was a polished stone figure of a God, to be worn as an amulet. The return journey was made by the same route as before, and after some months of travelling the party reached Benares, where Erato and his father were warmly welcomed both by the Emperor and by their own family. Melete's influence was still strong in the family life, although she was beginning to age in appearance and was not so strong as she had been. Ausonia was still a curious youth, well-meaning but strange and capricious. Erato for his part re-entered the home circle only to resume his old life of horsemanship and military exercises, which he now varied by more or less regular exercises at court. So things went on until, when our hero was thirty-two, the domestic life was broken up by the recrudescence of the old dynastic war in which Erato had seen his first service.

He now had to set forth again, and, much against everybody's advice, decided to take his younger brother Ausonia with him, a decision destined to have a profound and tragic influence on his after life. The fact was that in spite of all the elder brother's care, the young man's rashness and unwillingness to obey orders were a perpetual cause of anxiety and ended at last in his death by an extraordinary mischance. The headstrong youth happened, during a skirmish, to have pressed forward too eagerly, and had been completely cut off by the enemy. Seeing this Erato rushed furiously to the rescue, hurling his javelin as he ran. But just as he was in the act of throwing it he himself was struck; and this caused the javelin to swerve from its

course. Guided by some malign influence, it flew straight at Ausonia and pierced him through the heart.

Erato was stunned by this terrible misfortune, and all his old zest for fighting left him from that moment. He decided to abandon the army and returned home, bringing the sad news in person to the bereaved family. As may be imagined, poor Melete was inconsolable at the loss of her son, while Erato himself, broken down by grief and feeling that the whole tragedy was due to some previous bad karma which it was his duty to work out in full, ultimately determined to forsake wife and children and to go forth into the world as a wandering ascetic.

So carrying his sorrow with him, he commenced the new life, roaming through woods and jungles and subsisting either on ripe fruits or on occasional offerings which he might receive from towns and villages on the way. Yet so different was this mode of existence from all to which he had been accustomed that he was conscious all along of a profound discomfort in it. The restless mind of the soldier refused to be brought under control and, shorn of all that had once provided excitement and interest, life grew every day more intolerably monotonous.

It was in such a mood that he came one day to a secluded spot in the mountains where was a cave inhabited by Spica, an aged ascetic. He approached the old man, who welcomed him hospitably and listened kindly to his tale, and ended by offering to instruct him in the philosophic mysticism of the Hindūs. Erato, glad of a companion and of an interest in life, whatever it might be, accepted gratefully; and so for many years the two dwelt together, eating of the wild fruits of the

forest and drinking from a clear mountain spring that flowed hard by the cave. Meanwhile our hero proved so satisfactory a pupil that Spica was encouraged to unfold to the full his store of mystic knowledge; and, under the influence of what he thus learnt, Erato grew gradually calm and resigned. He had not, however, as it turned out, long to live, for at the early age of forty he died, predeceasing his venerable teacher by some years. Yet in the time during which he had lived in the cave he had succeeded in gaining a reputation for sanctity through all the countryside.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

- MARS: ... Emperor.
 DENEBO: ... *Rajput Chieftain. Wife: Melete. Sons: Erato, Ausonia.*
 PALLAS: ... *Leader who employs magic in battle.*
 ERATO: ... *Wife: Concordia. Egyptian friends: Sirius, Castor.*
 SPICA: ... *Ascetic. Mother: Sirona. Wife: Fides (dies young).*

NOTE.—A further list of Dramatis Personæ will be found in the XXV life of Alcyone and the XIX life of Orion.

MR. A. O. HUME, C. B.

FOUNDER OF THE INDIAN NATIONAL CONGRESS

By C. S. BREMNER

TO all who know and love India, the passing of Mr. A. O. Hume is an event of no mean importance. As founder of the Indian National Congress his name is known and honoured in that vast continent from the Himālayas to Cape Comorin, from Sindh to Assam, as the 'Friend of India'. He inherited the will and capacity of the reformer, since he was the eighth child of Joseph Hume, the Statesman and Economist who led the Radical party for thirty years during the earlier half of the nineteenth century. It is an interesting coincidence that this year marks the centenary of the connection of father and son with English public life, for in 1812 Joseph Hume purchased the right to represent Weymouth in Parliament. Students of history are aware how great were his services to his country. He worked for parliamentary reform, the repeal of Catholic disabilities, and of those that pressed on Nonconformists in the Corporation and Test Acts, the repeal of the Corn Laws, the satisfaction of Ireland's claims, the abolition of severe laws pressing on labour, of flogging in the army and impressment in the navy; no measure that aimed at greater justice and equity in our social

relations but found a friend, a determined supporter, in Joseph Hume. He caused Retrenchment to be added to the Liberal watchword 'Peace and Reform ;' the self-elected guardian of the public exchequer, during most of his life he questioned every item of public expenditure, and condemned the wasteful system by which the taxes were collected. He died in 1855, he and his gifted son having served the State contemporaneously for six years.

Mr. A. O. Hume was born in 1829, educated at Haileybury and London University, and in 1849 entered the service of the East India Company in Bengal. The theatre of the father's labours had been the British Parliament ; that of the son was India. At an early age he showed seriousness and earnestness of purpose, mastering the languages which were necessary for a successful administrator, entering into friendly relations with the people among whom he dwelt. He had the qualities of a ruler and organiser, the determination not only to deal with difficulties when they arose—such as at recurring famines—but to search out their causes and if possible prevent their repetition. During the Indian Mutiny, when he was at Etawah, Bengal, he raised and drilled a local force and rendered such service that he was made a C. B. and received the medal and clasp. His rise was fairly rapid, for he became Magistrate and Collector in the N. W. Provinces (now the U. P.) ; Commissioner of Customs ; Secretary to the Government of India. Whilst recognising and appreciating the essential greatness, the purity of aim, the solid achievements of our rule in India, Mr. Hume was one of that small band of men within the Civil Service who considered that things might be even better, and that we had not yet attained absolute perfection. Perhaps the continuance

of our Empire in India depends more on our capacity to furnish men of this stamp than on any other factor whatever. Reformers are always the men who see life in its true perspective, who are eternally trying the Present not at the bar of the Past, but of a Future yet to come where greater justice and freedom shall distinguish our mutual relations.

When Mr. Hume retired from the Indian Civil Service in 1882 he devoted himself more than ever to the welfare of India, to the study of grave questions such as the increasing poverty of her peasantry, her social and political difficulties, the increase of centralisation, the atrophy of such ancient local government as existed in villages and towns, which in the nature of things must suffer under a foreign rule, the disorganisation of her ancient industries, which resulted from her connection with a country where capitalism is supreme. He attracted to himself men of like mind and capacity, such as Sir William Wedderburn, George Yule, Sir Henry Cotton, Garth; Indian leaders and thinkers like Messrs. W. Bonnerjee, Ghose, Dadabhai Naoroji. In 1885 Mr. Hume founded the Indian National Congress, which ever since has met yearly, with the exception of 1907, at some large town.

The Congress deals with the hardships, which are to some extent inevitable, bound to arise where one nation governs another, with the incidence of taxation, reform in the land laws, the separation of judicial from executive functions in the same individual, the reform of the police and the liquor-laws; with the introduction of a representative element into the Provincial Councils; with the employment of Indians in government posts; in a word it exercises that kind of control over the

administration that the representatives of the people exercise over government at home by means of questions in the House of Commons. Mr. Hume, who ever since the Congress was founded, had been one of its two Secretaries, explained at a great meeting at Allahabad in 1888, that it was only one outcome, though at the moment the most prominent and tangible one, of the labours of a body of cultured men, mostly Indians, who some years ago bound themselves together to labour silently for the good of India. That Association had three main objects: The fusion into one national whole of all the different and, till recently, discordant elements that constitute the population of India; second, the gradual regeneration along all lines, spiritual, moral, social and political, of the nation thus evolved; and third, the consolidation of the union between England and India.

To this immense undertaking Mr. Hume brought no mean gifts. He was a born ruler and organiser, skilled in the management of men, ready to spend himself in India's service, devoted to her people, whom he knew and loved and who revered him in return, as they always have revered a small minority of the Civil Service, even to the point of worship among the humbler classes. An educated Indian, only a year or two since, alluded to Sir William Wedderburn, a life-long friend and fellow-worker of Mr. Hume, as one of the "rishis vouchsafed to us from on High". And Mr. Hume too was counted among these elect ones who laboured for India's good in season and out, who, when they had retired from the Service, and might have lived easily and softly to the close of their days, redoubled their energies, toiled as they had never done before, and

reaped from their own nation little but obloquy, blame, detraction, at times, downright scurrility. "To Mr. Hume" said one of the minor press of a great city in the North of England, "belongs the dubious honour of having initiated the Congress movement." And yet when Lord Macaulay introduced the entire system of western education into our great Empire, using the English language as the vehicle, he foresaw that Indians would one day claim a share in the Government of their country and declared that such a demand would be "a title to glory all our own". The founding of the Congress raised a storm of violent opposition and vituperation among the men who had not foreseen that its coming was a mere question of time. The Englishmen who assisted the movement were treated pretty much as deserters to the common enemy. Yet the whole course of reform in India proceeds along the lines the Congress laid down. During the Viceroyalty of Lord Minto and with the hearty co-operation of Lord Morley as Secretary of India—merely to cite one reform among many—was passed the India Councils Act, 1909, reconstituting the Provincial Legislative Councils, conferring on them wide powers of discussion, and providing for an elaborate system of election of their members on a representative basis, or of nomination wherever election was impossible.

It is in fact the beginning of Representative Government for India. Whilst this Act was on the stocks, India celebrated the fiftieth year of Government by the Crown, and the King Emperor sent a message to the Princes and peoples of India. They were reminded how, from the first, representative institutions had been gradually introduced, how important classes were claiming equality

of citizenship and a greater share in legislation and government. "The politic satisfaction of such a claim"—so the Message runs—"will strengthen, not impair existing authority and power. Administration will be all the more efficient if the officers who conduct it have greater opportunities of regular contact with those whom it affects and with those who influence and reflect common opinion about it." These wise and weighty words form the complete justification of the Congress movement, nor will those who realise the unparalleled difficulty of a mere handful of foreigners ruling 315,000,000 of people do aught but admire the acumen and foresight of those Englishmen who helped to voice the national aspirations, and who voluntarily associated themselves with their fellow-subjects in India to adapt the British Rāj to the needs of India. The Councils Act came into force when Mr. Hume attained his eightieth year, so that he "saw of the travail of his soul and was satisfied".

From 1887 onwards Mr. Hume lived in upper Norwood, but for some years nearly every cold season saw him back in India, organising and extending the work, finding funds, making programmes, sifting and collecting evidence of grievances. He was the author of several well-known pamphlets, such as *Audi alteram partem*, *The Old Man's Hope*, *The Star of India*. On the occasion of his last visit to India, his farewell speech was reprinted as *Mr. Hume's Farewell to India*. It can never be said that Indians idolised him because he flattered them, for in this farewell speech he reminded them how dear are truth and straight dealing to the British people and how necessary it is for the sake of their great cause to allay those jealousies which spring

up and rob men of the fruit of their labours and mar its achievement.

Mr. Hume's was a many-sided nature ; more than most men he reminded one of the fact that Life has many Mansions. In his day he had been a great *Shikari*, and the walls of his library at Norwood were covered with the heads and horns of the ibex, Himālayan sheep, and big Indian game, which bore witness to the prowess of himself and his friends. He had become a Theosophist, and in his later years, a vegetarian and anti-vivisectionist. He was a great authority on Indian ornithology, and joint author with Col. C. H. T. Marshall, of a classic work on the subject; his magnificent collection of specimens, said to number 70,000, was bequeathed to the nation many years ago.

At the age of seventy, his untiring energy, which Sir William Wedderburn characterised as the cause of admiring despair among his colleagues, was diverted to the gentler study of botany, and the last years of his life were devoted to, and it may have been too much consumed by, its pursuit. He started another enormous collection ; no outing but had a botanical end in view. Gradually his house became more and more encumbered with huge metal cases of the latest pattern ; between 30,000 and 40,000 specimens were collected, many of them gathered by his own hands, and all mounted, arranged and classified under his personal supervision. He was involved in a considerable correspondence with other botanists. A house was taken at 323, Norwood Road, and only a few months ago the collection was removed there. It was informally opened to the public last February by means of a lecture. It was presented to the enormous population South of the Thames as the

South London Botanical Institute, and its permanent endowment arranged for by the generous founder, so that its facilities might be offered gratis to students. Mr. Hume was unable to be present at the opening, his health having failed during the last year of his life. For many years he was President of the Dulwich Liberal and Radical Association, nor would the executive ever consent to accept the resignation which he tendered more than once. Mr. Hume led many a good fight in the Liberal interest in his constituency, but always without success, Dulwich being a Unionist stronghold. Had Mr. Hume consented to stand for Parliament himself, as he was several times requested to do, the result might have been different. It was thought that he, Sir W. Wedderburn, and Mr. D. Naoroji would have made a particularly capable trio of Friends and Representatives of India, whilst ably and earnestly upholding the cause of Social reform at home. As is well known, his colleagues entered Parliament and Mr. Hume rendered them valuable aid outside, keeping in close touch with the Indian movement to the end of his life.

Mr. Hume was a man of very distinguished presence, tall, well-built and exceptionally handsome. His manners were a blend of dignity, old-fashioned courtesy, kindness and benevolence. The keen eye of a life-long naturalist served him well in the management of men. As Chairman of Committee he insisted on a hearing for every objector, and from opposition extracted an elixir which allowed him a great deal of his own way, whilst persuading his colleagues, and sometimes his opponents, that it was wisest and best.

[Miss Bremner adds, in a letter, that she had often heard Mr. Hume say that he was a disciple of the Mahātmās—a 'lay chela,' to use Mme. Blavatsky's phrase—and he possessed a large number of valuable letters from the Masters. He drew from the Theosophical Society the inspiration to found the National Congress, and it was, in fact, founded during a T. S. Convention. It is an interesting touch, as regards his love for India, that—while himself a rigid vegetarian—when courtesy demanded other provision for his guests, he would never allow beef on his table.

The reverent gratitude of Theosophists for his work for India will follow Mr. Hume to his rest, and will hope for his return.—Annie Besant.]

DR. FRANZ HARTMANN, M. D.

Dr. Franz Hartmann has passed away. He died on August 7, 1912, from heart-failure. He was one of the oldest members of the T. S., and was a friend of the Founders, as is well known. He was attracted for a short time to Mr. Judge's successor in America, but soon returned to his allegiance to the Theosophical Society. He will long be remembered for his writings, and for his years of earnest work in Germany before the National Society was formed; he established there several groups of people who followed him, without becoming members of the T. S. Neither he nor they felt themselves able to co-operate later with Dr. Steiner, so he remained always an unattached member, and they never joined the National Society.

A. B.

THE SECRET OF A STAR

By EVA M. MARTIN

(Continued from Vol. XXXIII, No. 11, p. 775)

III

Whom the rain and the wind purgeth,
Whom the dawn and the day-star urgeth,
In whose cheek the rose-leaf blusheth,
In whose feet the lion rusheth. . . .
Him Nature giveth for defence
His formidable innocence.

Emerson

AS autumn passed into winter, and snow fell, and people sat closely round the fire-side on cold dark evenings, strange stories began to circulate in the village about little Lucien of the Red Farm. It was said that some boys, picking up acorns in the woods, had seen him sitting beneath a tree with a bright companion, and that the wild birds and the squirrels had gathered round the two, eating out of their hands, and betraying not the smallest sign of fear. It was told how an old farmer, coming along the high road in the wintry twilight, had seen two figures before him, and how, as he drew near, the taller of the two had suddenly seemed to be carried away by a rush of wind, while the other . . . turned out to be Lucien. To his astonished questions the boy had answered only by

peals of laughter and the repeated assurance that he "must have been dreaming"; and no doubt many would have taken this for the true explanation, had not the farmer's tale been amply supported by others of a similar kind. The most circumstantial was that of the afternoon when a group of school-children, passing old Barley's cottage, had been amazed and enchanted by strains of wild and wonderful music which issued from it, and had stood long by the gate at the foot of the little garden to listen. They had wanted to go up to the window and peep in, but "somehow they hadn't dared," and of the music, all that they could say was that it sounded like a violin, "but not like old Barley played it." The shoe-maker himself declared that he had not touched his fiddle that afternoon, that he had in fact been dozing over his work, and had waked with a start to find Lucien in the room and a "queer cold air" blowing through it. And the strangest part of the story was that several grown-up people who passed by had heard nothing at all, and had wondered why the children were standing by Mr. Barley's gate, so silent and so intent.

"We must be more careful, my son," said Hermes, a little gravely, as he and the boy sat one day in the sheltered hollow that had been their first meeting-place. "This won't do. Now in the good old days no evil would have been thought. The people would just have known me—more or less—for what I am, and there would have been no fuss and no gossip. But if this sort of thing goes on we shall be having investigators sent down by the Society for Psychological Research, and *Daily Mail* reporters, and heaven only knows what horrors besides."

But in spite of all precautions the reports continued and grew. Curiosity had been aroused, and there were many spying eyes about—though the most spying ones, fortunately, were blind to aught beyond the physical world—till at last Lucien's adopted uncle, who for long had turned a deaf, incredulous ear to any rumours that reached him, was stirred to action.

He arraigned the boy one evening in the farmhouse kitchen, when he came home from school.

"I've been hearing queer tales about you lately, Lucien," he said, with the abrupt harshness of a phlegmatic nature when it is at last roused, "and I just want to tell you, once and for all, that this kind of thing must be stopped. I'll not have it said any longer, that any member of my house-hold, child or grown man, is going about in league with the devil—for that's what's being said about *you*. D'you hear me? It's outrageous. What have you got to say for yourself?"

The boy turned scarlet and then white at the unexpected attack. For a moment he was dumb. Denial seemed so futile; explanation so impossible.

"It isn't true, uncle," he said at length, with a quiet, childish dignity. "I wish . . . I wish I could explain, but I don't think I could make you understand. You see, I don't quite understand myself yet."

He looked up at his accuser with an assurance and a fearlessness that made the man stare.

"What d'you mean?" he demanded. "You don't mean to tell me that there's any truth in these silly tales? Who is the man that's been seen with you? What's his name? Where does he come from?"

“You may have heard some of the truth,” Lucien answered. “I don’t know about that. But there is nothing evil, and nothing to be ashamed of.”

“Then you’d better tell me all about it,” said the other, angrily. “I’ll not have these secret goings-on. Out with it! No more beating about the bush. Who is the man?”

Lucien was silent. He could not bring himself to pronounce in this atmosphere of derision and scepticism the name that meant so much to him. He could not give any explanation. There seemed nothing for him to say.

His uncle grew more and more baffled and exasperated. There was something in the boy’s whole look and manner that silently rebuked him, making his anger and his loud questionings seem vulgar and insulting as a physical attack upon a rose. But he worked himself up into a considerable passion, and the interview ended in Lucien’s receiving a thrashing and being sent supperless to bed.

As he lay alone in the dark, hungry and greatly puzzled, his heart rebelled against the injustice of his punishment. Why were older people so blind, so slow of understanding? It was only natural that he, a child, should not fully understand, but surely grown-up people ought to know better. His mother would have known! She was one who understood! Even little Maggie understood to some small extent. She had been with him once or twice when Hermes had come, and though she had seemed only in a vague, half-blind way to be aware of a third presence, she had taken it quite as a natural thing. Lucien had had to make her promise not to say anything about it at home, on pain of not

being allowed to go out with him again, and as she was very fond of him, the bribe had so far been sufficient.

He lay awake for some time, troubled and hurt, and yet vaguely conscious that there was something in him, some quiet centre, which as his mother had told him, was not, and could not be, hurt by any outside thing or person; and suddenly it was borne in upon him that the room was all alive with gentle sounds and with the smell of damp earth after rain.

He sat up in bed.

“O Hermes,” he whispered. “Are you there? Dear Hermes! Please come to me.”

“So thou dost still want me? Thou art not going to cast off thy old friend?”

The God stood looking at him from the foot of the bed, with eyes that were sad and yet full of faint laughter. Lucien was fascinated by their expression.

“Old?” he cried. “You’re young, Hermes! Oh! how young you are! Younger than me, younger than anything else in the world. When I look in your eyes I seem to see everything that is young. Why is it? Why are you so beautifully young?”

“Young I am,” said the other slowly, “and yet old, too. That’s immortality, Lucien. But I want to speak to thee of something else to-night. Thou hast been getting into trouble about me—a kind of trouble which I fear I cannot prevent, and in which I cannot help thee. In fact it comes through me, and if I were to keep away, there would be no more of it. To-night, I think thou must choose what the future is to be. To choose me means to earn probably the hatred, certainly the distrust, of thy fellow-men. To give me up means that life will be comparatively easy—as far as life ever

can be easy for a nature like thine. If thou dost not give me up, Lucien, there will be much trouble in store, both now and later, and a great battle to fight. Do not answer too quickly. This is a serious question, and needs thought."

The boy checked the quick words that had sprung to his lips. Hermes was standing close beside him now, but Lucien did not look at him. His eyes were fixed on space, with a strange, inward gaze, as if he were searching his own soul. After a moment or two, he slowly and deliberately reached out in the darkness for the God's hand, found it, and pressed his brow against the back of it with a gesture of absolute surrender.

"I am yours", he said, simply.

There was an instant's silence. Hermes looked down at the small dark head, bent in unquestioning homage, with a smile of unspeakable radiance. Then he gently drew his hand away.

"That is well said, my son. Thou hast made me very glad. And now, if thou chooseth, we will start on a journey together, for it is time the children had their dreams."

"Oh, may I come and see you bringing them? How lovely!" The boy clasped his hands excitedly. "Let us start at once, before the others come up to bed. But what will they say when they find me gone?"

"They will not find thee gone. They will find thy body asleep, and that is enough for them. There! Dost thou see?"

He laid his hand over Lucien's eyes, and, almost immediately it seemed, the boy found himself standing by the bed looking down at his own body which lay there peacefully asleep.

“How did I get out?” he cried. “O, how lovely I feel! So light and jumpy!”

And he danced madly around the room till Hermes caught and held him with a firm hand.

“Gently, gently! Thou wilt awaken thy body, and I want to take thee far away from it. Later thou canst dance and jump as much as thou pleasest.”

Somehow their earthly surroundings disappeared, and Lucien presently found himself floating down what seemed like a stream of coloured sunlight, among a crowd of laughing, eager children. He caught a glimpse of Hermes flying on before, surrounded by a cloud of floating, airy creatures of every imaginable colour, that shone and glistened like a sheaf of rainbows.

“Follow him! Follow him!” cried the children. “Don’t let him escape. He’s playing with us. He has the loveliest dreams! Look! look at their colours!”

And they hurled themselves as fast as they could go after the fleeing figure of the Dream-God, Lucien with the rest, while through his mind there rushed radiant words read with his mother long ago:

“See how the child of Heaven with winged feet
Runs down the slanted sunlight of the dawn!”

“Where are we? Where are you all going to?” he found breath to ask.

“We’re in dreamland We’re going to the children’s playground . . .

We’re going to find our dreams . . .” answered half-a-dozen voices.

“We’re in kâma-loka,” called back a little dark-eyed Hindû boy, who seemed able to run faster than any of the rest.

"We're on the astral plane," said a little girl close to Lucien. "Everybody comes here when they're asleep, only they don't remember afterwards."

She seemed rather proud of her superior knowledge, and he would have liked to ask more, but at that moment they arrived at a wide, flowery meadow through which there ran a limpid river, singing and shining in the sun.

On the river-bank stood Hermes, with the many-tinted dreams hovering around him, a floating web of colour. His eyes were full of smiles and of promises too sweet for words, and the children flung themselves upon him in a clamouring, impatient swarm.

"I want to finish the dream I had last night . . . Please give me a dream about the sea-side . . . And me one about kittens ! . . . I want to go and play with my little dead sister . . . Please tell me where my mother is . . . I want to dream something very exciting ! . . . And I want a dream with a fairy princess in it . . ." These were a few of the demands that Lucien heard, as he stood looking on in amazement. He noticed that as each child was given its wish Hermes lightly touched its forehead with his fingers, and before long all were satisfied, for the God seemed able to provide everything that was wanted without a moment's difficulty.

Then he turned to Lucien.

"And what do you want ?" he asked, smiling.

Lucien did not hesitate.

"I want to understand," he said boldly. "I thought you took the dreams to people. I didn't know they had to come here to fetch them."

"That was the old belief," said Hermes. "No doubt your mother told you the story. And the Greeks

were not far wrong, you see, for I have the dreams in my keeping—the real dreams—though people have to come here to find them. Any dreams they have, when they do not come to me, are dreams of their own manufacture, dreams made by the brain turning over and over mechanically the thoughts that have entered it during the day—dull and meaningless dreams are those.”

“And the dreams the children asked you for?”

“It is like this. The children know that any special dream they ask for will be remembered when they awaken next morning, and to some of them this is the chief pleasure of dreaming. My touch upon their brow ensures the memory of the dream. Some, you see, do not ask for dreams at all. They are perfectly happy playing or resting here. See those who are paddling in the river over there, and others picking flowers—but they will not remember anything when they awake.”

“Have I been here before? Shall I remember?” asked Lucien eagerly.

“Of course you have been here—often!—nearly every night. And this time I think you will remember. The time has come for you to learn about these things, and you are already beginning to imprint what you see now on the brain of your physical body. Very few of these children can do that—except, as I say, when they ask for and are given some special dream—and very few grown-up people, either.”

Lucien still looked puzzled.

“But what *am* I now? What am I . . . wearing?” he asked.

Hermes laughed.

“You are wearing what a large number of people on earth have agreed to call your astral body. It is as

good as any other term, so we may as well use it. This is what is called the astral plane."

"A little girl told me that," said Lucien. "But she said everybody went there when they were asleep. Is it true?"

"Quite true—though not all grown-ups have the entrance to this special part, which belongs to the children. Some people don't know that they come to the astral plane, because they are so wrapped up in their every-day thoughts and their bodily dreams—or night-mares!—that they wander about blindly, as if enveloped in a dense fog of their own making, and see nothing of the beauties around them. Others know while they are here, but forget directly they awake, because they have not learnt to connect their astral consciousness with their physical brain, and without that connection there can of course be no brain-remembrance afterwards."

"But it looks very like the earth," said Lucien, "only brighter."

"It is like the earth—or at least many parts of it are—except that it is all made of finer, more ethereal matter, just as your astral body is made of finer, lighter matter than your physical body. Beyond this there are other planes of finer matter still, and the life-vibrations of each plane are at a higher rate than those of the one before. But you will learn about them later on."

Lucien pondered for a moment. There was a good deal that he did not quite understand, and yet he knew dimly that he had heard much of it before. But his attention was suddenly distracted.

"Why, look, there is Maggie!" he cried. "And there is a little soft grey cloud floating all round her!"

“She is sad, because you were beaten and sent hungry to bed,” said Hermes. “She does not know that she is in the children’s playground. Go and put your arms round her neck, so that she can see and be happy.”

Lucien ran to his little cousin, and very soon the grey cloud that enveloped her had disappeared, and she was playing happily among the flowers.

“Will she remember?” he asked, coming back to Hermes.

“I think not. But she will wake up feeling quite happy again in the morning.”

Lucien sat silent for a little while.

“I heard one of the children ask for her little dead sister,” he said at last. “Could I not find my mother here?”

“She can come to you here,” said Hermes, “though she has already reached a much higher and more beautiful plane than this. But I think she is very near you to-night, for she knows that you are going to remember.”

“O Mother! Mother!” breathed Lucien longingly, and in answer to his thought he saw her coming swiftly towards him over the flowery grass.

“O Shining One!” she called, as she drew near. “O King of Dreams! Have you brought the child? Is he awake?”

“He is awake,” said Hermes. “The eyes of his soul are opened. This night he hath chosen me against all the world, and henceforth will he be my child for ever.”

Lucien saw his mother’s face light up with an inexpressibly radiant joy, and then her arms were round him and his head was on her breast.

In the warm glow of their love the hours flew past on golden wings, and he woke with her kiss on his lips, and her last words ringing in his ears :

“ Burn bright, my little lamp ! Burn bright ! ”

(To be Continued)

Eva M. Martin

CORRESPONDENCE

A REJOINDER

To the Editor of the Theosophist.

I wrote to the P. T. S. for ‘ Chapter and Verse ’ for the alleged ‘ insults,’ supposed to have come from me to O. S. E. members, either directly or indirectly ; Mrs. Besant replied as follows :

“ I see no reason to print details as to insults ; I lay down a general principle as to the liberty of members of the T. S. to join an Order without being attacked. Such a general statement injures none ; readers of our periodicals can judge for themselves the criticisms levelled at the Order ; to quote ‘ Chapter and Verse ’ would perpetuate unkind feeling and make the sound general statement a personal attack.”

It is refreshing to know that the page in *The Theosophist* was *not* a personal attack ; it sounded so very like one.

“ It does not seem to strike Mrs. Charles that the frequent attacks made by herself, and by others stirred up by her, on members of the T. S. who exercise their constitutional liberty. . . . If members in New Zealand, South Africa, France, or India venture to express a view of which she does not approve, she attacks them A member of the T. S. has as much right to belong to the Order of the Star in the East without being held up to public odium . . . without being exposed to insult . . . ”

So this all refers only to my printed articles and letters. Well, that is one good thing cleared up. As the P.T.S. remarks, in these matters readers can judge for themselves.

M. HILARY CHARLES

THE POONA MISSION

FATHER ELWIN'S VIEW OF THE INDIAN CHARACTER

By ANNIE BESANT

SUCH is the heading under which *The Church Times* of May 24, 1912—which has just come into my hands—publishes the feeling with which Father Elwin regards the people among whom he lives, and whom he is, presumably, trying to bring to Christ. It is a sad indictment, not of the Indian, but of the Christian Missionary, and if this is the view held by many missionaries their failure in India is intelligible. Here is his 'view,' given to English people, and published in an English paper of very large circulation; it was probably not intended to reach India:

Well, as a result of extensive acquaintance with what Hindus (educated and uneducated) believed and thought and did, he said that the old ideas of old missionaries like Bishop Heber—that Hinduism was the invention of Satan—was perfectly true. He would tell this meeting why he had come to that conclusion. It effectually separated man from God, for it gave man something to worship which was not God. It also separated man from man; it destroyed the brotherhood of men. And he could not say it was ever different—it was always so. And, what was worse, it was thoroughly saturated with evil; so much so, that sexuality and all that pertained to it formed part of the regular talk and life in India: the ordinary daily conversation, the stories, the jokes, the songs were all tainted with the same evil; and there was no Hindu in India living a moral life as Christians understood the term. They said so frankly, that it was impossible for a man to lead a moral life. And, no

doubt, without Christian grace, that might be so. But, what was even more pathetic, there was in India no such thing as the innocence of childhood. Living in such an atmosphere it was impossible for children to retain their innocence of mind. Even as to their Christian children, with all that was going on round about them, with all that was the subject of common and ordinary talk, it was impossible for them to retain what Christians would call innocence of mind. It was sufficiently pathetic that their Christian boys, so early in life, had to take their place in the very front of the battle. Happily, through the power of Christian grace, there were numbers of boys leading lives of beautiful self-denial. An old Brahmana had said to him, with a ferocity he could not imitate, that "the Hindu religion was a most infernal religion". The man was not saying something to please the missionary: he had been a Government Inspector, and had his pension, and did not mean to become a Christian; he was simply giving his opinion, and illustrated it with facts which it was impossible either to print or to tell. If those present remembered that old man's testimony as to the Hindu religion, they would do their part in trying to bring people out of it.

Another thing, people spoke of the great depth of the Indian character, from his knowledge of India, he believed that what they thought a great depth was really a shallow. Let them realise that the Indian character was beautiful as far as it went, but that it did not go very deep, and they would understand what seemed confusing. They would then understand that India had never done anything great in the world. There was no great history of India: its history consisted only of raids and counter-raids. He did not think that India would ever take a great place in the politics of the East. When she became Christian, she would be a happy and free country, and other nations would be afraid to touch her. If her enemies did touch her, she would say, with Indian complacency, "Let them fight; it does not concern me". What was true of the nation as a whole was true of the individual. Christianity deepened character, but the character remained Indian. When sometimes they had disappointments, and one of the boys in the Mission went off, and perhaps they never saw him again, they were apt to say, "How ungrateful!" No; it was not that. He was quite grateful, really affectionate, as long as it lasted, but it was not deep, and when the difficulty came, it did not carry him through.

India was really waking up, but not awake yet. It was most essential that, as India woke up, Christianity should be there to teach her to say her prayers and to tell her what to do. The Indian boy was not interesting, rather troublesome, and he asked this meeting to place those boys amongst that inner circle of people for whom they prayed regularly and earnestly.

The Indians might, perhaps, return the compliment by praying that Father Elwin may become more intelligent and more charitable.

The only excuse for these cruel and monstrous misstatements is that Father Elwin, like other missionaries, has come chiefly into contact with the lowest of the people, and there is no more reticence among them as to sexual matters than there is among the lowest of our East End population. If a stranger spent a day in one of our East End police-courts and then based a description of English character on what he had there heard and seen, his view would be as true as that expressed by Father Elwin. I also have a wide and intimate acquaintance with Indian life, and I say, *as the result of nineteen years experience*, that the Hindu is as pure, noble, and right-thinking a gentleman as any who are to be found in the West. Man for man, any noble English type can be matched in India. There are bad men everywhere, in India as in England and America. It is true that the baser type of Indian is fond of bringing accusations of sexual crime against any Englishman he wishes to injure, but decent people ignore him there as they do here; an Englishman has to reckon with that if he devotes himself to Indian work; shocking stories are often told about missionaries and others, and this fact lies behind the coldness of manner of many officials; they adopt it as a measure of precaution. But, after all, this is only true of the baser sort, and blackmailing is not unknown in England.

It is interesting to learn that India has never done "anything great in the world". And the Upanishats? and the Six Systems of Philosophy? and the Brahma-sūtras? and the *Bhagavad-Gita*? and the teachings of

the Lord Buddha? and the great temples, some of massive, and some of graceful architecture? and the exquisite arts and crafts of the manual workers? Father Elwin must be dreaming. If the Indian be shallow, what must be the shallowness of the English who have none of these things to their credit? "The Indian boy was not interesting". Why, even the Pariah boys are extraordinarily bright and attractive, and the boys of the higher castes are perhaps the most lovable and winning of all the boys on earth. And this is generally recognised, outside missionary circles. But the depths of the Indian character must ever remain veiled to those who despise—because they do not understand—Hinduism, and who outrage all that is dearest and most sacred to the Hindu heart.

Let me add that all Christian missionaries are not as insulting as Father Elwin. Some are gentle, self-sacrificing and earnestly desirous of helping, without arrogance and contempt. But one such speech as the above does more harm than many loving and unselfish lives can remedy.

Annie Besant

DIFFICULTIES IN GERMANY

THE following letters explain themselves. Up to July 31, no answer, not even an acknowledgment, has reached me, so I print them here, asking German friends to translate and publish them. I thought the *Mitteilungen* was a quarterly magazine, but I am told that no number is likely to appear before the spring of 1913.

DEAR Dr. STEINER,

I have just received a copy of the *Mitteilungen* for March, containing a copy of your speech to the German Convention in December, 1911. In that speech you sorely misrepresented me, I am sure from ignorance of the facts. You will readily, therefore, I feel certain, send to the Editor the enclosed correction.

I am very grieved that you spoke so harshly. You say you do not attack me, but your speech is all an attack. But however much I regret your speech, I do not challenge your right of attack on the President or on any one else.

Sincerely Yours,

ANNIE BESANT

DR. STEINER'S CONVENTION SPEECH

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Mitteilungen*

DEAR MADAM,

The speech of Dr. Steiner on pp. 32-33, of your issue of March, which has only now reached me, contains an unintentional misrepresentation regarding Adyar and myself, which I must ask you to allow me to correct.

Some years ago the German Section expelled Dr. Vollrath, and the General Secretary reported the matter to me. Expulsion from a Section does not carry with it

expulsion from the Theosophical Society ; I was not asked to ratify it, thus making it an expulsion from the T. S. ; Dr. Vollrath made no appeal to me ; hence I had no duty to look into the rights or wrongs of the matter, and to this day I do not know them. Dr. Vollrath has published some of our Adyar books, when other publishers would not do so, and to that extent I owe him thanks.

In the summer of 1911, when the question arose of a representative of the Order of the Star in the East in Germany, I proposed Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden. The Order is not under the T. S. and Adyar has nothing to do with its direction. The whole attack on Adyar is not fair, for the Adyar Executive has had no knowledge of, and has done nothing about either Dr. Vollrath or the Order. In talking over possible secretaries to work under Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden, I suggested Dr. Vollrath, not in any sense as the representative of the President—who cannot be represented in the Order—but as secretary under Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden.

This was agreed on, but, on his return to Germany, the good Doctor found that Dr. Vollrath was looked on as antagonistic to Dr. Steiner, and thereupon the selection was cancelled. That is the true story of what occurred, and I fail to see in it any insult to Dr. Steiner or to the German Section. We had no reason to suppose that his exclusion from the Section should be held to exclude him from every kind of useful work outside the T. S. But when we found that his selection *was* regarded as antagonistic to the General Secretary, it was cancelled, to avoid giving offence.

Dr. Steiner speaks very warmly about a pamphlet by Dr. Vollrath, and makes this pamphlet a ground of offence with me. But I have never read a line of the pamphlet, and have absolutely no idea of its contents. Had I known that an offensive pamphlet had been issued against Dr. Steiner, I certainly should not have suggested Dr. Vollrath's name as a Secretary, for I have always shown respect to Dr. Steiner, both as General Secretary and as a friend. It would perhaps have been better to have asked whether I had seen the pamphlet, before such speeches were delivered. However, I am satisfied, in reply, to make this bare statement of facts, which should be enough to show that I had no intention of showing any antagonism either to Dr. Steiner or to his friends.

82, DRAYTON GARDENS,

LONDON, S. W.,

May 8, 1912.

Sincerely,

ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

CORRESPONDENCE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE THEOSOPHIST

We shall be glad if you will allow us, in the columns of the Theosophist, to draw the attention of all likely to be interested, to the following announcement :

1. All readers of *Esoteric Christianity* and of some of Mr. Mead's works will be familiar with the idea of the Christian Mysteries.

2. There is a strong and widespread hope among many students of these matters that the Mysteries, in ways we can not yet imagine, may be restored and so supply a deeply-felt want in the Christian Church.

3. In this hope and with the conviction that the time is now ripe, the "Guild of the Mysteries of God," has been founded, with these two objects :

a. The gathering together in one body, knit together by solemn pledges of service and strong ties of comradeship, of those Christians who, in humble readiness to be used as He may see best, will consecrate their lives to the service of the Christ, and who will live, study, pray, and work, in this hope of the restoration of the Mysteries.

b. The common study of Christian mysticism and mystical legends and traditions, of Christian ceremonial and symbolism, and of all scattered allusions to the Christian Mysteries which may be discoverable.

Fuller information may be obtained by all who are interested and who may feel moved to associate themselves with this work, on application to the Rev. C. W. Scott-Moncrieff, M.A. (Warden of the Guild) at Gatchouse-of-Fleet, Scotland, or to the Rev. F. W. Pigott, M.A. (Chaplain) at Hornsea, Hull, E. Yorks. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.

It should be pointed out that the first object of the Guild is based on and implies a belief in the near Coming of the Lord. It is hoped therefore that many Christian members of the O. S. E., interested in ceremonial and symbolism, may see their way to joining the Guild, and may find, along the lines of its work, a definite opportunity of helping to prepare His way, and to make His paths straight.

Yours most respectfully,

C. W. Scott-Moncrieff, F.T.S.

F. W. Pigott, F.T.S.

QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

REVIEWS

Education as Service, by J. Krishnamurti (Alcyone).
(THE THEOSOPHIST Office, Adyar, Madras, India. Price: Cloth 12 Ans. or 1s. or 25c. Wrapper 6 Ans. or 6d. or 12c.)

Alcyone sends out into the world another little volume—an application of the Qualifications for Discipleship to the work of education. The idea is an original one, and the result is an inspiring little book, which should be in the hands of every teacher of children. Himself a born teacher, he speaks from his heart, and describes the life in an ideal school, where love rules and inspires, where the teachers feel the greatness of their office, and where the students grow into noble adolescence under their fostering care.

Foremost of the Qualifications for the office of a teacher is Love. “Just as a boy shows his natural capacities at an early age for one profession or another, so a particularly strong love-nature would mark a boy out as specially fitted to be an instructor. Such boys should be definitely trained for the office of the teacher just as boys are trained for other professions.” To a teacher thus qualified a boy shows himself just as he is, and the teacher is thus able to help and to guide as he could never do if fear marred their relation. Intentional cruelty in the form of punishment, and unintentional cruelty arising from thoughtlessness should be utterly banished from schools, and the children should grow up in happy ordered freedom, gradually learning the self-control which true education should develop and train.

Discrimination should show itself in discerning the dharma—the right line of evolution—of each pupil, so that the

precious years of school life may be utilised to the very best advantage. It is needed in "the choice of subjects and in the way in which they are taught," and the fact of the One Life must be the basis underlying all. The ideals held up in the brief religious service which opens the school-day must be carried out in the methods of the school. "The duty of the strong to help the weak is taught in the religious hour, and yet for the rest of the day the strong are set to outstrip the weak, and are given valuable prizes for their success in doing so." The development of the body is strongly insisted on: "The boy can go on learning all his life, if he is wise enough to wish to do so; but it is only during the years of growth that he can build up a healthy physical body in which to spend that life." Home lessons ought not to be imposed; the school hours give time enough for all that a boy should learn in one day.

Desirelessness is needed by the teacher that he may subordinate his own advantage to that of his pupils. He should not try to force the boy along his line, but to help him along that natural to the boy, for if each teacher tries to push the boy in his own subject, the result is disastrous. "There are many teachers," Alcyone quaintly observes, "but only one boy."

The "six jewels of the mind," or Good Conduct, are taken one by one, and some very valuable suggestions are made as to self-control of mind and body. The section on mental self-control is one of the most useful in the book both for teachers and taught. Tolerance is strongly urged: "If care is taken to train children to look on different ways of living with interest and sympathy instead of with distrust and dislike, they will grow up into men who will show to all nations respect and tolerance." "In India I think that customs separate us much more than physical distance or religious differences." Cheerfulness must be the atmosphere of the school, for depression lessens energy and deadens faculty. One-pointedness must be found alike in teacher and pupil, and confidence must be felt, because each is "a spark of God's own fire," and all is possible for the One Life.

Such, briefly outlined, is the scope of this little book. Happy indeed will be the nation wherein the schools are guided along these lines. Perhaps we may yet see the establishment

of a really Theosophical school, wherein the ideals set forth shall be realised. At any rate, it is very well that such ideals should be held up by one whose manhood shall help to their realisation.

A. B.

The Cheerful Way, by Lady Doughty. (A. & C. Black, London. Price Rs. 2 or 2s. 6d.)

Pleasant optimism, sound common-sense, and a great practicality, bringing in their train a certain inspiration to lead the better life, are the marked characteristics of the book with an attractive get up. Its simple chaste language adorns the subjects under consideration and among the latter are: Failure, Destiny, Home, Worry, Individuality, Taste, Observation, Punctuality, Affinities, Resolution and Resolutions, etc. On good humour the clever author writes:

Good humour never exists cheek-by-jowl with evil. It is in antipathy to wickedness. It shows the highest courage. The courage that faces big enterprises with a smile of good humour is the best in the world. The good-humoured patient who, facing an operation to have a diseased eye extracted, said, "Doctor, you are taking away half my eyesight, so don't expect me to see more than half your bill," showed a splendid manner of facing pain and sacrifice. It is given only to a few to possess such irresistible and unconquerable good humour, but it is, fortunately, common to find the great quality in less degree animating healthy human nature, where a good digestion and a bright contented mind are in combination.

The book bristles with bright paragraphs and is sure to bring sunshine to many a dull or joyless nature, and young spiritual plants will receive through it a rich nurture for further growth.

B. P. W.

Henri Bergson: The Philosophy of Change, by H. Wildon Carr (T. C. & E. C. Jack, Edinburgh. THE PEOPLE'S BOOKS Price 6 Ans. 6d. or 12c.)

Life! Life! Ever yet more life! is the cry of the human spirit and it may be that the Bergsonian philosophy has met with such immediate popularity, because of its response to this cry. What is reality? Reality is life says this philosopher. A truth, simple, obvious, yet so far-reaching, so universal in its sweep that it meets with immediate and equal acceptance by the sage and by the clod. It is perceived by an unerring intuition and accepted with a conviction that no power can

shake ; it needs neither intellectual nor mystic powers to analyse or to fathom it, for it is "the living consciousness of the living". You are real, not because you know, feel, or even act, for these are but adaptations of the life principle, you are real because you live. You are a living unit in a great universal stream of life, a wonderful vitality pulsing through every plane of nature, a stream in which there are two currents, one ever ascending, the other opposing—spirit and matter. The first in its irresistible flow bears man from the life of the body to the life of the spirit ; the second evolves the intellect which equips him for action in the physical world.

Reality may be interpreted in two ways ; as "that which endures without changing" or as "that which endures by changing". The former is the view taken by science which uses the intellect as its instrument in investigations of the material universe. That it is not a completely satisfactory view is proved by the fact that it leaves Science unable to solve the problem of life itself. Philosophy, therefore, bent upon discovering the secret of life, takes the second view and must find a means which will transcend the limitations of the intellect. It is found in the intuition, an aspect of consciousness recognised by every philosophy but the value of which as a philosophical instrument for gaining a true conception of reality, is for the first time emphasised by Bergson.

Intellect is only partial mind, a focus, round which is a wide fringe of consciousness including instinct and intuition. As the guide of man in his conquest of matter, it is more valuable than instinct or intuition ; for by memory and anticipation it presents, and represents, similarities of experience whereby he may choose his present action. Intuitional knowledge more perfect in its insight, yet leaves no room for this choice. Instinct though part of man's mental activity, finds its highest development in certain insects ; the intellectual aspect of consciousness is most completely expressed in the realms of science ; whilst intuition finds its completion in all works of genius, for genius means synthesis, it means creation, it means sympathy. To understand matter, we must first understand the meaning of time. To the scientist all things are moving, and time is but a condition which is not essential to the existence of the things themselves ; whereas this philosophy

regards time, true duration, "as the stuff out of which matter is formed". Matter is the result of the interruption of the flow of the life-stream, brought about by another movement. By an effort of the will we may listen to a speaker so intently that we enter into the life of his thought, become one, for the time, with it and him; or, relaxing this effort, we may be aware only of a mass of words, sounds, or pictures. This illustrates how extension in space (matter) may be brought about by the detension of a tension. With regard to the problem of free-will, "there is no place for it in a mechanical world such as physical science presents, therefore we have to prove that we have a spiritual as distinct from a material nature if we are to prove the will is free. And this philosophy introduces us into the spiritual life". "It may give us neither God nor immortality in the old theological meaning of those terms, and it does not show us human life and individual conduct as the chief end, purpose, and centre of interest of the universe. But the reality of life is essentially freedom." "Life is a free activity in an open universe."

These are but a few fragments of thought gathered from Mr. Carr's interesting epitome of the philosophy of Henri Bergson and the little book will surely fulfil his hope and inspire his readers to a more detailed study of this fascinating subject. A portrait of the philosopher, forming the frontispiece, adds attractiveness to the volume, for it reveals a face strong, sensitive and refined, in which are set the luminous eyes of a devotee of truth, of one who regards, with perfect serenity, all the issues of life.

A. E. A.

Body and Mind, by William McDougall, M. B. (Methuen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 10s. 6d. net.)

This book presents the case for the existence of the soul on a purely logical and scientific basis, and with an impartiality that can be best understood by the following quotation from the preface.

For I can lay claim to no religious convictions; I am not aware of any strong desire for any continuance of my personality after death; and I could accept with equanimity a thorough-going materialism, if that seemed to me the inevitable outcome of a dispassionate and critical reflection.

Accordingly the reader need not expect any attractive digressions into the by-paths of metaphysics, but will find a mass of carefully selected evidence, conveniently classified, and brought to bear on the main question at issue, the relation of consciousness to the processes of the brain. The salient answers of philosophy, physiology and psychology are mustered and ranged in two opposing groups representing Materialism and Animism. The former term is apparently applied to any form of belief which regards all the phenomena of life as the result of inevitable interactions between material particles constantly moving according to recognised laws, and repudiates the inference of purpose or direction. The term Animism is taken to include all beliefs that grant to man, at least, an existence other than that of his physical body, an existence which can interact with the processes observed in the body and which can survive the body. Such an existence has been generally called the soul, and is regarded for the purpose of this book as identical with the mind.

The author opens with a history of psychical concepts, starting from the ghost-soul of primitive races, touching on the Grecian and later western philosophies, and tracing the rise of the materialistic school of thought to its doubtful triumph in the last century. A large part of the book is then occupied by a statement and examination of the claims and alternative theories advanced by Materialism, which are followed by a consideration of the arguments generally used against Animism. The next part consists of an enquiry into many facts of consciousness which, it is argued, cannot be accounted for by purely mechanical action, however intricate. Finally, the most recent developments of psychology are so arrayed as to form an almost unanswerable demand for the more extended outlook on human faculty provided by Animism.

Lest it should be supposed that the case for Materialism is overlooked, some idea may be given of the lines on which this standpoint is dealt with. Materialists are considered as advancing four distinct theories of the relation of consciousness to cerebral activity. (1) Epiphenomenalism, which regards each change in consciousness as the separate product of a change in brain tissue, the causal connection existing in the brain tissue only; (2) Psycho-physical parallelism, which

grants an independent causal connection to changes in both consciousness and brain-tissue, but recognises no interaction between these two parallel chains of causation ; (3) Phenomenalistic parallelism, which assumes a single causal connection between changes in an unknown something which produces separate changes in both consciousness and matter ; (4) Psychical Monism, which is the opposite to (1), since it regards the causal connection as existing in consciousness only, and each change in brain tissue as the separate product of a change in consciousness. Number (1) is soon disposed of, leaving (2) as the only theory of Materialism to be compared with Animism. It is rather difficult to understand how (3) and (4) can be regarded as purely materialistic theories, though, in so far as they exclude the existence of individual souls they are certainly anti-animistic, and, at least in the case of (4), unconvincing.

Considering the materialistic standpoint as a whole, the law of conservation of energy is admitted to be one of its strongholds. How, it is naturally asked, can an unknown cause, such as psychical influence, add energy to any part of a closed system in which the sum total of energy is constant? We must confess that the suggested counter-hypothesis of changes in direction produced by psychical causation, as in the diagram on page 212, does not appear to meet the objection, since no change in the direction of a moving body can be produced without the application of a corresponding physical force ; but we decidedly concur with the further suggestion that psychical causation may transform the potential of existing energy from a lower to a higher level ; in fact we look in this direction for an escape from the gloomy conclusion of the materialistic view, sometimes called 'warm death,' that the energy of the universe is steadily 'running down' to one level through dissipation. Of the arguments used in support of Animism, two of the most striking are the unity of consciousness and the significance of 'meaning'. In illustration of the former we may quote the experiment of holding a blue glass before one eye and a red glass before the other, when the effect on the vision will be one of purple. Since no physical connection between the two sets of optic nerves can be found, the author fairly deduces the existence of a synthetic faculty unrepresented in the brain. We cannot, however, agree with the assertion that the idea of one unit of consciousness being part

of a larger unit is illogical. The treatment of 'meaning' is ingenious, especially in the chapter on memory, and must be read as it stands. The evidence of the Society for Psychical Research is referred to sympathetically, but is not considered sufficiently conclusive to be placed beside the more solid groundwork on which the structure of the book is built. We cannot leave the subject without reference to the strong suggestion of reincarnation to be found on the concluding pages, and the hope that our readers will not ignore the value of a comprehensive work such as this because its premises are confined to demonstrable conditions, and its sole appeal is to the reason. Though possibly the style of argument may appear, from the Theosophical point of view, to be somewhat laboured, the importance of its effect on the development of psychology as a science must be recognised by all who desire to keep in touch with modern thought.

W. D. S. B.

Maurice, the Philosopher, by Harold P. Cooke (W. Heffer & Sons, Ltd., Cambridge. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

The time-honoured problem of the nature of happiness is once more discussed in this little volume. It contains two Dialogues 'Love and Happiness' and 'Happiness the Good' together with a poem on 'Love and Life'. The very pleasant setting of the Dialogues—a house near Oxford where three young men, college friends, are met together, is well suited to the author's style and to the views expressed by his characters. The gentle calm of the summer evening on which the first conversation took place, and the fresh gladness of the summer morning of the second are reflected in the ideas and the language in which these are clothed.

A. de L.

In Light and Darkness—Hope. Verses by Irene E. Toy Warner. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd., London. Price 1s. 6d. net.)

The reading of this little book has given us pleasure, and if there is a slight hesitancy of rythm, here and there, it is scarcely noticeable under the spell of the idea. Perhaps we cannot say more in its favour than that, in reading it through, we decided one verse was so good that it must be quoted, but that, after finishing the book, we found it difficult to decide which verse it was that had so struck us.

A. M.

By-Ways of Belief, by Conrad Noel. (Frank Palmer, London. Price 5s.)

We are always glad to read honest criticism of Theosophy and the T.S., as we often learn thereby. The book under review contains a criticism under the heading of 'Theosophic dogmas for Escaped Ethicists,' but, from beginning to end, it is a mass of false notions based on faulty preconceptions. The chief aim of the writer is to show the 'grandeur' of the 'Holy Catholic Church Universal' and this he does by running down various schools of modern thought.

A little examination of the writer's rigmarole about Theosophy shows his ignorance of the subject he is handling. The cloud of prejudices through which he attempts to look at the Goddess of Divine Wisdom, the cock-sure attitude that he has the possession of the final secret of man's immortality, and the tenacious belief that his conclusions are final, all leave the reader unconvinced. A perusal will show his gross carelessness in the study of his subject and his unsympathetic attitude.

"The theosophists, unlike the rationalists in almost every particular, have this in common with them, that they do not seem to have contributed anything to what may be called the Science of Morals." What a familiarity with our literature!

"Mrs. Besant, in her agnostic and pre-theosophic days, was a constructive Socialist and a vigorous social reformer. Her practical work has to all intents and purposes ceased." We wonder, if our writer, reads regularly and carefully the newspapers and magazines of the day!

Mme. Blavatsky possessed "an effective though somewhat shallow knowledge of Oriental thought". Let the writer produce a few paragraphs of profound philosophy and depth of spiritual thought—which bring illumination—of the kind with which Mme. Blavatsky's bulky volumes are replete.!

It is of little use to waste space over the superficial deductions of the writer. The final wrath (so foreign to real Catholicism, or Theosophy) of the writer is fine—"Theosophists are sweet, tolerant, patient, and charitable, but they lack the adventurous spirit, and are not moved with indignation." The possession of these *Christian* virtues by Theosophists is perhaps a reflection on the modern so-called

followers of the Christ ; and, therefore possibly our writer, surrounded by the light, not of Christianity but of Churchianity, grudges all the broad religious and semi-religious movements of the time their growing popularity.

The book is a hotch-potch of trash not worth wasting time over.

B. P. W.

Themis. A Study of the Social Origins of Greek Religion, by Jane Ellen Harrison. (University Press, Cambridge. Price 15s. net.)

Whatever literary work comes from Miss Harrison must needs be of first rate quality, full of information, the product of solid learning. So it is with her most recent volume, a stately octavo of near six hundred pages all in all. Outwardly characterised by that care in execution which we are accustomed to expect from the Cambridge Press, with four excellent methodical indexes—the student's delight, a very useful and full tabular list of contents, and illustrated with more than one hundred and fifty instructive figures, the form is worthy of the contents. A special feature is the brief introduction. Here the author follows a most commendable plan in concisely sketching out, not only the main subject and problem of each chapter in the book, but also the genesis and general results of the labours resulting in the production of the book. This preliminary general survey is of great help in the study of the work as it furnishes the reader beforehand with a canon of proportion.

To sketch out and discuss the full contents of the book itself is out of the question, it is too many-sided and too voluminous for that. What do we not find treated of in these fascinating pages ? The rites of rebirth amongst the Wiradthuri of New South Wales and the Akikuyu of British East Africa, the Titans, orgiastic dances, the Dithyramb as a birth song of Dionysos, magic sleep as a sleep of initiation, the meaning of magic, magical rain making, thunder and taboo, the medicine bird, totemism, sacrament, sacrifice, the bull sacrifice, Satyrs and Helios, the King as year-god, the boiling of Pelops, marriage of sun and moon, the snake as a symbol of palingenesia, Themis and *Doom*, the Swastika and Tao, etc., etc. : all these subjects and many more furnish matter for discussion.

Let us, with the aid of the author's summary, briefly glance over the thread of argument running through the book. Its basis and, indeed, its cause and impulse are two ideas: (1) That the mystery-god and the Olympian gods express, the one duration (in the Bergsonian sense) or life; and the others the action of conscious intelligence which reflects upon and analyses, life. . . . In other words Dionysos is a god of religion; the Olympian gods are gods of intellectualism. The one is primitive; the others are artificial. (2) That amongst primitive peoples, religion reflects *collective* feeling and *collective* thinking.

Chapter I describes the recent discovery in Crete of the *Hymn of the Kouretes*. This Hymn is made the starting point of the whole work. Its analysis shows that it represents the Kouretes as the initiated youths. The Daimon they invoke is not the Father of Gods and Men, but the Greatest Kouros. The Kouros stands for the unity of the Kouretes. Amongst primitive people, the child, by his first natural birth, belongs to his mother, his life is of her life. By his second Birth at Initiation, he is made one with the life of his group, his 'soul is congregationalised'. The new life emphasised is the group life.

Chapter II. The Hymn discussed belongs to the family of ancient religious and ritual chaunts of which this Chapter studies the origins, elements and developments.

Chapter III treats mainly of thunder rites and the conception *Mana* of Melanesian magic and endeavours to analyse the conception *sacred*.

In Chapter IV magic and taboo are discussed and Chapter V is mainly devoted to the discussion of the meaning of the word *sacrament* in connection with totemism and sacrifice.

The above two chapters exemplify man's reactions towards the various forces in the universe and his desire for union with dominion over outside powers.

Chapter VI is mainly engaged with the spring festival and its magic affinities.

Chapter VII is contributed to the volume by Mr. F. M. Cornford and treats of 'The Origin of the Olympic Games'.

Chapter VIII deals with 'Daimon and Hero' and the next with the sequel 'From Daimon to Olympian,' whilst Chapter X speaks of 'The Olympians' themselves.

Finally, Chapter XI discusses 'Themis,' the social conscience on which depends social culture. And this brings us back to the original starting point, the *Hymn of the Kouretes*, of which the last words are 'leap for goodly Themis'.

Professor Gilbert Murray contributes an appendix to Chapter VIII on 'the ritual forms preserved in Greek tragedy'.

The whole volume is extraordinarily attractive, replete with interesting items, valuable suggestions and illuminating comparisons. To Theosophists it should be of great interest.

On one point we cannot see eye to eye with the author: it is in her discussion of the reincarnation idea. She speaks of it as "a grotesque system of purification for the individual soul, . . . a doctrine against which our common sense rebels" (p. 271) is after all expressing a personal opinion with which we disagree but which has equal right with our own contrary view. But when she adds the following we think there is a mistake in fact, or at least a deplorable confusion between two totally different conceptions. I believe that already Wilken, in his work on Animism amongst the Malayo-Polynesian peoples, has shown that the Indian and the Polynesian reincarnation conceptions have arisen independently from each other and are different in nature. But our author adds:

Reincarnation is, I venture to think, no mystical doctrine propounded by a particular and eccentric sage rather it is, I believe, a stage in the development of thinking through which men naturally and necessarily pass, it is a form of collective or group thought, and, as such, it is a usual and almost necessary concomitant of totemism. Whether my view in this matter be true or false, thus much stands certain, a belief in reincarnation is characteristic of totemistic peoples.

Now, first of all, in our own midst we have certainly absolute proof that a general belief in reincarnation by a great body of people may be directly traced to the teaching of 'a particular and eccentric sage,' namely H. P. Blavatsky in the case of Theosophists, or Allan Kardec and his spirits in the case of the Spiritists. The same seems to me to hold good for Pythagoras, notwithstanding Miss Harrison's contrary opinion.

Secondly a conception of reincarnation starting from reflections about man's soul and body and their mutual relations must be different from one starting from the periodical rejuvenation of the vegetable kingdom and only afterwards transferred from the lower to the higher kingdom of man. And this seems to be the difference, between Indian and Australian reincarnation, though we admit that the reincarnation doctrine is still little studied and understood in its purely historical aspect. Anyhow the few hundred thousands of modern western believers in reincarnation cannot possibly be described as totemistic.

J. v. M.

When the Sun moves Northward, by Mabel Collins. (The T.P.S., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

Lovers of the writings of Mabel Collins will welcome this new work from her pen, and will find in it the cycle of ideas which she has already hinted at in *Green Leaves*. The symbolism under which the teachings received on the higher planes are communicated to the world is Egyptian, and a few suggestive hints as to its translation are given. "The gates of gold are those portals which admit to the spiritual life." "The iron bar. . . is that artificial and temporary consciousness which makes of men separate and isolated beings." All is taught by symbol: "I found myself in a high thicket of myrtle, which was all in flower. Above me was the blue sky. For a moment I was full of a keen consciousness of the sweet fresh air and sunshine, and the strength and joy of the plants. Then, as I looked, the myrtle was all gathered and thrown upon the ground, covering the great floor of the Hall. Someone who stood beside me said: 'Behold, the harvest has been laid low. The little tree of personal life has been cut down; it lies beneath the feet of the *one who walks*, and with every step it gives forth an inexpressibly sweet fragrance, which will never again depart from him.' This fragrance is that mysterious product of the incarnations which remains with the ego thenceforth, when incarnations are at an end." The book is "a Treatise on the six Sacred Months, containing the Mystic Ritual". Lovers of this method of teaching will find much to help and to inspire, and M. C. wields a magic pen.

A. B.

The Wisdom of the East Series (John Murray, London.)

The Buddha's 'Way of Virtue': a translation of the Dhammapada by W. D. C. Wagiswara and K. J. Saunders. (Price Re. 1-8 or 2s. or 50c.)

The world-famous *Dhammapada* though read and re-read is like the *Bhagavad-Gita* always new and always life-giving. The volume under review, in the admirable series, has its advantage in the fact that one of its translators has been for many years a Bhikkhu, and can naturally therefore enter into the depths of the book and bring such inspiration to its readers as a lay student, however learned, cannot do. The *Dhammapada* is intensely practical—a fact that has misled Mr. Saunders into affirming that “mysticism in short finds no entrance here;” this is true perhaps of ‘mysticism’ that is sentimental, emotional and hysterical. It is because of its practical nature in the region of spirituality that the *Dhammapada* is a gospel of high mysticism, as the *Gita* is a gospel of active service; and its great worth lies in the fact that it makes possible the unfolding of qualities which make us practical mystics. No Theosophist should fail to possess a copy of the *Dhammapada*.

B. P. W.

Taoist Teachings from the Book of Lieh Tzu. (Price Re. 1-8 or 2s. or 50c.)

This new “ambassador of good-will and understanding between East and West” is a translation of the teachings of the Chinese philosopher Lieh Tzu. What little is known of his life, Mr. Giles gives in his introduction, together with a skeleton outline of the history of Taoism. Lieh Tzu belongs to what the translator terms the middle period of Taoistic influence—a period marked by all that is greatest in Chinese Art and literature—when, from being the philosophy of the few, Taoism became the religion of the many. Its wide Catholic spirit enabled it to incorporate all the riches of ancient Chinese folklore and mythology and so provided a fount of art-inspiration for generations to follow. Lieh Tzu’s work consists of eight books; seven of them, each book forming a chapter, are included in the present volume and into its narrow compass a veritable feast of worldly and unworldly wisdom is packed. Golden precepts, pointed phrases and pithy stories, punctuated by quotations from the writings of

Chan Chau, a distinguished Chinese nobleman, are strung together by the translator's own running commentary. A Book of this nature cannot receive adequate treatment in a brief review. From the origin of the Universe, to an old skull, is a long journey yet each provides a subject for instruction for our sage. Problems of sociology, of ethics, of philosophy, of evolution, are all touched upon, and the stories with which this master of anecdote and lover of laughter illustrates his teachings contain profound truths often closely veiled in subtle draperies of humour. Teachings are given concerning the characteristics of the Sage, the qualifications for discipleship, the relative nature of life and death, the use and abuse of intuition, the power of faith, and the necessity for minding one's own business, for the cultivation of discrimination, concentration and good manners. Underlying all is the supreme teaching that happiness is only to be found in wisdom, the one Reality—Tao. Towards this end all life is a pilgrimage, upon which are found vagabond and fine gentleman alike and though the latter is more highly esteemed by the world the Sage consorts with neither, for both have lost their way. He seeks those only whose thoughts are fixed on 'The Returning,' (the Nivritti Marga of Hindu philosophy). And, we would add, those who are so fortunate as to travel in the company of such as Lieh Tzu will find enough and to spare of pure fun, delightful fancy and kindly sympathy to cheer them on their way. We feel sure our readers will welcome this entertaining and instructive addition to 'The Wisdom of the East' series.

A. E. A.

Buddhism. A Study of the Buddhist Norm, by Mrs. Rhys Davids, M. A. [Home University Library of Modern Knowledge, No. 47.] (Williams & Norgate, London. Price Re. 1 or 1s. 6d. or 40 c.)

This little work constitutes a valuable contribution to the literature about Buddhism. It is exclusively devoted to a study of Pali Buddhism, and of that variety only from one distinct point of view. The author leaves out of her survey anything historical, except in some brief remarks in the introductory chapter. The body of the book is devoted to an analysis and discussion of the Buddhistic conception of Dharma and

the subject is treated largely from psychological and philosophical standpoints.

The Dharma is considered under four heads, in accordance with a fourfold definition of the term as given by Buddhaghosha :

1. The Doctrine, as a verbal, or literary composition, to be learnt and mastered ;
2. Condition, or Cause ;
3. Right, or Righteousness ;
4. Phenomenon, or Non-entity, Non-substrate, Non-soulness ;

So we find successively an exposition of the Dharma in chapters on :

The Norm as theory of no-soul ;
 The Norm as law of causation ;
 The Norm as moral law, and
 The Norm as ideal.

Some introductory and concluding chapters, a chronological note, a bibliography (restricted to Pali books, and too limited in extent), and an index, complete the little book.

The whole exposition is thoughtful and merits careful study ; the style however is laboured in many places ; many a sentence reads clumsily. The rendering of Dharma by Norm is open to all such objections as can be raised by similar attempts to render fundamental Oriental philosophical or religious terms into English. 'Norm' has an academical flavour not present in Dharma.

It is a pity that in this little book Pali Buddhism is again so exclusively presented as sufficient to furnish materials for portraying Buddhism. A booklet entitled *Buddhism tout court* ought at least to contain chapters on Tibetan, Chinese and Japanese Buddhism ; and its bibliography ought at least to refer to some of the more important work done in that direction. It is, to a certain extent, to be regretted that several of the recent English popular expositions of Buddhism have been written by either Mr. or Mrs. Rhys Davids, for by their self-limitations the general public will, for a long time, be prevented from fully understanding Buddhism as a whole. For this reason, as well as

for another, we would have preferred that the little book should have appeared, not in a popular series of manuals, but as a separate work, and under a more appropriate title. The work might then have come more readily into the hands of those to whom it is likely to be of most use ; and would probably not be so widely bought by others, who would be better served by another type of exposition. We want, however, to make it quite clear that we regard the work as one of great value for anyone who is already somewhat familiar with the outlines of Buddhistic teachings and history. It should, however, be regarded as a book to be studied with others, and by no means as a sufficient general introduction, in itself, to the subject indicated by its title. To put it from quite another point of view and in another way, we consider frankly that this booklet is too good to form part of a cheap series. The Indian sage in 'rags' is as yet an unwonted apparition in the occidental book world ; perhaps Messrs. Williams and Norgate, together with Messrs. Jack and Messrs. Dent & Co., will familiarise him to us by their unwearying energies so that we shall soon meet him as frequently in the West as his human prototype is met with in Oriental literature. The present unfamiliarity may, in the meantime, lead to misunderstandings.

In conclusion we must give one quotation. All readers will remember the difficulties in the way of a satisfactory explanation of the chain of twelve nidanas. Mrs. Rhys Davids gives an exceedingly simple and ingenious solution of the riddle by simply spreading the twelve categories over past, present and future lives, instead of applying the chain to an all-embracing cosmic process. Here follows her table which speaks for itself :

Past Lives	{	Because of ignorance, actions ; ,, actions, (fresh) consciousness (causing rebirth) ;
Present Life	{	,, that consciousness, (new) mind and body ;
		,, mind and body, sense-organs ;
		,, sense-organs, contact ;
		,, contact, feeling ;
		,, feeling, craving ;
Future Lives	{	,, craving, grasping ;
		,, grasping (the disposition for) becoming (or rebirth) ;
		,, becoming, rebirth ;
	{	,, rebirth, decay, death, grief, mourning, pain, sorrow and despair.

J. v. M.

Personality and Telepathy, by F.C. Constable, M.A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co, London. Price 7s. 6d. net.)

Telepathy undoubtedly provides evidence of superphysical relations which cannot be ignored by the unprejudiced investigator, and Mr. Constable claims for his book the credit of utilising this fact to establish a spiritual conception of man. The first part of the book, which the author frankly confesses may be skipped without detriment to the second and third parts, reads almost like a commentary on Kant, mainly advocating the term 'intuitive self' in preference to the time honoured word 'Soul'. The definition of this intuitive self corresponds closely to the Theosophical 'ego,' namely a spiritual individuality of which the personality is but a limited representative, but we cannot help remarking how incomplete the picture seems without the background of reincarnation. Still the author's attachment to his particular term is evident recognition of the intuition as the essential function of the real man, and it is interesting to find how modern philosophers are turning their attention to this latent capacity for knowledge beyond the scope of the laborious mental process. And, striking as are the facts of telepathy, the arguments in the first part of the book do not entirely depend on them; for the mystery of memory is clearly presented as undeniable witness to a faculty transcending the limitations of physical time and space.

The second and third parts contain an interesting collection of actual cases of transference of impressions by means other than the normal senses. These cases have been selected from the archives of the Society for Psychical Research, as being of irreproachable accuracy, and include many forms of hypnotic experiment and of what is ordinarily called clairvoyance. They are co-ordinated by comments and suggestions, and related as far as possible to the simpler phenomena of telepathy; in fact the author's desire to synthesise the maze of phenomena into one master faculty diversely translated by the brain, strikes one as an intuition in itself, though, as is modestly acknowledged, the task is no light one to undertake unaided. In this connection we were delighted to read of the author's personal experience of a touch of higher consciousness, but, judging by the almost apologetic tone of the 'digression,' he seems scarcely aware of the interest many will attach to this passage. So we cannot resist quoting from p. 70 in full :

No few of us have known moments of mystic experience which we can recall in memory: experience which cannot be referred to cognition, cannot be referred to bodily state. The very feeling exists in Self-consciousness of non-self in time and space: of the non-existence of the human personality, and yet in the finding of one's real self in this negation of human personality. Anyone who has had such experience remains through earthly life impressed with living belief that he exists in some reality of which his human existence is but a passing shadow.

This passage probably supplies the key to much of the writer's meaning. On the whole, therefore, though frequent repetitions and a somewhat pedantic style, especially in the first part, call for some exercise of patience, we may expect the book to carry considerable weight with that praiseworthy band of investigators whose mystical tendencies remain subservient to the more cautious methods of psychical research.

W. D. S. B.

The Mysticism of Colour, by Finetta Bruce (William Rider & Son. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

We have often thought that certain phases of 'New Thought' require a particular kind of mind for their comprehension; this volume confirms that opinion. Its construction is original. The first part opens with a kind of parable, which is followed by some pages of indifferent versification called 'My Book of Life;' then succeeds a series of essays on the meaning and value of Colour, the Aura and the Rainbow and—more verses. The second part contains a selection of Bible quotations illustrative of various qualities attached to the prismatic colours which are personified as the 'Seven Spirits of God'. This is the best section of the book. After it follows another series of essays, a kind of colour crescendo of all the virtues. To those fortunately trained in a New Thought atmosphere the *Mysticism of Colour* may prove pleasant and profitable reading; but the matter-of-fact student will vainly knit his brows in the search for coherent thought. Out of the multi-coloured haze of mixed metaphors, inapposite similes, more or less exact science, smatterings of physics and of art, pages of Biblical allegory and verse, and all the colours of the rainbow and more, rise the shadowy outlines of a few central ideas: that colour is symbolic; that it has a practical as well as an æsthetic value; and that it may be utilised as an aid in man's spiritual unfoldment.

A. E. A.

A Child's Visions, by Daphne Allen. (George Allen and Co., Ltd., London. Price 6s.)

Theosophists have often heard that in this age children of strange powers and possibilities are being born; a concrete instance is the twelve years old girl whose forty-two drawings in colour and pen and ink are reproduced here, "selected from many hundreds preserved from among the many thousands which she has drawn since she first attempted to portray the Crucifixion at the age of three". A quotation from the Introduction will describe better the merits of this interesting album :

How simple and direct is 'The Remorse of Eve,' how ably the interest is focussed on the figure, and with such economy of line. Note the tenderness of the drawing in 'The Virgin and Child with St. John,' the easy grouping of 'The Holy Family,' the sense of space in 'After the Temptation,' the boldness of 'The Return from Calvary,' the rhythm of 'The Taking Down from the Cross,' the imagination and the sense of decoration in 'Christ, the Healer,' and the beauty, as of the pure in heart, of the idea of 'The Child Christ in Glory'. Once again I can only express my astonishment that such facility, imagination, and variety should proceed from a child.

Can it be that young Daphne Allen is the reincarnation of some famous religious painter who has a special mission connected with the new age now opening ?

B. P. W.

THEOSOPHY IN NEW AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS

By CLARA HENDERSON

Routledge Rides Alone, by Will Levington Comfort. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Publishers. Price \$1.25.

She Buildeth Her House, by Will Levington Comfort. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Publishers. Price \$1.50.

Fate Knocks at the Door, by Will Levington Comfort. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Publishers. Price \$1.25.

In the early part of 1910 a novel by a new author appeared in America. This, in itself, is not of sufficient rarity to merit special mention, but, aside from the fact that it was a very readable book, full of thrilling adventures and quickly shifting scenes, it was notable for two things.

It was, in the first place, a powerful arraignment against the ravages and desolations incurred by war; so much so, that the Michigan State Federation of Women's Clubs, numbering 17,000 women, in October, 1910, passed a resolution endorsing Mr. Comfort's novel, *Routledge Rides Alone*, and recommending the author as "one on whom the Nobel Peace Prize

might worthily be bestowed". It was a gracious thing to do; this swift recognition of meritorious work by a hitherto unknown author by the women of his own state. It speaks quite as much for their keen intuition as for the quality of work by which Mr. Comfort earned their approval. And their action was later confirmed by the well-known writer, Mr. Edwin Markham.

The story deals with the experiences of Cosmo Routledge, a war correspondent in the field during the Russian and Japanese war. The fact that Mr. Comfort has twice visited Asia in the United States Army Service, and was a war correspondent in Cuba and the Philippines, as well as in China and Manchuria, enables him to give a vividness to his story that fairly grips the heart at times.

But, even more important to Theosophists is the rich vein of true Mysticism running through the book. It begins in the first chapter where Routledge—at home on a visit in London—is relating some of his experiences to the girl he afterwards marries. He says concerning a friend of his:—"Rawder told me I should find him in India next—said that he was called to the heart of India by a dream. He is to find his teacher. Is it beyond belief to you, Miss Noreen, that there is a great meaning in this Indian shadow which has fallen upon my bravest man? I have known Hindus who could look beyond the flesh of men—despised by their own race—and discover souls of stirring evolution and inspiring purity."

Later in the book the Theosophical Society is mentioned in a kindly and humorous manner. One of the minor characters goes to visit the Adyar Headquarters at the request of his sister, who is a member of the Theosophical Society in Syracuse, New York. "Go to Madras, James," his sister had told him. "By all means, go to Madras. Our Headquarters and our libraries of occult literature are there. It may be that our President and Founder will meet you personally, or Annie Besant, the most noted woman in the world. Don't call it Besant, like the author, but as if it were spelled '*Bessant.*' There are reasons, James, *esoteric reasons.*"

Of course no loyal Theosophist is going to read that without finishing the book straightway. And although it is apparent that Mr. Comfort is misinformed on some esoteric matters, the main details are so accurate, and the honest intention

so apparent that one felt justified in looking for much more of our teachings and conceptions in Mr. Comfort's next book.¹

His second book, *She Buildeth Her House* appeared early in 1911. It is a tremendously big book in some ways, but it is on the whole, not so well balanced as was *Routledge Rides Alone*. And it is full of Occultism of a higher and finer quality than was apparent in his preceding work. In Bellingham, one of the leading characters, is depicted so true a type of the Black Magician and his powers for evil, that the orthodox book reviewers scoffed at what they were pleased to term the utter absurdity of his achievements. It is unfortunately true that the majority of our literary critics to-day are much less able for unqualified prejudice than for sympathetic tolerance concerning subjects with which they are wholly unacquainted. As Mr. Comfort puts it in a private letter concerning this class: "This is the type of mind that always hurts me—the mind that gives no benefit of doubt to what it does not instantly comprehend—but condemns forever."

After so much accomplished in Mr. Comfort's first two books, you can easily imagine with what impatience—not unmingled with anxiety—we on this side of the continent who were interested in his work—awaited the appearance of his next book. Would he attain poise in it?—a quality somewhat lacking in *She Buildeth Her House*. Would he develop the critical ability which looks after the detail work of a book in such a manner that it is finished, complete and pleasing? This is a quality in which women writers excel; could we expect it of a man? Would he give us a hero who would be innocent but not ignorant; wise but not self-complacent; gentle, but not lacking in manly courage?

And when *Fate Knocks at the Door* came fresh from the publishers, we lost no time in hunting through its pages for that hero; the hero for whom we had dreamed and hoped. Sufficient poise, careful detail work; these were apparent as we continued our search, but we did not find the hero of our dreams. In Andrew Bedient we found a character much nobler and vastly finer than anything of which we had been able to conceive. He must be studied, this man of simplicity and greatness whose literary education consists of years of

¹ This book was reviewed in our Magazine; see THE THEOSOPHIST, September, 1910.

study of the Bible and the *Bhagavad-Gita*; whose opportunities have been nothing more than those given a forlorn nameless waif, turned adrift to fend for himself at the age of seven; and whose heart turns longingly to India by the time he has reached manhood. Here he entered into the Forestry Service and imbibed the brooding mystery and the spiritual potentialities of that land. Here he began to lose the sense of personality and to find himself "one with some Unity that swept over the pageant of the universe. . . . That was his first departure and he was in his twenty-eighth year." In a disappointed love affair and the consequent suffering that comes to him some years later, Bedient enters consciously upon the Path of Initiation and finds in his heart ever after, love for all womankind with desire for none.

Curiosity as to the personality of the writer followed the completion of a book so full of wisdom and spiritual guidance; and this prompted a letter of inquiry to Mr. Comfort's publishers. By return mail came his address, together with the suggestion that we write him, as he would be very glad to answer any questions. In answer to our letter Mr. Comfort states that he is thirty-four years old, and he has been a member of the Theosophical Society. And he continues:

About eight years ago I wrote a newspaper article on Reincarnation and an editor asked me if I were a Theosophist. I said I didn't know. He said I wrote like one and I became intensely interested—hardly knowing why. He gave me Mrs. Besant's little book, *Thought Power: Its Control and Culture*, and it was, I think, my greatest reading experience. I joined the Lodge here at once, and was chosen the year following (1905) as a delegate to Chicago to hear Mrs. Besant. Circumstances made it impossible for me to go, which I found very hard at the time. I consider Mrs. Besant the greatest living woman. Meanwhile I had been covering continents of Theosophical literature, from *The Ancient Wisdom* to the *Doctrine* itself. The experiences of Routledge, Charter and Bedient are largely my own experiences, though I did not have quite the Indian incidents related in the first and third books. Of late years I have met the tendency to read straight at the fount of the Hindu philosophy, especially the *Bhagavad-Gita*, though I take every opportunity to thank H. P. B., Mrs. Besant, Leadbeater, Sinnett, Judge and Olcott for the marvellous meanings they have brought into my life. Mrs. Besant was literally my spiritual mother in those early years of study, and I say frankly that my love for the *Bible* to-day, and for the Sacred Writings of the Farther East, as well as the uncommon inner tendency of my work as a modern American novelist are all directly traceable to that first little book of Mrs. Besant's.

In Mr. Comfort we have found, it would seem, one well fitted by study, temperament and natural endowments to further the truths of Theosophy in an intelligent, fascinating and powerful manner. We can but be grateful that such a bit of good karma has been accorded us.

Clara Henderson

NOTICES

The Occult Significance of Blood (T. P. S. 6d.) by Dr. Steiner is an original esoteric study. *Charmides and Other Poems* by Gascoigne Mackie is a volume of very readable verse (Blackwell, 2s. 6d.). *The Lady Sheila* (T. P. S. 2s.) is "the story of a few of the most notable of my marvellous psychic experiences through the mediation of my dear wife, narrated by me as faithfully and as truly as I have been able" by J. L. Macbeth Bain. *The Key to Perfect Health* is "a practical guide to both Operator and Patient" by Arthur Hallam of the Psycho-Therapeutic Society (St. Clements Press). *The Trend of Psychical Research* by H. A. Dallas (Watkins, 6d.) is a reprint from *The Quest* and the same publisher has to his credit *Notes on the Lord's Prayer* by E. Thurlow Harrison (6d.) which are short meditations written for friends and published at their wish. *Seven Sketches* by Val Evans may interest some (no publisher, no address). *The Mask* by J. Redwood Anderson (J. Thornton & Son, 4s.) contains twenty-one admirable poems of originality and subtle charm. *Bon-Bons* (astral)—good!—by F. P. Savinien (Routledge) is another volume of verse full of good sentiment. *The Depressed Classes* (Natesan) is an enquiry into their condition and suggestions for their uplifting. *Indian Industrial and Economic Problems* by Prof. Kale (Natesan) is full of useful information. *Persian Gems* (2 Vols.) are badly printed unattractive pocket editions of some really good verses. *A Social Interpretation of Religion* and *Sadhu Hira Nand—a Saint of Modern Ind* are both by Prof. T. L. Vasvani. *Truth Newtold* by Edward Willmore is "a plain statement of the Real Things of Life, of what Religion really is Against obscure obsolete dogma. Against a paid ministry. Against Agnosticism. In favour of a practical piety"—all told in thirty-one pamphlet pages and obtainable at 6d. *Simple Rules of Health* by Philip Oyler (known to the readers of our magazine) is a pamphlet of suggestive thoughts and will be found useful (3d.). *The Threefola Way* (T. P. S., 6d.) by A. H. Ward is an admirable pamphlet and we recommend it to our readers. The New Zealand division of the Order of the Star in the East is issuing a quarterly magazine entitled *The Halycon*. The first number has reached us; it is a creditable production. We heartily wish it success. *Some Forgotten Truths of Hinduism* by J. Sreenivasa Row (THE THEOSOPHIST Office, Adyar, Madras, 4 Ans. or 4d.) is in the words of Mrs. Besant "quite admirable. It should be widely circulated."

THE LATEST FROM THE PRESIDENT

A very warm welcome awaited us at Bombay ; after depositing our luggage at the station, we were driven to the Gaiety Theatre, where the Bombay Theosophists were gathered in force, and whither some had come from other towns. Dr. Trilokekar, F.T.S., presided, and an address was read from a large number of western Indian Lodges in the Bombay Presidency and Kathiawar. Then followed others separately from the Blavatsky Lodge, Bombay, from Porbandar, from Rajkote, from the Kāshī Taṭṭva Sabhā, Benares, two from the Order of the Star in the East, and one from the Sons of India ; two more from Benares' groups of the Golden Chain met me on the journey. Telegrams from Lodges at Poona, Hyderabad (Sindh), Junagad, Indore, Madura, Adyar, Benares, Kumbakonam, Rangoon, Quetta, swelled the note of loving welcome. Garlands, including two from the Co-Masonic Lodges of Bombay, weighed down the recipient with their wealth of flowers, and two beautiful silver caskets were provided for the addresses. A brief speech of gratitude from myself was all that time permitted, and then the Sheriff of Bombay motored me back to the station, and we shortly steamed off for the north.

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The country was lovely in its brilliant greens and rushing waters, and was restful to eyes tired with the gleam of the sea. We tore onwards at a tremendous pace—the postal specials always seem to me to run dangerously fast on the not very smoothly laid roads—and the Benares party, Mrs. Sharpe, Dr. Rocke and myself, abandoned Mrs. Kerr and Miss Stewart, who were going on to Calcutta, and

stepped out on the platform of Moghal Serai into a crowd of cheering boys, and not less pleased though more quiet elders. Mr. and Miss Arundale, Bābū Bhagavān Dās Sahab, Paṇḍiṭ Chheda Lāl, Miss Willson, Mr. K. Nārāyaṇa Swāmi, were among the familiar faces, and it was good to see them all again, young and old, and to feel their outstreaming affection. Soon we were on our way again, in the Benares train, and at the Cantonment station there was a yet bigger crowd. A gorgeous state coach, covered with garlands and the wheels hidden with flowers, engulfed Mr. and Miss Arundale, Mr. Bhagavān Dās and myself; the dear lads wanted to draw it home themselves, but against this I rebelled, and the horses were reharnessed, and went at a footpace. The very small boys were kindly provided with conveyances by the Managing Committee, but the Cadet Corps, Guard of Honour and Scouts all marched gaily along, flanked by non-uniformed lads. Thrice we stopped, once at each Boarding-House, for the garlanding ceremony, and thus reached Shānti Kuñja. On Sunday came a special welcome from the T.S. Lodges, and on Monday welcome from College, Pāthashāla and School, in an address signed by every Professor and Master on the Staff. Never have I been met on my return with a welcome so warm and so unanimous. May I have strength to be worthy of the love and trust so freely outpoured.

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On Monday, September 9th, I had the pleasure of opening the new Training-School for Girls, established by Miss Arundale's energy and devotion. One of our Adyar residents, Mrs. James, is giving herself to this work, and some Hindū matrons have come forward to guide it on right lines. It is in the grounds of the Indian Section, and an additional piece of land is just being purchased and will be presented to the Section, and then rented from the Section for its use. The building was dedicated to the Masters for the use of Their Indian children.

* * *

I quite unintentionally alarmed some of his Indian friends by saying, in the May THEOSOPHIST, that England, France and Holland much wished for Mr. Leadbeater's presence. It has been translated into the idea that he might not return to India, but I had no such thought in my mind. I only intended to indicate the high esteem in which he is held. My words, however, have provoked a pleasant and earnest entreaty that I will not send "our great teacher" to these Sections.

We, of the Indian Section, appeal to you, earnestly requesting the favour of his presence in India as early as possible. Mr. Leadbeater does not, in our humble opinion, belong to any particular Section, but to the T. S. as a whole, and it is but fitting, that he should be at the central Headquarters of the T. S., where he can write without distraction his great books for the benefit of the world, instead of giving help, however splendid, to individual Sections.

India, the Motherland of spirituality needs and may rightly claim the presence and services of a personality of such spiritual greatness as Mr. Leadbeater.

The first six names on the list of signatures are those of Sir Subramania Iyer, late Chief Judge of the High Court, Madras; the Hon. Justice T. Sadāshiva Aiyar, Judge of the same High Court; Mr. Chandrasekhar Aiyar, Judge of the Chief Court, Mysore; the Sheriff of Bombay; the Dewan of Bhavnagar; Shrī Durbar Sāhab of Hadala. Then follow sub-judges and other eminent men. It has been understood, since he left, that Mr. Leadbeater would return to India either with me, or shortly after my arrival at Madras. That arrangement has remained unchanged, the only question being in what ship he could secure a cabin to himself. This has caused the delay of a few days, but he has obtained one in a steamer of the Austrian Lloyd line, and sails from Trieste early in October.

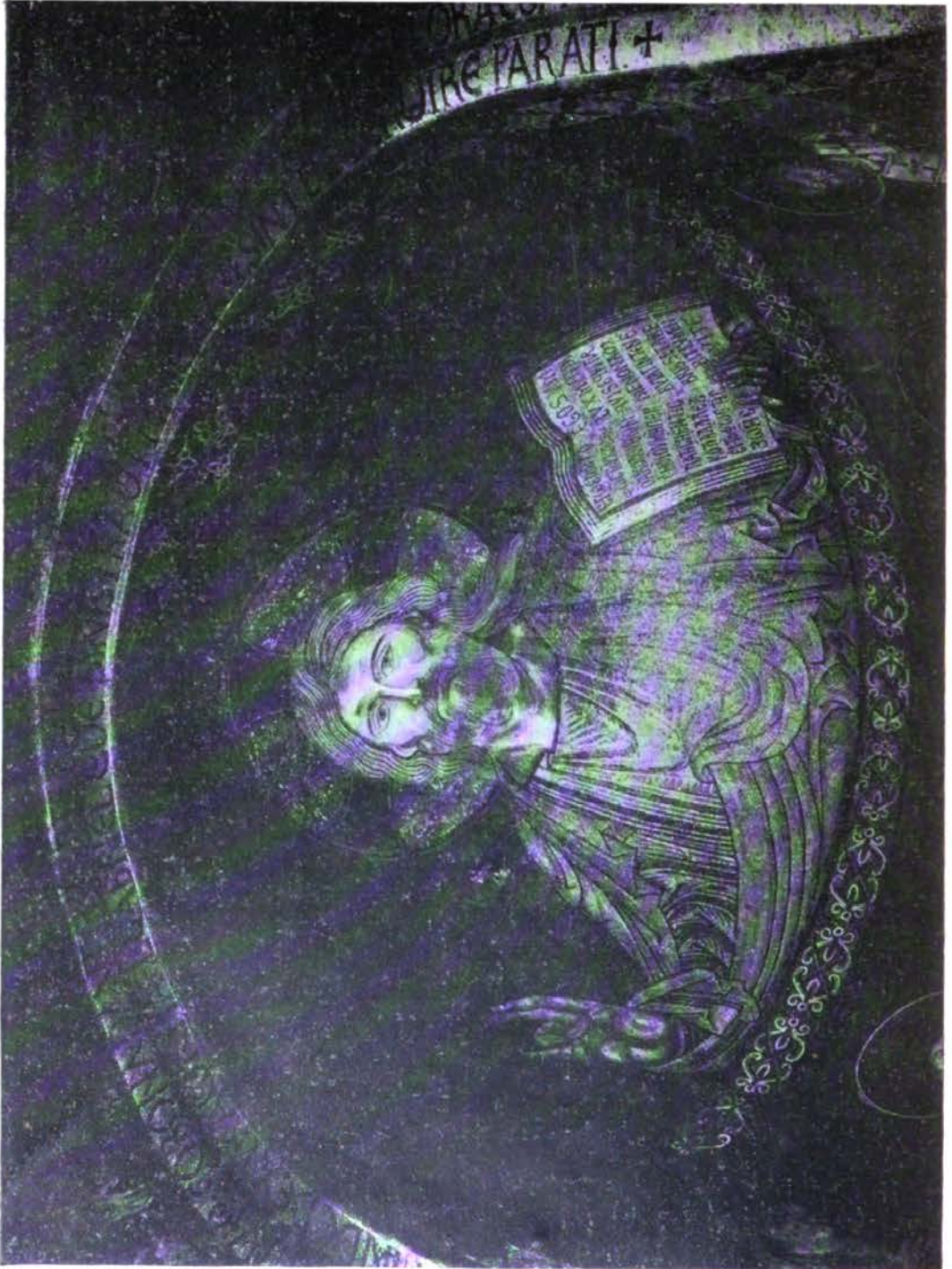
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Theosophists all over the world will be glad to hear that, as soon as the University of Benares is fairly launched, steps will be taken to found a Theosophical College in Benares. There will, of course, be no distinction of race or creed; all will be equally welcome. It is the

hope of those who will found it that it will be a unifying element in India, drawing together all the separate factors which make the Indian nation. The principles laid down in Alcyone's admirable little book, *Education as Service*, will be followed there in practice.

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With the New Year, we shall commence the issue of a new Magazine, intended for the young—not for children, but for lads and lasses of High School and College age—teaching Theosophy along suitable lines, and specially explaining the teachings of the various great religions in the light of Theosophy. Later, it will become the official organ of the Theosophical College of Benares. It will be of the size of THE THEOSOPHIST—but not of its thickness!—and will be published at 2s. to yearly subscribers post free, or Re. 1 in India. Single copies will be 3½d. post free, or 3 annas. It will be sold at our usual publishing offices in India and England. It is to be called *The Young Citizen: A Magazine of Theosophical Education*. I want to ask my friends everywhere to help me in making this Magazine known, and even more earnestly, because the matter is more pressing, to help me in increasing the circulation of the C.H.C. Magazine during 1913. I am going to pay a great deal of attention to this Magazine during the coming year, and should be very grateful to my friends everywhere if they would subscribe for both for the year 1913. The C.H.C. Magazine will be published, as usual, in Benares, the new Magazine at Adyar. Further details about both will be given next month.



THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THANKS, loving and grateful thanks, to all friends, far and near, who sent me birthday greetings on the sixty-fifth Anniversary of my birth. Telegrams came from England, Scotland, New Zealand, Burma, Ceylon, United States, Java, London, Madrid, Paris and from so many Indian towns that the list is too long to give. More than two hundred Indian Lodges combined in sending a resolution of love and loyalty, circulated from the C. H. C. Lodge, as a birthday greeting. Many others sent words of love, welling up from their own warm hearts, while messages from individuals rained in all day long. To all, and to all who sent congratulations by letter, once again: Thanks. October 1 was a very full day at Benares. The celebrations began at 7-30 A. M. with a gathering round the Sarasvaṭi Temple in the College quadrangle, to which I was escorted by the cadet corps, and passages from the scriptures of the Hindūs, Jainas, Zoroastrians, Buddhists—in Pāli, Chinese,

Tibetan and Japanese—Christians, Musalmāns, Sikhs, were read by members of the respective faiths; there is something strangely impressive and beautiful in such a ceremony, so fitting for the celebration of the birthday of the President of the T. S., the world-wide Society, embracing members of all faiths. Then came the opening of a room to be used by men and women who have dedicated themselves to human service in our world-wide work, then gifts were presented to the poor pupils of the Sons of India Day and Night Schools. Next came the taking of a photograph at the C. H. C. Girls' School, of the teachers, pupils and visiting ladies; no pupil being taken except with the written consent of her father; so numerous were they, that it was necessary to take two pictures; a purse was also presented. After this, I addressed the C. H. C. Brotherhood, numbering some three hundred students, whose common tie is love for their Principal, Mr. Arundale. The last morning function was the giving of presents to every servant employed in the T. S. houses and grounds. In the afternoon we began again at 3 P. M. with a crowded meeting in the College Hall, where the senior Professor, Mr. Bireshwar Banerji made a touching and effective speech on behalf of the College; the School was represented by Bābu Laliṭ Mohan, and several students recited compositions written for the occasion. Some very lovely scarves of Benares weaving were presented to me by the C. H. C. and the Sons of India, with permission to use the remainder of the gift for one of the many branches of our work. We adjourned to a Reception in the College grounds, given by the C. H. C. Officials, at which some admirably performed drill was one of the attractions. Thence we went to the T. S. Hall, where the resolutions

of Lodges were presented, a very nice address from the Islamia Lodge—approving strongly of the foundation of the Theosophical College; resolutions from the just-formed T. S. in Burma and from the Buddhist T. S. in Ceylon; an address from the Co-Masonic Lodges in India, Burma and Ceylon, with a fine Jost fan, working merrily; an address from the Order of the Star in the East; these two last were presented at the T. S. meeting, though outside the T. S. organisation, by the kind permission of the General Secretary of the Indian Section. An illumination of the C. H. C., the Boarding Houses, and the T. S. buildings, closed the day for most of us, though the boarders had still sufficient energy left to listen to a musical entertainment. May the Great Ones grant that Their servant may be worthy of all the love and trust so richly outpoured, and may repay in service the generous confidence reposed in her.

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Many gifts have reached me, both of money and of things; the money will be used for the good work, and will help me much.

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The following Birthday Address, translated from the Persian, has special interest in that it approves the project of establishing a Theosophical College in Benares.

We, the members of the Islamia Lodge, Benares, most respectfully congratulate you on the happy occasion of the sixty-fifth Anniversary of your birth. We most heartily acknowledge and appreciate your manifold works for the good of mankind, which are so well-known to the public.

We have heard with much gratification that you intend to establish a Theosophical College in Benares in which high education will be given to every one without distinction of caste and creed, and, along with secular education, religious instruction will be imparted according to the tenets of the sect

to which the student belongs. This will be an unparalleled educational institution in India.

We pray to God to give you long life, so that all humanity may derive benefit from your personality.

This address embodies the view taken generally by educated India of the proposed Theosophical College. A Karachi paper, in a passage reprinted in the Allahabad *Leader* as a leaderette, and so presumably with approval, opposes the idea of Theosophists educating themselves on their own lines, and welcoming all, irrespective of creed and colour, and exhorts all Hindūs to hold aloof, and the Hindū University to refuse the College affiliation. It is early days yet to discuss such questions. Meanwhile it is the duty of Theosophists to work for the Hindū University as they have worked for its nucleus, the Central Hindū College, which makes it possible. It is interesting to note that the largest single donation given to the C. H. C. was given by a non-Hindū Theosophist, and the largest donations, with one exception, have come from Theosophists, Hindū and non-Hindū. We shall continue our humble services till the Hindū University is launched, and then we may fairly do something for those who follow, or admire, Theosophical ideals. It will be good for India, as for any other nation, to have a College which will welcome all the rival creeds with equal respect, and so foreshadow the future amity, and build for united India. *The Universal Textbook of Religion and Morals* will embody its religious and ethical teachings, and *Education as Service*, the ideals which, with the blessing of the Masters, it will endeavour to realise.

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On September 23 a small party of us went to Gaya, a place which had not been visited on behalf of the

University of Benares. Subscriptions to the amount of over Rs. 29,000 were promised, and another Rs. 21,000 are expected, exclusive of the donation of the Mahārāja of Tikari, who was at Simla. We went on to Bankipur, where another lecture for the University was delivered, but I made there no immediate appeal for subscriptions, as most of the well-to-do had already subscribed, and also because the City Magistrate was in the Chair. (Government officers may not preside over University meetings for raising money.) My main object in both towns was to raise enthusiasm for the University which the Government is willing to grant, and to do away with any sense of disappointment about the refusal of the power of affiliation. Lectures on Theosophy were delivered in both places, the District Judge presiding at Gaya. The meetings at Bankipur were so large that we were compelled to leave the hall for the open air, for even when the hall was packed to suffocation a couple of thousand people were struggling outside.

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Full of instruction and of encouragement is it to watch how a good resolve, long hidden quietly in the heart but ever fed with the dew of devotion and of aspiration, blossoms out at length into strong and beauteous growth. Thus has it been with Krotona. Our good friend, Mr. A. P. Warrington—now General Secretary of the Theosophical Society in America—had dreamed for long years of establishing a Theosophical community, and he hoped to found it in Virginia, his home. After my American agent for the E. S. had fallen away in 1907, I chose him as my E. S. representative there, selecting him as one in whom met the rarely conjoined qualities of good sense, great business

ability, and the power of complete self-surrender and devotion. He told me then of his hopes, and we discussed possibilities and localities. He worked steadily on at the task of the moment, and brought the E. S. to a high state of efficiency, choosing his assistants with insight and inspiring them with devotion to the cause and loving trust in himself. When our noble Dr. Van Hook was compelled by financial needs to resign the Secretaryship, all eyes turned to Mr. Warrington as his successor, and he accepted the duty; meanwhile, he had decided to found the long-hoped for community in California, and had secured a plot of land. Help flowed in, and Krotona—the name had been chosen many years before in honour of the great Pythagoras, the ancient philosopher and the present Master—descended from the mental to the physical plane. Earnest men and women gathered round the new Secretary in the new Centre, and spiritual life and strength flowed in, drawn by devotion and self-sacrifice. The first official gathering was held there on June 30, and on July 2, 1912, the Foundation Stone of the Administration Building was well and truly laid with full Masonic honours. Thus the dream materialised into a fact. May the blessing of the Masters rest on the work so well begun, and bring it to a successful issue.

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One heart must have been full of thankful joy that day, as full as that of the General Secretary. His devoted assistant, Marie Poutz—who labours unceasingly for the E. S., who never appears, but who would leave a wide gap, impossible for a while to fill up, if her work were withdrawn—must have gazed with grateful, happy eyes at this crowning of the hopes of many years.

She has worked unwearingly at the unending drudgery of the E. S. office, and has become the friend and trusted helper of many hundreds. Fully has she contributed to the present success.

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Seven Chicago Lodges have formed themselves into an incorporated Theosophical Association in order to lease a Headquarters for Chicago, and have taken convenient premises, comprising a Hall which seats three hundred people and four smaller rooms, in the Lake View Buildings, 116, South Michigan Avenue. This should much facilitate work in the huge city, and should draw the co-operating Lodges into a closer unity. Dr. Van Hook is also hard at work with his Lodge in the Fine Arts Building, where he has been for some time past.

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Mr. T. N. Farquhar, M. A., is well-known in India as a speaker and writer, and he was selected to give a series of lectures at the Cambridge Summer Meeting on 'Indian Religion in Christian Light'. The lectures proved to be most attractive, and were marked with much liberality and sympathy. Mr. Farquhar made none of the ignorant misrepresentations of Hindū thought and life with which missionaries have made us so sadly familiar. But his view of reincarnation and karma (unless the newspaper summary does it injustice) is likely to mislead :

Souls are emanations of the divine spirit, sparks from the central fire, drops from the ocean of divinity. Each soul is incarnated in a body times without number. The same soul may be in one life a God, in another a man, in a third an animal, or even a plant. There can be no rest for the soul or relief for it from suffering until it finds release from the necessity of rebirth and returns to the divine source whence it came.

The companion doctrine of karma was also explained. The word karma means 'action'. The doctrine means the inevitable working out of action in new life. A man's body, character, capacities, and temperament, his birth, wealth, and station, and the whole of his experience in life, whether of happiness or of sorrow, together form the just reward or retribution for his deeds, good or bad, done in an earlier existence. The expiation works itself out not only in his passive experience, but also in his actions. These new actions form new karma, which must necessarily be expiated in another existence. Thus deeds, good and bad, form karma, and lead to rebirth. Hence the thought arose and found acceptance that if by any means a man can cease acting he may thereby get release from the necessity of rebirth. This thought encourages asceticism—the renunciation of ordinary life, with its gains, pleasures, and interests, so as to pass through an actionless existence. By living away from the unreal world of action the one actionless reality may be drawn near to. The ascetic is the only truly religious man.

Reincarnation—or transmigration, as the lecturer calls it, the two words are identical in meaning, one touching the form, the other the life—does not imply a number of lives in which Gods, men, animals and plants are jumbled up indiscriminately. Shrī Shaṅkarāchārya was careful to explain that when a man, from evil deeds, was for a time attached to an animal, he did not become an animal, but was only 'co-tenant' with the animal soul; when the soul reaches the human stage it cannot again lose humanity, even if tied for a while to an animal. A horse tied to a post does not become a post. Even this is now *very* rare, man having advanced so far beyond the animal kingdom, though occurring occasionally as the result of very extreme cruelty.

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While it is true that action, good and bad, leads to rebirth, Mr. Farquhar should have added: "Except when done for the sake of sacrifice" (*Bhagavad-Gītā*). Action which is done as a loving sacrifice to God or man does not bind. It is only the *misunderstanding* of karma

which “encourages asceticism”. And it is erroneous to ascribe to the Hindū the idea that “the ascetic is the only truly religious man”. What of Shrī Rāmachandra, of Janaka—the Kings? What of Shrī Kṛṣṇa, the warrior and statesman? What of Bhīṣma, Arjuna and scores of others whose names shine out in Hindū history? The Hindū’s life is permeated with religion, and there is no division in it between the sacred and the profane, the religious and the secular.

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“Expedition to loot lost continent. Diving for Atlantis.” Such is the startling heading under which is recorded the launching of an expedition from Liverpool “for the purpose of looting the sea-sunken cities of a lost continent, which may or may not prove to be the mysterious Atlantis of hoary tradition”. The continent is thought to be as large as Europe, and to have been suddenly overwhelmed. Investigations showed that:

The temples, palaces, and houses which formed the cities of this lost country were in far better condition than the land-buried cities of Yucatan and Guatemala. Several valuable objects of gold and silver, encrusted with jewels, and recovered by the crude methods necessarily employed by the searchers, made it practically certain that the inhabitants of the doomed land had not had time to escape with their wealth before the final catastrophe.

These discoveries, together with the traces found in the buried cities of Yucatan of a once powerful and enlightened race, indicate a wonderful civilisation that was in existence long before the days of Egypt or Babylon.

The buried cities on the adjoining land have been investigated to a considerable extent. In the ruins of one of these, the ancient city of Tikal, near the borders of Guatemala, evidence has been found that:

Its long-forgotten people used paper chemically prepared from wood fibre, and that they had printed books and libraries.

Why a person living abroad, and therefore not enjoying the protection for which he pays taxes to his country, should be mulcted of income-tax at all it is hard to see ; in any case an income of £95 a year ought to escape tax ; but all is fish that the net of the Chancellor of the Exchequer can catch, and this cruel forfeiture of the pittance of the poor probably slipped unnoticed through the Commons' House, intent on larger captures. Exeter Hall, however, was protected, and missionaries escape the confiscation.

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The little book, *Theosophy*, by myself, issued in the Edinburgh series entitled 'The People's Books' is out, and can be obtained at THE THEOSOPHIST Office as well as at the T. P. S., London. It will prove useful for general distribution as a propaganda book, and as it will be on all railway bookstalls it will be easy to obtain.



ASPECTS OF THE CHRIST

By ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

A LECTURE TO THE CONVENTION OF
ENGLAND AND WALES

I HAVE chosen for our thought to-night a subject which appears to me to be one of profound interest, and one also of great practical importance. For no subject in the western world touches more nearly the hearts of men than the subject of the Christ. Round that name are entwined all sacred memories, all loftiest aspirations, the ideal of a perfect manhood, the manifestation of God Himself. On the other hand there are many intellectual questions concerned with it, and it is impossible to escape from those questions in the modern

world—historical discussions as to the date at which He lived; critical discussions as to the authenticity of the records in which His life is inscribed; dogmatic controversies as to His nature, whether He be God and man, God or man, or only man; whether His rightful place is that of a great Teacher or of a supreme Object of worship; how He lived and how He died; all these are questions which grow up around His name; these are questions that the intellect must decide.

Now when you come to the atmosphere of the intellect, you inevitably come into that which is and must be critical, calm, balanced, more or less cold. Whereas on the other side the deepest, the most passionate emotions of human nature are concerned—emotions of reverence to God, emotions of passionate admiration of man, emotions of aspiration towards the spiritual life, aspirations the holiest and the deepest. And hence we find that round the intellectual discussions have raged the floods of emotional feelings, to the injury of both. Everywhere the emotions come in, the intellect becomes biassed and cannot judge aright. Where the intellect is concerned emotions are a danger, not a help. But on the other hand the emotions concerned being those which are the most inspiring, the most elevating, the most spiritualising, it is necessary that they should have their place, that they should enjoy full liberty of expression, that they should go out to the Object of worship, that they should purify the heart as well as inspire the life. We cannot do either without the intellect or without the emotions. Both have their place, both have their value; but in order that each may have its full value it must have its rightful place assigned to it in this great central subject of religious thought.

The intellect must be given its full, free play, the emotions their undisturbed expansion. And we shall only be able, I think, effectively to do that if we regard the whole subject in that light of the Divine Wisdom which includes the intellect and the emotions, but which also recognises the place and the supremacy of the Spirit. And I want if I can to-night to help you to a view which it seems to me—if it commends itself to you, and if you study it—may help you to understand as you should understand by the intellect, but may leave to you untouched, nay, untouchable and invulnerable, that Christ of the human heart to whom the Spirit raises himself in his moments of highest realisation, far away from every wind of controversy, from every storm of discussion, in that pure unclouded air of the very heaven itself, where intuition sees and reason bows down in silence, where the Spirit speaks and all lesser voices are dumb.

Let us take first the intellectual view and glance at this historically, as to the life itself, and then, from the standpoint, still intellectual, of comparative religion. Let us then glance at the dogmatic side, round which so much of controversy has raged and still may rage. Then let us see how the Christ appears as the Ideal of the soul, and how He rises above all the controversies of history and of doctrine in that mighty, all-compelling form which has been called the "Logos of the soul". If thus perchance we can study some of the many aspects we may be able to keep the inspiration of the ideal untouched, and may walk calmly, thoughtfully, in study careful and accurate, amid all the intellectual difficulties that have surrounded the subject in the past, that inevitably still surround it to-day. And let me say, ere beginning

this intellectual part of our study, that if there is one subject more than another which should be a subject to unite and not to divide, it is that of the thought of the Lord of Love, of Him who is to be the Buddha of Love, as the Lord Gauṭama was the Buddha of Wisdom. Round that sacred name the battles of the churches long have raged. The name which should unite according to the prayer "that they all may be one, as I, Father, am in Thee, that they also may be one in us," that prayer has fallen, as it were, unregarded to the earth, has brought down no answer, has found no acceptance; for Christians have quarrelled over Christ more bitterly than perhaps over anything else. And sad indeed and terrible would it be if we, who preach the brotherhood of religions, should copy that worst side which makes the holiest subjects, subjects of controversy, and raises the storm of human passion within what should be the Holy of Holies of the Sanctuary.

To avoid this let us look at the intellectual side quietly and calmly as befits students. First the historical. On that Occultism speaks clearly and distinctly, as we have learned from the Masters of the White Lodge, from the messenger whom They sent to us, H. P. B., confirmed by the study of later workers. And this view is supported by much in the story of the past and by one or two teachings that are worthy of consideration in the record of the New Testament itself. It is the story of a Hebrew youth, born about a century before the beginning of the Christian era, trained partly in Egypt, partly in the monasteries of the Essenes, coming forth at about the age of thirty to be a teacher among his people, recognised by them as known in the days of his youth. On him descended the Spirit

of the Holiest, and, descending, on him it abode, and in that moment of descent was the coming of the Christ to occupy the chosen body which He had selected for His stay on earth. Then a brief life of three years among men, a life of uttermost beneficence, a life of many wondrous healings as well as of exquisite teaching. The gathering together round Him of a few to whom He taught the deeper doctrines some of which they later were to spread abroad; "Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God, but to others in parables." Sometimes the enthusiastic love of the crowd, sometimes the passionate hatred, attempting life; finally in the city of Jerusalem, in the very court of the Temple itself, a riot breaking out, a terrible stoning, the passing back of the Christ to His own place, the murder of the body in which He had dwelt, the taking up of the body, the hanging of it in mockery on a tree by those who had slain Him. Such is the ancient story, the story of the records of the past, confirmed by traditions which have passed downward through the Hebrew people, who tell us of this young Teacher in the days of Queen Salome, who preached and taught, who was slain and hanged on a tree. And it is confirmed by those words spoken by S. Peter, recorded in the *Acts of the Apostles*, when, speaking reproachfully to the Hebrews of his day, he spoke of "Jesus whom ye slew and hanged upon a tree". Then, still following the record, how the Christ for forty years and more continued to come to His disciples, teaching, guiding, instructing, inspiring them for the great work that was to be done; how gradually they dispersed over the nations, gathering disciples and carrying on the work, until in the later days that great

recruit was won to whom the Christ Himself appeared sending him forth on his great mission, he who laid the foundations of the Church as Church, the great Apostle Paul, who declared that he knew naught among them save Christ Jesus and Him crucified. And then the spread as known to you, the spread of the doctrines of the great Teacher; and side by side with the outer preaching, the Mysteries of Jesus. The teachings in those, as I said, were begun by the Christ Himself and carried on for some forty years or more. Forty years is the time given by one of the great Bishops of the early Church. We should be inclined to make it somewhat longer than that, but the date has not been very carefully measured. Then the birth of Apollonius of Tyana, he who was sometimes called the Pagan Christ, the disciple Jesus reborn in the year one of the Christian era, taking up the work, travelling far and wide, Messenger of the great White Lodge, making in various places in Europe centres of occult force to be used long long afterwards when again a great Teacher should appear, passing away out of the body and taking up the work of the Mysteries of Jesus, becoming the great Teacher of the Mysteries, instructing, guiding, helping during the following centuries. One writer among the early Fathers of those Mysteries, one great Bishop who underwent martyrdom, tells us how he was taught in the Mysteries, and how the angels came to teach; gives us some of the things that they were taught, the great graded hierarchy of angels, and the mysteries of the heavenly world. And then others speak of these same Mysteries. S. Clement of Alexandria tells us much, tells us much that he says will not be readily understood by all, but they will understand, he says, who

have been touched with the thyrsus—the rod of Initiation, the cone-crowned rod with which every candidate in the Mysteries was touched, by which the sacred fire was set free, so that the eyes were opened and the secrets of the unseen world revealed. Those who have been thus touched, says S. Clement, will understand the allusions that he makes. And much more is told us by Origen—he has not the prefix of Saint, though he well deserved it, because on some points his doctrine was too liberal for the party which became the dominant party of the Church. He tells us much about the teachings, how they were given by the Christ Himself, how they were given in the secrecy of the house after the crowd had gone, to His disciples in the house, quoting the words of the Gospel. How these teachings were handed down from one to another, never written but always ‘from mouth to ear’ as the phrase has it, and told only to those who were ‘perfect’. The word ‘perfect’ was used for the Initiated. Some of you may recall that it is used in Modern Masonry, the tradition still alive. We read also in him some of the formulæ used, and we learn from him that they who were thus initiated were the Gnostics, the knowers. They *knew*, they not only believed. And he says that no Church could last unless it had the Gnostics as its pillars. It was true that the Church had medicine for the sinner, but it had also knowledge for the wise, and only ‘those who knew’ could keep the Church safe from attack, and its doctrines safe from degradation. Read, when you have leisure, his wonderful description of the Gnostic and his life. Then you will realise something of the power in the early Church where such Gnostics were the teachers, and where none might pass to the highest grades of the

priesthood unless they had passed through the Mysteries and had learned in the presence of others the secrets of the faith, confided in the circle of the perfected. And so we find, looking thus at it from the historical point of view, a succession of stages of teaching. The Christ Himself in the body of the disciple, able to stay but for a short time, and then slain; the disciple reborn to carry on the work, and until his rebirth the great Master Himself the Teacher in the sacred circle of His Initiates. Then the travelling far and wide of the great Messenger, the making of occult centres, the preparation for a future then far from the birth, but which we are finding now as the near future. For those secret centres, existing as they do in Europe, are the centres whence the light shall spread, the centres where the Masters shall stand, where disciples shall be gathered, whence the teaching shall go forth.

And so looking, we come on to the time when in the Mysteries the teaching still was given which made the Gnostics of the early Church. Then a great change comes over Christendom. Christianity and the State embrace, the State wanting to use the religion in order to win wider power for itself, and so making treaty, as it were, with the Church. And then the gradual passing away of the Mysteries, slowly, through the centuries; the gradual withdrawal for want of pupils, and the passing on of the memory of the Mysteries to little scattered bodies of people who, under various titles, carried on the scientific studies which had formed part of the learning of the Mysteries; now and again publishing under mysterious names some of the results of their labour, publishing those strange things called the rosaries, 'under the sign of the rose,' the secret

sign, giving alchemical and medical mysteries, daring not to speak aloud and plainly, because of the danger.

And so gradually the occult knowledge was veiled more and more deeply, for the blood of the Christ did not fall only on those who shed it nor on the people to whom they belonged. It has fallen as a shadow over the whole of Christendom, hiding the Mysteries, making invisible the occult side of truth. For the persecuting mind awaked, and the prison gaped for those who knew the hidden things of the Spirit, and the lips were silenced and the tongues were rendered dumb, and the outer knowledge was thrown into the form of dogma, and the inner knowledge was proscribed as Gnosticism and heresy. It never died. It was handed on from group to group; the torch of the Wisdom was never wholly extinguished but none dared to speak openly; and so we have come down to our own days where still the veil is thrown over the Mysteries—a veil now to be gradually withdrawn, because once more the feet of the coming Christ are heard, and the world must be prepared for the coming, the thought of the Mysteries must again be a reality. And as during the last thirty years the doctrines that lead to knowledge have been spread far and wide, so now the outcome of those doctrines must be gradually rendered familiar to the minds of men—the great facts of Initiation, not only in books as words, but in life; the fact that Initiation is as possible now as in the far-off past, that men and women pass the portals now as they passed them long ago. And in the coming years you will find gradually more and more will be spoken, more and more will be declared, in order that some of the arrows of scepticism may break on our breasts and be blunted, ere He, the Master

of Masters, shall come to face the unbelief of the world. And so you will find gradually we shall talk more and more of these things, and shall talk more and more openly. Let the world mock as it mocked before. Facts do not change because of ridicule. Far better they should mock the servants than the Master. Far better they should ridicule and scoff at the disciples than at their Lord.

Thus you have that historical side reviewed. You should study it, as far as you can. Be willing to reason about it, to discuss it, and do not mix up your feelings with that part of the study.

Next you come to the critical side, the side of the doctrines. There you should try to gain some knowledge, for such knowledge is valuable. How the experiences were written; who wrote them; why they are all written not as the gospel *of* so-and-so but as the gospel *according* to so-and-so, pointing out the existence of different schools of tradition in the early Church. There was one school of tradition that bore the name of Matthew, another of Mark, of Luke, and of John, each writer giving the tradition according to a school, named after its head in the eastern way. I think that all now practically admit that the Fourth Gospel—that according to S. John—belongs to the great Neoplatonic and Alexandrian school, that it is less the record of a life than the record of a heart and mind. This gospel is very different in tone from the others, and is quite irreconcilable with them as regards the outline of facts, but it is pregnant with the deepest lessons, full of the most inspiring thought. And just as that Neoplatonic and Alexandrian gospel is said to be “according to S. John,” because in him was

more of the mind and heart of the Christ than in any other of the apostles, so the others also are marked as to their origin, and give us the varying traditions which have come down, the story of that wondrous life. Learn something of their value as historical documents. You ought to know something of that as students. And you can study it quietly, indifferent to many points that may be raised, because they do not touch the real Christ but only the authenticity of the particular documents. The proof of the Christ is not in the writings but in His Church, and in the devotion of the ever growing millions of human hearts, generation after generation, round His feet. Read all criticism fearlessly; it cannot touch aught that is of value.

Then we come to a type of criticism which does not so much criticise the different documents, though it grows out of that, as challenges the whole conception of this historical Christ. That I think is growing, on the whole, weaker now than it was some thirty years ago, when it was very strong, when Strauss' *Life* came out, when the idea of the Sun-myth dominated, enormously strengthened by many of the archæological and antiquarian researches, by the discovery of similar stories round the lives of many Saviours, of identical symbols—like the symbol of the cross, everywhere to be discovered in the ancient world, but rarely in the catacombs where Christians were buried, where it was less frequent as a symbol than others which later dropped out of sight. The crucifix, you will remember, did not appear till about the sixth century after Christ. But the cross existed in the world tens of thousands of years before the birth of the Lord Maitreya as the Christ. On the real meaning of the cross, however, I

shall have a word or two to say presently. You have then the idea put forward that the whole so-called history of the Christ grows out of the Sun-myth stories. A mistaken idea, but a profoundly interesting one, because, while the story of the living man did not grow out of the Sun-myth, much of the Sun-myth gathered round the living man and clothed Him in garments that in His own physical life He did not wear. And there lies the interest. A very large amount of the story of the Christ—of the Christ sometimes spoken of as the cosmic Christ or the Second LOGOS—belongs to the great religion of the Sun.

You all know that myth is much more important than history. History is the record—I was going to say of facts, but very often not even of facts—and it is only that. And a fact, you know, is a very poor little thing when you come to look at it. It is only the fourth or fifth reflexion of the great truths in the world of Ideas; when a great Idea is in the heavens, it is thrown downwards into grosser and grosser matter, and each grosser sphere cuts off one aspect of the Idea, and when you have got most of the aspects cut off, and the Idea comes down to the physical, you call the fragment a fact. That is what facts are. And you think so much of them. Now the myth is the expression of the Idea as it exists in the heavenly world, and that is always true. It comes down then in the pictorial form, and the picture contains much more than the word, the dogma. The picture of a thing tells you much more than a few words describing it. Put a thought into music, and it tells you more of its beauty than if you only described it. Paint it on canvas, carve it in marble, and more of the Idea comes through than in the mere description.

And so with myth. The great myth is the truth that the Second LOGOS, pouring out His life into the world—He whose body is the Sun—sends that light and life into the world, supporting, and maintaining, and vivifying. The Sun-worship of the elder days was not only a collection of stories ; it was the very life of the Sun, of the God in the Sun, poured down on the worshippers upon earth. It is the oldest and the mightiest of all religions, the religion of our far-off ancestors in Atlantis even ; still more beautiful was it in the great City of the Bridge, the inheritance of the Āryan Race, as given by Vyāsa. And that religion taught how the life of God interpenetrates His world, so that every fragment of the world is vitalised by the Divine Life. That it lives by Him, moves in Him, exists in Him, and if He could cease to think it, would pass away like a shadow of a dream.

And then the Elders taught the people how the Sun as symbol passed through the stages, year by year, which marked out the ideal human life. Born into the weakness of childhood, rising into the strength of manhood, giving life for the benefit of humanity, ascending into heaven to pour down blessing upon earth—the story of the Sun-God, They called it. And that you find in every nation ; that you find traced fully or partially in the great scriptures of the world. And much of that great story wound itself round the picture of the Christ as the human lineaments faded and the divine shone out from within, until the adoration and the love of His followers could not distinguish between the glory of the Godhead and the glory of the manhood through which it shone, and they called him God, who truly is God manifested in the flesh, not apart from us, but

“the first-born among many brethren”. For in each of us lives the same Divinity, in germ in us, unfolded splendidly in Him.

So that all that is *true*. And I want you to see it as intellectually true, so that you may not have a difficulty when you hear Him spoken of as the Son of God, the Second Person of the Trinity, the cosmic Christ, the Life of the world. Such Life there is, and such Life is embodied in every Son of Man. Fear not, then, when stress is laid upon that aspect, for it inspires man to effort. And as the light of the sun warms the physical body, so does the light of that divine Sun warm the human heart.

And thus you find a view made into an attack, where it ought to be made as an explanation and an increase of glory. And you find there the first explanation of the Cross. Plato spoke of the WORD, the LOGOS, as marked out on the universe as a Cross. But think a moment of what that Cross is. The universe from the Platonic standpoint was a sphere, and a cross marked upon it was the cross of equal arms, sometimes called the Greek Cross. And the manifestation of the Spirit descending into matter, crucified in matter, is the Cross, the equal-armed Cross, the Cross of the Spirit, first marked on, then submerged, then triumphant, in matter.

As this thought spread, the Sun-God and the Cross became identified. And the life of the Spirit outpoured upon the world had as its symbol this equal-armed Cross. Then, coming downwards, that is represented in the Mysteries. And inasmuch as it had to be represented pictorially, after the power to make living forms had passed because of ignorance, the Mysteries became a drama which was acted, and then the Sun-God no longer

appeared triumphant on the sphere in space, but outstretched on the cross of matter, crucified in matter, and you have no longer the equal-armed cross but the Latin cross, one arm lengthened that the body of the man crucified may be thereon represented. And so the mystic teaching grew up, and all still gathered round the splendid figure of the Christ. And out of that mystic teaching, the teaching of the Mysteries, in which the body was crucified that the Spirit might triumph, the lower self sacrificed to the higher that the higher might reign triumphant over the matter that was thereby redeemed—because of that, this double cross came into Christendom from the far-off past, the Cross of the Passion and the Cross of the Spirit triumphant.

And that in the truest sense is myth, the great spiritual truth, higher than all fact, and ever represented in the history of the human Spirit. And Christ crucified is that magnificent ideal in which man arises triumphant, having crucified the lower self on the cross of matter; the body is dead and buried, and then the Christ arises triumphant from the sepulchre, bearing on His banner the equal-armed Cross of the Spirit that has triumphed, that has made matter the servant of the Spirit, and has redeemed the body by making it the subject of the Spirit—that wondrous, ever-true myth of Christ, to be re-lived by you and by me, if ever we would attain to the place of the Spirit triumphant.

And then, studying, we learn to understand, and we realise, as is generally the case, that there is a truth embodied in each conception, and that what we want is the power to link the truths together and see them in their full, all-round perfection, instead of in their fragmentary aspects. And so we learn that the historical

story of the man Christ Jesus is true, and that such a Mighty One indeed has lived and taught upon our earth ; and that the story of the Sun-God is true, and that a far higher, even the eternal Christ, comes ever down and lives in men, in order that the whole world of men may be redeemed and spiritualised ; and that the story of the Mysteries is true, in which every human Spirit re-treads the path and re-lives the story, and in his turn becomes a Christ, first crucified, and then triumphant. So that instead of quarrelling with any, we stretch out hands of welcome towards all, for all bring us a fragment of the truth, and all the truths join together into the perfect picture of the Christ that is the Object of worship.

On the dogmatic Christ I have not much time to dwell. But I will remind you that in the controversies which rent the early Church there were two especially : one which disputed—as though anyone could know anything about it—whether the Christ was of one substance with God or of like substance, whether in the eternal relation of the triple LOGOS one poor human word was more accurate than another in the efforts to describe. Over that the Church split, with the satisfaction of feeling that the severed parts could never come together again, because the question could never be decided. None save God Himself can know the mysteries of His own nature. And who are we to curse our brethren, because they see those mysteries at an angle a little different from our own ? And then there came the great controversy which cast the Gnostics out of the Church, and made it neither Catholic nor Gnostic, neither universal nor knowing, because the Catholic cannot exclude, and the non-gnostic cannot know. The

part of the Church left had no right to the name of Catholic, having cast out the other.

The Gnostics taught, as we teach to-day, that the body of the disciple was used for the indwelling Spirit of the Christ. There is nothing new and mysterious about that. I was told the other day in a letter that this was one of the secrets of the inner teaching, but that some of the outer people knew it. I answered that it would be very odd if they did not, seeing that the Gnostics taught it in the early centuries of the Church. Do not make mysteries where there are none. This duality, Jesus and Christ, is a very very old idea. The Manichæans held it, among many others. It is quite common and well-known to every scholar. And it happens to be true. And so to-day we have to say it over again. And because it has been long forgotten, it startles people. Lecturing once to an audience of the clergy, I found that they almost all knew about it. It was a heresy they said—which I admitted—but a heresy is only the belief of the minority. But in any case it is only an intellectual question and not of vital importance, certainly not worth quarrelling about.

Now what is of importance? First the Ideal—the ideal of a perfect humanity irradiated with Divinity, so irradiated that you cannot say which is God and which is man, the seed of Divinity having flowered into perfection, the spark of Divinity having blazed out into a dazzling fire. That matters. That is the Ideal: the perfect man become the manifestation of the perfect God. As said the Christ: “Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect.” And to realise that that has been done, to know that that has been achieved, that such splendour of manhood has arisen that we cannot

tell it from Godhead, that is the Ideal of the Christ. And that is all important. You name that Ideal Christ. In the East they give other names. But the names do not matter. It is the thought that counts. Call Him Christ, or Buddha, or what you will, but do not quarrel over the name, lest the dust raised by the quarrel should cloud the sunlight of the Ideal.

I speak of Him here as the Christ, because that name represents to you that perfect Example who lived in Judæa and is the centre of the Christian Church. But speaking to the Hindū I use the Hindū name, to the Buddhist, the Buddhist name; for I would not by a name blind the eyes, and as it were lock with a name the door of the heart which should open to the coming of the Lord. The names matter not; He answers to them all. And there is only One who bears all these names, the Supreme Teacher of the world. He is One. And it is to Him we look, no matter by what name we call Him. Our prayers reach Him, no matter how we address the outside envelope of the prayer. That is the Ideal that I would pray you to keep.

But you will lose it, if you quarrel about it. You cannot see it, if you dispute over it. It is too sacred for dispute; it is the vision of the intuition, not the result of reasoning. And reason must be silent when intuition speaks, for intuition sees where reason only argues. And that is the Ideal on which you should daily think, because thought is creative and transforms the thinker into the likeness of that on which he thinks; after that, then turn your will and your heart to reproducing in yourself some fragment of that life. Take it as an inspiration, as a thing to brood over, rather than to talk about. For much strength of the Spirit goes out in the

spoken words, and those who speak too much have often little strength remaining wherewith to live and to act. Emotions are wasted in too much expression, and you need to learn to restrain them, so that they may be a mighty force to be used in the service of the Highest when He needs them for His work. And if to you the Christ be the great Ideal, the constant inspiration, then you will feel the truth of that phrase I have often used: "The LOGOS of the soul is one." There, there is no division. There, no doubt arises. There, all that is strong and beautiful and splendid unites in one perfect image—the image of Christ the Lord.

And how beautiful to think that when the Hindū thinks along these lines, he sees the One he calls the Jagat Guru, the World-Teacher, and sees Him as you see Him, and feels to Him as you feel to Him, and has been taught to say that "whatever form a man worships, I give the faith that worships that form". And: "If anyone offers a flower, a drop of water with faith, he worships Me." Thus is the Hindū taught to see the many aspects of the Divine. And when the Buddhist thinks, he thinks the same and loves the same, and worships the same, although he gives again a different name. And so the world's love goes up in one voice supreme, beginning as many and uniting in one great chord, to the Supreme Teacher, the Receiver of all love, and the Giver of all help.

And that thought is what I call the Holy of Holies, where no voice of controversy should be heard. That is why I ask you to give to the intellect the things of the intellect, but to offer the things of the Spirit in the heart of the Spirit. Let us study all views about the Christ. Something will be learned from all of them,

for He is too mighty for one man's mouth to express Him, for one pen to write the fulness of His manifold perfection. Study them all, and learn something from each. But when you turn to the Christ Himself, let controversies die, and rise to the height of the Ideal. We have an eastern fashion that, when we go into the house of a man, much more into the temple of the God, we put off outside the door the shoes that are covered with the dust of the road along which we have walked, and entering with pure feet, without soil of dust, we greet the friend, or worship the God. Let us do thus with the ideal Christ. Put off the shoes of controversy when you approach Him, for the place on which you stand is holy ground. Let the dust of earth remain on the cast-off shoes, and enter with pure feet and heart aflame with love into the presence of the Holiest, who is the Eternal Peace and Love. So shall the Christ remain to you the holiest name on earth; so shall you cling to all the sacred memories which from your babyhood have entwined themselves round that holiest of names; and you shall meet your Hindū brother, and your Buddhist brother, and your Hebrew brother, and your Pārsī brother, and find that you all worship the same Teacher, and can talk heart to heart and Spirit with Spirit, knowing that the Lord is One.

And so I would leave you with my message for the coming year, to be repeated whenever controversy arises, or when any would attack your thought or assert his own. Take as the year's watchword that phrase I have so often quoted, place it in the mouth of the Supreme Teacher: "On whatsoever road a man approaches Me, on that road do I welcome him, for all roads are Mine."

Annie Besant

HINTS ON SERVICE

By GEORGE S. ARUNDALE, M.A., LL.B.

IF you desire to be of service to others with advantage to them and without danger to yourself, see that these three principles guide you in your service :

(i) That your greatest joy is to tread the path of service ;

(ii) That you know yourself to be but the agent of some force greater than your own which sends the power of service through you ;

(iii) That you see in others the same divine nature you yourself possess.

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Remember that everything you can say or think about another has probably already been said or thought by others about you.

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When you yourself are injured in any way, remember that he who injures another suffers more than the person injured.

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Do not allow the force of your affection for another to disturb either your balance or his. Your service must strengthen and not weaken.

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Do not be jealous of another's greater power of service, rather be glad that a greater power exists to help those whom your own weaker force may be unable to reach.

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When you give, do not expect the recipient to keep the gift for himself alone. Rejoice when the gift which has given him happiness makes glad another also.

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When you are in the act of helping another, try to be for the time the ideal from which you have gained your power to serve. So shall you attain your ideal and at the same time help more surely.

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Do not look for the fruits of your service, nor feel unhappy when no words of gratitude come from him you help. It is the soul you serve and not the body, and you may always see the gratitude of the soul, though the lips remain silent.

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Never look for affection from those you love. If your love for them is true, sooner or later it will enter their hearts and call forth response; if it is but fleeting, better that they should escape the sorrow of some day knowing that your love is gone.

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Remember that no one can truly serve who has not begun to gain control over himself.

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The best service is that which makes the burden light, not that which takes it away.

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You will serve people best when you accept them as expressions of their own ideals.

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Through that which is best in him lies each man's best way of service. There are as many ways of service as there are people in the world to be helped.

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The time for service is every moment of the day, for though there may not always be occasion for a kindly action, there is always occasion for a kindly attitude.

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The less a person thinks about himself, the more he is really paying attention to his growth. Each little act of service returns to the doer in the shape of an added power to serve.

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If a person rejects the way in which you wish to serve him, try to find out another form of service. Your desire is to serve him, not to dictate to him the way in which he must be helped.

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Do not be too shy to offer your help to anyone in need, whether you know him or not. His need makes him your brother, but your shyness is a form of pride which deprives him of a helper in the time of his trouble.

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Do not say to yourself : " I have given much help to others to-day." Rather look to see whether you could not have given more, and think how little you have

really done to lessen all the misery and trouble in the world.

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Those who are the best followers of greater leaders are the best leaders for those who know less, for no one can command wisely who has not learned to obey.

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The best way of inducing a person to take good advice is to follow it yourself.

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Give to others as much credit for good intentions as you would wish bestowed upon yourself.

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No one is insulted unless he brings himself down within reach of the insult ; for an insult is a product of the lower nature and cannot affect the higher.

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When you think yourself better than others because you are learning to serve and they apparently are not, in that moment you cease to serve.

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True service consists in sharing your life with another, and not in pointing yourself out to him—directly or indirectly—as an estimable example.

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It is better to act first and to speak afterwards than to speak first and to act afterwards ; but it is generally best of all to act and then to be silent.

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A person's capacity to serve well can only be judged by the way in which he leads his ordinary home life, not by the books he has written nor by the reputation he enjoys, nor by his public speeches or public actions. It is not great public actions which make the great man, but the small daily acts of self-denial which perhaps nobody notices.

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He who would serve to the uttermost must be prepared to give up all he has for the sake of the privilege to serve.

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A person may ask service of you in many ways, but you will serve him best by giving him that which he needs and not that which he may want, even though he may feel annoyance at the form your service takes. But try to put your service in a way which makes it acceptable.

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It is no true service to give to another the help which in reality belongs to some one else. Many people wish to serve in any way except the right way, and neglect those they ought to serve for others whom they want to serve.

G. S. Arundale

PERSONAL VIEWS CONCERNING THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

By CHARLES LAZENBY

I HAVE considered for some time that it would be advisable every three or four years to call for an expression of opinion from various members of the Theosophical Society regarding the purpose and meaning of our beloved body, and this which I now submit is my own conception of its ideals and objects.

Let us first realise that H. P. Blavatsky's work was in the highest degree synthetic, and her aim in her books and in her Society was to examine all elements in the human family and to give each its place without prejudice in the unity of ideals, and in the Universal Brotherhood. In order to grasp this conception of complete synthesis we must ourselves be without prejudice, unbiased and filled with loving tolerance for all opinions in all the families of men.

We are, as a united Humanity, a hierarchy of spiritual and immortal egos. Each of us has come into these animal forms to redeem the animal consciousness and to form a bridge over which the animal soul may pass on to higher spiritual levels. Every ego is immortal, every man has to play his part in the total redemptive work. Some are much older than others, and the human race is not composed of one family alone,

but of many families within one great unity, and the lessons of each family differ from the lessons of all other families. Yet are we all labouring together through the *manvantāra* to accomplish our theurgic task.

We have, then, in the human form, children who are yet learning the lessons which most of us learned ages since in the Rmoahal or Tlavatli peoples of perhaps five millions of years ago. These egos have to do their work at that point and have to be aided in their development by their more advanced brothers, but the lessons they have to learn are not at all the lessons of the highly developed Āryo-Teutonic types. The lessons of the Atlantean peoples, whether as they were on the old continent of Atlantis (or as they now are, mixed in and through our civilisations) are particularly lessons pertaining to the cultivation of psychic and emotional powers; and into this growth the Asuras entered, and through them the later Toltec Priesthood of the great Peacock became so strong and mighty in Atlantean magic. The Peacock was the great symbol of Viṣṇu representing this phase of human evolution. It symbolised the astral plane and the knowledge concerning its mysteries and powers. As evolution proceeded there were great reformers in this religion and the Temple of the White Peacock grew up and sent out many colonies of reformers who fled from the evil bondage of the Atlantean sorcerers. One of the most important of these was that colony which came to Ireland, Cornwall, the Isle of Man, and Wales and there inaugurated the pure nature-worship of Pan.

The Rṣhis, entering into the activity of the awakening Manu of the fifth or Āryan race, gathered to the Gobi desert and into the region of the Caucasus various

men advanced enough to become the nucleus of the mental development of the race, and there trained them in positive thinking, in self-control and self-reliance, in loyalty to ideals and in definition of thought. These grew into and became the Teachers and Initiators of fifth root race wisdom.

But the great mass of evolving mankind was not ready, nor indeed is it now ready, for the strenuous, positive, self-reliant strife. There is a continuous call for and to this, but very few respond. For those not ready there were left teachers of lessons which could be learned under more passive conditions. No fifth root race Master of Wisdom can ever do anything to weaken self-control or to lessen the individual will-power of those under his charge. Hence the Masters of Wisdom under the Āryan race Manu have always opposed passive mediumship, have condemned it utterly, because it is pervertive of the intellectual and spiritual responsibility of the individual, the characteristic of Āryan development. The evolving ego of the fifth race requires above everything positiveness of will on all levels. Likewise these Masters have always condemned hypnotism and mesmerism as evil, and for the same reason: these, like passive mediumship, weaken the will of the subject and hinder his deeper development.

But the great majority of mankind are still under the colouring of the Atlantean ideal, the egos are not yet positive, self-reliant and able to recognise their self-responsibility through many lives under the law of karma. They have not yet cultivated a wide and far-seeing imagination, they live in their emotions and for the gratification of their appetites, for the satisfaction of their psychical impulses and they are as yet expressing

the Manu of the fourth root race. The fifth race lessons are not for them till they themselves become less sheep-like, more dominant in their personalities and positive in their thought. For them and over them there is a Lodge of Masters of fourth race Wisdom, for whom the aim is not the intellectual and spiritual positive evolution, but the cultivation of astral experience and the development of emotional powers.

D. N. Dunlop has called them the Lodge of the Adepts ; they are sometimes called the Andean Brotherhood. The brothers of this Order are noted for their great psychic force, they are as much at home in their *māyāvī rūpas*, or the magnetised thought-form bodies, built by *kṛyāshakti* on the astral plane, as they are on the physical plane, and often more so. These Masters have not the fifth root race objection to obsessing another human being or to taking control of him in mesmeric or mediumistic trance ; they show outwardly as a rule, small intellectual power and have narrow imaginations ; they appear to see the world through very limited spectacles and to have no conception of the deeper ethical problems of human individuality and responsibility, which belong to the following race. They work in and through the churches and temples and dogmas of religion, and do what they can to develop mediumistic and passive contacts with the astral world by various practices, methods of passive meditation, use of narcotic drugs and incense.

For the fourth-race types these are truly Masters of Wisdom and they are doing a necessary and true work for human evolution. I take it, however, that woe will follow that fifth-race man who gives up his positive force to dwell in their world, and who allows himself to

come into their clutches. He will not come forth till he has suffered agonies of regret, and the ropes of impotent passivity with which he has allowed himself to be bound shall have decayed through age and cyclic experience. The astral plane of illusory forms and obsessing controls is not for the evolving fifth-race man, though it is a true home for the Atlantean type even at the present day.

The Theosophical Society was projected by two great Āryan Masters, K. H. and M., to unite on an outer platform every human being of all the races and thus throw the door open to every occult school without any exception. Almost immediately there was woven into its fabric the teaching and effort of the Andean Brotherhood, and it is right that this should be so. It was expected and known that māyāvī rūpas imitating the forms of K. H. and M. would be created to spread illusion, and under Their sacred names project falsehood and untruth into the world. This was prepared for. H. P. B. said in many places that the messages from astral forms were unreliable; that every message had to rest on its own inherent worth and nothing else: "Seek not your Guru in those māyāvic regions." "Having learned your own ignorance flee from the Hall of Learning, it is dangerous in its perfidious beauty," and (quoting Psellus), "Consult the Æther only when it is without form or figure. When it has form heed it not, but when it is formless obey it, for it is then sacred fire and all it will reveal to thee shall be true." Over and over again she warns us that the astral plane is filled with glamour, and that woe will follow that disciple who is caught in its vast net.

Yet in the Society, formed for the recognition of UNIVERSAL Brotherhood every man and woman, whether under astral glamour or not, whether good or bad according to the conventional standard of his time and country, whether of fourth, fifth or sixth-race ideals, must have freedom to express what is in him and what he wishes to express. Only in this way can the Society be a living force, only in this way can the ideal of 'universal,' which word means exactly what it says, be carried on in an outer organisation. The Theosophical Society must be an absolutely free platform for all opinions on all subjects; it must be completely synthetic in its activity and it must be composed of men and women, strong for their own ideals but equally strong to preserve the freedom of all other members also to express the ideal they find good.

This age makes for unity and the Society launched by K. H. and M. may yet become the nucleus of that united humanity which will meet at the close of the manvantara and take notes and look back over the vista of years, and rejoice that it was all well and holy and good even in the intensest strife.

The Theosophical Society contains and welcomes all men and women no matter how divergent may be their beliefs, their practices, their knowledge, their ideals, and their wisdom. At least this is my conception of the Society I have joined and of which I am proud to sign myself a Fellow.

Charles Lazenby

THE CRUCIFIX¹

By LAURENCE HOPE

O slender Christ, upon the Cross before me,
Whose wistful eyes are sad and shaped for tears,
What have we done of all that you commanded?
Little enough! These last two thousand years.

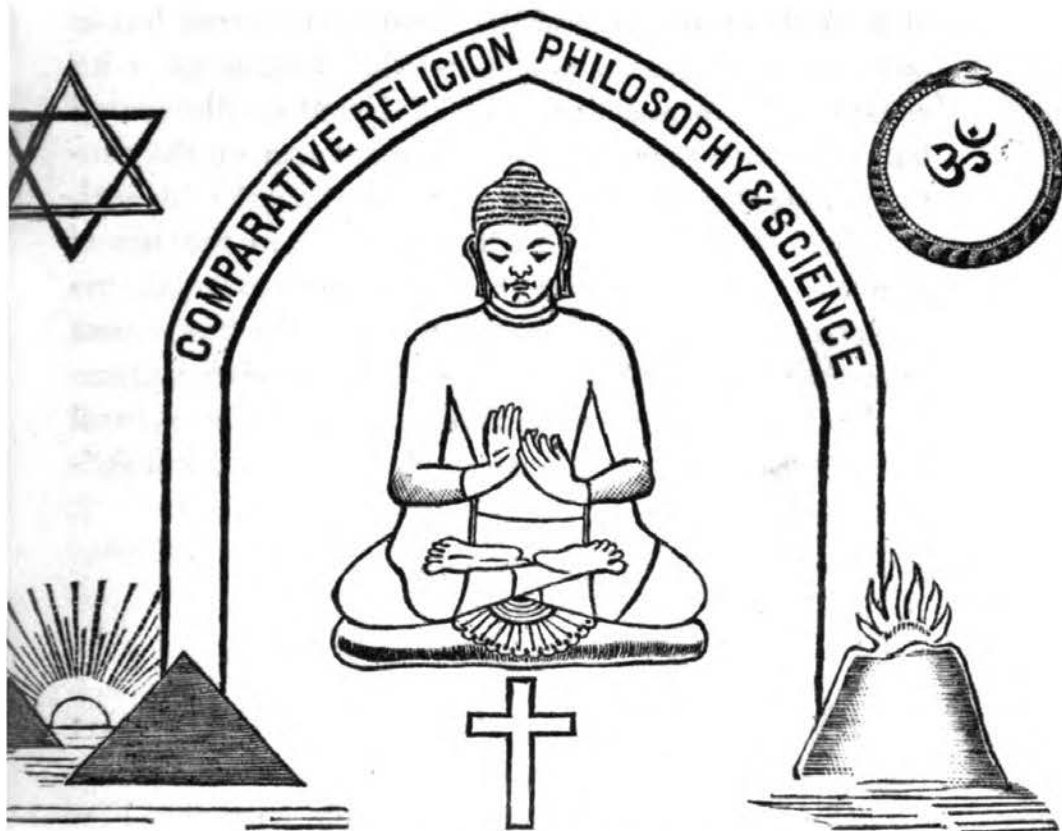
Should any soul be touched with grace or glory,
Surely such gifts are their possessor's loss,
Hemlock to Socrates, the stake for Bruno,
And to your young Divinity, the Cross.

The Cross, on which you hung, serene and dying,
Until the last to your own tenets true,
Praying amid your long-drawn torments, "Father,
Forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Forgive, *forgive* us, for our senseless folly;
After these weary centuries, who *can*?
We, who relinquished priceless consolation,
That else these tender lips had left for man.

Ours was the cruelty, the wasteful madness.
And ours, alas, th' irrevocable loss,
You touched our anguished world with gentle solace,
And in return, we gave you to the Cross!

¹ I do not know whence this exquisite poem comes, and trust that I am infringing no copyright.—ED.



THE MYSTICAL TEACHING OF WORDSWORTH AND OF TENNYSON

By MARGUERITE POLLARD

IN one of Dr. Steiner's books on Initiation we read of a method of meditation which reminds us strongly of Wordsworth's teaching with regard to the brooding contemplation of nature. Dr. Steiner asserts that it is fruitful to take a seed in the hand, and meditate on the life force latent in it and on the life process going

on within. In this way we come close to the hidden mysteries of nature. Modern science has made a very close study of form and of the evolution of forms, but in spite of much accurate and detailed knowledge with regard to the form-side of things it has as yet discovered but little with regard to life. Wordsworth on the contrary, regarded Nature from a different angle ; his attitude was essentially that of a seer "into the life of things". He considered that scientific study (in the modern sense) was neither the only, nor the best means of arriving at truth. He advocated a passive contemplation rather than an active observation of natural phenomena, and a receptive, rather than a critical attitude of mind.

Enough of Science and of Art ;
Close up those barren leaves ;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.

"Nature," he tells us "never did betray the heart that loved her." By preserving a receptive attitude towards her we may come into touch with the life-forces behind the forms.

Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress ;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.

It was impossible for Wordsworth to consider any part of Nature except as pulsating with life. The life-principle was to him a universal spirit of wisdom or thought immanent in every atom of all the worlds. There are many passages in his poems which indicate a conscious intercourse with the inner forces of Nature. He speaks of a communion with "the souls of lovely

places," of a "Presence" which disturbs him with the joy of elevated thoughts, of moments

When the light of sense
Goes out but with a flash that has revealed
The invisible world.

There was much of the religious element in Wordsworth's natural philosophy, so much so, that Myers considered that he might be regarded as "the originator of a great religious movement, as the discoverer of a new means of approach to the Deity". Plato, to summarise Myers' argument, had taught that there were four kinds of divine enthusiasm under the influence of which the unknown realities around us become known to men; *viz.*, the prophet's glow of revelation, the prevailing prayer which averts the wrath of heaven, and the philosophy which enters into the poet through his art; and into the lover through his love. Wordsworth added the contemplation of Nature, and in proof of his theory appealed to those rare moments when, like the solitary, we gaze upon the distant scene till it becomes far lovelier and our hearts cannot sustain "the beauty still more beautiful". He derived further confirmation from the recollections of childhood. Wordsworth's own recollections were unusually vivid and his introspection exceptionally penetrating, so that he was able to analyse with rare skill "the first born affinities that fit our new existence to existing things". He attributed to the child the knowledge of truths "which we are toiling all our lives to find," and inferred from the celestial radiance which, for many of us, envelopes the earth in childhood gradually fading as manhood approaches, that the soul has pre-existed in a state superior to that in which it finds itself here.

Tennyson's speculations led him also to a belief in pre-existence, but this belief was not associated in any way with his delight in nature. The sight of a rainbow or a cloud did not awaken in his mind recollections of a glory that had passed from earth. The world for him was no "unsubstantial fiery place," although he, no less than Wordsworth, possessed the mystic temperament and received conscious intimations of immortality.

Moreover something is or seems
That touches me with mystic gleams,
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—
Of something felt, like something here ;
Of something done, I know not where,
Such as no language may declare.

To Tennyson, belief in pre-existence was not merely a matter of intuition ; it was also the logical outcome of belief in immortality. As the "dark, of vague voice" hints, in the poem entitled 'The Two Voices,' a beginning implies an end, and we find that when the poet attained to an unwavering faith in a life after death, he accepted as a corollary the belief in a life before birth. The foreknowledge of God necessitates the existence of each soul from all eternity as a distinct thought in the Mind of God ; in a sense, therefore, it may be truly said that every individual has through all the ages existed in God.

We know that the soul attains a personal life on earth ; but that it was possessed of self-consciousness before birth, even if it had already existed in a state of God-consciousness, is for most of us a matter of opinion, rather than of faith or knowledge. Tennyson's early experiences, however, sometimes inclined him to this view ; more often he represented the soul as a spark of

the Divine Essence, enclosed for a time in matter that it might develop and realise a separate personality. The child as he grows gathers much :

And learns the use of ' I ' and ' Me '

And finds " I am not what I see,

And other than the things I touch "

So rounds he to a separate mind.

In brief, the soul comes impersonal from the " Great Deep " of God and returns to it again a personality ; it is not merged again in the general soul.

Now and then in Tennyson's work we find lines which seem to indicate a belief in the oriental and Platonic doctrine of reincarnation ; for instance, in the ' De Profundis ' :

And still depart

From death to death thro' life and life, and find

Nearer and ever nearer Him.

He certainly believed in progress after death : " From state to state the spirit walks," but that is not necessarily the same thing.

Besides " those shadowy recollections," already noticed, which Wordsworth alleged to be " the fountain-light of all our day," the mystic experiences of the two poets included raptures of an even rarer description,

Fallings from us, vanishings

Blank misgivings of a creature

Moving about in worlds not realised ;

visionary moments when time and space are nothing, and

Our souls have sight of that immortal sea

Which brought us hither,

Can in a moment travel thither,

when, transported above the world of sense, our very bodies, stricken like Sir Galahad's by an angel's hand, " are turned to finest air ".

The fullest expression of this transcendental condition is to be found in 'The Ancient Sage'.

For more than once when I
Sat all alone, revolving in myself
The word that is the symbol of myself,
The mortal limit of the Self was loosed,
And passed into the Nameless, as a cloud
Melts into Heaven. I touch'd my limbs, the limbs
Were strange, not mine—and yet no shade of doubt,
But utter clearness, and thro' loss of Self
The gain of such large life as match'd with ours
Were sun to spark—unshadowable in words,
Themselves but shadows of a shadow world.

This surely is the state of cosmic consciousness.

Tennyson also believed that there is a mystic bond between the living and the departed, and that their communion is not dissolved by death, but may be continued by telepathic communications from the incarnate to the incarnate Spirit. In 'The Ring' he says:

The ghost in man, the ghost that once was man,
But cannot wholly free itself from man,
Are calling to each other thro' a dawn
Stranger than earth has ever seen; the veil
Is rending, and the voices of the day
Are heard across the voices of the dark.

The same thought occurs in 'In Memoriam,' where it is repeatedly expressed:

. . . the spirit, himself, may come
Where all the nerve of sense is numb
Spirit to spirit, ghost to ghost.

The soul of his friend in heaven speaks to his soul on earth not by voice—"for in dear words of human speech, we two communicate no more"—but by intensity of thought, urged by the profundity of love. The incarnate soul may respond and be swept into higher spheres.

The living soul was flash'd on mine,
And mine in this was wound, and whirl'd
About empyreal heights of thought
And came on that which is, and caught
The deep pulsations of the world.

This is but a casual experience now, but hereafter

Soul in soul and light in light

Shall flash thro' one another in a moment as we will.

Other instances of this speculation are to be found in 'Rizpali,' where the mother hears her son's voice on the wind, calling to her, and in 'The Sisters,' where the man who loved them both feels them ever hovering about him.

The poet has also expressed his belief in the possibility of thought transference between two persons both still in the body. In 'Enoch Arden,' Annie has intimations that her husband yet lives; after her marriage with Philip, she hears whispers and cannot bear to be alone. Enoch too hears the pealing of his parish bells,

Though faintly, merrily, far and far away.

In 'Aylmer's Field,' the soul's power of communicating with its fellow through "a finer element of her own," just as one star vibrates light to another through the vast regions of space, is even more clearly asserted. Edith's lover hears her death-call and is aware of her passing.

In some directions Tennyson pushed his speculations on the great problem of immortality further than did Wordsworth, but the utterances of the latter were always clear and consistent, whereas Tennyson wavered from one view to another. Wordsworth never doubted the truth of immortality as did Tennyson, but, living in a less materialistic age, he had not the same difficulties to encounter. Later in life Tennyson attained to a steadfast faith in the life after death, and expressed it triumphantly in 'Crossing the Bar'.

Sunset and evening star,

And one clear call for me!

And may there be no moaning of the bar

When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as, moving, seems asleep
 Too full for sound and foam,
 When that which drew from out the boundless deep
 Turns again home.

It is never an easy matter to estimate the respective values of the messages of two poets ; one star differeth from another in glory but who shall say by how much the radiance of the one exceeds the radiance of the other? Yet, broadly speaking, the excellence of a poet's work is in proportion to his love and reverence for his subject, and upon this principle we assign the pre-eminence to Wordsworth as poet of nature, and to Tennyson as poet of immortality.

Marguerite Pollard

A NOTE

Another of the 'prodigies,' who appear from time to time to puzzle non-believers in reincarnation, is now visible in the person of Erich Wolfgang Korngold, "the most amazing phenomenon in present-day music". He was born in 1897, and at the age of eleven produced work which seems to be that of "a man between 30 and 40, who by incessant practice of his art had attained a fine distinction of style and an imposing weight of idea". The juvenile work of other geniuses is said to show marks of their immaturity, but this child's work shows that he is "master of the most subtle musical idiom of his day, and has at his command a fund of ideas that the best of living composers would not disdain to possess". "There is no saying to what amazing heights he may reach." So writes Ernest Newman in *The Nation*, pondering how this child became what he is. Nothing save reincarnation can solve the problem. Those who have watched a Beethoven in the heaven-world creating undreamed of harmonies, will see naught unintelligible in little Korngold.

A. B.

THE BHAKṬI MĀRGA OF PANDHARPUR

THE PATH OF DEVOTION

By V. R. KARANDIKAR

SITUATE on the plateau of the Deccan, occupying an admirable central position, perched on the bank of the mighty river Bhīma—the awe-inspiring, Pandharpur, unsurpassed among the holy places of western India, stands. Nāsik? Ṭriambak? Gokarṇa? Surely—one and all are holy places, but holy because it is so ordained by the shāstrās; because they enjoin that a householder or a sannyāsi must visit them in order to attain merit. With Pandharpur, the case is different. It is not any desire inspired by the scriptures that draws the people there. It is not the hope of acquiring merit that turns the multitude towards it. It is the strong attachment, the selfless devotion to Lord Kṛṣṇa, Lord Vithal—or Lord Keshav—whichever name we call Him by. It is the all-pervading, all-conquering love for Him that wins over the masses, literate or illiterate, old or young, high or low, rich or poor, brāhmaṇa or śudra. One and all feel the influence and turn their footsteps towards Pandhari. Such is the love which the Lord Kṛṣṇa inspires—turning all the world to paths, straight and rugged, not smooth-running; leaving aside pain and pleasure, thoughts of self and comforts of body, that

they may the more fully serve humanity and the Lord of the world's well-being—Shrīpaṭi—Lord Kṛṣṇa himself. Beautiful the love, wonderful the devotion that moves these thronging multitudes !

Pandharpur has wielded this power for at least one thousand years. Her history is shrouded in mystery. There appears to be no one who claims to have built the temple as at present it stands. Simple but elegant, unassuming yet impressive, the temple encloses within its four walls one of the most potent spiritual centres of the Deccan. When the enthusiasm rises to a very high pitch among the devotees ; when the Wārkaris¹ throw themselves down at the feet of the Lord of Pandharpur ; when in fact, for the moment at least, there is an absolute abandonment of the self ; then, they say, that the Lord Himself glances at the multitude prostrate before him and selects those who are fit to carry out His wishes. His presence is felt, and though it be but for a moment of time, the people are lifted up to a higher sphere, and those among them who are ready may get a glimpse of the higher life which is rightly theirs, if only they work for it. Even to-day, when the materialistic wave that has passed over Hindū life, makes it awkward for a Hindū to say that he has come into personal contact with his Iṣṭaḍeva—whatever his religion may say ; even now whispering words are heard, and mysterious signs indicate that some people have crossed the border and felt the Presence that rules in Pandharpur. The occasions are rare now-a-days ; but sometimes the truth leaks out and the Wārkaris are seen going back to their homes smiling, buoyant

¹ People who visit Pandharpur on the eleventh day—the Ekadashi day of every month.

in spirit, rejoicing that one more of their number has been tested and found ready, has been accepted and consecrated as a worker.

While there is, then, no doubt as to the high and potent influence that is felt at Pandharpur, it is, to some extent, an open question as to what that influence is. If popular belief is to guide us, it is the influence of the Lord Kṛṣṇa who came over to Pandharpur from Dvāraka to meet his devotee Puṇḍalik. This Puṇḍalik was a great soul—who gave his life in whole-hearted devotion to his parents—devotion such as influenced even the Lord of Love. So that one day, He, the Lord Himself, came uninvited at a time when Puṇḍalik was serving his parents. The devotee having no time to spare, says the legend, and seeing Him standing by, pointed out a brick which was lying near and requested Him to stand on it till he was free. Thus He stands waiting the pleasure of the dutiful son and while He so waits, the world may take advantage of His presence and enjoy the sight of His beloved physical body. Thus goes the story and this is the general belief.

Another story runs thus : Kṛṣṇa had offended his wife Rukmiṇi or Lakṣmi. In a huff she retired to Dindeer forest and there began to practise Yōga that she might again be joined to her Lord. He followed her and they were reunited in that forest. That place has been held sacred ever since and there Pandharpur has been built. Puṇḍalik's story is said to be of later date and it was on that later occasion that Lord Kṛṣṇa made Himself manifest. He had 'arrived' there earlier. Of the fact that Vithal, as He is now called, or Lord Kṛṣṇa, came from beyond Pandharpur, there seems to

be no doubt. He had with him cows and cowboys. About a mile to the south of Pandharpur there is a place called Viṣṇupāda—the foot of Viṣṇu ; and on the rocks of the riverbeds near by are still discernible impressions of hoofs and human feet. These appear to be imbedded in the rock and it is said that Kṛṣṇa watered his herds here. It seems strange that Kṛṣṇa should have left Dvāraka where he is reported to have been born and come so far south to Pandharpur ; but perhaps owing to famines in Gujerat, the people had to migrate and Kṛṣṇa might have led them southwards. He appears to have left the Narmadā, the Tapaṭi and even the Godāveri rivers behind and to have finally chosen to settle near the Bhīma—a tributary of the Kṛṣṇa river. It is hard to say why he passed by these great rivers, but it might be that the site of Pandharpur was best fitted to become the centre of the religious movement of Mahārāṣhtra and therefore He chose this as His residence.

If it be true that the Mahārāṣhtra is destined to be raised again to her original height of spiritual power ; if the Mahrāttas are to become once more the pioneers of a Hindū revival ; and if the school of Pandharpur has indeed a great future before it, or any work to accomplish for the uplifting of the masses (and it is the belief of every Mahrātta that there is such work) ; then the way must be cleared, investigations must be made regarding the origin and history of this ‘mysterious’ movement—mysterious because there appears to be no historical evidence to fix its date, or the identity of the Personage who is working behind the veil. But in the works of the Saints some indications have been given as to who he was.

Vithal has been variously named 'The silent Buddha,' 'the ninth Avatāra,' 'Pāṇdurang' or 'The White-coloured One,' and 'Kṛṣṇa,' so one cannot definitely say who it is that Vithal represents. But this much we can say, that the influence does not belong to any one period of history. It is connected and continuous, stretching back over centuries. From the very beginning when the physical manifestation appeared to Puṇḍalik, till the present day, the influence has revealed itself in an orderly unfolding sequence of events, forming an organic movement towards a new social and religious development of the national life.

Events and incidents on the line of growth of a great movement have two causes: The general progress of the stream of evolution along which humanity is moving and the immediate influence of this or that local quickening or retarding of the stream. So we find that the Mahārāṣṭra Saints acted as spurs to the movement of the Bhāgawata or Vaiṣṇava Dharma of the middle ages. To understand the movement, the important thing is to see clearly what were the dominant or prevailing forces at work in men's minds at the time, to which these special forces were auxiliary and subservient.

Let us turn, therefore, to the teachings of the school of Pandharpur. One initial difficulty in connection with the school of Pandharpur is that the divine Author of its teachings has ever remained 'behind the veil'. There are no writings which have emanated from Him. There is no 'grantha' extant detailing or summarising His doctrines. All that we have is contained in the books of the Mahārāṣṭra Saints. The foremost of these

Saints was Dhyāneṣhwar—whose book the *Dhyāneṣh-wari* is referred to by H. P. B. in the preface to *The Voice of the Silence*. He was a great scholar and an occultist. He was followed by Nāmdev—a tailor by caste—and by many others of all ‘castes and tribes’ presenting a striking example of a practical “nucleus of Universal Brotherhood without distinction of race, creed, caste, sex or colour”. We shall refer to this presently.

The period when these Saints lived and worked round the centre at Pandharpur, ‘the White City,’ was one in which Hindū Society was passing through a great crisis. Militant Islām was dominant, and forced conversions were the rule of the day. Faith in the Hindū religion was wavering, and, moreover, the people were poor and their lives were hard. It was necessary to bring to their minds the idea of the impermanence of temporal prosperity, and to divert their aspiration into other channels. And what more effective means to that end than their whole-hearted devotion to the beloved Vithal! Rising to a higher state of consciousness, the people begin to see the far greater and nobler results of a life dedicated to service. “Kindness towards all created beings is the ‘capital’ of the good and the saintly, and on this they live,” says Ṭukārām. This teaching gave a cleaner and better tone to the moral and social life of the Hindūs of those days and led up to the great ideal of Universal Brotherhood. “Do not let the feeling of separateness and inequality enter my mind. Destroy that feeling, O Everlasting One.” “Whether man or woman, whoever loves Hari—Vithal—him I consider to be like Him and I shall bow at his feet. Whose heart is pure and whose conduct is gentle, let him be my companion for all times—that will give me joy.” “Just as the

mango, the banyan, the peepul and the bābool trees are different, but the fire in them is one and unchanging; so the four castes appear different, but the body, of which they are members, is one. Ṭukā says as long as the mind is directly working outwardly and has no inner consciousness, will these differences last; but otherwise they must go.” “Viṣṇu pervades the world; in this knowledge there is The Wisdom—Divisions of caste and sex are but the play of illusion.” So taught Ṭukārām, a bania Saint. Janārḍanaswāmi—a brāhmaṇa—also instructs his disciple thus :

Kindness and mercy to all—do not let the poison of inequality touch your heart. This is the greatest possible achievement. Be of one mind to all creation. This gives pleasure to Him of the Eagle Banner.

Of whatever caste the teacher may be the teaching is always the same ; the attitude towards Shrī Vithal is the same. That Brotherhood had to be practised in addition to the various caste duties is illustrated by the following story. Māṅkoji Bodhla was a Mahrāṭta Saint—a firm devotee of Vithal. He usually held kīrṭans and bhajans—singing the glories of Hari and imparting useful instruction and teachings (lectures in the modern sense were almost unknown). One mahār—a person of the lowest caste, the members of which were called ‘untouchables’ because they ate the flesh of dead dogs, cats and cows, was a frequent hearer. He listened very attentively and intelligently. After a time, he conceived the strong desire that Māṅkoji Bodhla should accept him as one of his disciples and that religious training should be given to him. Māṅkoji not knowing exactly what to do, referred the matter to Vithal, saying that if a mahār were accepted, it would naturally offend the orthodox. The answer given is characteristic of the school.

There is no objection to his being taken as a Chela, but you must consider this. The man has been obliged to take birth in such a low caste owing to his karma. He is not yet ready to take the step. He has been allowed to come in touch with you so that his evolution may be accelerated. It does not seem that he is pure enough yet to be given the Great Word. But as he is desirous, give him a test. If he stands it, well then, he is ready for it: and, mahar or no mahar, you ought to take him up.

The test was given, but the mahār, unable to hide his own good fortune, went out in the world boasting of his advancement, and so he failed. But had he succeeded, the school would have accepted him as a disciple, whatever his caste, *because the test was the same for all.*

Reincarnation is an essential doctrine, indeed the pivot of the teaching. Ṭukārām, for example writes :

When Vyasa saw that his son Shuka was almost ready, but that he had not yet left the lower self—the 'I'-ness, he sent him to King Janaka, that he might learn that lesson. When this was done we were present there as witnesses to attest to its truth.

Thus Ṭukārām asserts that he himself remembers his past, and in another 'abhaṅga' (verse) he gives the reason of his taking birth.

We, residents of heaven (Vaikuntha), have taken birth, that we might live truly in the spirit of the Rishis of old. We will sweep the roads for them; we will prepare roads—because verily man has wandered into a trackless forest. We desire nothing for ourselves—we are satisfied with morsels that remain after people have taken their food. The Puranas have lost their original meaning and *new* constructions are built upon them. There is hair-splitting of words and the real essence is destroyed; men, covetous of wordly pleasures, have forgotten the ways of approaching the Path. Let us then beat the big drum of devotion which strikes terror even into the hearts of Death and the Evil One; Tuka says, Raise shouts of joy, the day of salvation is near.

Sena the barber saint, also writes :

While we were in Vaikuntha (heaven) Vishnu told us to go to the earth and turn men to the path of devotion. Accepting his command with bowed head, I have taken birth

in a barber's family to give out the message with the names, Rama, Krishna and Govind, always in my mouth.

Service of humanity is the dominant note in the lives of these Saints, amongst whom are numbered : Nāmḍev, Ḍhyāneṣhwar, Chokha Mela, Sāwanṭer the gardener, Rohiḍās the shoemaker, Gora the potter, Ṭukārām the bania, Eknāṭh the brāhmaṇa. And service of the Saints is the only boon which they ever asked of a deity. "Your service, O Ṛṣhis, in life after life, is all that I crave for. For this I shall take innumerable lives ; but you must allow me to serve you."

When these men began to voice the principles of service in relation to the spiritual life and those of religion in relation to ordinary human affairs, their words were received with contempt and derision and they were ostracised or excommunicated. "The appearance of a man of genius may be gathered from the virulence of dunces," says Macaulay ; and the dunces—the high priests and ḍharmāḍhikāris of the age, in this instance—surely never had a finer opportunity. When the saintly Eknāṭh and Ḍhyāneṣhwar made powerful Marathi translations of the *Bhāgvaṭa-Purāṇa* and the *Bhagavad-Gītā* great was the clamour and greater the persecution that greeted them. It is impossible to estimate the debt which the Deccan owes to this faithful band of followers of Shrī Vithal, for their work at that critical period, when the claims of the spiritual life were well-nigh overwhelmed in the wild-beast scramble for the prizes of this world.

And in our own day when the struggle for wealth grows keener and more bitter year by year, new evils are springing up around us. The poor are clustering together in the slums of great industrial centres.

Constant famines and years of drought are counting their victims by thousands. Helpless and homeless, the increasing numbers of the hungry, the destitute and the unemployed are threatening the national life. What profounder misery is in store for us? What severer punishment can be imagined? Every hope appears to be lost, unless—yes, unless, as Mrs. Besant has put it in *The Three Paths*, “one or two such men are found, whose hearts are so fired with divine Love that nothing is left out of its all-embracing scope.” Then and then only “India would be saved as it were in a moment”.

V. R. Karandikar

DR. RICHARDSON

The Rev. John Barron, F. T. S., knew our dear Dr. Richardson well in the early days of his membership in the T. S. One day he told Mr. Barron that he had had a vision of the meaning of suffering, and that it was so glorious and beautiful that he prayed: “O God! give me suffering.” Perhaps in his long years of patient martyrdom he remembered the vision of his early manhood, and knew his petition granted. At any rate, he knows it now.

A. B.

AN OUTLINE OF MANICHÆISM

By DR. RAIMOND VAN MARLE

(Continued from p. 83)

III. COSMOGONY

FOR the understanding of Manes' dualistic system it is necessary to know his conception of the creation of the universe. We have two important sources of information for this part of Manes' teachings; they are the *Fihrist* and Theodore Bar Khoni's *Scholia*. This last, which contains more especially mythological elements, has been commented on by Professor Cumont, who also points out the many similarities between Manes' mythology and the mythologies of other religions. The occidental sources—specially the *Acta* and S. Augustine, also give important information, and are on many points in accordance with the *Fihrist*.

It is not possible to give in one account the two versions of the creation (from the *Fihrist* and Bar Khoni's), and therefore I will, as briefly as possible, give the one after the other. It will be seen that though the two versions are not contradictory, the aspects of the subject they respectively represent are so different that, for the sake of clearness, they must be told separately.

The occidental sources give most information as to the philosophical part of the dualistic system.

Let us first take the creation story, as told by Bar Khoni (made comprehensible by Professor Cumont).

Before the creation of the earth, heaven, or aught which has to do with these, there existed two principles, the one good the other evil. The good principle lives in the Light-Land and is called the Father of Greatness or God of the Eternal Clearness. This God is fourfold—He, His light, His force, and His wisdom.¹ He lives in the highest part of the Light-Land, which is brilliant, eternal, and blissful, as He is Himself.

Besides the Father, there are five Habitations: those of Intelligence, of Understanding, of Thought, of Reflection and of Will. The Light-Land is divided, into five parts, the one above the other, but the Father fills them all. They are parts of Him, but also outside of Him. These Habitations are also spoken of as worlds, centuries, or æons—the word 'alam' may mean either one of these. The Habitations of the Father are thus at the same time His attributes. They are: (1) clear air; (2) warming fire; (3) fresh wind; (4) streaming water; (5) light. The evil principle has his Kingdom too, opposite the Father's. The Prince of it resides in the obscurity which is the antithesis of Light. The kingdom of darkness is also divided into five worlds, all occupied by the Spirit of evil: (1) the region of smoke or fog, inhabited by misty beings; (2) the region of fire, which does not purify but destroys; (3) the region of the terrible destructive winds; (4) the region of the troubled muddy water; (5) the region of the dark abyss without end, the bottomless pit.

¹ The same in the Turfan fragments, M. 32.

The two principles and their worlds could have lived quietly side by side, if the King of darkness had not had the idea of attacking the Kingdom of Light. The outcome of the troubles which resulted from this attack was our actual world. The noise of this attack was so loud that God in His uppermost region where He lives, heard it ; He decided not to send any of His subjects to fight, but to go Himself, as the æons were made for rest. Then God emanated a new force, which should fight against evil and should keep the Kingdom of Light in eternal rest. He was obliged to do this as the inhabitants of his kingdom were so very good, that it would never have been possible for them to do any harm to their enemies. The Father of Greatness then made the Mother of Life, and she brought forth the original man. These two new beings are one with the Father (which explains how it was the Father Himself who went to fight) and together with Him form a trinity. It is the duty of the original man to fight with his five sons against evil. The original man produces five elements, which are the contraries of the five produced as the evil principle, which we gave above (1) the clear air to oppose the smoke ; (2) the warming fire to oppose the destroying one ; (3) the fresh wind to oppose the distracting ; (4) the streaming water to oppose the muddy ; (5) light to oppose the dark abyss. These five elements the original man puts on as armour.¹ The Angel Naharhbad guided the man. The man made his light to shine, and the King of darkness, seeing light in his neighbourhood, put on his armour of five elements. After a long fight the King of darkness was winning ; then the man gave himself and his five

¹ In the Turfan documents we find three coverings mentioned : Wind, Water and Fire, most probably for the same purpose, M. 98.

sons as food to the King of darkness and his five sons (sons are here elements). This was a snare, but did not prove well laid, as the poison of the sons of darkness destroyed the intelligence of the sons of Light. This symbolism is not difficult to understand. The light-giving elements are prisoners of the impure matter. Sometimes the Spirit conquers the flesh, but generally corruption blinds the Spirit. The existence of evil in this world is thus explained by a temporary victory of the Spirit of darkness. But the original Man recovered his intelligence and sent up seven prayers to the Father of Greatness, who, moved by pity, made as a second creation, "the friends of Light," who produced "the living Spirit". This is the second trinity. The living Spirit comes to help the original man. He also has five sons, who are of the same nature as the Habitations of the Father of Greatness, mentioned above. They are called (1) Ornament of Splendour (Intelligence); (2) Great King of Honour (Understanding); (3) Adamas' Light (Thought); (4) King of Glory (Reflection); (5) Carrier (Will). Then the living Spirit with his sons went to the Kingdom of darkness, where he called for the original man; and his voice was as a ground sword; and he discovered the one he was looking for. The living Spirit delivered him from his prison and brought him by the hand to the higher spheres; leaving the five elements—the armour of man—in the power of darkness, where they remain mixed with evil. Now the Spirit of Life goes farther and the story grows extremely fantastic. He orders three of his sons to kill and to flay the sons of darkness, Archons. The Mother of Life made eleven, or twelve, heavens out of their skins. The bodies of the Archons were thrown into the Kingdom of darkness; and became

eight worlds so that all our physical world is composed of bodies of evil forces. Then the five sons of the living Spirit were told what their tasks were.

The ten heavens were carried by the ornament of splendour kneeling upon one knee (a gigantic angel, the Manichæan Atlas), who also had by him the five radiant Gods (good elements, half mixed in the Light-world). Under the loins of these five radiant Gods the heavens were stretched out. When heavens and earths were made, the great King of Honour placed himself in the midst of them, and watched over them all.

Then, the living Spirit revealed his forms to the sons of darkness; he purified a certain quantity of Light which they had absorbed, lifting it up to the five radiant Gods, and he made the sun, the moon, and besides these the lights (stars).¹

The living Spirit made the wheels of wind, water and fire; he descended and placed them under the earth near the Carrier; the King of Glory created and placed them on a bed (mattress), resting on the Archons who were subdued on the earth; and they thus shielded the five radiant Gods, lest they should be burnt by the poison of the Archons.

The Mother of Life, the first man, and the living Spirit prayed to the Father of Greatness to help them, and then was brought forth as third creation, the Messenger.

¹ The Turfan fragments say here: He has fixed seven planets and two dragons in the upper part of the lowest heaven, that they should turn round at the call. Two angels—male and female. . . . nearer to the frontiers and he took the superior of Light upwards, and from Light, water and fire which were purified he had made two Light-ships. That of the sun was made from fire; it had five walls, an etheric, a windy, an airy, a watery and a fiery, and twelve towers and five houses, and three thrones and five soul-collecting angels were in the fiery wall; and the ship of the moon was made from wind, and water and had five walls, an etheric, a windy, an airy, a fiery, a watery, and fourteen towers and five houses with three thrones and five soul-collecting angels in the watery wall. M. 98.

Before going to fight, the Messenger, who in everything is a little different from the other manifestations, created twelve Virgins with their clothes, crowns and 'habits'; (1) Kingdom; (2) Wisdom; (3) Victory; (4) Persuasion; (5) Purity; (6) Truth; (7) Confidence; (8) Patience; (9) Frankness; (10) Goodness; (11) Justice; (12) Light.¹ The Messenger lived in the sun, and the twelve Virgins with him. The sun and moon are represented as ships by the Manichæans; the twelve virgins remind us of the zodiacal signs. The virgins were placed in the heavens, each opposite to an Archon. The mission of the sun and moon was first to attract the light-particles, then to disintegrate the two principles. This was to continue till all the Light had gone back to its original source. The Messenger ordered the great Ban² to form a new earth, and to set in motion the three wheels (the spheres of Water, Wind and Fire). Urged on by the King of Glory, the whole universe began to move. When the celestial bodies reached the middle of the heavens, the Messenger showed himself to the Archons in a marvellous way: the female Archons saw him as a young man, the male Archons saw him as a young girl. By their desire, the Archons, gave back the Light-elements which they had absorbed from the imprisoned sons of Light sent forth with the Light the sins which were mixed with it. The Messenger hid his aspect of boy or girl, and divided the Light of the five Sons of Light from the sins which were born from the Archons. These sins fell upon the Sons of Light but they did not receive them, so they fell to earth, half on the sea, and half on

¹ In the newly discovered manuscripts we find mention of these Virgins of Light. M. 74.

² The words may mean that Ban ordered the Messenger to make a new earth. Ban here means God.

the land. The first changed into an awful animal, like the King of darkness, but it was conquered by Light. The sins which fell on the land became five trees. Thus the Light-parts of the Archons went to the heavens, but the dark-parts went down to the earth, where they became mixed with the trees and plants, and gave colours to them. The female Archons by their own nature produced children ; these children fell upon the earth, and ate the buds of the trees. They took counsel together concerning the form they had seen. Ashaglous,¹ the son of the King of Darkness, said to them: "Give me your sons and daughters, and I shall give you such a form as the Messenger had." They gave him their children ; he ate the male ones, and gave the females to his female companion, Namrael. Namrael and Ashaglous had a son and a daughter—Adam and Eve.

Cumont explains this part of the mythology as follows: the demons see the Light which is the Messenger, moves the heavens and the Archons. The Prince of Darkness, fearing that all his companions, will lose the Light, asks them to give it to him, that he may make a being who shall assure them an eternal existence. The demons agree. Their children inherited the Light of their parents. The Prince of Darkness ate them, and gave to his wife all the Light he thus obtained, and they had as children Adam, the original Microcosmos, and Eve. As the Prince of Darkness believed that the celestial bodies would, in a short time absorb all the Light of the earth, he made a Microcosmos in which the Light was thoroughly mixed.

¹ More often called Shaklas.

The creation was now achieved. Adam, the Spirit was very miserable in an impure body, and the Mother of Life, the Original Man, and the living Spirit, desiring to deliver him, sent to him Jesus, who woke him as from deep slumber. Jesus chased away the demons of temptation, the female Archons. Adam, once awake, saw, and became conscious of himself. Jesus instructed him as to the heavens, and their inhabitants. He made Adam eat from the tree of life, and showed him the miseries of existence. Adam cried: "Woe to the creator of my body, and to him who has attached my soul to it." Man thus learned that his unhappiness lay in Matter; that he must endeavour to deliver himself from all its evils; and thus help in God's great work of purifying the universe.

The *Fihrist* also speaks of two separate Kingdoms. The Kingdom of Light is unlimited, and is God Himself. He has five members: Gentleness, Knowledge, Reason, Secrecy, and Understanding, and five other spiritual divisions: Love, Belief, Fidelity, Nobility, and Wisdom. The God of Light and His qualities are without beginning; the Æther of Light (atmosphere) and the Earth are also without beginning. The members of the Æther of Light are the same as those of God Himself. The members of the Light-Earth are: the soft Air (ether), the Wind, the Light, the Water, and the Cleansing-Fire. The Kingdom of Darkness is Darkness with five members: Fog, Consuming Fire, Hot Wind, Poison, and Darkness. The lowest part of the Light-Kingdom touches the highest part of that of darkness. Upwards, to the right and to the left, the Light-Kingdom is without limits; as is the Kingdom of darkness downwards. Here came into existence Satan,

born from the union of the ever-existing substances and elements. His head was that of a lion, his body that of a dragon, while he had the wings of a bird, the tail of a fish, and four feet like of a creeping animal. This immortal devil originated from darkness, scattered destruction in every direction, and finally went down into the Deep to continue his ravages. Ascending again, he saw the radiance of Light, and as that Light grew stronger and stronger he was afraid, and united himself with his elements. Once again he strove to rise higher, but the 'Light-Earth' noticed his evil plans, and this knowledge was passed on to the King. Any one of his army could certainly have beaten Satan, but the King of Light wished to fight with him Himself. He therefore created the eternal Man of five worlds and twelve elements. The armour of this original man was the five generations, the five Gods. He first put on the soft air, which he covered with the Light as with a mantle; over this he put the water, and over all the blowing wind.¹ The fifth he held as shield and spear, and thus clad, he went to the frontiers of the two kingdoms where the battle must take place. The devil also took his five generations as armour, shield and spear. After a long battle the devil conquered the Man, took of his Light, and surrounded him with his generations and elements. Then the King of Paradise with his Gods delivered man. One of the followers of the King of Light, called the Friend of Light, descended and delivered man from the infernal Matter, and from that which was hidden in him belonging to the Spirits of Darkness. The Spirit of Life went to the frontiers, and seeing how the Man and the Angels were surrounded by the evil forces,

¹ As we have seen also in M. 98.

called loudly to man, and, quick as lightning, man became another God. When the devil had conquered the man, the light and dark particles became mixed. The combination of darkness and light gave light in matter (in metals) and impurity in light.

After this mixing of the light and the dark elements, the original Man descended to the lowest part of the Abyss, to cut off the root of the five dark races, so that they could have no offspring. Then he ordered an Angel to take the mixture, and to suspend it in the air, after which he gave it to another Angel. Then the King of Light ordered one of his Angels to construct the world from these mixed elements, and to separate the light and the dark particles. The Angel made ten heavens and eight earths, and charged one Angel to carry the heavens and another to carry the worlds. To each heaven he gave twelve gates, each with an outer court, a guardian, two doors, and a terrace of six steps. On each of these terraces there were thirty stages, and on each stage, twelve rows of seats; and he made these terraces, stages, and seats lead to the highest court of the Heavens.¹ He united the air of the lowest part of the earth with the air of heaven; made a ditch round this world into which to throw the darkness, which he was to separate from the Light. The sun and moon were made to separate that which was pure Light from the world. The sun was to take the Light which was mixed with the hot devils, the moon that with the cold ones, and to send it on to the world of praise, from which it goes upwards together with songs of praise, hymns, pure words and

¹ The same description is found in the Turfan fragment, M. 50. It differs from that in another Turfan fragment, M. 99.

pious deeds. The moon gives these Light-particles to the sun. The sun gives them to the Light in the world of praise, and in this world they go to the highest, purest Light. This goes on until one particle only is left, which is so intermingled with evil that the sun cannot separate it. While this is happening, the Angel who carries the worlds raises himself, and the Angel who carries the heavens no longer keeps them close to him; so the highest and the lowest become mixed, and a fire is started which does not stop till all the Light-particles are dissolved. This fire endures for 1468 years. I did not succeed in finding the origin of this number. In the end the Spirit of Darkness seeing the liberation of Light, and the raising of the Angels who took part in the battle, the hosts (the five worlds) and the herds (the most important angels of the Manichæan systems), humbles himself and goes to the grave which has been prepared for him. Then the grave is closed with a stone as large as the world, and he remains therein. The Light is then safe from the Darkness.

Here a part of the *Fihrist* cosmogony is missing, for we find in the beginning that one of "those," Archons—the word Archon not having yet been used—united himself with the star, and from this union is born Adam the first man. Two Archons, a male and a female, were to take care of him. From a second union came Hawwa, Eve, the beautiful woman. When the five Angels, worlds, saw the light imprisoned in these two beings, they implored the bringer of good Messages, who appears here for the first time, the Mother of Life, the original man, the Spirit of life, to send somebody to liberate and save them from the devil and to reveal knowledge and justice to them. Then Jesus and another

divinity descended, imprisoned the two Archons and liberated the two beings. Jesus instructed Adam regarding all that existed, and made him afraid of Eve. By his daughter, Eve, the Archon—whom we found at the beginning of this part of the *Fihrist*—had an ugly-looking, red son, Cain, who had, from his Mother, a white son Abel, and two daughters—the World-knowing Hakimat-ad-dahr, and the daughter of Avarice, Ibnat al-hirs. Cain took the last as wife, and gave the first to Abel. Hakimat-ad-dahr was full of divine Light and Wisdom, but her sister had nothing of these qualities. An angel announces to Hakimat-ad-dahr that she will be the mother of two perfect human beings, and he becomes their father. These were two daughters, called Raufarjad (come to help) and Barfarjad (bringing help). Abel thought that these were the children of Cain, and did not believe Hakimat-ad-dahr when she said that the angel was their father. Abel went to his Mother and complained to her about Cain's conduct. Cain hearing this killed him with a stone, and took Hakimat-ad-dahr for his wife. The Archon and Eve were grieved over these occurrences, and the Archon taught Eve how to enchant Adam, by whom she had a fine-looking son. The Archon was angry about this, and tried to kill the child, and when Adam took it and fed it on cow's milk and fruits, the Archon took away the trees and the cows. Then Adam prayed to God a special prayer, and obtained from Him a certain tree, Lutis,¹ which gave milk. Adam gave the name of Lutis to the child, but later he called him Schättil (Seth). The Archon then went away, but inspired Eve to tempt Adam again in order to win him back to their

¹ Lutis or Lotus—not the flower generally understood by this name.

side. Eve succeeded, and Schâtil reproached his father for his weakness, and persuaded him to go towards the east¹ to the divine light and wisdom, and there Adam stayed till his death when he entered Paradise. Schâtil, Raufarjad, Barfarjad and their mother Hakimat-ad-dahr continued with the righteous, going in the same direction. Eve, Cain, and the daughter of Avarice went into hell.

The *Fihrist* also adds a description of the Light-Earth and the Light-Æther, which are, like the God of Light, without beginning. We find the ten qualities named at the beginning of the *Fihrist* cosmogony, as the qualities of the Light-Æther and the Light-Earth. They form together the great Magnificence. The Light-Earth has a body which is brilliant and beautiful ; at the lowest part is the clearness of its purity and the beauty of its body ; there are forms on forms, beauty on beauty, gates on gates, towers on towers, trees on trees ; and so on for a long list. It is rather astonishing to find in Manes' system the glorification of a body, which seems to be a quite material one. The god of this earth is eternal ; he has twelve magnificences, called the first-born (zodiac ?) whose bodies are like his, all instructed and wise.² Also there are magnificences which are the house-spirits, the active and strong. The soft air is the life of the world, it is the element which vivifies the four others.

The earth of darkness is full of abysses, marshes, smoke, fire and darkness. Some of the columns (smoke

¹ Turfan manuscripts (M. 470) speak of the Light-Kingdom of the Orient—also called the Great Orient. These are the New Kingdom of the God of the South, and the Sun God of the Occident. The Orient is considered to be nearer to God and His Wisdom, *i.e.*, free from temptation. (Flugel, p. 271.)

² We find a partial description of them in the Turfan fragments, M. 730.

or fire columns, I suppose) are higher than others, others again are deeper, and the smoke which comes out of them is poison.

The only limit of the two worlds is the line along which they touch each other. They are unlimited on the other three sides.

These two versions complete each other to a certain extent; any way they give a fair idea of the Manichæan cosmogony. We also find a very short version of it in the seventh chapter of the *Acta Archelai*, which is in many points in accordance with Bar Khoni and thereby makes the reliability of this author very probable. The *Fihrist*, however, gives many details which are missing in Bar Khoni, and has therefore a special value. Besides, if the accounts are read carefully, we do not find many points of contradiction between the two, and as they certainly are of different origin, they confirm each other. In the newly discovered documents some descriptive details are to be found. We also find information on the Manichæan cosmogony in a few Christian authors—specially S. Augustine, Titus of Bostra and Alexander of Lycopolis who are particularly interesting for the reconstruction of the Manichæan dualistic system of which the beginning of the cosmogony gives the fundamental principles. A part of this cosmogony will also be found in the section on Man, especially in the part dealing with the last judgment.

(To be Continued)

Raimond van Marle



RENDS IN THE VEIL OF TIME

LIVES OF ERATO

XIII

WE next (2158-2090 B. C.) find Erato born as a boy in a city called Masib situated in a belt of desert to the North of the modern Aden and to the North-east of another city, Sa'aneh, which existed even at that time and has lasted to this day. There seem to have been two distinct races inhabiting this country; the one

called the Mostareb, who dwelt inland, being Āryan Semites; the other who inhabited the coast and were known as the Himiya, being mixed Atlantean and Lemurian. Curiously enough it was the latter people who appear to have prided themselves on the purity of their race and to have looked down on the Āryan Semites as a mixed and inferior stock. It is true, however, that the inlanders were considerably less advanced than the coast-dwellers, in the arts of civilisation and may, for this reason, have come to be looked upon as semi-barbarians.

It was in this curiously despised race that Erato grew up under the name of Kholeyb. His parents, who were both of much fairer complexion than the coast-dwellers, had descended from the inner highlands of Nejd in order to carry on a commercial business on the coast. They mixed little with their neighbours, considering them as inferiors, although, as has been remarked, the said neighbours in their turn regarded the family as of a decidedly lower race than their own, not being of the prevailing colour and stock. The chief articles of trade were grapes, nutmegs, and cinnamon, as well as cotton and woollen cloth beautifully dyed, and sword blades rivalling those of Damascus in temper. Erato's father seems also to have dealt in porcelain and gems.

At ten years of age the child had grown into a handsome boy with oval face, aquiline nose and well-shaped hands. By this time he had learnt to write three different characters, two running from left to right and one from right to left, the latter acquired from his father, and also from his teacher who was a kind of priest. His studies also included geometry, arithmetic,

and a kind of algebra. Religious instruction was given, though of a rather flimsy kind, consisting merely of certain proverbs and maxims and a few formulæ which had to be learnt by heart and recited. The latter were connected with a curious belief which seems to have been universally prevalent at the time among the people of the country; a belief namely in a mysterious race of magicians who dwelt in a ruined city far away in the Northern desert, and were much dreaded on account of their terrible powers. Many were the stories of their doings, how they spirited men away from their homes, how they cast spells on the innocent and so forth: and it was as a protection against this terrible race that the various charms which Erato learnt were devised. (It seems, by the way, that such a race actually existed, being remnants of the great and exceedingly ancient people of Ad, a mixture of Lemurian with the first Atlantean sub-race. Whether they were as formidable as depicted, is however, doubtful, though they were certainly given to magic of the darker kind.)

Besides these regular subjects of study, Erato felt curiously drawn towards everything in any way occult, as well as towards metaphysics—this being a distinct legacy from his last incarnation. An irresistible curiosity led him to enquire into the magic of the time, although this was not of a particularly good kind, and consisted mostly of invocations of spirits and the powers of the air. Particularly was his curiosity stimulated by the rumour that there were still persons who knew as much of these secrets as did the men of old. He determined at all costs to seek out such an occultist, and at last after a long search discovered one who was alleged to have such

knowledge ; but he proved to be but a very poor specimen of the class of magicians. He turned out to be a miserable ill-fed creature, whose practices and rites were simply disgusting, resembling the low materialistic magic of the modern Obi or Voodoo cults. There was much sacrificing of animals and other abominations involved, and nearly the whole of his so-called magic had to do with injury to others—as for example, spells to poison a town, or talismans made of the entrails of dead animals, through which one might get one's enemy into one's power—in fact, the lowest degrees of Lemurian black magic. Fortunately Erato was sufficiently disgusted not to have anything to do with it, and although he wrote down the particulars, he never attempted to make practical experiments, thus avoiding the making of terrible karma which must otherwise have dogged him for lives to come.

As it was, after this somewhat rash venture into the occult, Erato settled down to a life of quiet happiness and success, making a moderate livelihood by drawing and occasionally amusing himself by illuminating texts, this being the only way apparently in which the artistic instinct managed to find expression in this incarnation.

In spite of occasional ups and downs, such as the loss of a caravan now and then, Erato seems to have enjoyed equable good fortune. He had a great reputation for learning among the people, and his advice was much sought after. He had moreover become proficient in astronomy and astrology, both of which played an important part in the religion of the time. His old love of occultism persisted until the end, and he long intended to organise an expedition to make a systematic search for the magicians in the city in the North. In

spite of the danger, he fully intended to go with this expedition himself, but somehow or other his project was constantly postponed, until death finally overtook him with his purpose unfulfilled. He died at the age of sixty-eight leaving behind him several children.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

None Identified.

XIV

Erato descended once more into incarnation (573-561 B. C.) in a land of the name of Baktra, which at this time owed allegiance to the Persian monarch, Hormi Khan. The city in which he was born lay to the north of the Paropamisan range, near the Eastern borders of Afghanistan. The people were worshippers of the sun and of fire; their priesthood was eminent for learning, and their temples, though somewhat bare of adornment, were architecturally fine.

With Erato was born a twin-sister, Ausonia. The horoscope of the two was cast, as was the custom, at birth, and was declared to be extremely inauspicious, for it was clear that misfortune was destined for one of the children. In view of this it was at first decided to separate them and bring them up apart, in order that the catastrophe, if it came, might not fall on both; but for some reason this plan was not followed and they were

educated together. Some care seems to have been expended on Erato's training, and amongst other things he became remarkably proficient in versification, and developed a wonderfully easy flow of ideas and language. Both the children received instruction in the religion of their race—the Zoroastrian—and both grew up into pleasant, well-behaved, good-looking young people, though it is true that Erato was somewhat prematurely grave and quiet, and in every way very unlike the boy in the last incarnation, whom we remember as a joyous, energetic, open-air kind of child, brimful of animal spirits. Nevertheless, for all his youthful gravity, both he and his sister went in for a great deal of physical exercise, principally riding, at which both became experts, the girl riding man-fashion.

Another favourite sport was sailing. There was a lake near the city on which they would go out, accompanied by a boatman, in a curious kind of broad-bottomed boat with a lateen sail. One day, when they had ventured out in rather stormy and unsettled weather, a sudden squall upset the boat. The boatman and the two children made desperate efforts to climb on to the side, and right the boat, but it was quite unavailing, as the heavy soaked sail held it down. The man then attempted to swim ashore with his two young charges, but the distance of half a mile was too great, considering the state of the water, and he was soon forced to return exhausted to the boat. Erato then begged him to take Ausonia alone, and return for himself with a boat, saying that he could hold on quite easily till he came back. With great reluctance the boatman at length consented, and set forth with Ausonia on his back. After a terrible struggle he succeeded at last in

fighting his way through the waves and in effecting a landing with his little burden quite safe and sound, though naturally very much exhausted. Leaving her insensible in the charge of some people who had come down to the shore to help, he hurriedly secured a few volunteers, and rowed back at top speed to the rescue of Erato.

But, alas, by the time they reached the spot, all trace of the poor boy had vanished. The boat too had disappeared, and it was plain that the poor little fellow with his large thoughtful eyes and his pale serious face had found a solitary grave beneath the dark and chilly waters of the lake.

A short period in the astral world was passed almost in unconsciousness ; after which he entered the heaven-life, and after forty-one years' sojourn in that world, he returned to the physical plane in time to take advantage of perhaps the most favourable conditions which the world has yet afforded for the full and liberal development of a nature and a temperament like his. For his next entrance on to the scene brought him into the life of Greece in the glorious fifth century B. C., and here, as might be expected, we shall find a considerable growth along all the lines of culture and art. We shall find also, stimulated by a wonderful and opportune meeting, a great development on the side of occultism and mysticism—that other strand in his nature which we have noticed growing through the last few lives.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ERATO: ... *Twin-sister*: Ausonia.

XV

In this incarnation we find ourselves on familiar ground, for Erato's next birth was at Athens in the year 520 B. C.—just the period with which we have already had to deal in examining the lives of Orion. His name was Agathocles, and he was the younger brother of Sirius, to whom he was deeply attached. They grew up together joyously, spending much time in the practice of gymnastics, running, leaping, wrestling and throwing the quoit. Their studies, however, were by no means neglected; they were regular and serious, and the boys were thoroughly interested in them, and took a keen delight in learning. They took up history (not always very exact, by the way) and mythology; they read about the Trojan War, and got very much excited over it, making up mimic battles and playing the part of all the heroes in turn.

The religious education given seems to have consisted chiefly of maxims, which were to be learnt by heart; no one seriously believed the strange stories about the Gods, but they were regarded as fairy tales with a symbolical meaning which only those who were initiated into the Mysteries could thoroughly comprehend. The boys were placed under the protection of Pallas Athene, and were taught to call upon her when in

danger or difficulty. She was rightly regarded as a very real person indeed—the tutelary spirit of that noble race. They believed in a future life and in inexorable justice, but were quite happy about it all, and had no fear of death. Unquestionably the facts which bulked most largely in their boyish lives were the public games; these and the training for them were the supreme interests of their existence.

Their family was in good circumstances, and they had good opportunities. The most important event in their boyhood—important in view of its after results—was that a relation offered to take them for a voyage in a ship of which he was part owner. It was a trading voyage among the Greek islands and over to the Asiatic shore, and with the leisurely methods of those days it occupied about a year, during which they visited many places, and saw not only much beautiful scenery but many marvellous temples adorned with exquisite sculpture.

Among other islands they called at Samos, where they came into touch with the great philosopher Pythagoras, who was then a man of advanced age, and very near his death. Some historians have thought that this sage perished when his school at Crotona was wrecked by popular prejudice; others, recognising that he survived that catastrophe, believe that he died much later at Metapontum. But neither of these ideas is correct; when very old, he left his schools in Magna Græcia, and returned to his patrimony in Samos to end his days where he had begun them, and so it happened that our young travellers had the very great privilege of seeing him in the course of their voyage.

His principal disciple at that time was Kleineas (now the Master Djwal Kuhl); and Kleineas was

exceedingly kind to the young wanderers, and patiently answered all their eager questions, explaining to them the system of the Pythagorean philosophy. They were at once most strongly attracted towards the teaching expounded to them, and were anxious to join the school. Kleineas told them that a branch of it would presently be opened in Athens, and meantime he gave them much instruction in ethics, in the doctrine of reincarnation and the mystery of numbers. All too soon their vessel was ready for sea (it had fortunately required refitting) and they had regretfully to take leave of Pythagoras and Kleineas. To their great and awed delight, when they called to bid him adieu, the aged philosopher blessed them, and said with marked emphasis: "*Palin sunestathesometha*—we shall meet again." Within a year or two they heard of his death, and so they often wondered in what sense he could have meant those words; but when, in this present incarnation, one of those brothers had for the first time the privilege of meeting the Master K. H., the latter recalled to his memory that scene of long ago, and said: "Did I not tell you that we should meet again?"

Soon after the death of Pythagoras, Kleineas fulfilled his promise to come and set on foot a school of the philosophy in Athens, and naturally Sirius and Erato were among his first pupils. Large numbers were attracted by his teaching, and the philosophy took a very high place in the thought of the time. It was, however, a troublous time, by no means ideal for the study of these higher problems. The difficulties with Persia were just commencing, and the air was full of uneasiness. At last came the Persian invasion, culminating in the celebrated battle of Marathon, in which

both the brothers took part, as they did also ten years later in the great naval engagement of Salamis. Later still, the brothers thought it their duty to go and assist the Greek colonies in Asia Minor against the Persians; they took part also in the battle of Platæa, so that there was a great deal of fighting before they could really settle down.

Another result, however, had followed upon that fateful voyage which changed for them so many things. The many beautiful sculptures which they had seen in the course of their travels had aroused in Erato the latent artistic faculty, and with his brother's fullest approval he had resolved to devote his life to the pursuit of art in that form. Not that he ever neglected the philosophical side of life; he was initiated into the Mysteries of Eleusis, and gave much time to their study, especially to the doctrine of karma, or readjustment, as it was then called. Except for the management of the family estate, Sirius gave the whole of his life to philosophy, while Erato divided his between philosophy and art.

He produced some excellent statues, usually attaching to them the assumed name of Kalamis. One of the most important was an Apollo in bronze, which must have been nearly fifty feet in height. It was executed as a commission for one of the cities on the Black Sea; but some centuries later it was removed to Rome. Another Apollo was perhaps even more celebrated, though it was only life-size; it was erected in the *Kerameikos*, or potters' quarter at Athens, and was popularly called Alexikakos, from some fancied power of warding off pestilence which was attributed to it. This statue was largely copied by pupils, and one such

copy is now in the British Museum, where it is called the Apollo of the Omphalos. It is much injured, and it seems that various conjectural attempts (mostly inaccurate) have been made at its restoration. Its left hand appears to have originally held an olive-branch, while the right, resting upon a tree-stump, held some kind of belt. Part of the original is still preserved at Athens, and is far superior to the copies.

A temple to Athena Nikē was erected at Olympia from the plans and under the supervision of our hero, and the statue of Athena which it contained was the work of his own hands. For some reason he chose to make it a copy in marble of a very ancient and sacred wooden image called the Xoanon, which was preserved at Athens. This statue was commonly called Nikē Apteros, and held in its left hand a helmet, and in its right a pomegranate.

Another work which brought him much fame was a statue of Aphrodite (called the Sosandra) which was placed at the entrance of the Acropolis at Athens. The face of this figure was particularly charming. It was executed to the order of a rich man named Kallias, who offered it to the Goddess in fulfilment of some vow connected with his marriage. His name appears, curiously written, at the head of an incomprehensible inscription on the base. In at least two cases Agathocles seems to have collaborated with other sculptors: once with the elder Praxiteles (grandfather to the better known artist of that name) the latter supplying the figure of the driver for a very elaborately worked bronze quadriga or chariot executed by Kalamis, and set up in the Acropolis in memory of the victory of the Athenians over Chalcis; and on another occasion with a man named

Onatas, who received a commission for a bronze chariot-group at Olympia—a group which our hero completed by adding on each side a racehorse with a naked boy as rider. These boys and horses are remarkably graceful, and altogether surpass the work of Onatas. Some other figures of boys in an attitude of prayer—also at Olympia—are specially beautiful.

Another remarkable work of which some traces may still be found is a statue of Hermes erected at Tanagra, and popularly called Kriophoros because the God is represented as bearing a ram upon his shoulders—the idea being perhaps suggested by an archaic and roughly-executed image in which the same deity is seen bearing a calf in similar fashion. This Hermes Kriophoros was largely copied, numbers of smaller reproductions being made, not only in marble but in terracotta or some similar substance, and even still smaller images in gold, silver or ivory, which were used as amulets. A copy of this exists in the British Museum. It was also stamped upon the coins of Tanagra.

At the same town Kalamis also produced a statue in marble of Dionysos or Bacchus. At Thebes, too, they had two of his works, colossal figures of Zeus Ammon and Herakles (the former commissioned by the poet Pindar), both in his best style, and each remarkable for the wonderful success with which it expresses the special characteristics of the Great Ones—in the first case serene dignity and consciousness of power, and in the second, the easy self-confidence and joyousness of youth in perfect health and strength. He seems to have been specially fond of sculpturing horses, and was always very successful with them; he often represented his subjects as driving in chariots, and occasionally as riding. Among his less

celebrated statues may be mentioned an Alkmene, a Hermione at Delphi, and an Asklepios (Æsculapius) in gold and ivory, holding a pine-cone in one hand and a staff in the other; also a gilded Athena, standing on a bronze palm-tree at Delphi, holding a staff, and attended by an owl. This was erected to commemorate a victory over the Persians.

He is mentioned in an encyclopædia as a contemporary of Phidias, but this is somewhat misleading. Certainly they were on earth at the same time, but Phidias was twenty or thirty years younger than Kalamis, and studied under him for some time. Kalamis himself studied art under Antenor, having for his fellow-students Nesiotes and Kritias among others; but none of these attained the fame of Kalamis. He really held a peculiar and important place in the history of Greek art, for it was he who first ventured to break through the stiff conventional methods of the archaic school. His work shows in this respect a marked improvement over that of his master Antenor, though it still bears obvious traces of the latter's influence. Still, to our hero belongs the honour of initiating that reform in sculpture which culminated so gloriously in the works of his successor Phidias. Praxias was another successful pupil of Agathocles.

Both of the brothers married, and brought up their families in opposite sides of the original paternal house, in which there was plenty of room for all. Indeed, they formed a wonderfully united household, and their residence was quite a centre both for philosophers and artists. Stormy though the times were, there was much in them that was noble and elevating; and our hero took his part in the vivid life of Athens at its best,

even though his art and his higher studies always came for him before political considerations. The death of Sirius left a gap in his circle, but the parting was not a painful one, for both were happy in their knowledge of what death meant, and in their certainty that in a future existence they would meet again. Erato survived Sirius by some five years, and when he in turn shuffled off this mortal coil he passed through the astral plane with great rapidity, and had a long and elevated sojourn in the heaven-world. Details of his family in this incarnation will be found appended to No. XXIII of the lives of Orion. THE THEOSOPHIST, Vol. XXXIII, p. 735.

XVI

The last life of the present series belongs to Bavaria, attracted to earth evidently by his artistic instincts. Erato reincarnated as the son of one Albrecht Altdorfer, a citizen of Ratisbon (then called Regensburg) on the banks of the Danube. His father was a painter and architect as well as an engraver and etcher, but the latter arts were his speciality and he seems to have been a pupil of the celebrated Albrecht Dürer. In such surroundings it was only natural that Erato's latent gifts should quickly manifest themselves. By watching his father at work he acquired the necessary knowledge and skill so rapidly that at the age of fifteen he was able to work upon the paternal plates in such a way that the one hand was practically indistinguishable from the other, the fact moreover that both signed by the same name helping

further to confuse the two ; so that many of the plates which have come down to us as the works of Albrecht Altdorfer may in reality be the productions of Erato himself. In any case, the work itself was highly thought of at the time, and many orders were given to the father for the reproduction of important pictures, one of which, Dürer's ' Knight of Death,' was reproduced by father and son working together.

If the artistic tendencies which had developed to so high a point in Greece revealed themselves so swiftly and so prominently in this next incarnation, there was another legacy from the Athenian life which came out no less certainly. The ego which had stored up the teachings of Kleineas could not but impress upon his new personality some trace of an attitude towards things religious which hardly fitted in with the popular church orthodoxy of the times. Thus it is that we find Erato, quite in early youth, falling into the movement of religious thought which was, at about this time, associated with the names of such reformers as Nicholas of Basel, Christina Margaretha Elnor, Heinrich Süso and Johan Tauler, by the last of whom both Erato and his father seemed to have been much influenced. Among the beliefs to which the young man instinctively felt attracted were those of the interior development of man, the possibility of union with God and the ability of man to work out his own salvation unaided. He had little faith in the efficacy of the sacraments, but was strongly drawn towards mysticism of all kinds and intensely eager to acquire any knowledge connected with the occult. His dreamy, imaginative nature was fired by what he had heard of mysterious fraternities like the Rosicrucians, and he

always cherished a hope of coming into contact with them. In the year 1520, he was stricken by a fever, but recovered. Nevertheless, this illness left behind it a certain weakness, and two years later he was carried off by an epidemic at the age of nineteen. After a proportionate period of residence upon higher planes, he descended into incarnation once more in time to find gathered round him many of his old friends of former lives, and to share with them the splendid reward of the Theosophical teaching. We should not close our record without mentioning that the artistic faculties which he has cultivated so assiduously through so many centuries are present in highest excellency in this life also.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

None identified.

NOTE

A correspondent sends the following in reference to the tragic life of Orion published in our pages (Vol. XXXII, Part ii, pp.105).

There exists to-day in the South of Madagascar a tribe called the "Antandroy," very distinct from the other tribes in the island, being much fiercer and more warlike; they resemble more the Zulus than any Madagascar tribe. Although there are no records of the crime having been actually committed in modern times, yet one chief has been known to say of another who had done him a wrong or with whom he was at war, "I will put him on an ant-hill for the ants to eat"—this as the worst form of punishment they can think of, there being a quantity of large ant-hills in their country not found elsewhere. There is also in their country a large salt lake somewhat less than a mile from the sea but not in any way connected with it this lake is named 'Aongo'. The greatest and most terrible oath that a member of this tribe can take is to "Swear by Sakay" (the 'S' being pronounced as a soft 'Sh'), but they appear to have no idea as to *why* that particular name has been handed down as a terrible one.

SOME IDEALS OF ASTROLOGY¹

By MRS. MARIE RUSSAK

BEING an earnest student of esoteric subjects, I shall consider from that standpoint some of the ideals of astrology as they appear to me. If this lecture were for the general public I should treat the subject from quite a different point of view, but as it is for a Society of astrological students there is no need to try to prove the value of astrology, or to defend it against the attacks of its enemies.

Some astrologers feel much annoyed because astrology is not more generally accepted, especially by those whom the world considers as scientists, but who in fact practically refuse to take any interest in it. It seems to me that this should be a test for our patience and a stimulus to endeavour, and that it points out to us that until we can produce a more exact system of astrology we shall not be able to command the attention of scientists. We have heard the latter say that there is so much squabbling and difference of opinion even amongst the astrologers themselves that they are loath to try to make anything out of the muddle. I suppose they do not wish us to infer that scientists never squabble amongst themselves or have differences of opinion; but nevertheless we must admit that if we compare the

¹ A Lecture delivered to the London Astrological Society, January 16, 1912.

discoveries of Science with those of astrology, the balance, if viewed with the eyes of the narrow concrete mind, must tip heavily in favour of Science.

There can be no greater ideal for astrology than the realisation of the verity of its claims, and many of us are devoting much time to the endeavour to demonstrate that its possibilities of becoming an exact science will in time equal any other line of investigation into the realms of nature. Certainly we are united as one in this ideal, and if my own limited investigations into the rationale of astrology can in any way assist you in yours, I shall be pleased. It is not in the slightest degree my intention or desire to force any of my opinions upon you, but I give them to you in the hope that they may prove as interesting and helpful to you as they have been to me; and therefore I trust that you will accept them in the same spirit as that in which they are given. They may perhaps introduce certain hypotheses upon which, if you so desire, you can base some fascinating experiments along new lines of thought. In the consideration of astrology, especially from the esoteric standpoint, students owe a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Alan Leo who also have found, and are teaching, that astrology without the deeper interpretation would be practically an empty science.

In order to explain certain experiments of my own I must be rather personal; but, after all, from what other standpoint can a young and investigating student speak? Some twelve years ago I had six lessons in how to cast a horoscope, but in the few years following that time there was no further opportunity for any study; later there occurred some experiences of an occult nature in which the value and place of astrology were

shown to me. Frankly speaking they were psychic experiences, during which it was demonstrated that without some knowledge of astrology, a complete understanding of the forces of nature would be practically impossible.

One of the ways in which the teachers on the inner planes lay certain truths before students is by causing pictures to pass before their eyes representing the truths they wish to impress. This is not generally the method used for mediums, but rather for those becoming trained psychics; there is a great difference between these two types.

The first of these experiences occurred after I had expressed to a friend my regret at not being able at that time to speak openly of these matters—of occult facts proven conclusively by me. My teacher on the inner planes said that there were other ways of helping and of aiding the spread of the truths of occultism beside those of lecturing and coming openly before the public. He then caused to appear before my eyes the picture of a woman in great distress, and requested me to send her a thought-form that would help her. The person mentioned was in very deep despair, caused by the death of her husband and child, and she was contemplating suicide.

I was told by the teacher to examine well her aura, and to notice that the predominant colours in it were a deep blue and a silvery white. He said that, astrologically speaking, she was under the sign Cancer, and that by examining her etheric body we should be able to note certain characteristics, and only then be able to judge what forces her physical body could receive without harm. He also pointed out the fact that she was

suffering from a high fever, and explained why certain slow and strong vibrations were entering her aura; these were caused by a square of Saturn and Mars which was then taking place, and which had also existed at the moment of her birth. He then proceeded to the inhibition of the afflicting forces of Saturn, by placing a wall of silvery white and another of dark blue around her aura. I asked him, in my ignorance, why he did not use red as a protective wall, as I thought the force of Mars might overcome effectively any others with which it came into contact—Mars being such a 'good fighter'. The teacher pointed out the watery nature of the person, and told me to remember that she was suffering from fever also; therefore any addition of the force of Mars, or the colour of red in her bodies, would not only augment the fever, but would also increase the power of the aspect which was afflicting her at the moment. He explained that the forces causing the silvery white and dark blue colours were those of the Moon and Jupiter—the benefics of her horoscope and therefore good weapons against Saturn. We watched the effect of these inhibiting walls of force as the vibrations from them played into her aura, and it was most interesting. It was as though one had removed from the fire a vessel containing boiling, muddy brown water; the boiling gradually ceased and the dark colours faded from the aura, much in the same manner as sediment would settle on the bottom of a vessel when the water was sufficiently quiet.

The next step of the process was the formation of a thought-form which the teacher said we could now proceed to make, since the physical body was momentarily in a measure freed from the affliction of the

planets, and a thought-form could now be sent directly into her mental body, which would gradually reflect its strength into the emotional body. I enquired why he did not send that thought-form direct to the emotional body, instead of through the mental body. He explained that Venus and Saturn were afflicting the astral body at birth, and therefore it was not well to stimulate her astral body especially at this moment—in the excitement of her grief; he pointed out the necessity of first strengthening the mental body, and allowing that to steady the emotions through the natural channel of the mind. He said this would be an easy task, since Mercury was in the rising sign Cancer, which gave her a strong, receptive mind; and that a thought-form properly made and sent into her mental body would be able more effectually to lift her out of her unhappiness—she would reason herself out of her despair. The next step of the process was the visualisation of an ovoid of pale golden light with a wide band of mauve colour around it. During the formation of this band, and until the time when it was considered sufficiently clear and distinct, I was told to hold the thought: “May Divine Strength aid you!” This thought-form was then projected by the will, and following it, we saw it strike against her mental body much in the same manner as a child’s balloon repeatedly bumps against and floats off from an object it contacts. But each time it touched the mental body, that body seemed to grow stronger and lighter in colour, and its matter gradually took on the undulatory and circulatory movement natural to it. Presently the person sat up, clasped her hands, and called out for help; this was just what was required in order to establish a mental relationship

between herself and the thought-form, and without further delay it discharged its full force into her aura. The teacher lost no time in sending in after it a stream of strengthening force, with the result that at last she fell upon her knees praying for the necessary strength to live, and resolving to rise above her trouble; and in time she was able to do so.

In the manner above described, during some of my later studies of Astrology, I was shown a series of pictures which demonstrated some of the facts of involution as well as evolution. The first of these represented a large parachute from which millions of tiny threads of light were suspended, and on the end of each thread a tiny star of light—the whole a mass of different colours. In the complexities of evolution, these threads became entangled little by little, and it is in the midst of this tangle that we find ourselves to-day. If we understand the laws of nature and the relation to them and ourselves of the planetary forces, we shall discover the nature of the thread to which we are attached, the nature of other threads in which we are entangled, how we came to be entangled, and how we can untangle them. We shall then no longer seem as a victim blown hither and thither by the winds of fate; but instead we shall recognise that we can become rulers of ourselves and of our destinies; we shall also be able to realise that all things created are under the influence of the planets and their houses.

The Theosophical ideas of evolution were also demonstrated, the general scheme of which you can read from our books, if you so desire. It will suffice for the purpose of this lecture if we remember that we have passed out through Seven Sacred Centres and

their fields of evolution. We find ourselves at the door of our present system in the care of Seven Planetary Logoi. Generally speaking, we are seven types of human beings, evolving in seven types of matter, under the influence of seven planets, each with its zodiacal sign.

H. P. B. tells us that the ancient Chaldeans took into consideration only ten signs of the Zodiac, and so far as certain investigations of my own are concerned, it is found that at that time only five of the main qualities (each represented by a planet) were comparatively fully developed.

Four of these up to the time of the fifth Race had grown into full expression, and during the fifth Race the fifth quality was to be developed. The planet (which it is my belief was to rule that quality) Herschel only developed physically sufficiently to be observed by telescopes at a much later time. In fact the necessity for expressing that quality was the 'mother of manifestation' of the planet and its house. It is also my belief that two more planets and signs will fully develop as the ages roll on. It may be that some of the zodiacal signs will again be divided, or, perhaps, at present two of them are in some cases one—the negative and positive parts of the same sign. As each quality develops, a planet must come into stronger manifestation with its negative and positive houses. There seems little doubt but that two planets still lie beyond our ken, and unless they are to send an influence directly upon us, in an unusual way, there must be two other houses or signs through which they are to manifest. This would make it necessary for two more houses also to be added to our system, thus making fourteen in all and seven planets

—the sun and moon not being planets in the true sense of the word, but the present negative and positive poles of our system. How this is to meet the mathematical requirements, I do not know, but this need not be a difficulty; if we look back upon the ancients we are often unable to comprehend the mathematical standards they used. If there were strange and often seemingly unfathomable calculations in the past, why should not others exist in the future?

The quality which Herschel seems to rule is the *Science of Investigation*, and all that pertains to the highest positive mentality; in fact, it would almost seem that he is the ruler of the causal body and Mercury of the lower mental. The qualities of Herschel appear to be the qualities of Mercury transmuted. Herschel brings clear, cool judgment in all that pertains to scientific investigation, which is the quality of the fifth, or the present, Race. You wonder why Herschel always brings about unexpected changes; it is because he demands that diversity of circumstances, which brings with it knowledge pertaining to all forms of the higher intellect. The quickest way to teach a boy to swim is to throw him into the water, and let him learn to struggle for himself against the force of gravity; the way to make a person learn a thing is to throw him into the necessity of experiencing it; then only will he know it. Some astrologers believe that Herschel is the planet of Occultism and Neptune of Mysticism. I also held this belief for some time, until it was explained to me that it was natural that this conclusion should be held because Occultism required so much scientific investigation and positive endeavour; but that Herschel had only led the way to a complete

balanced mentality and clear judgment necessary for both the Mystic and the Occultist.

In the future sixth Race we shall also better understand the place of Neptune, and the true house which governs that planet. It is my belief that the negative and positive qualities of that planet are expressing themselves in reference to both Occultism and Mysticism in the *Science of Revelation*. In *The Secret Doctrine*, H. P. B. in one place expresses doubts about Neptune being a part of our system ; in another place she affirms that it is.

Neptune governs in the physical body only such organs as are to be fully perfected at a future time—among them the pituitary body and pineal gland—one of these is negative and the other positive ; one the seat of mystic revelation, the other of occult revelation. Hence the fiery-watery nature of Neptune is the direct influence causing a person to turn to the investigation of more spiritual things, and to fulfil the positive and negative requirements of the Occultist and Mystic. Occult astrologers will interpret the influence of Neptune as deeply occult-fiery, the outer revelation ; mystic astrologers will interpret that planet's influence as mystic-negative, loving the inner revelation. Its influence on the person will be felt only according to the psychic temperamental receptivity of the person himself. Neptune, well situated in the horoscope of the positive musician, will make a composer—a creator of music : in the horoscope of a negative musician it will bring the ecstasies of the music-lover—the interpreter of music. If the horoscope of a person shows Neptune badly aspected, the afflictions generally take place in the head ; the pituitary body and the pineal gland in that case will

suffer and cause illnesses, sometimes even bringing about the death of the person. Neptune is a splendid friend to the spiritually-minded, but a dangerous enemy to the base. The black magician fears its influence, but revels in the clear cool mentality of Herschel. It is my belief that Neptune will be the ruler of the sixth Race, and we shall better comprehend its relation to us in the future, when the pituitary body and pineal gland shall have become more fully developed.

Much of this may seem to you to be mere speculation ; but even if you do so consider it, there is no harm to your astrological reputations in listening to some ideas which have proven of profound interest to a student seeking, as earnestly as you are seeking, to understand the inner truths relating to our development.

There were some other fascinating pictures shown to me, demonstrating the development of our bodies, whilst the matter of which they are composed was passing through the different kingdoms ; also the rationale of how some forces, after passing through the matter of the mineral, plant and animal kingdoms, finally became the directors or rulers of certain parts of the body of man ; but the details of this would occupy almost a volume, and are very complicated. A rough outline of the way the positive and negative forces now work in reference to the whole human body is more simple, and may interest you.

As we know, all matter inherently is either positive or negative in its nature. In the earlier evolution, all persons (the stars hanging from the parachute) were positive or negative, I mean dominantly so. At the separation of the sexes, the positives became male and the negatives female. For long periods of time each

remained in its original nature, but as the complexities of evolution and experience grew more varied, especially at the time of the formation of the more complicated human body, these forces of necessity became more equalised. In other words, it was necessary that the male body, which was dominantly positive on the right side and negative on the left side of it, should also possess an equal amount of positive and negative force on each side of the body. Those wearing a female body were more positive on the left side of the body, and it was necessary that their positive and negative elements should also be equalised. The exigencies of the law of rhythm require this. At the present time, owing to continual use, the right hand of the majority of men and women seems more positive, but as time goes on the left hand in each will become equally proficient as well as the left foot. *Proficiency in a limb, however, does not necessarily mean that it is of a positive nature inherently.* Man is endeavouring, generally speaking, to equalise the negative and positive elements in his body by building positivity into the left side of his body and negativity into the positive side—*vice versa* in the case of persons wearing a female body. Opportunities of doing this are unequal in different people, and we sometimes find that females are over-masculine or positive, or males express more of the feminine negativity than seems quite natural to the body they wear.

I have mentioned this fact especially, because I know that many astrologers find great difficulty while interpreting horoscopes, in understanding certain things, which would be clearer if the negative and positive conditions of the planets and signs in a person's horoscope were taken into consideration; it is then

easier to prognosticate and advise the person. It is true that this fact of the negative and positive elements being different in each person, complicates the matter of judging a nativity, but that is no reason why it should not be taken into consideration, if we wish to be exact and to make fewer mistakes in our calculations.

For example, we know that what we call afflictions are sometimes totally different in their effect on a man and a woman respectively. We are liable to judge an affliction roughly, and merely in reference to whether the aspect applies to a male or female horoscope. In truth we ought first to judge whether the body of the person, if it is a female, has built into itself more positive than negative characteristics; the position of the planets, especially Mars and the Sun, ought to help in showing this. If she has more positive than negative elements in her, the aspect will work itself out in her body, *in the same manner as it would in a positive man*, in spite of the fact that she is wearing a female body. We are too much inclined to forget that the force of an aspect can only exhaust itself in a body *in proportion as that body is magnetically disposed towards it*, and that is governed very much by the amount of negative and positive force in the body, be it male or female.

What we call afflictions are really not evil at all, but only the meshes of a web of experience wound around us, and are only to teach us some valuable lesson of life. By thus recognising the affliction as an indicator of a fault to be expiated and eliminated, we shall soon be able to appreciate the true value of the afflictions in a horoscope and to untangle the threads which for the time being seem to hold us, much as a fly is held as a victim in the web of a spider. If we accept the doctrine of

reincarnation, it is much easier for us to unravel the mystery of these afflictions, and to understand more readily the lessons which these afflictions ought to teach us.

We ought also to comprehend our own threefold nature and the fact that the aspects of our horoscopes apply especially to three bodies (our physical, emotional and mental bodies), and not to one only. Within each one of those three bodies there is something (Occultism would call it the permanent atom) which always remains with us throughout our cycle of incarnations. It is in that permanent part of us that our experiences of past lives are stored, and the aspects which we find in our horoscopes relate to all three of those atoms, not to one of them only. If one does not take this fact into consideration, mistakes in calculation are bound to occur.

I was once asked by an astrologer why in one case an aspect should show its results in a very marked way upon the physical body, yet in another person did not show any results at all; he found this to be the case even when the positions of the planets were similar or practically identical in different horoscopes. While investigating this case it was demonstrated that aspects could exhaust themselves directly into the subtler bodies, without in any way influencing the physical body—the force of the aspect could be used up either by the mental or emotional body. Another picture illustrated this fact. Extending from the body of a person for some little distance, there seemed to be many transparent tubes through which coloured fluids were being conducted into the different bodies as they passed through them. In various parts of those tubes there were openings which permitted some of the fluids to escape.

Figuratively speaking, kârmic experiences made these openings in the tubes. If the force of the aspect was intended to exhaust itself in the mental body alone, there would pass out through the openings at the extremity of the tube, the full force of the fluid, leaving little of it to pass down through the tube into the emotional and physical bodies. It is a fact that in some such manner there are these conduits of the planetary forces, radiating through the subtler bodies of man, which allow the forces of the planets to exhaust themselves into one or other of man's bodies much in the way I have described.

The fact of the existence of these subtler bodies and of the planetary influence upon them was well understood by the ancient Chaldean astrologers, who were almost all seers. When a person was born in that ancient time, the priest did not calculate one horoscope alone, but three: one from the moment of the epoch, one from the moment of quickening, and one from the moment of birth. They considered that each of these moments was of deep significance in its relation to the future of the person, and they considered also that these moments related in a threefold way to each of the person's three lower bodies when considered from 'below'; when considered from 'above' they were related to all that pertained to the greater threefold character of man—his personality, ego and monad. All three horoscopes were especially taken into consideration when it was known to the priests (who were seers) that an ego desired to incarnate and they wished to find a proper physical temple for it; they would choose for the mother, one whose astrological signs and planets were as nearly as possible the same as those destined

for the incoming ego, and a very close relationship could thus be established between the mother and child. The food of the mother was as far as possible made such as was under the rule of the benefics of her horoscope. The juices of fruits given her as drink were previously magnetised, or charged with the proper forces by the priests, being placed under coloured glass, the colour of which was that corresponding to her ruling planet; the rays of the sun were then allowed to play through the glass into the juices, and removed any bad magnetism which happened to be in them. Not only the food of the mother, but her environment, occupation and clothing were considered astrologically. If one could but glimpse clairvoyantly the advantages of all this, and see how vibratory relationships of a magnetic kind can thus be established between the higher forces and our bodies, one would better understand the law of rhythm and its application to progress.

To return to the consideration of the three horoscopes: the first or lowest, for the physical body, was that which was computed from the moment of the epoch and seemed to relate to physical actions, the functions of the body and its natural health. The second was that computed from the moment of quickening, and seemed to pertain to past habits and form of expression of the physical limbs and body generally. If these habits were not as they should be, the priest endeavoured to substitute proper ones, such as the horoscope would permit. In the third physical horoscope, that computed from the moment of birth, the aspects were considered as pertaining to the possibilities in the physical for the expression of beauty, attainments, purity and all tendencies which could be developed (not those relating

to the past), especially those possible to the physical body in the next incarnation. The person was minutely instructed how he could store up in the physical permanent atom the seed of a perfect physical body for the next life. In the same manner, the three horoscopes of the emotional body were studied in reference to the manner of its action or past habits, form of expression, and its future possibilities. There were also three horoscopes pertaining to the action and habits, form of expression, and future possibilities of the mental body. The higher astrological knowledge concerning the ego and the monad was possessed by the priests, and was only rarely given to others.

The wisdom possessed by these ancient priests of Chaldea was also possessed by those of Egypt in later times, but the latter applied their astrology especially to the sciences of chemistry and healing. The esotericism of astrology was also carried into Egypt, but it seems to have passed into a stage of decadence at a later time, probably owing to the fact of the intermarrying of many of this later race with the remnants of the fourth Race.

We need not become discouraged when we compare our knowledge of the present time with that of those ancient priests ; for it is known that as races in the past rose to great heights of knowledge, they exercised only just that amount of skill and ability which the evolutionary period of the time permitted. Subjects such as that of astrology arose on the horizon, enjoyed a certain amount of success, and then seemed to fade into obscurity. When comparing these cycles and the rise and fall of such sciences, it was noted that as race followed race, and cycle followed cycle, the same subject always reached in some respects even

a greater measure of perfection as time went on, no matter how perfect that science seemed to be at the previous time. Astrology at this present day is practically only beginning to rise above the horizon. It is well for us to remember this fact, so that we may be comforted by the thought that we are at a much later time—a time which permits of greater mental perfectionment of people in general—and therefore we can hope in time to reach even greater heights of knowledge in the science of astrology than that possessed by the ancient priests of Chaldea and Egypt. Their knowledge has been preserved to us by Those who have such things in charge, and we shall receive more and more as time ripens and we develop.

Astrology is eminently a spiritual science, and until humanity has sufficiently evolved beyond the realm of things material, and the selfish desire to use occult sciences for personal reasons, for personal curiosity or for individual aggrandisement, we cannot expect the deeper mysteries to be revealed. The reception of the greater knowledge must be commensurate with the divinity unfolding within each person.

In conclusion, allow me to impress it upon you that if there are any here present who consider the planets as “mere counters to play with,” instead of as great hierarchies of ruling Beings, then indeed must astrology remain to you but “as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal”. Unless you recognise the esoteric value of astrology and build your knowledge on a sure foundation of unfailling laws which emanate from the Mind of the Supreme, you will receive only the outer shell instead of the inner fruit of the astrological Tree of Wisdom.

Marie Russak

THE THREE SILENCES

By GEMINI

UPON the long broad road, wide as the hopes of humanity, the road of Life itself that leads to the entrance of the 'narrow ancient Path,' there are three Silences. They stand like wayside shrines, hidden from view by groves of ilex and of olive, long deserted by those whose worship sanctified and consecrated them; yet thrilling ever with the memory of their ancient use, gemmed with dim lights of holiness and aspiration, perfumed still with the incense of the soul's self-oblation before the Supreme.

Three Silences, wherein the Soul, alone with that Divine Self, whose he is and whom he seeks, knows for a brief space the consecration of the mystic Word, uttered only in those soundless vibrations which by the creature of time and space are called silence.

Three lesser Initiations—may we not call them—these pauses in the march of the great campaign, these temporary droppings out of the ranks of the legions eager to conquer and acquire, to enter and possess the good land, the promised land of earth's fair cities and yet fairer gardens of desire; three Silences, in each of which some of earth's many voices fail and cease, to fall no more upon the ear, to clamour nevermore in lilting cadences, which hold

for the senses all haunting melodies, all echoes of the dreams of dead desires.

What of the first Silence? Are there words in which to portray that change of vibration which to the Soul is a hush, a pause, a new quality of sound, lost once more almost as soon as gained (so adaptable is consciousness to that of which it becomes aware), yet marking an epoch eternal in significance, setting a milestone on the road, never again to be repassed. By analogy alone may we picture this first Silence; for no words can ever fully reveal the facts of the inner worlds, as they are apprehended by the Soul as truth. A traveller is seated in an express train, running smoothly and swiftly to its destination without jolt or jar, when suddenly it catches up another train, journeying in the same direction. The express is travelling sixty miles an hour, the other at about half that rate; and for a short interval of time the two run side by side, the rhythmic vibrations of the former fractured and riven by the clumsy beat of the engine of the latter, and the rattle and jolting of the cars. Inch by inch the express pulls away from the slower train, till at length the counter-beat of warring and irreconcilable vibrations ceases, the din of the jarring revolutions dies away; and to the traveller the sudden cessation of friction, the relief of the steady rush of sound after the tumult, takes shape in a sense of peace which translates itself to every nerve as silence.

Not till his consciousness, quick to adapt itself to new conditions, has once more readjusted itself to external things does he realise that not silence but a new quality of sound environs him. So does the first great Silence meet the Soul, when he reaches that stage in

evolution where the things of the world of densest matter, *facts* and *realities* of the physical plane, fall behind him in his upward progress ; dropping gradually further and further into the dim obscurity of the margins of consciousness.

Not till he stands as a ' Master of Compassion ' will he turn to the storehouse of his own experience, thence to draw knowledge and power for the ' healing of the nations '.

In the wonder of the first great Silence does the Soul make obeisance to the God within ; and knows himself a being apart from the lusts of the flesh and the desire of the eye, shot through as with strange lightnings by the Spirit, lifted to a height of imagining in which he sees the ' coat of skins ' fall off and stands again, naked and unashamed, in the Eden of a purity whiter than the innocence from which, with blood and tears, it was fashioned. To the Soul it seems as if some brooding wing of benediction shadowed for an instant the blaze of the ineffable ; taking momentarily the place of the veiling *māyā*, by the aid of which alone men can bear the God-light in which they walk. And in that softened light the Soul gazes into that heart of Being, where the darkness and the light are both alike.

It may not last ! already those new vibrations have become the *world* to the soul ; already that which seemed silence has changed to the rush and throb of the onward urge ; the great impulse of desire which drives the wheels of evolution.

The Soul, speechless perhaps as yet with a new sense of awe and wonder, signed and sealed with that baptism of inner vision, stands a moment by the way-side waiting, while the hurrying crowds pass by in the

race for the prizes that no longer have any value for himself. And then, imperceptibly to him, the swift heart-beats begin again; the pulses quicken with a new desire; and he is once more part of the eager throng.

New objects of attainment rise before him; new worlds to conquer and fresh laurels towards which to aspire.

The same, yet not the same, as he was; for now the outer husks of things no more allure him; he now desires to taste the sweetness of the subtler joys of sense. As artist, musician, sculptor, creator in some form, he would fain offer to the world a draught of the wine of life, less heady than that which in past days he drank from the cup which either deadens or debauches those who drain it to the dregs.

With swift strides he advances; skill and power are his. Shall he not use them to win for himself fame, honour, the foremost place among his fellow-men?

Before him on the road he sees the Temple of the Gloria Mundi; already the scent of its flowering-aloes and myrtle is borne to him upon the breeze, stirring his pulses as in bygone days did the wreaths of jasmine woven into the hair of a beautiful woman. And so he works, and achieves at length, as all must who give themselves unstintingly for any end. And for him are unlocked the towers of ivory and gold, wherein are stored the roses men award their fellows, and the laurels wherewith they crown them. And all his garments are dew-drenched with the musk and almond of power and praise; and in his heart he hears the voices which acclaim greatness and genius in mankind.

They swell, those deathless voices, from out the kingdom of man's mightiest friend and fiercest foe; for

now the Soul is face to face with the "Slayer of the Real," and before him spread, gorgeous and many-hued, the panoplied legions of the mind. "Behold!" he cries "I am as God, knowing both good and evil; while before me unfurls the banner of a conqueror, and at my feet lie the countless millions I shall rule and sway."

Then, pausing on the crescendo of his own triumph, the Soul waits to hearken, and lo! the second of the Silences! And of this what may be written? Only the shadows of words, only the wraiths of those images which men call thoughts; for, in that Silence, form is not, nor any sound that we may know; but only the breaking up of the concrete into that which melts from colour into colour; only a translucence as of pearl and amethyst; and the noiseless rhythm of those who pass to lay their crowns before the throne. They pass, a ceaseless vast procession, from the gate of mist enshrouded colours to that further Portal of Light, flaming within itself, a heart of rose and fire. They cross the silent slopes of a region more faint in outline than any dawn amid earth's farthest snows, and the Soul passes with them, yet enters not; for, as he lays his crown before the throne, he bends to pluck from the setting, one single precious stone; and with a gesture of entreaty presses it between his palms and weeps. And so sees the veiled splendour die away; and finds his feet once more upon the well-known road.

The Soul and his one jewel! a drop of blood and fire; a ruby from the mines beneath the earth, where those who work to tempt and lure all souls imprison deep the sun's rays, mixing with them desire's most potent juice. To the Soul it seems as though the ruby were a heart, the semblance of that self he had brought

upwards with him from the beginning, fashioning it ever into the likeness of a heart, and making of it a fetish before which to offer all else to feed its fire. It grew to be the custom of the Soul to look within the gem and find there, in its shifting light and shade, visions of past days and memories, poignant still, some bitter and some sweet. And often he would test the value of the words and deeds of men by this alone, if they should dim or feed the smouldering fire that slept within the jewel.

And so he walked, gazing with down-bent head; nor heard nor saw the passers on the way. Then, on a sudden, came there forth to him a very mighty host of earth's sad citizens; who cried to him: "O thou great Saint, thou who canst dwell apart from things of time, deign presently to lend thine aid to us, and teach us of the further things of life."

And the Soul answered them: "Yea! I will hearken; for indeed know I of many things hidden as yet from you; for I have trodden many a weary mile, and laid the things of time and sense aside; and keep but this one jewel, the heart of life, the self that I have carved, as mirror of my days." Then cried the multitude with one accord: "Speak! for we listen; tell us of those things that lie behind the veils of sense and time." Then did the Soul arise and stand, lord of himself, triumphant over fate, to tell the people of the way to tread the long broad road his feet had walked upon. Then did he raise his ruby to his lips, then gazed within its liquid heart of fire; and, as he gazed, he read his past therein; and knew again all he had won of power.

And with a mighty voice he cried aloud, so that the echoes woke among the hills: "Children of one great mother as ye are, and fathered by Immortal

Love as I, hearken to me who *know*, and learn as I, who trod before you in the dusty ways! I *know*, I say, and” Then there came a Touch, swift, silent and benign, upon the lips that sought to utter what the self had learned, before that self was laid upon the shrine, and merged for ever with its parent Ray. Swift, and benign as some great wind of God, the Touch fell on those lips; nor did It sear, but silenced only speech and need of speech, and sense of time and space, and pulse of life, thrilling from every centre to the next, as if in some mighty magazine of force, wheel after wheel should stop and sink to rest.

Until at length, all stilled in every part, the Soul was motionless, save where the golden core of some new motion seemed to germinate. And all the silence grew and rolled around, billow on billow of some ocean-wave, that filled all space and left no aperture through which the counter waves of earth could come. Softer than myriad snowflakes drifted down the vast, enveloping, enshrouding folds, that wrapped the Soul and lifted, till he came once more before that mystic Portal of Rose-Flame. And lo! the ruby heart he held grew great, and greater yet! and shot and flamed and grew; till he and it together in one fire burned yet consumed not; but he rather grew, and yearned with very passion of desire towards that Rose-Flame and Veiled Mystery. Till with the rapture of all heaven's dreams; with mystic fires from the deep hearts of things, invisible yet present, the Soul lay on the ruby, now grown like a cross, fashioned from living flame, and entered in—to where the Portal opens on the Path, the narrow ancient Path, that leads to peace.

THE CHRIST OF MOUNT ATHOS

By ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

THE monks of Mount Athos possess traditional portraits of Christ and His Apostles, said to have been handed down from His contemporaries and preserved in the Byzantine schools. They are utterly different from the conventional pictures familiar to us on the canvases of the great Christian painters of Europe, and, looking at them, one feels that one is looking at *likenesses*, not at ideals; that this is what *was*, not what ought to have been, according to the conventions of later times, when the men had been euhemerised into saints. The gentle plaintive faces of Roman Catholic art, exquisite as they often are, could not have been the faces of the strong men who built a new religion.

Mr. Douglas Sladen tells us, in his *Sicily, the new Winter Resort*, that "the Calogeri, or monks of Mount Athos, came from the East, and introduced into Sicily and Italy their splendid mosaics, a pagan art which they harmonised with liturgical needs . . . The mosaics at Cafalu are believed to have been the work of actual Calogeri from Mount Athos. This is extremely interesting because the Christ at Cafalu represented their tradition, unbroken from the earliest times, and the Christs at Monreale and in the Cappella Reale at Palermo follow exactly the same tradition, quite unlike the

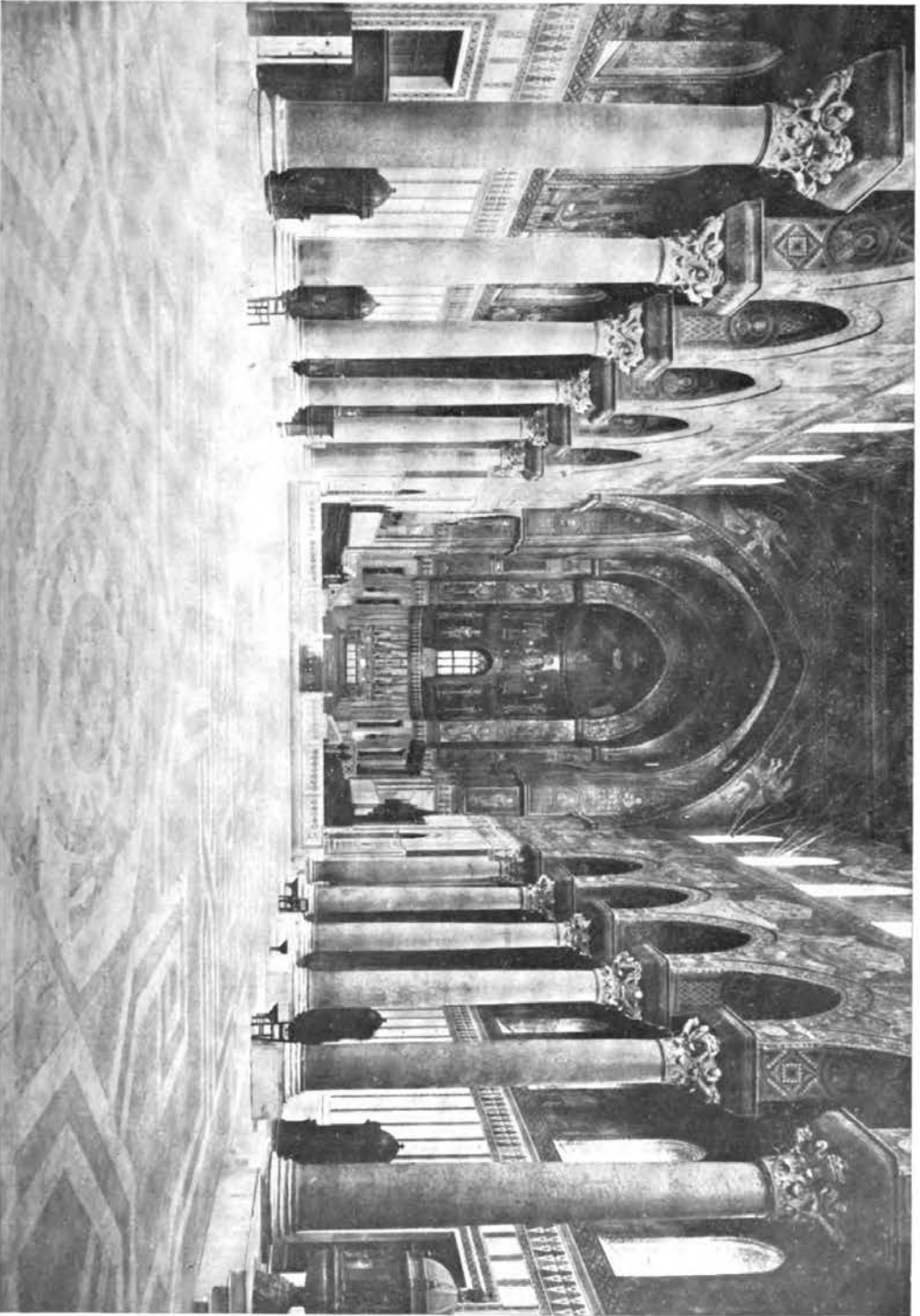
ordinary tradition" (p. 128). The mosaics at these three places "represent a middle-aged ascetic with a dark beard thin on the chin, an aquiline nose, and a face very wide between its strong prominent ears. The face has infinite tenderness, but is the face of a man of boundless energy, the founder of a religion, not the meek type of the Christ on the Ring of Tiberius. It represents the tradition preserved from apostolic times by the Calogeri, the Mosaic-working hermits of Mount Athos, who actually constructed the mosaics of Cafalu. It may therefore be taken to be the real Christ" (p. 146). So also with the other portraits.

Thus we have Saints Paul and Peter, both striking and effective portraits: S. Paul tall, thin, with bald head and ascetic face, nose strongly curved; short sparse pointed beard, a Pharisee of Pharisees. His name is written beside him in one mosaic, but once seen he is recognisable anywhere; he is a living man with a character. S. Peter is rounder-faced, more genial, sometimes almost jovial—one can picture him as sitting among the servants by the fire—with a mass of curling white hair and round, thick, white beard, the eyes eager, intent, with a shadow in them as of a memory not quite outlived; one feels the ardent, head-long nature, first repelling the offered grace, and then: "Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head." But all other portraits fade into insignificance beside those of the Christ Himself; portraits that, once seen, must ever remain a haunting memory of ethereal, and yet most living and human, beauty.

In some of the Sicilian churches these portraits are to be seen, cunningly wrought in mosaic; placed, as they are, in high-arched apses, in the dim, rich light

reflected from the golden mosaics around them, they shine down from their heights with a strange, unearthly beauty; a detachment from the world below, inexpressibly majestic and impressive. These golden mosaics form the background of ornament and picture, also wrought in mosaic of exquisite colours, all toned down and mellowed by the passage of eight centuries. It is impossible to give to those who have not seen them any idea of the rare and exquisite beauty of the Cappella Reale (Royal Chapel) of the Palace in Palermo, of the great cathedral of Monreale, dominating Palermo from its overshadowing height above the city. The pictures here reproduced are but the dullest facsimiles, for, in the first place, they are black and white, while the originals are a glory of molten colour; and, in the second, they bring out hard lines and angles which are entirely lost in the mellow glow of the pictures themselves. These pictures, high in air, are seen through a kind of haze, formed by the crossing of countless rays of light reflected from golden and many-hued mosaics, which line the curved walls in which they are set. The reproductions give but the hard outlines, and exaggerate the fact that they are mosaics; they look, to the uplifted eye, like beautiful and exquisitely soft paintings. In looking at our picture of the Cappella Palatina—the Cappella Reale—the beauty of the form can be seen, but the reader must suffuse it with a golden and many-coloured atmosphere, if he would transport himself into that which the writer saw.

Through that wondrous atmosphere stole upon the uplifted eyes, a vision of beauty, soft, compelling, gradually clarifying into the majestic figure of the Christ, shining down from the eastern apse, the eyes compas-



No. 1—NAVE OF THE CATHEDRAL OF MONTRÉAL.



No. 2—PICTURE OF CHRIST IN THE CATHEDRAL OF MONREALE.

sionate and yet commanding, the mouth strong but with a pathetic droop, the right hand upraised in blessing, the left holding an open book, Greek-inscribed (Frontispiece). Thus verily looked the Christ, when He walked as man among men; this is not the crucified, tortured, dying victim, but the World-Teacher, the Teacher of Gods and men.

Another wonderful picture is in the great cathedral of Monreale; some idea of the imposing beauty of the whole interior may be gained from our illustration (No. 1)—the stately pillars, the mosaic-work—there are 80,000 square feet of it—covering the upper part of the walls and the whole chancel. Some of the pictures in the nave are very quaint in their naïvté: the making of Eve and her presentation to Adam—both quite naked, but Jehovah fully draped; the story of the Ark; the attempt to introduce an animal into a small Ark already crowded with the huge figures of Noah and his family; and the happy grazing of a horse, just released, on herbage which had been under a weight of many million tons of water. But if detail be lost by distance and the whole is seen at once, then the glory of the columns with their sculptured capitals and the gorgeous mosaic glowing like jewels set in gold, ending in the splendour of the chancel and the great figure of the Christ, is a thing to dream of in the greyness of our modern world.

The Christ may be seen over the high altar (No. 2) with the Madonna and Child enthroned below Him (No. 3); on either side of the two angels that stand to the right and left of the Madonna are S. Peter and S. Paul. Another mosaic portrait of Him is in the Church of the Martorana; this I did not see, but it is obviously of the same type as the others.

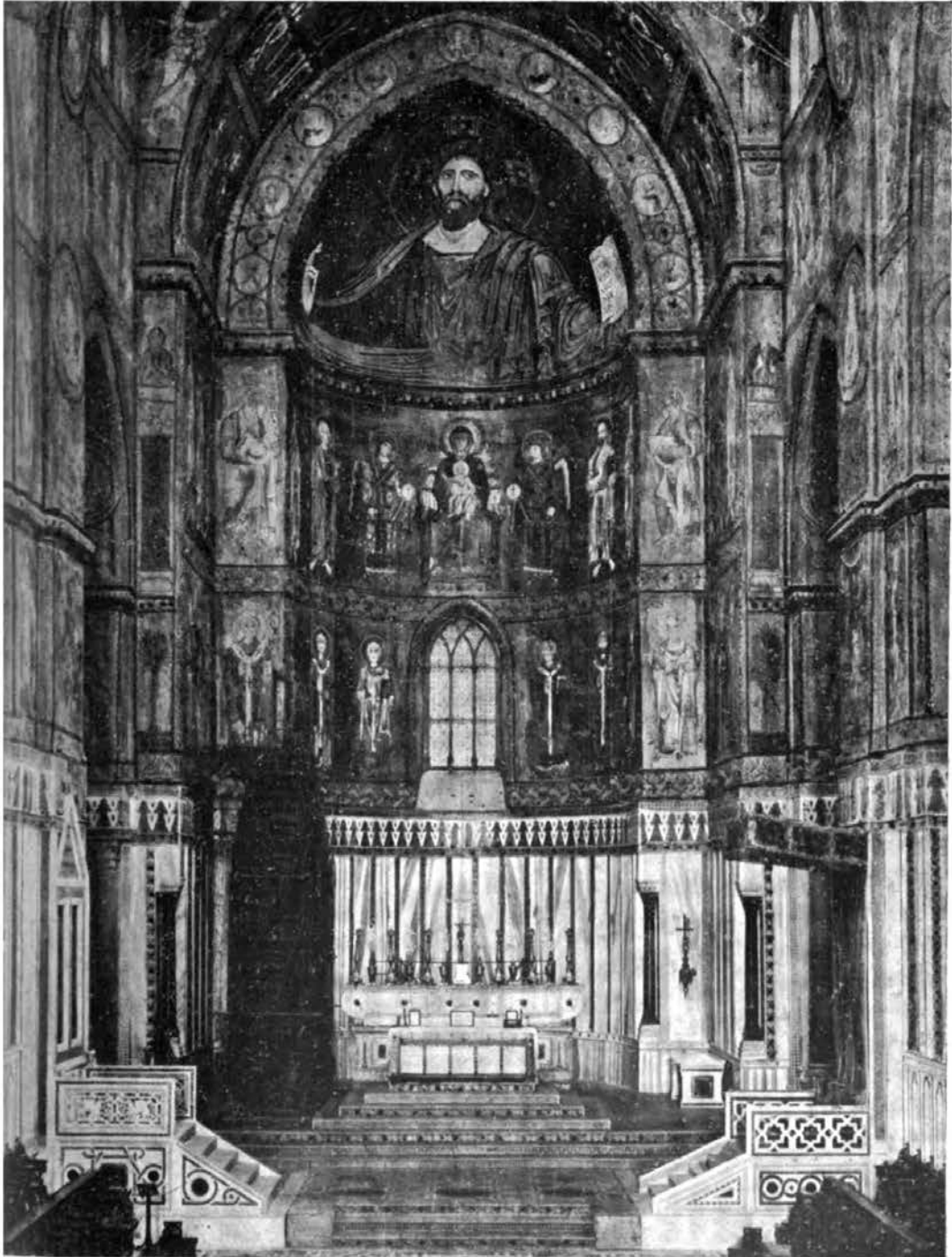
It is good, now and again, to see perfectly beautiful things, for they remain as places of peace, in which the mind may rest, when tired with the vulgar jars of life. Such a place is the little room in Dresden where shines the Madonna di San Sisto ; such places are the Cappella Palatina and the cathedral of Monreale.

Annie Besant

A NOTE

There is a paper called *The Morning Star* published in London, and an article by the Rev. G. J. Emmerson, Rector of Swalecliffe appeared in its issue of August 1, of which the first sentence runs : " There is reason to believe that the Coming of Christ is imminent." His belief is based, like that of many Christians, on a study of the prophecies in the *Old Testament*, and he quotes from the Rev. T. Tanner, a statement : " That an important crisis is drawing on is not merely a forecast by prophetic students, but we may almost say an universal expectation." An appeal was sent out that on October 6 and 7, 1912, those who are looking for " the coming of our King. . . should with one heart and voice send up to Him a *united* cry that He will come ; a great heart-cry of love from His whole true waiting Church in all the earth : a cry of welcome to the Coming One." It may be that to some of us, as to S. Paul of old at Athens the duty may fall to proclaim : " Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you."

A. B.



No. 3—ALTAR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF MONREALE.

THE WAY OF LIFE

A FRAGMENT OF CONSCIOUSNESS

BY LILY NIGHTINGALE

“This one thing I do. . . . I press towards the mark.”

Philippians, iii, 13-14.

DOWN the ages rings this clarion-call : Eternal invitation of infinity to the finite ; the summons which none may disobey, save at the peril of loss of man's heritage, immortality.

“So many worlds, so much to do !” Well may the human brain reel beneath the task, yet it is work which he alone can accomplish. At a certain period in evolution comes a point known as ‘the critical state’ ; all spiritual states have their correspondences in the world of substantial matter. The man stands halting, waiting, uncertain. Myriad ways stretch before him ; he seems to have some faint glimmering of attraction towards many. Which shall he choose ? The White Way, which leads to that city of which Saints build up the fabric ? The road of Truth—that steep and toilsome road, where error raises obstacles well-nigh immovable, where illusion strews the path with sweet and poisonous weed-flowers ?

The mountain of Life—whose preliminary path leads through awful valleys of nameless experiences, deep gulfs of shame, boiling, volcanic hells of pain ?

The man wanders irresolutely. Which shall he choose? Or shall he turn again to the slumber of non-being, and dream away enchanted moments, with the baubles of time, the barriers of space? Nay! No more; no longer. For the soul awake, knows now that further sleep were death and destruction. The voice of his own divinity calls. Trembling, yet decisive, he answers the summons. "Here am I, send me." But where, whither?

The answer came. Oracular, poignant, compelling: "Look in thine own heart, and . . . learn. None can tell nor teach thine own way save thyself, the warrior within; that which is both warrior and most certain victor." Again the soul asked the Self; once again came the answer. "Life, life, more life. Until thou mergest in All-Life, until thou becomest That for which thou dost thirst." And the soul sighed, for Life is higher than Himālaya, deeper than Ocean, and there is no turning back, on the path of Life, for it is the burning-ground for man, whereon he must walk with feet unshod, until the power of wing is his.

The Soul sighed, but the man was glad. Sweet it seemed, to gather strange wild fruit, though the taste was sharp and bitter, yet he deemed it better food than any gathered or given by another's hand.

Also he began to know the joy of sacrifice. This is one of the treasures found along the probationary path of Life. He learnt that because of Love, it was good to break down briars to make smooth a road for the feet of the Beloved. That because of Love, it was pleasant to build cities for others to dwell in, while he himself inhabited a cave in the wilderness. And, most of all,

he learnt to fill a brother's cruse of oil, while his own he could not fill.

Ever the ardent longing for life, more life, surged and seethed and burned within him. Silently he lived and worked, but deep within his heart, though as yet he knew it not, slumbered a fountain of bright waters of song.

For long years he toiled. He ploughed, but the furrow was not for himself. He watered and planted, sowed, reared seed and fruit, yet ate not of that which he had raised. Others succeeded where he failed, yet along the road which his handicraft had carved. Others ate and drank, praising God, smiling and satisfied, while he hungered and thirsted with a passion that no food could appease, nor juice of fruit slake. Others built, on his foundations, fair temples, ordered homes of happiness; he lived, solitary, homeless, a nameless wanderer, unseen, unheard, unfelt, wrapped in the silent obscurity of humble work. Yet he laboured patiently, ceaselessly, knowing he had chosen "Life, more Life," (the cry of Dionysos), and that failure, defeat, and death, lead to Life.

It seemed to him that he passed through many deaths, yet one bitterness was spared; he never felt old, his eye grew not dim, nor did his force abate. For the pilgrim of Life is never worn out; he does but go from strength to strength. Immortal thirst is a safeguard against satiety, for how can the eye grow jaundiced, whose gaze has rested, if but once, on the everlasting hills? To them he lifted his glance, and his dauntlessness was its own reward.

When he had endured all that one human frame could support, he broke the chain. For a brief while

he escaped this mortal coil, and elsewhere assimilated all he had learnt while embodied in the physical. But he did not rest, he could not, for the cry welled up again: "Life! Life! More Life!" and once again he surged through the portals of birth, strong eager, suffering, vital Spirit. Proudly he submitted to new flesh-fetters, knowing how precious the experience to be gained in each new dungeon, where every fresh prison-house was at once another shrine of love, a new avenue of knowledge.

Sometimes the lesson was by action, sometimes by endurance. Yet the Spirit was never quiescent, for when it endured, it did so with such sacrificial joy, that it rose on the wings of agony into "a diviner air," a Kingdom where sorrow wielded empire, and Renunciation was the password to Bliss. Yet neither were permanent. Sorrow and joy wrote alternate music in his soul. His being was an Æolian harp. Sometimes Furies smote its wild chords; then he made "Songs, the lamentation of a God," that roused a world to hail and crown him Genius, while, as his creative power unfolded, anon elemental dæmons used him for their instrument. Then the world degraded him, stamped him with the mark of pain, and he wandered, a wild, lawless artist outcast, singing strange songs that yet awoke responsive echo in many a secret heart.

Sometimes spiritual presences compassed him about, bathed him in white fire, touched his lips with a live coal from far seraphic altar: then he was worshipped as a Saint, he who in the last life had borne the brand of pain.

But there was no rest, no satisfaction, no attainment for the Spirit, though the soul climbed onward and

upward. To him who longed for the silence of the Summit, the sight of the beatific vision, was given the noise and warfare of toil. To one who desired to achieve, was given the first rough plan of the pioneer. To one who followed after Perfection, was given the rough-hewn forest-wood instead of marble. He could not get beyond the tumult and fevered pulse of the workman. What should he do, whither should he go, haunted by eternity, imprisoned in time? Then there came one awful day, when he grew weary of climbing. Whenever he ascended one peak, others far steeper towered above. "Alps upon Alps arose." At last he cried, outworn and over-wearied: "I must sleep and rest." But a voice cried: "Thou shalt neither sleep nor rest. This is my one commandment."

The Toiler climbed on, praying for nescience, to end the torture. But, instead, came new strength. And the soul knew that ceaseless effort was his Way.

Lily Nightingale

CORROBORATIONS OF *THE SECRET* *DOCTRINE*

THE quarrel of physicists and geologists over the possible age of the earth is being brought to an end by the discovery of radio-active substances in its crust. Physicists are now willing to allow that the earth may have been in existence for 800 million years. Some rocks in Canada are said to show a minimum age of 711,000,000 years. Readers of *The Secret Doctrine* will hail this concession to the antiquity of Mother Earth. Another matter of interest arises from the prediction of Dr. Nobles, "one of the foremost investigators of seismic phenomena in the United States," that a tremendous catastrophe is impending. He says that "a large portion of the old world" will be swallowed up, and that "new continents will be born in a vast stretch of Pacific waters". Our readers will find the whole passage on pp. 297-98 of the present issue. The thought of the new continent in the Pacific, however strange it may be to non-Theosophists, is familiar to us from *The Secret Doctrine* and our later literature, and, remembering Lemuria and Atlantis, we can look forward placidly to "the things that are coming on the earth". The bearing of these changes on the appearance of the sixth sub-race, and on the coming of the World-Teacher will be familiar to our readers. But I think that Dr. Nobles is mistaken in thinking that the uprising of the new continent will be seen by people now in the body during their present life-time; they will see portions of it, certainly, but scarcely all that he predicts.

A. B.

TOWARDS UNION

By ANNIE BESANT

THEOSOPHISTS are naturally keenly interested in the development of tendencies towards union in organisations outside their own community, and will therefore hear with interest of the action of Dr. Isidor Singer, of New York, who has issued a very interesting pamphlet on the views taken of Jesus Christ by Hebrews, is eager to help in bringing about a *rapprochement* between Hebrews and Christians, and hopes that the time is ripe for beginning a movement in that direction. To that end he is addressing a letter to the "spiritual and intellectual leaders of the civilised world, eliciting their individual views" upon the matter, and asking whether the Papacy cannot so modify its position as to become the leader of such a movement. In his circular letter he writes :

We are past the time when the different religious denominations were hermetically closed one against the other : the present religious status of mankind imposes the duty upon those among us who have the higher spiritual interests, common to the entire human race, at heart, to look over the walls of the neighbouring sanctuaries and to take counsel from time to time with their inmates.

You will, therefore, I trust, after placing yourself upon this standpoint, not find it amiss that a co-religionist of Jesus of Nazareth and of the Apostles appears before you with a question apparently concerning the Christian Churches and the Christian conscience exclusively. The ultimate fate of Christianity touches the synagogue on too many and too vital points to ask of us Jews to be passive onlookers of the momentous religious crisis menacing the very foundations of Western civilisation.

The question he submits, in addition to that on the Papacy, is : "Do you believe Christianity is prepared to re-ascend to its spiritual fountain-head ?"

The answers, when collected, are to be issued in book form. I have sent the following reply :

I have no right to speak for Christians, not being a member of any Christian Church, but I believe that the time is near when all religions will enter into fraternity on the basis of Monotheism, and of the recognition of the great spiritual

Teachers who, in divers ways, have preached the same fundamental truths to man. This fraternity does not seem to me to be inconsistent with the special love and veneration naturally offered by each religion to the Teacher who came to its forefathers—to Vyasa, to Zarathushtra, to Moses, to the Bodhisattva, to Jesus, to Muhammad.

The “One only, without a second,” of the Hindu scripture, is adored by all, and each Teacher has His own place in the galaxy of prophets. If the Christian claims a uniqueness of Divinity for his Teacher, we have only to answer with His own words, when accused of blasphemy: “I said: ‘Ye are Gods, and ye are all the children of the Highest.’ If he called them Gods, unto whom the word of God came—and the scripture cannot be broken—say ye of Him whom the Father has sanctified and sent into the world: ‘Thou blasphemest,’ because I said: ‘I am the Son of God’”? There lies the true reply. Jesus claimed Divinity for *all* men; the human body is ‘the temple of God’; if the passionate love of His devotees has raised Him to a pinnacle of exclusive Godhood, it was because Divinity shone out from Him with such beauty that they ‘saw God in the face of Jesus Christ’.

The recognition of Jesus as a Hebrew is due to Israel, for truly was He the last of the great Hebrew Prophets, and it is one of the bitter ironies of history that they, who worship a Hebrew, have martyred, and still martyr His race. It is not to be wondered at that His people should not recognise Him through the veil of tears and blood which Christians—so-called—have spread over His face. But as they cease to persecute, Israel will begin—according to your quotations, has begun—to recognise His greatness.

I doubt if the religions will draw together however, until that same great Teacher shall appear among us once more, and Himself accomplish the mighty work; or, perchance, only lay the foundations on which the Universal Religion will be built by the wisest of mankind, coming forth from every faith.

The magnificent organisation of Rome and the fervour of her children should surely play a leading part in welcoming the Teacher, and in carrying on His work. But will she shake off the accretions of the Middle Ages—the indispensable condition of such leadership?

ANNIE BESANT

EUROPE TO EXPLODE

DOCTOR'S PROPHECY OF A MOLTEN CONTINENT

THE early destruction of Europe and parts of Asia and Africa by a titanic upheaval of volcanic and seismic forces is predicted by Dr. M. Albert Nobles, of Philadelphia, one of the foremost investigators of seismic phenomena in the United States. Just how soon all this will happen, the doctor is not prepared to say, except that it will probably come within the lifetime of the present younger generation.

“For two centuries Nature has been preparing for the great cataclysm,” said the scientific prophet of woe, to a representative, “and all signs indicate that not only will a large portion of the Old World be swallowed up, but that new continents will be born in a vast stretch of Pacific waters. The science of geology proves that continents, no less than human beings, have their periods of life and death. Through ages of volcanic activity and the honeycombing of the earth's crust, the molten metal, which is continually increasing in volume, must find its way out, the lighter elements to the surface by eruptive processes, and the heavier and more valuable to the lowest caverns. With thousands of feet of material superimposed above the rich deposits, and with the surface impoverished by long centuries of cultivation, it is incumbent upon Nature to rejuvenate the soil and so remove the overburden that the rich stores of mineral shall be available to mankind. For this purpose the destruction of the worn-out areas by volcanic explosions is not only essential but has been duly provided for. To this end Nature has, on the one hand, by gradual submergence, surrounded and largely covered the volcanic area by water, while, on the other hand, the internal fires consume the earth-roof, until finally, weakened beyond power of longer sustaining the

combined pressure, water crevices form, the water reaches the internal fires, and explosions of enormous intensity ensue, which are continued until the areas are destroyed.

GETTING OUT OF THE WAY

“Nature however, or perhaps a governing intelligence, takes mankind into consideration in all her processes, by removing as many as possible from the threatened areas by one means or another. During the past twenty years there has been an enormous emigration from the Old World to the western hemisphere, and the tide is increasing yearly. One reason why I have been studying these phenomena and writing papers on them is to awaken humanity to the coming dissolution of a large area of Europe.

“The Bible in its concluding book distinctly depicts this event and localises it with great precision, while at the same time limiting the destruction, and portraying the astonishment and terror of the balance of earth’s inhabitants at the magnitude of the process. But the physical signs are many and unmistakable. The preceding period of storms of unusual violence has already shown itself, while volcanic activity has become practically incessant all over the world. Official soundings show that the ocean floors have changed, shifting both the warm and cold currents and changing the climate of all the northern latitudes. The Arctic ice is melting and the frozen North is—at present at any rate—warmer than Europe, which seems to be no longer protected by the Gulf Stream. Periods of excessive heat are followed by longer periods of severe cold, with continuous rain and even snow storms in the middle of the summer. Already, too, the new Pacific continent has begun to show itself as the result of volcanic eruptions in the Behring Sea.

“It is really due to the present volcanic activity in the South Atlantic areas that England is now suffering from this seemingly endless downpour of rain. And I don’t see much relief ahead, for these activities will continue increasing until the final calamity has fallen upon Europe and a new world is thrown up out of the western seas for the habitation of men.”

The Standard, London

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

MODERN SCIENCE AND OCCULT CHEMISTRY

By G. E. SUTCLIFFE

FROM time to time it is desirable to cast a glance at new developments in modern science, and note their tendency to approximate more closely to the occult teachings, particularly near the borderland where science and Occultism touch each other, and such a region is that which has been dealt with in *Occult Chemistry*. In the first place it may be noted that in a recent attempt to explain the formation of the chemical elements by Sir William A. Tilden, F. R. S., he found it necessary to postulate an unknown element of atomic weight 3, which would be the same as occultum. (*Nature*, Vol. 85, p. 69, November 17, 1910.) Again Sir J. J. Thomson in his experiments with positive rays of electricity proves the existence of a body having 3 as its electric atomic weight, which may perhaps turn out to be occultum. (*The Philosophical Magazine*, Vol. 21, p. 235.)

The student perhaps may often wonder why the simpler forms of matter into which the chemical elements break up, the ethers 1, 2, 3, 4, of early Theosophic nomenclature, or the proto-elements, and meta-proto-elements of our later literature, should not yet have been discovered by the scientific investigator; whereas he has already discovered matter such as the electron, which is in a much finer form. The reason probably is that the electron exists in the form of a radiation, and is easily detectable in this form, whilst the meta-elements exist in the form of a gas, or super-gas, which is difficult to detect. This difficulty may perhaps be better understood if we conceive how difficult it would be to discover the vapour of water if man existed at the bottom of the ocean of water instead of at

the bottom of the ocean of air. The normal position for the meta-elements is above the atmosphere just as the normal position for water vapour is above the ocean, and could we ascend to a height of ten miles above the earth's surface, where is situated what is known as the isothermal layer, we should probably find abundant evidence of the proto-forms of the elements, for it is in this isothermal layer where in all likelihood there is a transformation of the gaseous form into the proto-form, and *vice versa*. It is found in practice that when one state of aggregation is changing into another state the temperature tends to remain nearly constant, for instance when ice changes into water, both the ice and the water remain at zero Centigrade until the transformation is complete; similarly when water changes into steam at atmospheric pressure the temperature of both remains at 100 Cent. In the same way when the gases of our atmosphere in the higher regions are transforming themselves from the elemental to the proto-elemental forms, this transformation will probably take place at constant temperature, and this may be the cause of the isothermal layer which science has recently discovered. A fuller treatment of the isothermal layer of the atmosphere and its relation to our proto-elements will be found in previous notes (THE THEOSOPHIST, Vol. XXXI, Part 1, p. 137), to which the student is referred.

Sir William Ramsey has pointed out (*The English Mechanic*, Vol. 90, p. 246, October 15, 1909), that it is impossible for chemists to discover any gas which can pass through glass; and here again we may have a sufficient reason why the proto, and meta-proto forms of the elements have not yet been discovered. For, I understand that one method an occultist uses in order to pass one solid through another solid, is first to disintegrate it into one of these proto-forms and then pass it through the solid walls. This implies that these proto-forms can pass through glass and thus cannot be retained within the walls of a glass vessel, and in this way they evade detection by the chemist.

In modern electrical theory, what is known as the negative electron is now almost universally taken as the basis of electrical phenomena, and a current of electricity is now understood to be purely and simply a stream of negative electrons.

The investigations into radio-activity have further shown that what are called the Beta-rays are streams of negative electrons, and correspond to an electric current. Mr. Leadbeater gives reasons for believing that these electrons are what we call astral atoms (*The Inner Life*, Vol. II, p. 265), and in *The Secret Doctrine* (Vol. I, p.110), it is definitely stated that electricity at the lower rung of being is astral fluid. Now what Theosophists call the 'Third Elemental Kingdom' consists of astral matter; hence in the Beta-rays and in general electrical phenomena we are in reality dealing with the phenomena of the third elementary kingdom, and it might be well for Theosophists to study them in that connection, and try to combine the results of science with the work of our occult investigators.

According to these investigations between the physical atom and the astral atom or electron there is an intermediate step in which the physical atom breaks up into 49 electrons. It is interesting therefore to note that J. J. Thomson and Prof. Bragg, have both detected such an intermediate step. (*The Philosophical Magazine*, Vol. XXII, p. 300). Prof. Thomson holds the view that the production of free electrons in a gas, or what is called the ionisation of the gas, consists in the separation from the chemical elements of neutral bodies, similar for all chemical elements, which subsequently break into a positively and negatively charged part. (*Ib.*) This breaking up process therefore, may be identical with the breaking up of a physical atom into 49 astral atoms as described by our investigators in *Occult Chemistry* (Appendix, p. iv.). Thus another link is formed between occult investigation and ordinary science.

This result is further confirmed by the fact that although it is proved that 1700 electrons are required to balance the weight of an atom of hydrogen, other investigations clearly prove that the number of negative electrons existing in that body is much smaller than this; and it will be of interest to compare the number of negative electrons found to actually exist in the chemical elements, with the number of physical atoms of the negative type as given in *Occult Chemistry*. A reference to the above work, Plate II, will show these two types of atoms, positive and negative, male and female. Unfortunately, however, we are not told how many of these different types of atoms are contained in each chemical element but only

the total of both kinds. Now scientific investigation counts the negative atoms only and assumes the positive charge to be due to something else, although occult researches show that this is not so. Unless therefore we can determine what proportion of the atoms in an element are of the negative type, comparison with scientific results is not possible. Fortunately however, an application of theory will enable us to surmount this difficulty, for since the chemical elements are electrically neutral it necessarily follows that in any chemical element the number of negative atoms must be the same as the number of positive, so that by dividing the number of atoms as given in *Occult Chemistry* (p. 4), by two, we obtain the number of negative atoms in each element, for comparison with those found by exoteric science.

The following table, column 1, gives the name of the chemical element; column 2, gives the number of negative electrons in the element, as deduced by Prof. H. A. Wilson in *The Philosophical Magazine* (Vol. XXI, p. 722, June, 1911), whilst column 3, gives the number of negative atoms obtained by dividing by two the total number of atoms, positive and negative as given in *Occult Chemistry*.

NUMBER OF NEGATIVE ELECTRONS AND ATOMS
IN CHEMICAL ELEMENTS

ELEMENT	SCIENTIFIC NUMBER	OCCULT NUMBER
Hydrogen	8	9
Lithium	47	63
Sodium	142	209
Potassium	320	350
Rubidium	600	765

Since Prof. Wilson does not claim great accuracy for his method of research, and gives the above numbers as only roughly approximate, the agreement between scientific and occult investigation is in reality very satisfactory.

At a time when doubt is being felt, and scepticism openly expressed, even by advanced Theosophists, as to the trustworthiness of occult researches, and occult sources of information, it is encouraging to find such a remarkable proof of

their reliability. Proofs of the higher inspiration can be only given to the few, owing to the many not having yet evolved the faculties through which such proofs can be normally given. It is well therefore that those proofs that can be demonstrated to all, should be given their due weight, and their significance fully recognised. If, in this way, it is possible to convey to others some portion of the confidence which I personally feel in the inspired guidance of our leaders, and in the powerful instruments of research they have evolved for lifting the veils of nature, and penetrating her inner secrets, I shall feel well repaid for any labour I may have expended in the effort.

G. E. Sutcliffe

A NOTE

Babu Govinda Das has a very interesting note in the *Central Hindu College Magazine* for October on the discovery by Mr. S. Ganapati Shastri of thirteen dramas by Bhasa, only known "for very nearly these two thousand years by glowing references to his pre-eminence by Kalidas and a host of other poets of a later day, and by stray quotations in the works of writers on rhetoric". Every discovery of any of the hidden treasures of the past will be welcomed by all who "love the elders," and many such treasures are to be found—dust-laden and worm-bored—in the poor houses of the hereditarily learned in India.

THEOSOPHY IN MANY LANDS

FINLAND

OUR fifth Annual Convention was held at Helsingfors on April 7 and 8, when Mr. Pekka Ervast was unanimously re-elected General Secretary for the next year. The Convention was a truly Theosophical one, and all who were present testified to the spiritual benefit they received. The festival held in connection with the Convention was most successful, over five hundred people being present. Mr. Ervast gave a deeply interesting lecture on 'The Christ,' and a special 'Kalevala' evening was arranged by the young people, who were delighted to take part in the proceedings of the Convention. Dr. Rudolph Steiner honoured the Convention with his presence. He gave a course of ten lectures which were well attended, also a question meeting for members. This was the first time that Finnish Theosophists had heard Dr. Steiner, and much enthusiasm was shown.

The first Theosophical Summer School to be organised in Finland was held from June 26 to July 7 on a beautiful estate in the woodland country by the shore of one of the 'thousand lakes'. A most attractive and varied programme was provided in the course of which more than thirty lectures were given, and about forty people assembled from different parts of the country for the daily round of meditation, study, discussion and social intercourse. Mr. V. H. Valvanne expounded astrology, and Mr. Ervast struck a very human note in an account of the difficulties he had contended with, previous to and during his connection with Theosophy; he also referred to the future possibility for Finland if our countrymen of every class understand their duties to the nation. All who participated in this gathering could feel the spiritual force it called forth.

W. D. S. B.

BURMA

On October 1, the birthday of Mrs. Besant, President of the T. S., there came into existence our Burman Section, the twenty-first National Society. At noon the Memorandum of

Association was signed and the Society was registered under Act XXI of 1860. The council which is the governing body for the first year consists of Messrs. B. Cowasjee, B. A., Barr.-at-Law, M. S. Iyer, Maung San, U. K. Hamilton, J. W. Teare and F. J. Bilimoria, M. A., of Rangoon, T. M. Pillay of Pyinmana, M. R. Mudaliar of Maymyo, Maung Chit Hlaing, Barr.-at-Law and Maung Po Yin Si, B. A., of Moulmein, C. G. S. Pillay, Buddha's Relics Trustee and J. N. Basu, B. A., B. L., of Mandalay, with Maung Thain Mounng as General Secretary.

In the evening there was a good gathering of members and sympathisers and the hall was decorated with flowers. The proceedings commenced with singing by girls. A boy of five years repeated seven verses from the *Bhagavad-Gita* in Sanskrit. A telegram from Mrs. Besant conveying hearty greetings and success to the Burman Section and similar communications from Mandalay and Moulmein were read; twenty-five diplomas for new members were issued and ten members were initiated. The presentation of a complete set of the Burmese Version of the Pali *Pitakas* to the Oriental Section of the Adyar Library from the Burmese Buddhists of Bassein was announced. Mr. M. S. Iyer then addressed the audience on 'The Immediate Goal of Humanity'.

The English Section of the Burman National Theosophical Society will have its Headquarters in a suburb of Rangoon and the Burmese Section at Mandalay. A meeting of the Sons of India Order and a Masonic Meeting closed the day's proceedings.

M. S.

SCANDINAVIA

This summer Sweden has lost one of her most prominent members, Sven Tvar Sven-Nilsson, Sheriff in Gafleborg county. He perished in the railway accident at Malmslatt on the June 16. He was a faithful member of the Society since 1891, and has written a long series of articles in *Teosofisk Tidskrift*. It is to a large extent due to his efforts and influence that Scandinavia was less affected than many other countries by the various troubles which caused so many breaches in the Society's ranks.

E. B.

HUNGARY

The Annual Convention of the Hungarian Section was held May 24. Dr. Nadler was again elected General Secretary. Fifty-four new members have joined during the year, bringing the total membership up to one hundred and thirty-three. A

monthly journal, *Teosofia*, is published by the Section, and the Hungarian press speaks favourably of the movement.

M. K. N.

JAVA

Letters and newspaper cuttings sent from Java show the interest of the General Public in Theosophy. The papers are willing to insert Theosophical articles and lectures, provided they are written with moderation. To Baroness d'Asbeck, who has lately been on a lecturing tour in the island, the press has been well disposed. The fact that the Baroness speaks fluently in three languages, French, English and Dutch, made her unusually efficient in reaching the Javanese-European public. Many attended her lectures who had never been to a Theosophical meeting before, and on the whole her tour was a great success.

J. H.

SOUTH AMERICA

Signor Adrian Madril writes that the Theosophical movement in South America is making good progress. A new Lodge had been organised in Buenos Aires which will include among its members some of the most noteworthy personalities of the literary and scientific world. In Brazil two or three groups will soon be asking for charters and the three active Lodges are working with enthusiasm. In Chili also a new springing forward towards progress is noticeable. The Lodges in Buenos Aires celebrated White Lotus Day together, and on this occasion a desire was manifested to start, if possible, a Co-Masonic Lodge, as they find by experience that the members of established Free Masonic bodies are ripe for a re-interpretation of Free Masonry along the lines of a purer spirituality. Signor Madril has accordingly put himself into communication with Mrs. Besant on this subject.

E. S.

AUSTRALIA

Adelaide, in South Australia, has entered the building field, and has acquired a site in King William Street, a fine thoroughfare, for £2,225. A hall is to be erected, with residential quarters attached, and is expected to cost about £6,000. May the earnestness and devotion of the Lodge bring it success in its good work.

A. B.

REVIEWS

Christian Epigraphy. An elementary treatise. With a collection of ancient Christian inscriptions mainly of Roman origin. By Orazio Marucchi. Translated by J. Armine Willis. (The University Press, Cambridge. Price 7s. 6d. net.)

This handy booklet is of general interest and should appeal as well to the cultured layman as to the scholar. We say booklet, but this only refers to the small size, for the page numbers run up to 560. The exposition is very clear. As the title indicates, it is a manual of Christian epigraphy, mainly but not exclusively dealing with Roman inscriptions of a Christian nature as contrasted with Pagan inscriptions. The inscriptions explained and quoted range in date from the earliest Christian period to the seventh century of our era when the age of mediæval inscriptions began. The earliest specimens are mostly of a sepulchral character and are to be found in the big cemeteries and burying-grounds as well as in the catacombs. Nearly 500 specimens are reproduced in letterpress and fully discussed and explained. Thirty double page plates reproduce the more remarkable ones in their original forms. For the benefit of the uninitiated more Greek and Latin might perhaps have been translated, but the main argument can be easily followed even by those ignorant of these languages.

An introduction furnishes all necessary information about names in ancient Rome, and about the status of individuals and social classes, also specially about sepulchral inscriptions in general. Then follows the (smaller) part I in which a general statement of the subject is given. It contains amongst other things clear notes on the history, sources and bibliography of early Christian epigraphy, and an exceedingly interesting

exposition of Christian symbols used in the inscriptions. The second (larger) part presents a large collection of samples of various categories of inscriptions bearing on points of early Christian belief and doctrine. So we have doctrinal inscriptions bearing on the unity of God, the Divinity of Christ and the Holy Spirit, and the Trinity. Then come inscriptions bearing on Sacraments, relating to the doctrine of the communion of Saints, and lastly, inscriptions bearing on the organisation of the early Christian church. An interesting and important chapter deals with the canons for dating the inscriptions and treats of the tables of consular Fasti, the names of consuls to be found in the inscriptions and the calendar. After a few more chapters the work concludes with a section on 'Graffiti' (4th till 8th century) which are inscriptions scratched by visitors on the plaster of the walls of the catacombs. These latter would prove that there is nothing new under the sun and that tourists' habits fifteen hundred years ago were the same as they are in our own times, if it were not that the contents are of a pious and religious nature.

The little book brings before us in a powerful way a section of ancient life and feelings. Especially the early inscriptions, which, being mostly of a private nature and connected with the very domestic phenomenon of death, reveal many a touching feature of intimate feeling and emotion, and it is the masterhand of the learned archæologist that calls them to full life again. One cannot help being interested in the human side of the bygone civilisation they exhibit. Apart from that the inscriptions are on every side connected with the domestic, social, political and, above all, religious life of the periods they represent. In short the little book will prove attractive to quite various classes of readers.

In perusing the booklet we remarked a few flaws. On p. 62 the author states, in speaking of the meaning of the Fish-symbol: "To these fancies may be added the well-known explanation given in the sibylline books of the word *Ichthus*, a fish, as an acrostic of the words Iesus-Christos-Theou-Huios-Soter, 'Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour.'"

This seems to imply that this acrostical explanation is a fancy. On the same page he adds however that "sometimes the word *Ichthus* is spelled with a stop between each letter, as if to

remind the reader of the acrostic". And on p. 99 he says even: "The fish is the emblem of Christ the Son of God the Saviour, as in the famous acrostic of the word *Ichthus*, Iesus Christos Theou Huios Soter." Which is it now, fancy or fact, this explanation?

On p. 63 an inscription is described as containing 'an anchor lying on its side, and *above* it a lamb'. On p. 82 the same inscription is described as follows: "The lamb *below* the anchor represents Christ under the Cross." A glance at plate III, 1, shows that the latter description is right. But then the explanation on p. 63 differs from that on p. 82. In the former place it runs, "sometimes the idea of the crucifixion is represented by a lamb below an anchor". Surely 'crucifixion' and 'Christ under the Cross' is not the same thing.

On p. 96 we noticed "Kl. Philotl. Glukutlto"; the reproduction on plate VII, 4, gives the right spelling.

J. v. M.

A Philosophy of Social Progress, by E. J. Urwick. (Methuen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 6s.)

This is a very interesting and thoughtful contribution to the making of that social betterment on which now so much energy is being expended. The atmosphere of abstract study, permeates the pages, and some very practical hints and suggestions are to be found. The author has the courage of his opinions and does not hesitate in his preface to describe himself as a heretic and a traitor to the recognised views of both general sociology and traditional philosophies. He writes:

I will make bold and state my heresies dogmatically. I do not believe that there is or can be any science of social life; nor do I believe that sociology is or can be a science. What passes for sociology is a collection of generalisations of very varying value; and it is inevitable that most social generalisations shall be at once more or less dignified guesses, or more or less disguised expressions of the hopes and fears, the prejudices and beliefs, of their originators. There may, however, be a philosophy of social life, or rather of social change; but this will be transcendental, of course, and will always be very closely analogous to a religious faith.

Mr. Urwick's work aims at a presentation of the fundamental causes which are responsible for all concrete effects; and he is on the side of a cautious reform, one of thought, of knowledge, and of vision. "Where there is no vision

the people perish," is his view. It is a matter of satisfaction that in the many books now appearing on the subject of sociology, the importance of the ideal and spiritual elements in human life are recognised and insisted on with an ever increasing directness. Our author has the insight to see that: "Progress comes from visions and the faith in them, not from any elaborate charts of social causation." "But our ideals now (using the word, now, in the strict sense which excludes any element of self-seeking) are drawn from a non-social source, inspired, if you will by something beyond this world." Again: "The supreme purpose of human life, whether individual or social, is a spiritual purpose, even as the sole interpretation of its significance is a religious interpretation." A very important point, often overlooked in psychology is: "For the foundation of our social faiths and ideals we are brought back once again to feeling and impulse. The knowledge we claim as our basis is beyond our grasp; for knowledge demands indifference, while life refuses it." Hence the importance of acquiring the qualities of detachment and of desirelessness on which the traditional Wisdom of the East has ever insisted. Though with all its conclusions we do not agree and the primary assumptions of the author are certain to call forth vehement contradiction, yet to earnest students of our pressing sociological problems, this book is heartily to be recommended, as it presents the subjects considered under different aspects, from a novel point of view—always a gain to the earnest inquirer.

E. S.

Outline of a Course in the Philosophy of Education, by John Angus MacVannel, Ph. D. (The MacMillan Co., New York. Price 4s. net.)

Ethics and Education, by J. Havard Moore. (G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., London.)

Social Aspects of Education, by Irving King, Ph. D. (The MacMillan Co., New York. Price 7s. net.)

These are three well-written books on the different aspects of education, by experts competent to speak on the subject. They all embody advanced views on this vital question which

is now occupying so largely the mind of the public and attention from Governments. They are therefore welcome as contributions throwing light on this important subject. The authors rightly hold that the educational problem must be properly adjusted in relation to organism and environment, that is, in relation to individual progress and social well-being. Religious education does not receive any attention in this philosophy. The existence of an all-pervading, divine, intelligent principle, of which man is in essence a fragment, finds no specific mention. Philosophy and morality are thus deprived of their strongest basis and support. The books need to be carefully perused to be appreciated.

The first volume treats of the philosophy of education and truly says that science, philosophy, art and religion—energies within life—must recognise the service of life as their true work. The doctrine of evolution and all its implications must be taken into account in a reconstructive view of education so that it may allow for ever-continuous progress.

The second book deals with ethics and education and appeared in response to the demand of teachers for information on this subject, created by the passage of the Illinois law, making moral education compulsory in public schools. Children should be taught the science of ethics, its technique, the explanation of laws governing conduct and the nature of habit, just as they are taught other sciences. Ethics must include our relations to human and to non-human beings, must indeed be universal. The best methods of instruction are by (1) maxims or the hived wisdom of the ages; (2) questions; (3) talking *with* children and not *to* them; (4) asking children to compare ideas with others; and (5) biography. The statement "if parents are not able to maintain their children in school, the state should do it for them" is noteworthy.

The third volume relates to the social aspects or bearings of education. Some of the author's views may be thus summarised: Education is the instrument of society for conserving culture and providing efficient workers for the community and for progress. The School is a little social group, the work of which needs sympathetic understanding for its guidance. The process of learning is social, requiring control.

The school of to-day is meeting its increased responsibilities imperfectly. The church and family life have ceased to keep pace with the moral demands of intricate social life. The work and play of the children take place in cities under conditions which are such as to deprive them of robust physical activities in fresh air and sunshine. The system of apprenticeship has failed to produce good workmen. So the obligation now rests on schools to provide adequate moral, physical, and industrial education. The home and the school and the community should be brought closer together through home and school associations. The social life and education of the community should be continued after the school period; and lectures, continuation schools, evening schools, play-grounds, vacation schools, and parents' and teachers' associations for mutual study and benefit should play their part in education.

The social activities of the pupils should also be called into exercise.

S. N. R.

Superstition and Common Sense, by X (Being an unknown quantity). (L. N. Fowler & Co., London.)

Experience has taught us to have an instinctive distrust of any work in which the element of common sense is conspicuously advertised—a prejudice X's book rather confirms than nullifies. The particular aspect of the author's common sense and his assumption of superiority on a point on which every true Briton prides himself, may evoke criticism at the outset. However criticism on this point is disarmed, by the author's apology in the final chapter "that the book is published not with the idea of teaching anybody anything, but in the hope that some may take the trouble to point out where I am wrong in my deductions".

X is completely mistaken in his primary assumption that the whole scope of religion can be dealt with by common sense alone; for to deal with religion a sense much higher and rarer than common sense has to be employed, a sense which is the result of the unfolding of that spiritual power in Man, which only the more advanced among humanity yet possess. It is, however, satisfactory to find X's common sense including a strong belief in human immortality and progress, based on the reality of spiritualistic phenomena.

In passing it may be mentioned that a belief in spiritual offspring does not and will not appeal to many as a doctrine of common sense; and that the twin doctrine of spiritual sex is an absurdity that cannot be too much reprobated.

E. S.

Faith and Suggestion, by Edwin Lancelot Ash. (Herbert and Daniel, London.)

This is one of the books which is a sign of the times. The author takes up the question of the influence of the 'spiritual sphere' in the 'direction of health,' and bases his argument mainly on the case of Dorothy Kerin, (whose marvellous cure is referred to in the May issue of THE THEOSOPHIST, pp. 281-3) declaring it to be "a perfect type of the kind with which he is concerned". It was a case of 'galloping' consumption, accompanied by utter physical exhaustion and by loss of sight and hearing. He shows that the cure cannot be accounted for by the familiar theory of "faith in processes of suggestion and self-suggestion," nor can it be referred to the 'sub-conscious self,' that convenient term which, in the new psychology, is used to cover all that it cannot explain. Some angels appeared to the sick girl one day and told her she was "not coming yet"; and a few days later when she was believed to be dying: "a beautiful angel" appeared and said: "Dorothy, your sufferings are over. Get up and walk." This vision effected a complete cure, and in another which occurred later she was told: "The Lord has brought you back to use you for a great and privileged work. Many sick will you heal in your prayer and faith. Comfort the sorrowing! Give faith to the faithless! Many rebuffs you will have, but remember, you are thrice blessed. His grace is sufficient for thee and He will never leave thee." The author also discusses various cases, amongst them those of the girl of Lourdes, of Joan of Arc, and of St. Theresa, and claims to have shown that "there is somewhere a great fount of vital force and healing energy," also "expressed, in familiar religious terms," as "communion with the Almighty Living Power, which we know as God". To the Theosophist another explanation will present itself. It may have been a case of the intervention of an invisible helper; but whatever the cause, at least the result proves that

all who are in earnest may take courage and persevere in the service of the Great Ones who are ever ready to use those who are helpful for Their "great and privileged work". We recommend the book to the large section of the reading public which is interested in the subject.

T. R.

The Garden of Adam, by Alf. Brunton Aitken. (John Ouseley, Ltd., London. Price 2s. net.)

Dull people in whom one can find nothing else to praise are usually described as 'worthy' or 'well-meaning'. This rather damning form of praise, has to be bestowed on *The Garden of Adam*. It is a very well-meaning, but a dull production in the way of novels. The story seems designed as a vehicle in which to show forth the author's views on State ownership of land, vegetarianism, and the new theology, plus a belief in the doctrine of reincarnation. Two curious side-issues are that cancer is caused by indigestion produced by afternoon tea, and that Jesus was originally Adam! The characters of the story are very wooden and their action mechanical. The heroine transfers her affections with somewhat startling rapidity but with a satisfactory *denouement*. The hero is too good to live—in his zeal for land nationalisation he transfers to Government his property worth £7000 a year—and being also rather in the way, convenient attack of scarlet fever summarily disposes of him.

E. S.

Buddharadu Adivedam, by Pandit C. Iyodhi Doss. (Published at the Gautama Vacchiyautra Sala Press, Madras. Price Rs. 3-8.)

The above is an account in Tamil of the life and teachings of the Lord Buddha, from the pen of Pandit Iyodhi Doss, the first Indian Buddhist Revivalist, the Founder of the Southern Indian Sakya Buddhist Society. The Contents first appeared serially in the *Tamilian*, a paper edited by the author, and are now reprinted in book-form. The writer seems to have derived his views and information from a critical study of Indian literature on the subject, including Pali Texts translated for him by well-known Buddhist monks, and appears to have caught the

true spirit of Buddhism from actual touch with enlightened Buddhists having the traditional interpretation of their scriptures, and living its doctrines.

We recommend the book to the Tamil public ; as a study of it will tend, in some measure at least, to dissipate the mist of prejudice and ignorance which clouds, from the view of so many, the mighty figure of the Teacher of Nirvana and the Law.

S. N. R.

Myriam and the Mystic Brotherhood, by Maude L. Howard.
(J. W. Lovell, New York).

Those who expect to find this book what is generally understood as a novel will meet with disappointment ; for it contains no love-story and the only attempt at a plot is worked out in the first two chapters, the incidents of which are acknowledged as having been borrowed from a magazine story. For the rest, we have an account of the attraction to and adoption of the supposedly 'occult' life by a family of which Myriam is a member, through the influence of 'past karma' and a present extraordinary 'Brotherhood'. The description of the manner of living and environment of this Brotherhood must be placed under "the imagery of seemingly impossible situations" of the preface. The characters are wooden and the dialogue stilted ; but at the same time there are, in the book, 'shadows of truth' and, as it is a first effort, much may be forgiven. All through, the ideas suffer from an over-elaboration which tends to weary the reader and to spoil the artistic effect of the whole. For example, the visionary description by one of the 'Brothers' of the evolution of humanity, through what are known to Theosophists as the fifth and sixth Root Races occupies twenty-seven pages (the greater part of it the pure fiction of the authoress) which might more effectively have been condensed into one third of the space. Despite all defects we wish the book the success of all sincere attempts to open men's eyes to the inner side of things.

A. E. A.

Our Future Existence, or the Death-Surviving Consciousness of Man, by Fred. G. Shaw, F. G. S. (Stanley Paul, London. Price 10s. 6d. net.)

Do abnormal states of consciousness point to the existence of a consciousness which survives the destruction of the body? Such is the question which Mr. Shaw essays to answer in the affirmative, and the manner in which he presents his subject is both conscientious and practical. He has no hesitation in affirming his faith in revealed religion, and naturally considers that if the conclusions of psychology regarding the abnormal states could be brought into line with scriptural teachings, an effective stand could be made against the national evils attendant on popular scepticism. Such a standpoint is of course open to the objection of possible bias, but the virile sincerity of purpose evident throughout this book seems likely to carry more weight with men of the world than a purely scientific attitude, however impartial.

Of the nature of our future existence the author has little or nothing to say, except in so far as it is dependent on the use made of the present existence. The primary assumption on which his argument seems to be based is that, contrary to the opinion of theologians, the 'mind' is not identical with the soul, but is dependent on the brain, and consequently that the physiological evidence against the survival of the mind does not affect the evidence for the survival of consciousness. What does survive, according to this classification is a secondary or psychical consciousness, which is distinct from and yet in touch with the brain consciousness.

In proof of the existence of this secondary consciousness the well-known phenomena of hypnotism and, to a lesser degree, concussion and somnambulism are adduced, as manifesting knowledge of a higher order and ability to take charge of the body when the normal consciousness is inoperative. The explanation offered of the hypnotic state appears to be that the will of the subject is surrendered to the hypnotist, who is then able to impress the psychical consciousness of the subject. The 'mind,' receiving no impulse from the will, remains inactive, allowing the secondary or psychical consciousness to communicate directly with the nervous system under the

influence of the hypnotist. We have placed the word mind in inverted commas because in our opinion the author's restriction of the word mind to the brain consciousness is not only unnecessary for the purpose in view but is apt to be misleading, since a surviving consciousness minus the thinking principle seems scarcely to deserve the epithet 'surviving' at all. We venture to think that if the double word 'brain-mind' had been used in this connection, possible confusion would have been avoided without diminishing the force of the argument, as this 'secondary consciousness' is credited with a perfect memory and the power to initiate right action in a moment of crisis. The use of the word 'will' seems to be limited in much the same way to the personal will, leaving no word to express the corresponding principle in the secondary consciousness.

Turning from the arrangement of the subject, we are pleased to find many interesting points raised and carefully analysed, not the least striking of which are the personal experiences of the author during concussion. It is good moreover to find that attention is called to the subtle danger of ill-considered suggestion, especially in its most insidious form of auto-suggestion, where will-power can be degraded into forcing the mind to return a false report for the sake of some passing gratification or relief from pain. The chapters on 'Christianity and Socialism' and 'Education' scarcely seem to bear directly on the title of the book, but perhaps this impression would not have been so marked had a little more tolerance and constructive effort been exercised in their production. But for all that we admire a strong view strongly stated, and welcome the volume as a sane and intelligible example of the rising school which works for the union of faith and understanding.

In the interests of truth we have to add that the mention of Mrs. Besant's name on page 447 is an anachronism. As soon as Mrs. Besant came into touch with Theosophy over twenty years ago, she publicly repudiated the views referred to.

W. D. S. B.

Practical Occultism and Occultism vs. the Occult Arts, by H. P. Blavatsky ; and *Some Practical Suggestions for Daily Life*. (THE THEOSOPHIST Office, Adyar, Madras, India. Price 1s. or 12 Ans. or 25c.)

This is a most useful volume. In these days when so many people are turning their thoughts towards the Higher Life, not, alas, so much to live it as to know about it, it is well to have the straightforward, clear-cut and unmistakable words of H. P. Blavatsky to guide and warn us. Nothing in the world is so fraught with danger for the unready as any attempt to lift the veil of Isis and Mme. Blavatsky emphasises this fact in the articles reprinted in the excellent little volume under review.

For many the reading of these booklet will be a veritable cold water douche, causing shrinking and unpleasantness at first, but in the end vastly stimulating. For others it will be a bogey, effectually driving them away from the danger zone for this life at least. But in both cases the result will be good. If one is stimulated, the lofty goal she points to will draw nearer : if one is frightened off, there will at any rate be left in his mind the idea that without purity any effort to learn nature's deeper secrets will not only fail but bring disaster, and so the necessary preliminary steps may be, nay must be, taken.

For all who read this volume, those nearly ready to live the Occult Life and those as yet unprepared, these uplifting thoughts will emerge, that life itself, daily life, the 'common round' is preparing the foundation, and that 'pure thoughts, pure words, pure deeds, and a constant memory of God'—possible to all in every rank of life—are better than anything else in all the world for laying that substructure upon which the true Occultist is built.

J. S.

INTERNATIONAL WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE LEAGUE

[We are requested to publish the following circular letter—ED.]

IN view of the present grave crisis and the serious social danger all around, could not Theosophists join in trying to move the Government to enfranchise women immediately, for there is no doubt that women would be far more able to help in remedying these evils if they had political power.

An international Woman's Suffrage League under the Theosophical Order of Service might be immediately organised all over the world, and set to work at once to influence the Government to establish the principle of Equality of Sex. Mentally, much could be done by sending out in a definite formula at a definite time, towards the Government, this idea. Members might try to give half an hour daily in meditation, or in study, in private or public work for the cause. Surely there is much in our teaching of brotherhood and equality of the sexes, in our study of religions and the latent powers of the race, to advocate the woman's cause. Were members to study this and give it out again to the world in press articles or speeches, it might be most effective, especially when we consider the power working behind the Theosophical Society. Over and above this, members could help in the usual ways, by corresponding with friends and the local press, by making, saving and collecting money for the cause, by speaking to friends and in public, and, most important of all, by persuading as many men as possible to vote to help the women, or else to lay down their right to vote until the woman's right to vote is won.

All who are in favour of woman's suffrage could join such a League, whatever Suffrage Society they belonged to or whatever their party politics. The chief object of starting the League is to gather into one channel as much power as possible, that the Government may be favourably influenced on all three planes, mental, emotional and physical.

When we consider the White Slave Traffic, and the way in which the recent Bill has been rendered useless, the assaults on children, even on babes of three, and the lenient sentences passed by men on those responsible for these wrongs we see that the only way permanently to remedy such outrages is to give women equal power with men in electing the House of Commons. It is because the militants through their imprisonment know more of such evils than other suffragists, that they would rather die in the fight than give in. The accompanying leaflet on social evils shows the sort of knowledge that drives the militants on, a knowledge that Theosophists need to have in order to make the world fit for the coming race. Apart from this, there is great danger of some of the ablest women of our time taking the sword to perish with the sword; already two are sentenced to penal servitude. The race has need of these women, and if we all work together in the true spirit of brotherhood, to establish sex equality this session, we may do much to save them.

Will all in favour of this project please communicate with me without delay, so that a meeting may be called and a committee elected to organise this League, which must be in working order by the time Parliament reassembles, if it is to save our women and carry our cause.

(MRS.) K. E. ROY-ROTHWELL

Northwood, Chatham Close, Erskine Hill,

Hampstead Garden Suburb, London, N. W.

[Such a League as is proposed would be in order, as would an Anti-Suffrage League. P. T. S.]

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

OUR readers will be aware that a suit has been filed against me to deprive me of the guardianship of my Wards. There will be plenty about it in the papers, and I do not propose to fill THE THEOSOPHIST with it. The Plaint was lodged on the 24th October and handed to me on the 25th. On November 6th, I filed my Written Statement in answer. The preliminary legal formalities are being conducted for me by Mr. Barton, Bar-at-Law, and Mr. Govindaraja, instructed by the Solicitors named below. I wrote my own Statement, with advice on legal points from the before-named gentlemen and Mr. Ayodhya Das, Bar-at-Law. The suit, filed at Chingleput, in the District Court, has been transferred to the High Court, Madras; the counsel for the Plaintiff declared that the evidence would "travel over the tenets of the Theosophical Society," while my counsel agreed that it was a case "against the whole Theosophical Society". So the higher Court takes possession of it, which is very good. I plead my own case, when it comes to trial, and the preparation recalls

old legal memories, when I pleaded in the Court of Queen's Bench, the House of Lords, and elsewhere. The battle thus opens, and may God defend the Right.

* * *

The immediate result of this attack on me is the preparation of a number of libel actions, civil and criminal, directed against *The Hindu* newspaper, Dr. Nañjunda Rao, and others. As we have been forced to break our silent endurance, we may as well speak vigorously. The chief action is to be brought in the High Court on behalf of the Theosophical Society, and is being prepared by the firm of Messrs. King and Partridge, Solicitors, to be laid before Mr. Barton and Mr. Richard Grant, who will plead the case for the Plaintiffs—The President, the late Vice-President Sir S. Subramania Aiyer, Councillor of the T. S., and Mr. Schwarz, the Treasurer—if such a suit will lie. The criminal actions are in the hands of Mr. Richmond, Bar-at-Law, and Mr. S. Gurusvami Chetty.

* * *

Sometimes, I gain much amusement out of the wild statements of the common enemy. Last summer a very smart young man in a small London paper was pleased to say that my lectures, *Initiation: the Perfecting of Man*, delivered in the Queen's Hall, showed signs of decay. (Mr. Fullerton made a similar remark in 1907, when he was himself, poor man, on the way to the lunatic asylum in which he now is.) Obviously, anyone has a right to hold this view, though it is not, I believe, largely prevalent among those who know me. The Point Loma people—who are among those whose long-continued persecution has brought about the present suit against me—seized avidly on the young

man's remark, and are circulating it, after their amiable habit, all over the world, headed 'Mrs. Besant's Decay'. It sounds as though I were a "demned unpleasant corpse"! But I may prove a lively one. The head of the enemies of the T. S., Mrs. Katherine Tingley, and her chief helper, Mr. Fussell, have been unremitting in their flooding of all countries, since 1907, with filth directed against me. Before that date, they pelted my predecessor, Colonel Olcott. Now that their efforts have resulted in dragging me into Court, the game becomes a dangerous one, as I am set free to defend. I have a good deal of evidence against them as to printing and circulation of libels, and I shall be obliged to friends in any country who will send me more. I do *not* want any stories about her and her friends, but only evidence of their libellous attacks against the T. S. and myself. The cause of her bitter hatred of me is a puzzle. She was a spiritualistic medium, who helped the late Mr. Judge when he seceded from the T. S., and she became his successor and ruled the secession party. There was plenty of room for her and her little Society in the world, as well as for the T. S., and I have never, during the last five years of constant insult, spoken or written a hard word against her, nor reprinted one of the many stories against her published in the American papers. She is very wealthy, and must spend very large sums in engineering and carrying on her attacks. Lord Minto and Sir Arthur Lawley both told me that they had received her papers, though neither made any change in their generous attitude to myself personally.

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On October 6th, the Kāshī Taṭṭva Sabhā at Benares opened a course of ten lectures on 'Human Consciousness

and its Worlds of Manifestation'. The first lecture was given by myself, and I am also to give the last on December 8th. The remainder are to be given by members of the C. H. C. staff, and the General Secretary of the Indian Section. We hope to publish the lectures in book form when all are delivered, and they should offer a useful course of instruction on the subject with which they deal.

* * *

On October 7th, I started early for Cawnpur, and lectured there in the evening to a big audience on the Hindū University. On the following day we held Lodge and O. S. E. meetings, and had another large gathering to listen to a lecture on Theosophy. In the afternoon I visited the Agricultural College, a fine institution to which landowners should send their heirs, that they may learn how to direct the peasants on their lands. Three of our C. H. C. graduates are employed there, and one of the Professors is the President of the second Cawnpur Lodge. Cawnpur is fortunate in having some earnest English members on its rolls, and they cooperate heartily with their Indian brethren. October 9th began with a group photograph, an E. S. meeting, and some T. S. initiations, and 9 A. M. saw me in the train for Lucknow, where Pt. Iqbal Narain Gurtu met me; in due course, we had an E. S. meeting, and a public lecture on the University question to an immense audience which filled the great Kaiserbagh Hall. Rai Bahadur the Hon. Mr. Ganga Prasad Varma presided, and I was glad to find that he cordially approved the line taken. We began the 10th with a Lodge photo, and Lodge and O. S. E. meetings filled the time from 7-30 to 10. I was glad to find among the new members a

Sannyāsī who is doing some useful teaching work among the poor. A large number of Theosophical Sannyāsīs might do much to raise the village population. I visited a flourishing Girls' School, with 159 Hindi-speaking girls on the rolls; 114 were present. The school seemed to be well managed, and I was very glad to meet the Ladies' Committee, which is taking great interest in the education there given. The second public lecture on Theosophy packed the Kaiserbagh Hall, and was listened to with eager interest. The Hon. Mr. Ganga Prasad Varma again presided. The night train carried us back to Benares, where we arrived on the morning of the 11th. The 13th, 16th and 17th were spent at Allahabad, where University work had to be done. We agreed on a letter to Sir Harcourt Butler, and made formal proposals for the establishment of the University.

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The Adyar Library often receives valuable gifts of books. The family of the late Mr. Dadabhoy Dhanjibhoy Jussawala, F. T. S., of Bombay, has just presented to it a valuable collection of over one hundred volumes and fifty pamphlets, all works on agriculture and horticulture. This is a very useful addition in regard of our growing estate.

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In view of Mr. Churchill's statesmanlike proposal for the creation of National Parliaments, our readers may be interested in the following, contributed by myself when invited to take part in a Symposium held some time ago in *Nash's Magazine*, on the question whether Home Rule should be granted to Ireland.

In my mind, Home Rule in Ireland is part of a far larger question—the organisation of the Empire. I would separate national from imperial and international questions,

and seek to make the Empire an organic whole, composed of States which were self-governing, each within its own limits. Of these, Ireland would naturally be one.

In rough outline, the following is the plan I submit:

Each village to have its Council, with its school, club, laundry, baths, almshouse, hospital, arbitration court for local disputes, under Council control; suffrage—*Adult*.

A certain number of villages, or an area with given population, to have its District Council, controlling roads, lighting, drainage, power-station or stations, and similar undertakings; suffrage—*Members of Village Councils*.

Towns over a certain population to have a Municipal Council, with Ward-Councils, their functions being respectively similar to the District and Village Councils, the Municipal Council having in addition control over the buildings erected; suffrage—*Adult for Ward-Councils; Members of Ward-Councils for Municipal*.

National Parliament, to make laws for all purely national affairs, education, customs, railways, trade, commerce, etc.; suffrage—*All Councillors*. 'Home Rule' would include all these, and England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, India, and all Colonies would thus manage their own affairs, utilising their own local knowledge to the full, but unable to impose their own ideas on others.

The Imperial Parliament should be comparatively small, composed of persons elected by the National Parliaments as representatives of the States, of past Viceroys of States, and of eminent men nominated by the King-Emperor. The King-Emperor should nominate his Minister for each Department of the State—Post, Army, Navy, Foreign Affairs, etc., each State maintaining Imperial Service Troops, land and marine, to be at the disposal of the Crown in time of war. The King-Emperor should also nominate a Viceroy for each constituent State of the Empire, who should have a Ministry, chosen according to the method laid down by the National Parliament, and who should have a suspensive veto, with power to refer to the Imperial Parliament any measure which he considered to be beyond the scope of the National Parliament of his State.

It seems almost inevitable that some such organisation as this should be formed sooner or later, if the Empire is to be a unit. Now that a Cabinet Minister has taken the matter up, it will probably often appear in discussions of 'practical politics'. Mr. Churchill has imagination—a quality absolutely necessary for a statesman—and he may go far.

The French-Swiss Section has begun with October, 1912, the issue of a little eight-page monthly, *Bulletin Théosophique*. It opens with a graceful tribute from the General Secretary to our well-loved Dr. Pascal, "the indefatigable pioneer," who was the first to lecture in the University of Geneva, and thus ploughed the first Theosophical furrow in the soil of Calvin and Beza.

* * *

It may be interesting to ceremonialists in the West to compare the stations assigned to the Elemental Powers by an eastern religion with those assigned by the western. In the East, Indra, the Lord of the Sky, is said to rule, and in the South-East Agni, the Lord of the Fire; it is the quarter of Dṛṣṭarāshtra, and is served by the Gandharvas, the heavenly choristers. In the West is Varuṇa, the Lord of the Waters; it is the quarter of Virūpākṣha, and is served by the Nāgas, the serpents of wisdom. In the North-West rules Vāyu, the Lord of the Winds; it is the quarter of Vaishravaṇa, or Kubera, and is served by the Yakṣhas, the kindly frolicsome gnomes. In the South reigns Yama, the Lord of Death, and hence, from some standpoints, the Lord of this mortal Earth; it is the quarter of Viruḍhaka, and is served by the Rākṣhas, whose name signifies protection, but who are figured as fierce and often cruel demons, attendant on the Lord of Death. The symbology is not quite clear in some ways. If we add 'vraṭa:' to the name of Dṛṣṭarāshtra, we have an epithet indifferently of Indra, Agni, and Varuṇa; two of these great Archangels are placed in the East, and as Indra belongs really to the sky, the third sphere, we may regard Agni, the Archangel of Fire, as the Ruler of the East, and the Gandharvas, as the angelic choristers,

are fitly named as his servants. The West is assigned to Virūpākṣha, a name of Shiva, and the Nāgas are naturally ascribed to Him; but Mahādeva is not on a level with Archangels, being an aspect of the LOGOS Himself, so that the occurrence of His name in this connection is not very intelligible. Nor is it clear why Vāyu, the Archangel of the Winds, should be in the quarter of the Archangel of the Earth. I have not been able to identify Viruḍhaka, a name apparently connected with opposition, or obstacle. It would be very useful if some one who knows more about this than I do would write some fuller explanation.

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The Leeds Lodge of the T. S. issues a very artistic folder-syllabus of lectures, with a well drawn Egyptian design outside, and the Objects on the reverse; inside are the lists of two series of weekly lectures, covering three months. We congratulate the Lodge on presenting its work to the public in so attractive a form.

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We took the Victoria Hall for three Sundays in November, and I gave a short course of lectures on 'Man's Life in This and Other Worlds'. Only the first, on November 10, was over when we went to press. There was a fine audience, one hundred and fifty more than the hall is supposed to hold, and about three hundred persons turned away. A word of thanks is due to the police, who prevented all undue pressure, and regulated the crowd of cars and carriages with much good temper and courtesy. The audience showed intense interest, and the experiment of delivering Theosophical lectures in Madras itself promises to be thoroughly successful.



A THEOSOPHICAL COLLEGE

By G. S. ARUNDALE, M.A., LL.B.

Principal of the Central Hindu College, Benares

THE time has come, I think, for members of the Theosophical Society to join in rendering one more important service to the great religions of the world and to the cause of Universal Brotherhood, by the establishment in some convenient place of a Central Theosophical College.

It is evident that many Sections of the Society are even now earnest in their consideration of the problem of Education in the light of Theosophy, and attempts are being made to establish Schools in which Theosophical principles shall dominate the whole of the

educational course. The fact is that parents with Theosophical views find it very difficult to know how to train their boys and girls in accordance with general Theosophical teaching; and though we have Round Tables and Lotus Circles, it must be remembered that the School or College is the real training ground of the youth and of the young man.

The modern system of education, moreover, is in a deplorably unsettled state; methods are mistaken for principles, and little or no care is bestowed either on the choice of teachers or on the grouping of the children. In education more than in any other department of public usefulness, there is an urgent need for guidance from those who really know, from those who have *seen* the true relationship between teacher and pupil, and who therefore are able to draw their inspiration from above. The modern tendency is towards compromise; but, as has been said by the Master in *At the Feet of the Master*: "Between right and wrong Occultism knows no compromise". Now we need to bring down a little Occultism into our Schools and Colleges; we need to be brave enough to give children the truths we know, no matter whether we are running against or supporting modern conventions. This procedure is, however, impossible in ordinary institutions, because they have to cater for the average child who will not be able to live his conventional life unless he is guided and restrained by modern usages and conventional law. The ideals and the methods of the disciple are often unsuited to the requirements of those who are far from the stages of even the probationary path; but it is the disciples who are in reality the leaders of mankind, for they have learned the lesson of instant and eager

co-operation with Those who have won the right to guide humanity because of the supreme sacrifice They have deigned to make. We need a School, therefore, in which young people may be trained, whose past karma has brought them in this life to the threshold of discipleship. We need a School in which those may learn who, though not perhaps in this life destined to discipleship, may become loyal and intelligent workers in the future, provided that while young the various qualifications for right living are clearly and continuously placed before them. We need a School in which the student of one particular faith may be taught to reverence other faiths, as parts of the one great road which leads to the conscious knowledge of God. We need a School in which the youth is taught that he must use whatever powers he has, and must so live—whatever profession he has to choose for a means of livelihood—that those around him of all faiths and of all races shall regard him as a brother, as “one who loves his fellow-men”.

And as I look into the future I seem to see such a School somewhere in the world. I do not think it matters much where it is; but it matters infinitely who teaches in it and who guides it; because, if we are to build at all, we must erect a structure worthy to enshrine God's children, and in that temple we must place only those whose lives are full of love and full of sympathy and understanding. Who are fit to guide such a School? Only those who themselves have become God's children in His Kingdom of Heaven, who are humble but conscious followers of those Ideal Men who are the Elder Brothers of our race. I want to see in my Dream-School the guiding force of some great soul who lives but for the

world, who *knows* "God's plan for men," and who in this life, and in all the lives to come, is dedicated to the service of struggling humanity. He must be one who lives in the Masters' world, so that he may bring to us in these outer regions all the warmth and purity which characterise the dweller in the heart, the servant of the Inner Sanctuary. If the School is to approach the beautiful ideals given to us by Alcyone in *Education as Service*, it must be directed by wisdom and by power, it must be surrounded by peace and not by discussion, it must be a place of harmony and not of conflict. One-pointedness is just as necessary a qualification for the School as it is for the individual, and one-pointedness will only be possible where the Head rules by right of inner wisdom, and the teachers guide the students in the light that wisdom sheds.

Our Theosophical College must stand, therefore, for the realities of the inner life, and it must be in the hands of those who are living in the inner life. The College must become a conscious part of the great Education Department of the world: at least its teachers must ever look up to the august Heads of that department for their inspiration and guidance, and must strive to make their relations with their pupils reflections of the relations between the Master and His disciples. In such a College we shall frankly and openly treat of the R̥shis as living Beings, working now, as They ever have done, to lead humanity to a knowledge of its own divinity. We shall proclaim the existence of the Path to these Masters of the Wisdom, and we shall exhort the students so to live in their homes, in the School, in their professions and occupations, that they may some day prove themselves worthy of entering that Path. We shall show

them that the Path is within them and not outside them ; that it is to be reached by dharma well performed and not by dharma neglected ; that however much any one may be compelled to live in the outer world, to follow a profession, to earn his livelihood, he may yet tread the Path if he be "pure in heart". Only when the "Nightingale of the Spirit" learns to sound its own clear note "above earth's loudest song," then and then alone will the Spirit be seen apart from its forms, the real be distinguished from the fleeting.

In my Dream-College, then, our Head will be one who is already treading the Path to which he seeks to lead his pupils, and each member of the staff, from the Principal or Headmaster downwards, shall be an aspirant who has already gained some adequate control over the lower nature, and who has learned to distinguish between the essential and the non-essential.

Now let us go a little more into detail. I propose, in the first place, that there should be no day-students at all, or very few. Alcyone has said in *Education as Service*, that while the "home is the centre of activity for the child," the School is the centre of activity for the youth. Under the modern conditions of School life, I grant that it is generally better, especially as regards very young boys, that the home should act as centre ; although, as Sir Oliver Lodge points out in *School Teaching and School Reform* (p. 9), the apathy and luxury in over-wealthy homes, the knowledge that living does not depend upon exertion, "is a curse to any individual and any nation of which it is true".

Unfortunately the average teacher is not selected because of his character but because of his intellectual or athletic attainments ; his main desire is to show to

the authorities the thoroughness of his discipline and the brilliancy of his method ; and the result is that many home-influences, necessary in the School or College, are lacking. The average Boarding-House, moreover, if not very carefully watched, is hardly a fit place for a sensitive youth, unless the Superintendent (a cold, disagreeable word) regards himself as the loving father of his large family, unless the family spirit is introduced and sedulously cultivated. In the Dream-College, however, the heads of the Boarding-Houses will strive to imitate the Master in His relation to His disciples ; I offer no apology for continually referring to this relation, inasmuch as it is, so to speak, the corner-stone of my edifice. The difficulty at present is that the influences of the home tend to be narrow and exclusive, while at School or College the boy enjoys little really useful supervision and guidance. He feels cramped at home, because his growing life is surrounded by forms which he already knows and attitudes of which he is already weary ; while at School all restraint save that of formal discipline is gone, and in the play-ground and in the streets he feels a freedom which exhilarates and which urges him onwards, and often, alas, downwards. However eager the parent may be to provide a suitable home for his growing family, he is not generally an expert in the art of education ; besides, in most cases, being the bread-winner, it is on the whole better for him to entrust much of the youth of his children to those qualified by experience and by love to surround them with the necessary atmosphere. The old Indian plan of placing the boy with the Guru for a number of years would be an admirable plan to-day, if there were teachers of the ancient type ; and I do not know that in those

days the boy acquired less reverence for his parents or less love for the home and the family than now. The parent, in sending his son to School or College, and to a Boarding-House, needs to know that he is giving the youth a better training than he could himself give ; that the teacher has better means at his disposal to understand his son's character and temperament than he himself has ; that his son will return to him during the holidays gentler and more unselfish ; and, above all, that the teacher will guide the young man into the career best suited to his capacities, and show due regard for his responsibilities, whatever they may be. The parents must learn to trust, and the teachers must learn to feel more keenly the great weight of responsibility that lies upon them. Then will the Boarding-House be a large home, instead of, as many parents seem to expect it to be, a house of correction.

The question then is as to the kind of Boarding-House our imaginary College shall have. Personally, I should welcome the House system of our big English Public Schools, as limiting the number of boys in the charge of one teacher. But if there are to be big Boarding-Houses, then I should, for the average boy, have the dormitory system—the dormitory to have a dim *light throughout the night*, and to be in charge of a very responsible member of the staff. Exceptional students must be given rooms to themselves, while brothers may have special rooms, if the accommodation is available. I do not want to enter into many details here, but I mention one or two points to show the general principles which would guide me in my arrangements.

I should have a Boarding-House for each of the religions represented in the Institution, with an

additional one for the children of those parents who wanted them brought up on purely Theosophical lines. Apart from the member of the staff in charge of the general organisation of each Boarding-House, there must be a special teacher—well versed in the Theosophical interpretation of the religion concerned—whose duty it will be to inspire his pupils with an intelligent and deep-seated enthusiasm for their own special form of faith, coupled with a real reverence for and a hearty interest in the faiths of others. This brings me to the general question as to the appointment of members of the staff of whatever grade. The first to be selected will be those who, possessing the necessary worldly qualifications, come eagerly forward, begging to be given the privilege of sharing their knowledge with their younger brethren, and willing to dedicate their lives to the work. The matter of salary will be secondary, it being understood that every member of the staff must receive sufficient to keep his family in reasonable comfort. His interests must, of course, be identical with those of the College, and he will be expected to spend a considerable proportion of his spare time with his pupils. In fact, only those teachers who are eager to give themselves utterly will be qualified for membership of our Theosophical College.

Each member of the staff must have complete confidence in the fitness of his superior officer to be in the position he occupies; for, as I have said, the rank in the Theosophical College of such authority will depend upon his rank in the inner life, or will at least be the result of selection by those who know the human heart. I should be opposed to the existence of a Committee of Management, even though

composed of prominent T. S. workers, for I am eager to model our Theosophical Institution upon the lines of the great White Brotherhood whose organisation is perfect. In that Body, as we know, even the youngest member may make suggestions, and is expected to use his best judgment when work is entrusted to him; but all final control and direction rest with the Higher Authorities. In Their Service is perfect freedom.

I should place the Head of the College in sole control, for he would be one leading a life, inner as well as outer, worthy of so responsible a trust. To assist him, the members of the staff might be formed into an Advisory Council, meeting regularly to make suggestions and to offer advice; but all decisions would rest finally with the Head himself.

As regards the instruction generally, and the training of the students, the one essential feature of the work must be that no parent shall send his son to the College: (1) unless he has complete confidence in the authorities; (2) unless he is prepared to entrust his son to the College for a number of years, it being, of course, understood that all vacations of a certain length shall be spent at home; there might be many short vacations and no long ones.

It will be necessary for the parent to furnish the College with a detailed statement as to the boy's general tendencies, state of health, disposition and interests. He must also indicate generally the nature of the responsibilities which the boy may probably be called upon to assume when he reaches man's estate, as also any special suggestions as to diet, line of study, and physical exercise. He will be expected further to agree that the boy shall remain unmarried during his life in

the institution, and that he will leave the boy free to marry or not to marry as he thinks fit, when he reaches the age at which such questions may rightly arise. Vegetarianism will, of course, be compulsory on all, teachers and students alike. The Master speaks, in *At the Feet of the Master*, of "the still more cruel superstition that man needs flesh for food". At least in the College dedicated to the training of the Masters' future servants, such superstitions and others of a similar nature shall be rigorously excluded, including the superstition that corporal punishment is a necessary part of that which people foolishly call 'discipline'. The only discipline of any value is self-discipline, and the power to discipline the lower self must be evoked through love and through love alone. If a student is unamenable, generally because of wrong methods of previous training, to the influence of his teachers' affection, he is not fit for College or School life, but needs individual care, and a specially adapted system of training, which cannot be provided where there are numbers of students studying together. The Theosophical College will not be a reformatory.

The work of the day will open with a gathering of teachers and students in the Hall of the College, to hear a bright and forceful address from one of the members of the staff on some subject inculcating: (1) the essential unity of all religions; (2) the Brotherhood of man; (3) some virtue which may be specially needed or may require careful practice. Before the address there will be music and recitations from the various great Scriptures of the world, while after the address the meeting will be closed with some form of appeal that each member of the Institution may be true throughout the

day to all that is highest in him, and that he may think, speak, and act kindly towards all.

It is obviously impossible to enter here into all the details of School and College management, into questions regarding the number of students in each class, methods of instruction, system of ventilation, duration of periods, order of studying the various subjects prescribed for the examinations at which the students are to appear, the question of uniform, and so on. But each subject must be treated in the spirit which animates the Institution, and which has brought it into being.

Home lessons will, of course, be entirely abolished, and any preparation that may be necessary for the next day will be done during school hours, under the supervision of one of the members of the staff, others being present to help in their respective subjects. After the work of the day is over, students will, when sufficiently rested, take up some form of physical exercise. Members of the staff will be expected either to take part in the games, or, at least, often to give the moral support of their presence on the field. Then will come the evening meal, and then some light occupation until bed-time, which will vary according to the age of the student. Sometimes quiet indoor games, or readings from classical literature, or recitations from great dramatists, may occupy part of the evening. Before the students finally retire to rest, there will be in each Boarding-House a short prayer or meditation on some sacred subject, so that the boys' minds may be quieted before they sleep.

In the morning the students will engage in some occupation, apart from those subjects connected with their ordinary studies. Some may take up manual training, others painting, some music, others a special

subject in which they may be particularly interested, and occasionally there may be walking exercise. The elder students will be expected to supervise and encourage the efforts made by their juniors, for it will be well understood that unless the elders use their better trained faculties in the service of those who are younger than themselves, they will not be able in their turn to take full advantage of the teaching they themselves receive. Provision will also be made, if possible, for the varying tastes of the boys, by making arrangements to gratify and educate these tastes. The boy with a mechanical turn of mind must be given an opportunity to make mechanical experiments. The boy who loves music will have the opportunity to study and produce music. The boy whose greatest pleasure is reading will be guided in his choice of books. And in the teacher's mind will always be the knowledge that every capacity a boy may have is a channel through which he may render useful service to his surroundings and perhaps even to the world. So the idea of Service will dominate the teacher's teaching as well as the student's learning, and I hope that in this way every pupil of the Theosophical College will enter the class-room with the desire to gain knowledge so as to put it to some useful, helpful purpose, and will, when he leaves the class-room, carry away with him knowledge which he is eager to share with his younger fellow-students.

I should try to make the classes for the younger children especially interesting. In fact much of the work for these younger members of the family will be often outside the class-room: in the field looking at the trees, watching the birds, sitting near the road and watching all that passes—the teacher drawing out from

the minds of his young pupils all the ideas and all the knowledge with which each object or each happening may be surrounded. The length of instruction in any particular subject will depend upon the maintenance of interest and attention by the children and not upon the cold accuracy of the clock, it being understood that no period shall be more than a certain length in duration. I should also make a special point of keeping a variety of animals in the College, so that the children might learn kindness to animals and watch their habits; and attached to the College there might be a small School for the children of the uneducated classes, which adult teachers might if necessary supervise, but in which lessons would periodically be given by the senior students. This school would be maintained entirely by the students, and they would be trained to take pride in it, to spend some of their savings on it, and to give it some of the results of work they have been able to do.

To sum up: teachers in a Theosophical College must love teaching, must be intuitive, must be ever-patient, must endeavour to understand as fully as possible the characters of their students. They will train their pupils according to the dispositions, tendencies and capacities which are gradually unfolded, and they will advise the choice of the career which will give such capacities, tendencies and dispositions the best field for useful service.

Most students will no doubt be advised to take up the family life, one of the most admirable training-grounds for self-control and unselfishness. A few, however, may not need such an experience, and may be able to be trained along special lines for the service of their country or for the service of the world. These young

men will have special courses of instruction and special methods of training, and their parents will be asked to co-operate in giving their sons all possible advantages, so that they may be well fitted for whatever service they may become qualified to render.

Lastly there may be the very few who will come to the Theosophical College that they may rapidly prepare for the great privilege of discipleship, of becoming the pupils of one or other of the great Masters, whose directions will implicitly be followed in the institution. Such young men, servants of humanity, already in past lives dedicated to its service, may not be distinguishable from all the other students in the College; but they will be known to those who will have the duty of guiding them, and will be quietly helped to reach the required level of intelligence and spirituality.

In this way I hope my Dream-College will fulfil her destiny, and, by educating her sons in the spirit of Brotherhood and of Service, will justify the name of THEOSOPHICAL COLLEGE.

G. S. Arundale

What wouldst thou be?

A blessing to each one surrounding me :
 A chalice of dew to the weary heart,
 A sunbeam of joy bidding sorrow depart,
 To the storm-tossed vessel a beacon light,
 A nightingale song in the darkest night,
 A beckoning hand to a far-off goal,
 An angel of love to each friendless soul :
 Such would I be,
 Oh that happiness were for me !

F. R. Havergal

REASON AND FAITH

By C. SHUDDMAGEN, Ph. D.

THE man who is determined to pierce through the veils of illusion to the very heart of things cannot afford to neglect a single one of the aids and powers which will help him in reaching the goal which he seeks. Many a thoughtful and earnest seeker for more truth and light finds great difficulty in exercising the power of faith in that pursuit. Instead of a power, it looks to him like a snare to lead him astray. He has for many lives, perhaps, worked hard in developing and strengthening his intellectual powers, discrimination, logical reasoning and judgment, with the result that his consciousness is strongly centred in the intellect and mind; so much is this so that he, the real man, has identified himself with the mind, and can hardly realise that he has greatly limited himself in so doing. This limitation has its good and also its weak points. It brings about a much greater and faster development of the mind than could otherwise be obtained in the same time; but it prevents, for the time being, anything like a normal growth of the powers of consciousness in other directions.

For such a man there may come the time when it is advisable that he should clearly realise that he has been specialising in a single field, and that he should

now direct some part of his time and energies to the cultivation of other phases of his being. The state of doubt, of hesitancy, with regard to faith is an indication that the man has reached this stage of transition ; for if it were better for him to continue his mental development, this doubt would probably not arise in his mind at all. It may be helpful to some who are in this uncertainty, as well as instructive to others, to consider the relation between reason and faith, and to develop some rational attitude to be adopted in dealing with questions which may seem to involve a conflict between the two fields of consciousness.

The conflict is only apparent. It is due to the lack of knowledge of the various states of consciousness in Nature, of their functions in evolution, and of the fact that man has bodies or instruments by which these different worlds of consciousness, or being, may become accessible to his own consciousness, so that he may gain experience in them. The man in whom the mental development predominates usually regards his mind as his true Self, and he recognises as truth only that which is logical, reasonable and intelligible to his mind. Similarly another man may be strongly developed in that phase of his being which feels, loves and sympathises, and such a one would preferably accept truth as such when presented to him under corresponding aspects, that is, those which would most deeply arouse emotions of the heart. To such a person philosophical and scientific truth would seem cold ; it would not be easily grasped by him, would, perhaps, be wholly unintelligible.

The truth is that man has many ways of contacting Nature, or God in manifestation. These ways are by means of his various bodies : with the physical body he

may act in the physical world ; with the astral body he may feel sensations, desires, passions ; with the mental body he is able to think concrete thoughts, produce images in the mind which have form, shape and colour ; with the causal body he may apprehend the great generalisations, or mental abstractions, which include all the facts of the lower mental plane, and learn many of the laws of nature ; with the buddhic body he may feel the great oneness of all life, the brotherhood of all beings ; with the ātmic body he shapes and directs the force of will, causing actions, or modifications in consciousness, in any or all of his bodies below the ātmic. Each of these bodies corresponds to a vast department in nature, in which consciousness exists by the interplay, or conjoining, of life and matter. Matter may be regarded as the limitations, the outer boundaries, of the play of the life-forces. It marks out certain boundaries, outside or beyond which there cannot be the same freedom of life, as there is inside or within.

The evolution of man, or the unfolding of his divine powers and faculties, proceeds in all the five worlds : the physical, astral, mental, buddhic and ātmic. For an individual to co-operate with the Divine Plan, according to which this evolution is slowly carried on throughout long ages of time, means that he will evolve more swiftly than the average of humanity ; and this swiftness is proportional to the energy put forth, which is the real measure of the extent of the man's co-operation. The man who desires to become a servant of God, and to do what he can to assist in the working out of His Plan, must deliberately cultivate his growth in all the departments of being and acting. He must learn to use his powers of thought and reason in such matters as can be

most properly and efficiently dealt with by those means; also to check the thinking, analysing energies, if they are about to claim activity in fields which do not rightfully belong to them. The analytical faculties of mind certainly have their uses in the life of an earnest seeker after truth, but the deeper spiritual truths cannot be discovered and understood by the mind alone. Their apprehension and comprehension require in fact the temporary suspension of mental activities, and a one-pointed direction of the consciousness to the contemplation of the subject which is beyond the reach of intellect and reason.

Perhaps the greatest achievement of the intellect is to discover that it has limitations, to make a study of these limitations, and to give its aid to bringing about conditions favourable to the growth and development of the consciousness, so that these limitations may be overcome and new fields of truth be opened up to the man. As long as man considers himself to be in his highest estate and development when working in his intellect, there is, of course, no immediate prospect of his transcending its limitations. He is rather in the growing stage of the intellect, and may well be left to continue that growth for the time; in other words, the man is not yet ready for a great increase in his spiritual enlightenment.

Faith is a necessary state of consciousness with regard to transcending the limitations under which the intellect is labouring; it is the bridge from the powers of the consciousness of the personality to those of the individuality. Faith is the eagerly expectant and hopeful attitude as to the possibility of attaining to a knowledge of the Supreme Power, as to the reality of the

unseen universe about us, and as to the glorious destiny of man. Faith means that in our hearts we feel justified in believing that all is well with the world, in spite of the facts of this physical world which seem to show that it is not so. In order to have faith the man *must not deny*, but must prepare his mind and heart to be receptive and open to the Truth and the Light which are ever-present realities, but the knowledge of which he has effectually shut out from his lower mind, the intellect, by allowing it to become fixed in its limited habits and modes of action. Man need not do anything which he or anyone else can properly regard as falling into self-created delusion or make-believe—faith will grow in his heart of itself if only given a fair chance to do so. It is a natural growth, just as is that of a young physical body, but it must have conditions which are not hostile. By the proper mental attitude the growth of faith may be greatly encouraged and accelerated. For if the intellect regards the new and growing state of consciousness as a possible friend, and perhaps its future deliverer from its bondage and limitations, instead of as a rival and an enemy which seeks to dethrone it, then conditions are much more favourable for faith to become firmly established and self-justified.

The true faith, the only one worthy of the name, is not a blind belief in statements or creeds imposed on a man from outside himself, but rather an expectant attitude of mind and heart based upon reason and knowledge. As faith is the bride between two worlds of consciousness and of knowledge, between the knowledge of the relatively impermanent and the relatively permanent, it is for the intellect a curious combination of ignorance and knowledge. The intellect

knows its limitations and recognises certain large gaps which it is utterly unable to fill in; it has some fragmentary and unconvincing information to the effect that a higher knowledge is possible, that the higher worlds are real, that a higher consciousness can gain experience therein; a state of doubt has given way to a recognition that there is some considerable degree of probability of the truth of this information, added to which is the eager desire to be fully convinced of its truth, *if it is true*.

True faith appears to be a state of consciousness belonging to the spiritual worlds, but showing forth in the world of the personality. It has not originated in the personality, but is accepted from the higher consciousness of man. What goes commonly under the name of faith is very often degraded by the selfish desire of the personality to establish as universal truth that which it would like to have as true, that which is attractive to the personality. A little discrimination easily shows the absurdity and impossibility of this. Truth is eternal and all-inclusive; therefore that which can be grasped by the personality, limited and imperfect as it is and coloured by the desires of the lower self, can only be a small fraction of the great whole. In true faith there is no personal desire to inflict our view of truth upon our fellow-men, nor even to establish it as fixed truth for ourselves; there is rather an impersonal desire, or prayer, to have it changed and modified continually, so as to be ever growing to a fuller correspondence and union with the one and only Truth.

There is in faith a wonderful balance between the positive and negative. There is first a strong, imperious will exerted that the truth shall be found, the mysteries

of life and being unveiled ; and there is a clinging to the truth already found, in order that it may serve as a foundation on which more may be built. And secondly, there is the utter resignation to Truth, the readiness to modify or even to give up the truth we had prized so highly hitherto, when a greater truth is seen, which shows the old one to have been only partial truth or even error.

It is only by the right use of faith that men may pass from the fleeting to the Everlasting, from darkness to Light, from death to Immortality. There is in evolution a constant dying to the old and a constant being born to the new. Over the bridge of faith our pathway leads us from the world we know to the unseen world beyond, and by faith the mountains which lie as obstacles between us and our goal shall be removed.

C. Shuddemagen

Trust in thine own untried capacity
As thou wouldst trust in God Himself. Thy soul
Is but an emanation from the whole.
Thou dost not dream what forces lie in thee,
Vast and unfathomed as the grandest sea.
Thy silent mind o'er diamond caves may roll,
Go seek them—but let pilot will control
Those passions which thy favouring winds can be.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

INDIAN UNREST AND THE RELIGION OF THE SIKHS¹

By DOROTHY FIELD

[In the following article I have not attempted to treat of Theosophy as a separate cult. Theosophy in its general aspect is certainly on the side of religion *as such*, and a plea in favour of a fine Indian faith as against the inroads of materialism cannot fail to be in accordance with its main principles. As regards its more specialised developments, Occultism, esoteric Mysticism, and so forth—the remarks made in connection with philosophic Hinduism would also apply. Theosophists are asked to regard the matter in an essentially practical light, since the point at issue is no mere theory or principle, but concerns the salvation of an actual living faith, the loss of which would inevitably deal a deadly blow at the cause of Religion, as such.]

THE extraordinary lack of interest taken by the average Englishmen—even by the average educated Englishman—in Indian affairs has become a by-word. It has often been said that a football match, or an unusually sordid murder, will excite more interest at home, and occupy more space in the press, than grave matters of Imperial policy. Such remarks have become commonplaces. Yet, despite this remarkable indifference, the unrest in India has been serious enough

¹ Our readers must remember that signed articles are often quite against the Editor's views, as is the case with much of this, and the whole spirit of it is antagonistic to those views as to India. Its patronising tone is offensive, and shows that the writer lacks personal knowledge of Indians. I have cancelled one or two statements as to disloyalty among educated Indians, as I cannot give currency to phrases which, however honestly believed by the writer, are really libels. The rest I print, as the writer has something to say, and says it effectively.—EDITOR.

to force itself on the attention of a reluctant public. In some quarters the whole question has been analysed pretty thoroughly, and various attempts at solution have been made. It has been pointed out that the difficulty is, *au fond*, a religious rather than a political one, for western ideals of education are destroying the religion of the country, and therefore, until we go to the root of the matter, all attempts at amendment must be only temporary. Everything tends to strengthen this view; but the Government has made no move as to religious policy. There is, of course, very little pressure from home: the ordinary Government supporter in England does not interest himself in the Indian problem, and he is quite indifferent to the urgent need for solution. India—at any rate, India from the inside—has always been something of a mystery to him, and he hates mysteries as alien to his temperament. He would far rather ignore what he cannot understand, and—despite the great lessons of the mutiny—the vast continent of India, for which he is to some extent responsible, continues to come under that category.

If we admit that the decline of religion plays a large part in the factor of unrest, it would seem to be a matter of common diplomacy to make some definite change in our religious policy. Irreligion, it is said, is caused by the whole trend of the new ideas, and more especially by the gift of secular education, which breeds Agnosticism and an attitude of revolt. If this is true, then some counteracting force is needed to balance these western influences, which should be in themselves both good and profitable. They are certainly upheld with the best intentions. It is time that we dismissed the idea once and for all that the Englishman

does India an injury by seeking to give her the best of his civilisation, and that therefore he is by nature a tyrant. What he lacks is subtlety of mind. He does not know how to reach the point of view of those with whom he is concerned in order to know what is best for them. He takes for granted that what has been good for England must be good for India; what would be bad for those at home must also be bad for Indians. He does not realise that infinitely differing temperaments thrive under different culture, and that the passionate need of one nation may hardly be felt by another. For instance, he himself *can* live without religion. I do not mean that he is necessarily an irreligious man, but he may have high ideals, great conceptions, and a strong purpose, without any religious zeal or any direct religious intention; and this is, in itself, a contradiction to the Hindū. To the Englishman the ideals of Education and Progress may—and do—exist apart from the ideals of Religion. They may even be ends in themselves. For the first time the Indian sees justice dispensed, laws of righteousness upheld, hygiene, education, and the like encouraged, without the authority of any particular creed as their central feature. Great things are done, not *directly* in the name of God or of some Master, but apparently because they are in themselves good.

There is a religious background, doubtless; there are even enthusiastic bands of people here and there devoted to the special spread of Christianity; but the very fact of their comparative isolation and unpopularity seems to emphasise the separation of British religion from British secular ideals of progress; and for direct teaching from the average ruler the Indian looks in

vain. What, then, we have upheld to the Hindū is the ideal of secularisation—*development without religion*—little realising what havoc this must make in his mind, and how in the end political disaffection results. What was possible for ourselves has indeed been dangerous for India. This we have done from lack of understanding: not because we are naturally tyrannical, or that we rule with the mere idea of self-advantage. Indeed, to put it in another way, it is our very beneficence rather than our 'tyranny' which causes the trouble—our hospitals, libraries, schools, and the thousand and one other charitable institutions which have done so much for the spread of western ideas. Even education itself—the finest fruit of this beneficence—is made secular for the sake of impartiality, and the famous policy of 'religious neutrality' designed, so as to give equal chance to all. What the Englishman does not see is that there may be something worse than partiality in a case of this kind, and that neglect, by destroying a precious possession, may be as cruel as the very tyranny which he is trying to avoid.

All this, however, has come about from lack of insight, and not from bad intent, and therefore political agitation on the part of the Indian against British rule is out of place. If the English withdrew to-morrow they could not undo the harm that has been unintentionally done—whereas the immeasurable benefits of our rule would be lost. The scepticism brought about by the subtle influence of the new thought would remain, but the country would be thrown into confusion. There would be, in this case, tumult both within and without: and none know this better than the Indians themselves. What is needed is some change of policy that would meet

the prevailing dissatisfaction at its fountain-head—that is, in the religion of the country. No throwing of sops to the agitators will do any permanent good, for this does not touch the root of the trouble, and will in the end only do harm. The favourite policy of the Englishman—lofty disregard of the whole question—merely allows matters to drift further and further, until it may be too late to do anything. What is wanted, then, is a daring change of policy which, while challenging the utmost from western criticism, will devote itself to saving, nourishing, cherishing and encouraging the highest religion of the country. To produce a religious revival would be the most politic movement possible, but it must be a revival of an absolutely genuine kind. It must have no relation at all to political agitation; still less must it be in antipathy to the British rule. It must be fostered and encouraged by the rulers themselves, yet must be absolutely Indian and National in the best sense. It must also be of such a nature as to be congenial to the present stage of Hindū development. Such a movement may seem altogether too idealistic—and yet it is possible to point in one direction at least where these conditions are met, and where encouragement is in every way deserved. It is indeed strange that where so much might be done, neglect is already wiping out the very influences that are needed.

But it will be said, are we right even to seek for such a movement among the Indians themselves? Should a Christian country tolerate at all any existence of other faiths? To this there is but one answer. This is a matter which must be looked at in a strictly political and diplomatic light, if the English are to retain India. It is either too late or too soon for idealising, theorising,

or for the promenading of fads. Christian missionising will be considered on its own merits in relation to political wisdom, for the situation has become highly critical, and it is necessary that something really efficient should be done. It has been suggested that there is one direction in which the help and sympathy of the Government would be well repaid, but before speaking further of this it would seem advisable to review briefly the other main faiths of the country, in order to see that a great religious movement. . . seems unlikely to arise from any other source.

Let us take Christianity—the religion of the ruling caste—first, and consider what has actually happened in the past. With regard to this, the policy of the East India Company was (at one time) an absolute prohibition of the work of missionaries within their sphere of influence. We need not go further into this here. When the English formally took over the Government of India a generous countenance to all religions was given. This did not please the more extreme Christians at home, who contended that whereas Christianity should receive special facilities, what they termed ‘heathenism’ should not be tolerated at all. The result was that a resolution was carried in the House of Commons about a century ago, granting legal facilities to Christian missionaries. What happened was that Christian missionaries streamed into India from all quarters, and the country became a dumping-ground for every possible conception of the teaching of Christ. Very far from giving the Indians the impression that English rule was religious as such, it suggested to them the existence of very fanatical bodies, whose members differed in every way from the average Englishman,

and who were at very considerable enmity among themselves. This will be easily realised when one remembers that Roman Catholics and extreme Protestant missionaries settled quite close to one another, presenting Christianity in totally different ways, and literally quarrelling over their converts. The ordinary British Governor seemed to have little to do with either of these types. The alarm of the Indians, however, was very considerable; they felt that this religion, although uncongenial, would sooner or later be forced upon them, and there is no doubt that this fear was very prevalent before the mutiny.

Realising the importance of this feeling, the Government then declared the famous policy of 'Religious Neutrality,' which for the time was reassuring. No religion was to be taught in Government schools, and no right of entry given to religious teachers; education was to be treated entirely from the secular standpoint, and grants given according to proficiency in educational work. Thus the secular ideal became enthroned, and received official sanction. Outwardly all was well, but inwardly materialism and materialistic ideals sapped the foundation of all religion. Christianity received no official support, and thus its danger to Hindūism may have been diminished; but there was a more deadly enemy still in secularisation.

Religious persecution may—and often does—kindle zeal: it keeps religious ideals afloat, and emphasises their importance; but indifference, contempt, and the setting up of contrary ideals smother the flames as with a load of ashes. The meaning of the secular ideal is beginning to be understood by Indians, and of this more will be said presently. Christianity, then, from the Government

point of view, was treated in the same way as other religions; but there were still those at home who continued to give it enthusiastic support, believing that it was above all things intended to meet the need of the moment. There are various objections to this point of view. One is, that it once had considerable opportunity, and failed to gain any wide influence. Caste and race prejudice are also strong barriers, and perhaps a still greater difficulty is its lack of unity. Earnest Indians are much too subtle-minded to be content with slipshod and conflicting theologies, and unless Christianity can be presented with an overwhelming, vital, and single force, its claims are no greater to them than those of any other disputing sects. They do not need a new ground of conflict, but life, vitality, spirituality, reality. They have far too much understanding to be content to waive the divergences between Protestant and Catholic—whose opposing claims differ as widely as any two sects in their own country. This lack of unity, then, is one of the fatal barriers to the spread of Christianity, and is next in importance to the fundamental prejudice and the supreme hostility with which it is regarded. Even if these things could be remedied, there remains the fact that the English missionary appears exceptional, and that what the Indian admires most in British rule is something quite separate from its religion. So long as the average highly-placed Englishman does not seem to care, the educated Hindū will not care either, and will not believe that religion is an essential part of progress. He does not wish to imitate the missionary; he wishes to imitate the enlightened ruler; and these, in his mind, stand for two quite different ideals.

Next to unity in presentation, the only possible means by which the Christian religion could now be handed on to the Hindū in such a way as to satisfy him would be through the efforts of every individual Englishman—that is, through every individual Englishman being by nature a missionary. This is, as we have seen, hardly likely ever to be the case. The Anglo-Saxon, as such, is far more interested in the ideals of education than he is in religion, and he has little of that burning zeal for his creed which alone could convert the Hindū. Again, there are theological reasons why Christianity is not a satisfactory solution of the religious problem at the moment. In some ways it is too like Hindūism to make conversion easy where the old religion has so notorious a power of absorption. The possibility of Trinitarian doctrine, the belief in Divine Incarnation, with sacramental and ceremonial qualities, are all attributes of Hindūism, and could easily be reabsorbed into the older faith. Christianity on its strongly Protestant side has the greatest chance; but even here it is comparatively easy to the Brāhmaṇas to bring it within their own pale. The point often claimed in favour of Christianity—that it is naturally eastern in character, capable to a full extent of Indian treatment and Indian understanding—only tends to show with what ease it might be absorbed into Hindūism. The Brāhmaṇas have but to claim for Christ—as they did for Buddha—an incarnation of Viṣṇu; they have but to modify the doctrine of the Atonement and Divine Sonship with that mystical subtlety so congenial to them, and the reaction is complete. Thus, if Christianity is to become Indianised to any large extent it is likely to merge into Hindūism; while if it remains thoroughly

western it will still be outside the real life and soul of the people.

To turn from Christianity to the religions of the country, the outlook is bad. Brāhmaṇism—that is the faith of the main body of the Hindūs, has suffered largely from the new education. Both on the ceremonial and on the philosophical side it is failing to satisfy. There is always, perhaps, a stage in education when the religious instinct is at a discount. To some extent we experience this in England, but over here the masses are well grounded in moral precepts, and they have a confident and self-reliant temperament to uphold them. Moreover, their religion yields to attempts at simplification, which are always sought after by the half-educated man. In India this is not so. Hindūism has two main aspects, both of which are particularly irreconcilable with a state of semi-education. The first and highest of these is a profound and extremely beautiful philosophy, poetical and mystical in the highest degree, and largely dependent on the faculty of intuition. For the multitude—who could never hope to grasp this philosophy—the alternative of ceremonialism presents itself. The minutest care in matters of observance is incumbent upon the Hindū, whose religion in this way enters into every moment of his daily life. From both ceremonial observance and from philosophy the semi-educated mind turns. The reason has become glorified to the detriment of intuition, and what cannot be understood is no longer believed to exist. Observances appear senseless and childish, intuitive philosophy obscure and fanciful. Both are too elaborate for the reasoning man, who involuntarily yearns for simplification, and they suggest

too great a care for the things of the Spirit. Mental arrogance destroys the humility with which the one must be followed : lack of subtlety destroys the possibility of the other. It is difficult to find any half-way house between these two extremes of Hindū religion, and therefore the semi-educated man is in a worse position there than he would be elsewhere. When we add that—with this difficulty inherent in the religion—secular education as an end in itself is offered as an alternative by the ruling class, it is hardly to be wondered at that the Hindū gives up the re-stating of his own religion as a bad job, and proceeds to frank Atheism. This is the plight of Hindūism, when we remember that its deserters are by nature the most religious race in the world ; we have also the plight of the Hindū, whose heart has been torn out of him with his religion, and who has nothing in his nature which corresponds to the scientific outlook. The Hindū himself may protest against this idea ; he may affirm that the English frame of mind, with its deification of Reason, is thoroughly congenial to him ; but the fact is none the less true that to him the absence of religion is a cruel negation, and that without it he is a stunted, embittered being, soulless and heartless.

And what is left for his consolation ? Western culture, indeed, and passionately enough have the Hindūs sought this priceless boon. No matter if they can no longer read their own dialects : no matter if the scriptures themselves are lost in this way. These things may pass, but the new education is the new light. With the passion with which the Indian has ever pursued a new religious path or followed a great teacher, he now falls down before the God of Education, and for

the time it is the very breath of his life. And then? Out of the golden gate that glittered he emerges at last—not into a new spiritual kingdom, fertile with the riches of wisdom and virtue, but into the arid and desolate waste of materialism. Bitterly this half-educated man turns again, but he cannot go back, for the gate has been closed against him, and the Gods of the old days are shut out for ever. Only in that waste he may perchance find a weapon with which to turn upon his rulers—those very men who pressed him forward with such bright hopes, finding, in this last resort, an outlet for his perverted zeal in anarchy. Thus is sedition bred. The rebellious Indian is not, as he thinks, a slave oppressed by a cruel tyrant, but he is indeed a child who, having asked for bread, received a stone.

Hindūism, therefore, is failing to satisfy the half-developed intellects of the time, and will yield to no simplification to meet the case. Secular education as an ideal is superseding it, and atheistic notions fall on rich soil. This is the main religion of the country, and here, perhaps, things are at their worst.

Of the other religions of the country we can speak but briefly here. Of Muhammadanism perhaps it will suffice to say that it has waged a long warfare in India, and has failed to really capture the soul of the country; its efforts have resulted largely in intense political bitterness. No great revival could arise from a past such as this, even if the theology fully satisfied the needs of the moment. As it is, although the charge of elaborate *philosophy* cannot be brought against it, that of elaborate *observance* is justified, coupled with fanaticism and reactionary ideals, and a revivifying here is very unlikely.

A strong revival of Buddhism is a contingency which may also be readily dismissed. Its era of struggle with Brāhmaṇism is over, that era in which it was partly expelled and partly absorbed; also, in the *pure* form of its philosophical aspect it is too cold for the ardent Indian spirit; in its *corrupt* form, too elaborate.

Many other religious phases of genuine Indian descent—such as Jainism—suggest themselves, but the objection already raised to the main unreformed faiths of the country apply also to these. There are, however, certain reformed modern movements which deserve consideration, and the principal of these are those of the Ārya Samāj and the Brahma Samāj. Both sects have endeavoured to come into line with new ideas, and, though they have done much, the hindrances to their revivifying force lie in the fact of their modern and foreign character, which is combined with something of a reactionary tendency. Their scheme is really a defensive one—a protest against Christianity—and as such can never have a very wide influence. The very phrases used by them are western in character, although they claim to return to the pure religion of the Vedas. Such a contradiction—undesirable in both directions—destroys their usefulness Such phases of political and protesting origin, without genuine Indian religious descent, cannot expect to have great value, or claim lasting worth.

The sect for which I have suggested that Government sympathy may be justly demanded, and to which, though comparatively small, we may now turn for help, is first and foremost Indian in character, and can claim descent from an honourable line of spiritual ancestry. It protests just in so far as to condemn the corruptions

of Hindūism, and to this extent is a reformation of the religion of the country. On the other hand, it has nothing modern or foreign in character, though its simplicity is quite compatible with the educated mind, and it is usually reckoned as a sect of the Hindūs. The theology is of the simplest: it is a pure, lofty monotheism, evolved from the teachings of Kabir and the Bhagats who followed him, and carried on by ten Gurus, who lived single-hearted lives, and some of whom were actually martyred for their faith. The Deity whose existence it upholds is less tyrannical and anthropomorphic than the Allah of the Muhammadans, while yet He possesses more personality and strength than the all pervading Brahman of the Vedānta. It is quite possible, in fact, that Nānak, who founded the sect early in the sixteenth century, did actually endeavour to produce a compromise between Muhammadanism and the Hindūism of his day, whilst also protesting against the lack of spirituality in both. The Sikhs believe in one God, all-powerful, holy and loving, who watches over and cares for the children whom He has created, and who promises to all those who worship Him, and who live holy lives for His sake, the blessedness of Heaven. The materialism of the *Sach Khand* of the Muhammadans is absent, with the ornate ritual both of the followers of the Prophet and of Hindūism. The subtleties of Pantheism and of mystical philosophy have also disappeared, and God becomes once more a lover of simplicity, strength and holiness. From both its historical and its theological aspects, then, we shall hope to make a good claim for the religion of the Sikhs, that it may interest all those who are in any way concerned for the Indians themselves. But there is another reason why a

diplomatic Government should hasten to give it some consideration.

The religion of the Sikhs has made them what they are : they are fine, loyal soldiers, because they are *Sikhs*, *i. e.*, disciples—of their faith ; they are *Singhs*, *i. e.*, lions—because they have received the Pahul—the baptism of a warrior. One of their Gurus foretold the coming of the British, and bade his followers be loyal to them. An oath to that effect is taken at baptism. That precept was remembered in 1857, when the Sikhs at Delhi saved the Empire. The words of their Guru then became the war-cry. Yet we must remember that a prophecy alone cannot win a battle. Fine physique results from pure and healthy lives, and moderation in all things. Meat is eaten, as conducive to strength, but wine and tobacco are abjured as detracting from it. Religion has actually in this case made fine bodies ; which fact, when associated with precepts of loyalty, is of no small benefit to the Empire. Yet, under the bugbear of religious neutrality, these things are forgotten, and the Sikhs can no longer read their own scriptures ; Guru-Mukhi, the one language which is essential to the proper understanding of the religion, is dying out, and the Sikhs themselves are being rapidly absorbed into the Hindūs. Brāhmaṇas are called in to assist at marriages, at deaths, and at all important domestic events, and the old ideals of loyalty are becoming a thing of the past. Yet, so careless are the rulers of India for their own good, so blinded by the policy of *laissez faire*, that this potent power for British welfare will be lost, and nothing done until it is too late. On the one hand we deplore the lack of stable qualities that make for union and loyalty, yet on the other hand

we do nothing to encourage them where they do actually exist, but rather we let them perish from neglect.

In the next article I shall hope to give an account of Nānak, the founder of the Sikh religion, and of the ten Gurus who followed him, together with their principal tenets and ethical teaching; and further to suggest some practical and definite ways in which the Government might still do something to save this valuable faith from passing into oblivion.

Dorothy Field

Let us not say an unkind word to-day
And weep for it to-morrow;
Let us not sow such seed around our way
As soon would yield us sorrow.

But as we pass with busy haste along,
Let us a moment tarry;
There must be some one in the restless throng
Whose burden we might carry.

There must be some tired life in touch with ours—
Some pathway veiled by sadness—
Some hand that gathers thorns instead of flowers:
Let them then share our gladness.

And let the world rejoice because we live
Because our hearts are willing
From their own fulness unto all to give,
The law of Christ fulfilling.

Edith Hickman Divall

THE HEROIC LIFE AND THE FACULTY OF CRITICISM

By LILY NIGHTINGALE

MANY people believe that the Heroic Age began and ended several thousands of years ago, in Greece, and that there never has been, nor will be, another. Looking round on the world to-day, with "the calm gaze of impartial *observation*," the supposition and the implicit prophecy do not seem unwarrantable.

Yet we, as Theosophists, know that the intellectual faculties employed in analysis and observation are not the only teachers of the race to-day. If we know anything at all, we should know that analysis and observation only show us the surface : skins, and coats of skins. We must pierce more deeply ; so deeply that we shall be content with nothing less than true vision, not the *māyā* of outward-seeming.

It is this determination to see truly, to see the whole as greater than and beyond the parts, that is at the root of the laws of perspective which govern the Heroic Life. The insistence on great horizons, the refusal to be dwarfed by the petty limitations of the lower-mind consciousness—that tyrant of fact and crustacean of circumstance—which is ever seeking to usurp the throne of reality. Until the humanity of to-day has become the beyond-man of to-morrow, this struggle will

persist. If truth were easy of attainment, the world would be flooded with Heroes. But Nature is an artist, and will not produce too many bright, consummate flowers of the race.

Yet in all times and places, the Life Heroic has been, and will be, lived. Stars of splendour, cleaving the dark sky of this mortal world, in what does their light consist? Why do we look up to them, reverence them, learn from them, these elder Brothers of ours? Brothers, and prophets, too, witnesses of what has been, and shall be, again—the man who knows himself divine. We look up to them, because they realised the divinity of humanity: in great action, in noble speech, in scorn of all that is less than great. Because they lived nobly, and died as they lived, simply, fearlessly. Often they were great childlike Heroes; very human, full of faults (as we measure faults, with our pigmy plummet), sometimes without realisation of their true mission, not knowing that they were stars glowing, shining, burning, concentrating on giving light and warmth, not on the self-realisation of their “star-worth”. For us, however, whose lives are nobler because they have lived, whose hearts are warmer because theirs burned with deathless fire, whose sympathies are keener because theirs throbbed in rhythmic harmony with all that suffers, for us it may not be unfitting to make a study in discrimination, to distinguish some of the qualities which differentiate littleness from greatness.

First we may say that it is a question of degree, and not of kind. We are all great in latency, most of us small in actuality, yet we may cultivate with energy and patience (two ‘Schoolmasters of the law’) the beginning of greatness, and eradicate the weeds of littleness.

Perhaps the chief quality of greatness is a certain rugged sincerity, integrity. If a man has not that, he is not great. Deceit has raised many fanes of outward fair-seeming and stability, but their foundations not being "well and truly laid," at the first stress they dissolved into the nothingness whence they sprang. Truth in thought, word, and deed, not only to the world without, but inherent in the fabric of the world within—that must be, or greatness cannot grow, for there is no soil wherein to establish and fertilise the root. Courage also must raise her banner in the heroic soul, for how shall one who hesitates win through the paths of this our mortal life, where dragons and monsters beset the warrior's way? The great man is brave. This is not to say he never knows the feeling of fear, for courage consists in action, and a soldier may go through torturing ordeals of fear before battle, yet never flinch nor falter in the fight. Heroes and the Heroic life! The very words 'liar' and 'coward' brand themselves as of the breed of little men.

Truth, courage, magnanimity, we may hail as the trinity of greatness. The magnanimous man is one whose mind works largely, who has a 'heroic' perspective, a mind incapable of smallness or pettiness of any kind. Indeed, we may describe as magnanimous one who, though the possessor of an unusually powerful personality, yet refuses to be trammelled by personal limitations and prejudices.

The 'heroic' is the true super-man point of view, "each for all and all for each". He is impersonal, yet strongly individual. He has his own view, takes his particular standpoint upon many vexed questions, which may, or may not be, the accepted one. To that he is indifferent.

He is a law unto himself, or rather, has a law within himself, an interior compulsion, which he must obey. He is moved from within, not acted upon from without.

It is not safe to prophesy how the magnanimous man will act in any specific case; but one thing is certain: he will never be guilty of small petty meannesses. This attitude, or quality, is one which invariably distinguishes the advance-guard of humanity from the rank and file. It is part of the Code Heroic. Fierceness, rashness, undue ardency, blemishes such as these may and do mar a Hero, for perfection is not his; but he can never be small, who is of Titanic race. The heavenly fire is his, though we will not always enquire how he came by it:

One flash of It within the tavern caught,
Better than in the temple lost outright.

Let us picture, for a moment, what the world would be like, were this heroic type paramount.

It would not be a comfortable, placid, go-as-you-please world, but a place where courage, even quixotism, would be as common as are cowardice and compromise to-day. The 'coward' would find no place therein, nor anything that compromised. A world full of forlorn hopes, life with continual incitement to perilous enterprises. Perhaps many of us would feel hideously out of place there, yet no one would say: "What doest thou here?" Recrimination has neither lot nor part in the Code Heroic. But cowardice would die, killed by keen mountain-air. Deceit would die, choked by the grip of sincerity. Here, at any rate, would the etheric currents vibrate with life, growth, movement. However soon the inhabitants might wear out, no rust would stain their swords, and the

trade in scabbards would decline. Perhaps some may think there is little profit in these dreams of what the world would be like if it were something which it is not; yet, by the attempt to mirror the Life Heroic, perchance we may catch, if only momentarily, some gleams from the images reflected therein.

There are, even to-day, among us, great and noble souls. Faulty, marred with many mortal stains, yet—Heroes. Men who neither palter with truth, nor falter in the fight; who neither give fine names to vices, nor assume virtues which are not theirs. Men who scorn to take advantage of the pigmy people in their path; whose delight is in great things, in thoughts and deeds lovely and of good report; men who make the air better by their presence, whose minds are tainted by no corruption, nor hearts maimed by the lies and senilities of outworn customs and false conventions. Of such is the Kingdom of Heroes.

For us, whose eyes are darkened with mortality, feet clogged with weight of flesh, may we not also, beneath the kindling rays of these star-presences, move toward the light, shake off some of the load of earth? The way lies within us all. Whenever we thrill with admiration at the recital of a noble deed; whenever our sluggish blood is stirred at a momentary victory of the divine over the animal in man; when some lofty strain of music, noble poem, glowing colour, white perfection of human or marble form, wakes an answering vision in ourselves also who hear and behold; then we know that, even within our hearts also, the heroic is not dead, but is only sleeping.

“How deep the slumber of the floods,” and of the earth-born. Yet beneath the sun’s kiss glaciers melt,

and at the word of the storm-spirit all Nature joins in the cosmic chorale. So is it with the slumbering spells of the God-in-man. Wherefore, the Heroes say, not in words but by their lives, in trumpet tongues that wake those whom we had believed dead: "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and the Christ within thee shall give thee light." That is what we want. To arouse ourselves. To arise, and do, and be; not to lie supine, and exist, and acquiesce in whatever goes on around us.

Ever in all ages, there have been the few who lived, thought, energised, and the many, who were led, thought, guided and fed. The Hero, then, is no creature of a period. He is a child of the Gods, and although the great Ones do not mingle as freely among us now as in the bright childhood of the world, yet even to-day God walks with man, and it is within the power of some of us to discern our heavenly Companions.

What then shall be our attitude, as members of the Body Theosophical, towards Heroes, the Heroic Life, and Heroic Virtues? Surely, we should cease from that small and bounded mental position which so many of us have adopted, wherein we judge and 'criticise' those whose consciousness and way of working are entirely different from, it may be opposed to, our own. And how often we forget the first function of all intelligent, *viz.*, constructive, criticism, that of appreciation. None is a true critic who does not bring to the task an entire appreciation of all that is best in the work to be criticised. The mere faultfinding disintegrator is no critic, worthy of the name; he is only a miserable carper: we have thousands of them, plagues and pests alike to themselves and the community, but of true critics—

alas ! how few ! The true critic is an artist in appreciation, a scientist in selection, and a surgeon only when there is no other way but the knife. Criticism is often confounded with butchery, whereas the ideal typical critic, is one who brings intelligence, sympathy, and intellectual faculties of selection and distribution to the service of a right appraising of the values of things. Many can object ; few are artists in selection, that rare and delicate art.

The true critic perceives the informing idea in the writer's mind, and, if that be vital and creative in character, will not sneer at the rough and tentative effort of the prentice hand, holding, with the poet :

It was better, youth
Should strive, through acts uncouth,
Toward making, than repose on aught found made.

The true critic never stultifies, nor stamps on, genuine force, neither does he curse the opening bud, because it is not yet a full-blown flower. The critic dare not refrain from showing the fault, weakness or imperfection, but he knows that "the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment"; he does not make of correct form an idol to be worshipped, and exalt manner over matter ; but, recognising true worth in a clumsy dress, can also detect spurious charm in fair garb, which latter is not so easy as it sounds.

The transition from Heroes to Criticism is not unwarranted in history (See Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero-Worship*) and the epithet 'Hero-worshippers' has become a term of abuse in the mouths and pens of some so-called critics. But great minds have thought otherwise of the faculty of Hero-Worship. Wordsworth says: "Man lives by admiration, hope, and love." We reverence Heroes:

we hope to follow them, howsoever humbly, by leading the heroic life, and we love and guard the memory and inspiration of their deeds. Heroes are monuments imperishable of the heights whereto Man was formed and framed to rise, has risen, and will ascend.

Whoever is a true man has, if only once in his life, attained heroic stature, and has been truly a Hero, if only for an infinitesimal space of time.

What better hope for the New Age, now in its birththroes, than that of the philosopher-mystic? "I prophesy that the world will once more become *sincere*, a believing world; with *many* Heroes in it, a heroic world! It will then be a victorious world; never till then."

Lily Nightingale

Let your mind be quiet, realising the beauty of the world, and the immense the boundless treasures that it holds in store.

All that you have within you, all that your heart desires, all that your Nature so specially fits you for—that or the counterpart of it waits embodied in the great Whole, for you. It will surely come to you.

Yet equally surely not one moment before its appointed time will it come. All your crying and fever and reaching out of hands will make no difference.

Edward Carpenter

THREE PATHS

Three doors there are in the Temple,
Where men go up to pray,
And they that wait at the outer Gate
May enter by either way.

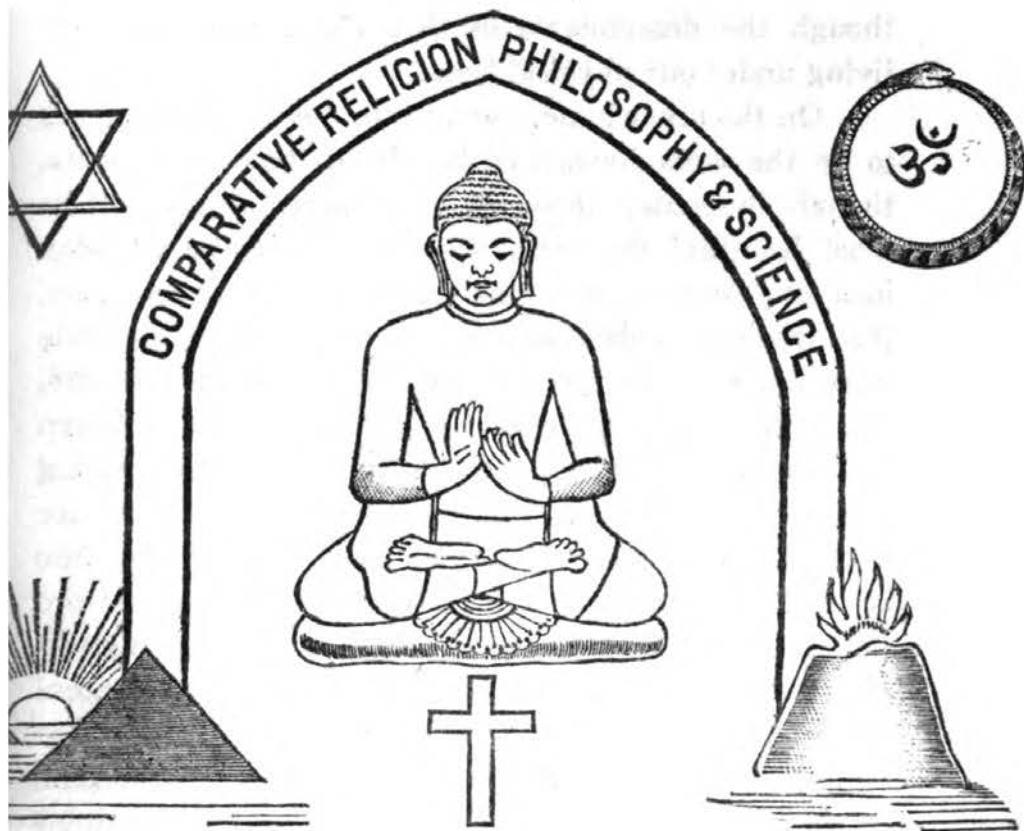
There are some that pray by asking :
They lie on the Master's breast,
And shunning the strife of the lower life,
They utter their cry for rest.

There are some that pray by seeking :
They doubt where their reason fails ;
But their mind's despair is the ancient prayer
To touch the print of the nails.

There are some that pray by knocking :
They put their strength to the wheel,
For they have no time for thoughts sublime ;
They can only act what they feel.

Father, give each his answer,
Each in his kindred way :
Adapt Thy Light to his form of night,
And grant him his needed day.

William Watson



THE AMAZON

By NINA DE GERNET

TH**ERE** are hints in *The Secret Doctrine* that our human evolution was not intended to go on the double line it now follows, physically at least. At the close of Vol. iii, it is directly stated that humanity is evolving a second spinal column, which will function when the duality of sex is again merged into the androgyne, and farther into a sexless super-human stage.

In the heavens a mysterious sign, Libra, stands for the balance, and it is put back to the fourth Root-Race, though the descendants of that Race, now living, are living under our physical laws.

On the other hand, even in the astral, there seems to be the same division on the line of the nature-spirits, though the outer appearance, however elusive, of its most beautiful denizens, the Sylphs, or the orthodox idea of 'Angels,' does not suggest such impressions. But these facts about matter are of comparatively little importance in the great question of the higher duality, the double line of creation, *i. e.*, form, and of dissolution into the First Cause and the formless, form-destroying world of Spirit, which is however always seeking for new expression, *i. e.*, for form again. The double line is roughly expressed as the lines of the Sun and the Moon (the Moon of Mystery). The Sun is the highest glyph of the triune life-source, so long as physical evolution, the reign of form, goes on. But the blue light of the Queen of the Night that dissolves and widens all forms, her Crescent, half-circle, half infinity, these stand for another plane of the endless Life. It is set forth in adorable symbolism in Mozart's occult opera, *Die Zauberflöte*.

Humanity had come to this planet, it had 'fallen,' and there seems to have been a trial given to the two halves of mankind divided by its own error. Towards the end of Atlantis, yet before the nucleus of the fifth Race had been fairly established, the more spiritual of the two, woman, had her chance to become the guide of evolution, the type to be perfected. At least there stands now revealed, in history and within the range of our every-day knowledge and study, a nation the

fair shadow of which passed into many a legend and fable of the ancient world, a nation where woman was the ruler and the support of life.

A few years ago, we believe, the first of the modern scientists in that line, Sayce, 'discovered' Hittea and the power of the Hittites as a reality which the mighty Egypt of Rameses II and of Amenophis III had known and felt, to the extent of accepting as a favour the coming of a Princess Royal of Hittea to the throne of the Pharaohs and the race of the Sun. The Sun was also the royal symbol of Hittea, but it was a female Sun, maybe a reflex of the 'blue' Sun of *The Secret Doctrine*.

The 'land of the Hittites' was then a recognised member of the most ancient civilised world, which is more and more extended by modern science—Egypt, Babylon, Summeru, Mitanni, Hittea. Now there comes a new German student, Walther Leonhard, who, in a most painstaking work,¹ proves to us that the 'land of the Hittites' was no other than the Kingdom of the fabled Amazons. And indeed epochs, traditions, landmarks, customs, recent discoveries, and such history as is available, seem to give him the right to affirm it.

Near the village of Boghaskoï in the Taurus, science thinks it has found the lost capital of the Amazons. The fabled Themiskyra on the delta of the 'Iris' was their stronghold, and there their two Queens dwelt in a palace that was a fortress. But ruins, sculptures, legends, linking Hittea and the Amazons and both with the occult sayings—these are scattered all over Anatolia, as far as the upper

¹ *Hettiter und Amazonen*, Walther Leonhard, Leipzig, Berlin, 1911. B. G. Trubner.

Euphrates, up to the Caucasus, to the Black Sea and Greece, to South Russia, to the great offspring of Hittea, Etruria, on Italy's soil, and to the north-western coast of Africa to that self-same isle on which one of the lives of Alcyone seems to have been spent, where now Lybia lies.

We leave our readers to study for themselves the outer details in the said works. We are concerned with the inner meaning of these discoveries.

The Amazons, say the legends, were daughters of Ares, born from the nymph Harmonia in the temple of Akmōn (on the territory of modern Armenia). They are reputed to have been the founders of the Hermetic cult of Samothrace,¹ of Kybele, and of Diana of Ephesus, to guard whose shrine they seem to have dedicated some of their sisters. There were in it four celebrated statues of Amazons; it was an ancient custom for victors or winners of great struggles to erect their statues in the fane of the Deity supposed to have granted the victory. Their cult was chiefly lunar, the stern and cruel purity of Diana of Ephesus—purity as the ancient world understood it; it was later even exaggerated in the cult of the 'Etruscan Diana'. When, after the legendary defeat at the Thermodon, Herakles offered at Delphi the spoil of the Amazons, among the chief treasures was a peplum embroidered in gems with the signs of the Zodiac, planets and stars, the heavenly host of Diana. It is curious to note that the most ancient state of the high-priest of Ephesus was held to be royal; this King-priest was called 'Essen,' and may have been an 'incarnation' of the female Sun, as was the ruler of the Hittites.

¹ Diodorus.

The people of Diana sent out very few conquering armies—their warfare was more defensive in these wild times of transition—but several expeditions for colonisation. One of these colonies, the most successful physically and psychically, was Etruria. Thus they reached the modern Libya where—on the ‘lake of Tritons’—they settled on an isle then existing, and were at last driven thence by constant warfare with the ‘red people,’ the Atlanteans.

Yet it may be that here we hold the key to the real origin of the Amazons, *i. e.*, the Hittites, and that the supposed return of a colony—there are tales of a flood that drove the ‘women-folk’ back—was only the setting out of a community, already isolated from Poseidonis, to seek a new nest. They had at their head the famous Amazon-Queen, Myrina, and one of the first cities founded by Amazons is attributed to her. We hear from occult research that Atlantis had women-rulers and women-governors of provinces, the daughter succeeding the mother¹. The sinking of Poseidonis must have coincided with this last exit of the Libyan colony; it is made mention of in some old traditions of Etruria also. In the general shaking and perturbation of the world, amidst upheavals of all the things humanity was used to, for one moment—and it lasted about a whole century—the future seems to have trembled in the balance, the balance of sex. Woman, whose spiritual sign is X, the higher cypher of evolution, was given a supreme chance of supremacy.

Myrina settled, with her nation, still a handful, in that realm of the Caucasian range near the sea, of

¹ China also had some great Empresses in olden times, and, later, the Picts had the royal succession through daughters.

which the eastern proverb says still : “ God gave earth to mankind, but to His favourites He gave the Caucasus.” The first activity seems to have been the founding of cities, and the extending of the protectorate of the wiser new-comers to all the less civilised neighbouring countries. The Greeks, their contemporaries, seem to have been rough sea-robbers, so far as the Hittite coast was concerned. The races claiming descent from the Sun—as the male principle—seem to have been in constant struggle with them. The legends speak, in the case of almost every Amazon Queen, or army-leader, or founder of cities, of her resistance to and persecution by the ‘love’ of a Sun-God; and at last Apollo, or Dionysos, prevails. Purity yields to Strength; the golden steed cannot bear her fair rider away from the heavenly hunter in the flowery fields or hills. The legend of the tribal God or Goddess often, indeed almost always, reflects the dharma of the race. Thus the Hittite Goddess Agdistis, daughter of Zeus, was double-sexed, her womanhood dominant but unproductive, till Dionysos made her woman only, and “she became the mother of Gods”. As the great Mā, she was mother of all nature and of plants. And here we have the Trinity of old: the dual Mā, creator of the world-material; above Her the Father of all; below Her Her Son and counterpart, Attis, to whom were sacred the flowers of Spring and Resurrection, the violets¹. A parallel is drawn between this Goddess and Neith, the Deity of Saïs, where the veil hung which no mortal hand was to lift. Yet there was knowledge of deep mysteries in the nation of the ‘Cheta,’ the Hittite-Amazon,

¹ Etruria had a special deity of the violets: Feronia, a Goddess whose fane was in Losna.

whom Egypt called the T'urusha. At Tasilikaya, near Boghaskoï, on the mighty walls of what must have been a rock temple—there are everywhere rock thrones, as in Afghanistan, altars in caves, holy of holies, figures on giant walls as in Ghiaour Kelesi—a procession is seen, hewn into the stone, of Gods and priests, standing on the back of *panthers*, walking erect and going forth to meet another procession of divine Ones descending from heaven, the great God at their head. And those who rise from earth have, as leader, Mā Herself; on their headgear they have the horns of the Lunar line, in their hand an axe in the form of the crescent. In a rock-cave, the giant head of a woman is enthroned over lions, standing erect. She wears the royal tiara of Hittea—was it an echo of the glory of Semiramis, the granddaughter of the Amazon-Queen Penthisiba, who helped to defend Troy? In Terelek, the figure of a man is found, with lifted arms, in the shape of the first Christ-images in the oldest 'Christian' tombs of Egypt. The King on the sculptured wall of Ghiaour Kelesi wears on his brow the uraeus of the King-Initiate. And in the later legends of Hittite vassals, a prince of the Gedi is spoken of, "beautiful as the Gods," who bore as symbol a golden vine. On reading that under Ramses III a prince of the Cheta was made a prisoner of war and lived in Egypt, the suggestion comes that he was the one who wore that sign of Chetaship.

The Cheta had a God of lions, a God of reptiles, Derketo, a Goddess with the body of the fish, a counterpart of Oannis—indicating a knowledge of the great epochs of evolution without Man. A hint of something 'unnatural' in their line of evolution is the constant

recurrence of pictures of animals with wings: not only the Chimera so familiar to Etruria in her dark form and the Sphinx, but unicorns, lions, panthers, winged horses, prototypes of Pegasus, the steed of the God-inspired ones. The hare was also sacred to their Gods, the hare Egypt connected with Osiris Annafer. Lastly, these wall-sculptures show winged men, whoever they may be in the cult of the Cheta. The totem and arms of Hittea was the double-headed eagle, as found on a grave in Kalekapu. Hittea's eldest child, Etruria, passed her eagles to Rome; Rome left them to Byzantium, whence they returned to the Caucasus on the flag of Hittea's youngest offspring, an Āryan empire.

And then something happens. Evolution would have gone much more quickly, probably, on the spiritual way with womanhood as leader. All the subtler forces, dormant spirillæ of the cosmic atom, would have come into play. Perhaps it was too soon, perhaps the Amazons failed. The legend will have it that the end of the woman's rule and the great massacre of the Amazons came with the Greek hero, Herakles, excited to his deed by an ordinary woman, a Greek princess, who coveted the Amazon-Queen's treasure, and with the Amazon's yielding to earthly love that which she would never have granted to force or threat. Human love, human hate, the 'looking back' before the stream is crossed—these are still the obstacles in the path, so long as love is of self and has hate for its shadow.

Anyhow, on the Thermodon's bloody banks, the Amazon legend dies in a mystic haze. But the power is not dead, only in abeyance as it were. The Cheta becomes the 'historical' Hittea. There is about a

century of political might and glory, with a King on the throne, but ever at his side a Queen as equal. Rameses I, writing to Chattusil II of Hittea, addresses himself equally to his Queen. King Tushratta reminds Amenophis III of treaties made with Queen Teji. In the vassal land of Kisuwadna, King Dudhalia's edicts are countersigned by his sister. If the Principle of Womanhood has failed to win the higher step of Life, the rule of woman holds good in earthly matters still. And it seems to have been for the good of Hittea. For more than one hundred years she is in the front of ancient civilisation.¹ Then she drops out, almost as inexplicably as the Amazon period stops short. She had 'ensouled' Egypt at a moment when its outer power was fast materialising the Lotus Land; she had given life to the far-off Etrurian colony which was to 'ensoul' Rome.

But had they failed?

From afar there were advancing the Āryan hosts from the cradle of the fifth Race; the first Āryāvarta sent out her sons over the Range, past Bamian, past Iran, to the recesses of the Caucasus. For long they dwelt on the soil of the Cheta, and their offspring thence overran the plains of modern Russia. In Poland the eagle² made its first nest, and the 'Amazoni'—one of the first denominations of the Slavs up to the Middle Ages—were on the war field, metallic wings on their armour. The gifts of a sex were extended to a whole Race.

What then was its mission as a whole?

¹ That cypher of one hundred and of ten seem to have given the measure of the Etruscan 'Sæculum,' of which Etruria was to have ten times ten for her span of life and rule, as indeed came to pass.

² Poland's arms show a white eagle, Russia's the black double-headed eagle of Byzantium. But the Baltic Slavs had these totems before.

The original Āryāvarta had sent a nucleus of the 'fifth' to seek a new world, a virgin soil, for the new civilisation.

When its first flower, the wonderful civilisation of Greece—that Greece which had taken from Hittea some of its noblest blood—when that flower was in fullest bloom, Hellas' greatest son, Alexander, retraced the steps of the ancient way, bearing with him to the Motherland the new Light. The legend says that he met on his path an Amazon, Queen Thalestris. In Central Asia, in Arabia, Alexander is still known as the 'two-horned,' and in the ruins of Egypt his young son's image shines still as Horus, with the signs of the Initiate. And yet Alexander also is thought to have failed to achieve his supreme ambition. And his son fell at seventeen!

There is a dark old saying with us: "On Russia's brow is the cypher X."

Her eagles have arrived on that Roof of the World, at the foot of which the great son of Hellas passed ages ago. In the glow of the East many old monuments still mark his way; ruins of his cities and temples are haunted by the moonlight alone, or by the lion of the desert. But many a ruin covers a secret life, and Asia knows that trial is no failure; what is cut off on earth flowers in the heavenly light. There will be no sixth statue in Bamian, no sixth Root Race for physical man as we know him. Over the Roof of the World lies only the Path to higher planes, and between this period of the middle and higher Humanity a race is needed to open the Door.

AN OUTLINE OF MANICHÆISM

By DR. RAIMOND VAN MARLE

(Continued from p. 242)

IV. DUALISM

IN this short section I shall give a few details about Manes' dualism, which find no place elsewhere in the article. In its conception of dualism, Manichæism unites itself with Mazdaism and some of the Gnostic systems, most of which also expound their philosophical conception of dualism under the idea of the kingdoms of darkness and light.

The difference between the Christian conception of good and evil and that of the Manichæan is most clearly shown in S. Augustine's attacks. The principal flaw he discovered was that of believing that good and evil had neither of them a beginning nor an end, for if both were eternal, it must follow that the King of Light (God) could not be the Lord of all. He could not, it was argued, have created everything: first because He is good, therefore He could not have created evil; and secondly since evil is also eternal, the Lord of Light could not have made it. Having no beginning is one of God's qualities; how then is it possible that evil should have the same quality as good? A contrary cannot be an accordant. Therefore S. Augustine thinks

that evil is not a self-existent principle, but is only a property, an imperfection of good. He also complains that Manes does not say whence evil comes. These are the objections, which Augustine worked out in his long treatise against Manichæism.

Evidently for the philosophical explanation of Manes' system, we must say that it is necessary to posit an all-inclusive beginning for the universe. Manes does not say what is the original source of all. If he had admitted the existence of an almighty Being who had created good as well as evil, he would have come much nearer to the Christian monotheistic conception. The God, the King of Light, of whom he speaks is not almighty: His struggle with the King of Darkness is a very real one, and we cannot say that He is the absolute victor, for the struggle continues as long as Light and Darkness (Spirit and Matter) intermingle. Nor are the conditions beautiful under which the King of Light fights. God Himself had to descend into the world and consequently was soiled, though Manes explained this by saying that the part of God which came into the world was not God Himself. This explanation however is hardly satisfactory.

We can easily imagine how shocked the Christian authors were by this system, which did not accept God as the primal cause, but posited instead two principles, which while absolutely independent of each other, yet in their mingling created the world and everything in it.

I do not think it probable that Manes pushed his dualism so far as to teach that every man has two souls, as Titus of Bostra and S. Augustine state.¹ Manes'

¹ Bousset (p. 368) believes this to be the true teaching; Baur, (p. 165), doubts it.

dualism is a division between matter and Spirit; the mixture of them makes man. While Titus of Bostra sees a proof that Manes held the doctrine that man has two natures, in the fact that he taught that sometimes we want the good and sometimes the evil, I believe that we should explain it in another way. The Spirit always wants the good, but it is the matter with which it is combined which wants evil.¹ The materialistic wants which are apparently expressed by the Spirit find their origin in matter, and come from this second part of our nature; but this does not mean that the soul itself is dual. Manes admits the influence of the Spirit on matter and teaches the influence of matter on the Spirit by means of physical wants, but does not thereby say that the soul itself is dual. Everything composed of matter was condemned by Manes. From some sayings of his we might think that he admitted a spiritualisation of it; but as a general rule the line of his argument is that only a separation of Spirit from matter can save the Spirit; obviously Nature is a product of darkness in his opinion.

Manes found some arguments in support of his dualistic philosophy in the Christian scriptures, especially in the following texts: *Ephesians* ii, 3; *Romans* viii, 7; *Romans* vii, 25; *Galatians* v, 17.

V. MAN'S FUTURE LIFE; THE LAST JUDGMENT

Man, according to Manes, is the battle-field of the two principles; on one side is the force of evil, matter

¹ The general character of the Christian system with its conception of God and Satan, Good and Evil, etc., became also fairly dualistic, and as H. P. Blavatsky remarked (*The Secret Doctrine*, ii., 536) was no better than the Manichæan.

and the desires of the body; on the other is the Spirit, the human soul and its desire to return to its source, the Light. Both these principles are in man, but they can never be united the one to the other.

The mythical tale about Adam and Eve does not give us the more philosophical conception of the origin of man, but the two ideas grow together as we shall see. As already stated, man contains the two principles; the body is the invention of the King of Darkness in order to keep the light imprisoned; or—a little contradiction¹—the Spirit has the power to govern matter, but, captured by the charms of matter, it has lost its liberty, its first nature, which was Light. This combination of Light and darkness may as well represent the imprisonment of Light in darkness as the descent of the Light. Matter reproduces itself by propagation, Spirit by the emanation of rays of light. The Light-nature has the supremacy in man, and at the beginning had it still more fully. The nearer to the origin, the purer was manhood. But man will always be conscious that his origin was in the Light-kingdom, and therefore he can only really think and want that which is good, although his material prison may often impose its wants and desires on him. Man commits sin when his Light-nature is not strong enough to conquer the nature of darkness. The desires of matter are the work of its material nature, of the King of Darkness. Concupiscence is the product of the influence of Spirit and matter on each other. Here S. Augustine's ideas resemble very much those of Manes, as we shall see presently. Baur² summarises the information we

¹ The fault may be in the authors who report it to us.

² P. 131.

obtain from S. Augustine in three fundamental principles :

(1) In man the World-soul, spread throughout all matter, concentrates itself.

(2) The body of man is only to be considered as a prison which, desiring propagation, tends to entangle the soul more and more deeply in matter.

(3) Man is an evidence of the existence of the King of Darkness, but reflects in himself as a microcosm the whole universe.

I do not quite grasp why man should be called an evidence of the King of Darkness only.

Naturally Manes had much to say against the theory of the origin of man given in *Genesis*. He sees nothing divine in the creation of the two sexes, and the way of propagation as there related. He considers it to be a work of nature, belonging to the Kingdom of Darkness. The story of paradise and the tree of knowledge he explains as an allegory, in which Eden is the world, and the trees are the objects of desire in that world ; the tree of knowledge is Jesus, or the knowledge of Jesus (S. Augustine even says that Manes taught that Jesus was the serpent). God was afraid that, after having eaten the apple, Adam would know as much as Himself, and therefore He chased him out of paradise, when he tasted the forbidden fruit. Manes comes to the following conclusion : either God knew beforehand that Adam would eat of the fruit, in which case His forbidding was useless ; or God did not know this beforehand, and therefore He was not omniscient. Besides, God would never have forbidden Adam to eat of the tree of knowledge—for knowledge it is that which makes the difference between man and animal. Therefore Manes

arrives at quite other conclusions. It was a demon who wanted to refuse knowledge to Adam and therefore forbade him to eat of this tree. The serpent who offered the apple was an Angel of God, and Adam saw truly only after having eaten it.

The nearer to the Light-source the purer is man. Hence it is logical to say that Adam was almost pure, but not entirely, and this made him fail in face of the temptation which Eve put before him. This was the only time in his life that he sinned. Woman was brought into existence so that she might awaken the sleeping desires in man. In the beginning Adam was double-sexed, and the separation was made in order to give birth to the desire for union, which finds its origin in the body, the Spirit only consenting with regret. Concupiscence is therefore judged with extreme severity as being the origin of all evil. Logically it is, in the Manichæan system, the corruption of the Spirit. Marriage was considered as a weakness, and was therefore much despised in the Manichæan religion; it was forbidden to the 'Elect,' and the 'Auditors' also were advised not to marry. The reason for this was not only the desire for purity of Spirit, but also because each child born perpetuated the combination of Spirit and matter. Herefrom it may be understood, that Manes' purpose was a liberation of Spirit by the extinction of the human race, but this is not definitely stated. Perhaps this part of his doctrine belongs to the instruction which he gave to the inner circle of his disciples, but certainly Manes must have realised that by living after his prescriptions humanity must end in self-extinction. Human bodies were the houses of Light-particles, and propagation was the invention of the King of Darkness

to hinder the Light-particles from returning to their source.

The Light-particles enter our bodies with the food we take, since there are Light-particles in all forms of matter. In the body, Light-particles are joined to the soul of the man, and some detach themselves from it when a child is born.

S. Augustine thought that Manes left no place in his system for free-will, that men were not free to do either good or evil, but were bound to sin ; however, that is not so. Man always, according to Manes, remains free to choose between good and evil. The whole material existence of man is a struggle to avoid sin and to purify himself. Here and there some sayings of Manes may seem to contradict this a little, but his general meaning is not difficult to grasp. One really feels inclined to agree with the Manichæans in their opinion that S. Augustine did not understand their system.

After death, souls are divided into three groups : (1) those who go to the Light-Kingdom ; (2) those who go to the Kingdom of darkness ; (3) those whose way is not yet decided. The Elect,¹ those who lead an ascetic life, go at once to heaven, but the Auditors have not yet arrived at the decisive point. Under the most fortunate circumstances, they are reincarnated in a body which is in preparation for one of the Elect. Another way to be saved is for the soul to enter into a fruit, preferably a melon or a cucumber, which will be eaten by an Elect. But those who are not yet Auditors are put into the bodies of animals² or

¹ In another section will be found the difference between the 'Elect' and the 'Auditor'.

² Baur, p. 319, does not know whether a difference in animals is made thereby. Beausobre, II, 496, affirms that there is a difference made, according to the evil done by the man going into such a body.

of plants of inferior orders—animals are of a lower nature than plants. Taking the philosophic conception of Manes' system, we see in man a higher form of the same life which is in the animals and the plants. All the forms into which consciousness passes take away something from the matter side of this manifested life, till at last only the Light-form remains. The more theological Manichæism teaches that a bad man after his death may go through five material forms—animal or plant—to convert himself to good; if he fails after this trial, he belongs to the demon; but, after being punished, he may begin the whole process over again. Metempsychosis, in the Manichæan system, takes the character of a discharging of the debts left unpaid in this world in a previous incarnation; for instance, if a man plants a Persea tree he must pass from body into body till the tree dies. Undoubtedly, the reason for this is that, during the life of the tree, many Light-particles are captured; and this should not be done; as he who plants the tree is kept prisoner till the Light-particles are set free.

We find some difference between the Christian and the Arabian conceptions of the future life. I will give them both, taking the Christian first.

God, seeing how much the souls imprisoned in bodies were suffering, sent Christ to assist them. Christ went to the Carrier of the world, Omophores, to blame him for earthquakes he had caused—the descent into the under-world. Then Christ with the help of the sun, which attracts the souls of the dead towards it, being the source of all Light-particles, made a machine for the salvation of the souls. The raising of the souls was worked by a great wheel to which twelve buckets (signs

of the zodiac) were attached. The sun purifies the souls and gives them to the moon, which, when quite filled up, returns them to the sun which brings them to God. The waxing of the moon shows that it receives souls; its waning, that it passes them on to the sun. It has often been objected that this is difficult to believe, as the waxing and waning of the moon certainly happened before man was created. However, such was the doctrine. In the moon and in the sun the last and complete purification of souls takes place, and they are then brought to the Æons of the Father, where they have perfect delight. The souls do not leave this place any more; they are beyond all earthly cares, in a glory which it is only possible to reach by means of the doctrine of Manes. This paradise is described to us as a beautiful landscape.¹

The last judgment begins the moment that Omophores, the Carrier of the world, throws the world away. A fire begins and all the world burns, after which the two Kingdoms are reconstructed. The Father is in the Kingdom of Light, and the Archons in that which is below. God has driven the King of Darkness entirely out of the Light-kingdom, and has limited his power to that region which belongs to him. There is no longer perfect equilibrium, but an increasing power for the Prince of Good. The King of darkness finds his weakness, he is not able to keep the Light-particles he once possessed, but the realm of matter will always belong to him. Therefore the King of Light must try to separate as much as possible Spirit from matter; but some Spirits are so mixed up with and soiled

¹ The Turfan fragment, M. 64, says that the wind sends up a sweet savour towards heaven. It is interesting also to note that God is several times called 'sweet-smelling'. M. 102 and 554.

by matter that it is impossible to separate them from it. This idea has been much criticised, as it implies that a part of God (Light) will always be subject to the lower principle. So that either God is not almighty, or else He allows the evil forces to keep a part of His souls. Here of course also the question of freewill comes in, for if souls are free to sin, God cannot prevent them from entangling themselves inextricably with matter, and their future life will be the result of their own actions. There are also different possibilities of action later on. The evil principle might change its nature and become good, but then, why has it not yet done this? Besides, there is no reason why it should not change again later on, or, remaining as it is, attack the Kingdom of Light again after a certain time. We know nothing as to how long unsaved souls remain in the darkness, but in the *Fihrist* it is said that they remain there for ever.

The *Fihrist* tells us that at the death of a righteous man, the Original Man sends him a Light-divinity and three other Gods, who bring him a water-basin, a dress, a head-dress, a crown, and a wreath of light. Together with them comes the virgin who *symbolises* the souls of the dead. At the same time come the demons, but the righteous man calls upon the divinities to help him, and when the demons see them they fly. The Gods give the righteous man the things they bring with them, and mount with him on the column of praise to the heaven of the moon, to the Original Man, and to Nahnaha, the Mother of the Living—to the place where man was at the beginning of the Light-paradise. Then the sun, the moon, and the Gods of Light draw out from the body of the dead man the forces—Water, Fire, and the soft Wind. He rises to the sun and becomes a

God; and his body, which is darkness, is thrown into hell.

When death comes to a man who is still struggling towards good, who is ready to accept true doctrines and piety, and to defend them as well as the righteous, the same Gods and demons appear. This man then tries to win his case by recounting his good deeds. He is delivered from the demons, but his situation does not become any better than it was in the world. He has awful visions and nightmares of sinking into mud, till he is purified. At the death of a bad man, one who lives principally to satisfy avarice and lust, the devils come and torture him, and show him awful visions. He sees the divinities, but they come only to reproach him for all his evil deeds, and to remind him of the duties he has left undone, not to set him free. Then he lives in torture, till at the end of the world he is thrown into hell.

The *Fihrist* does not tell us anything about the last judgment, but it gives a description of that which will be afterwards. The Original Man comes from the world of Capricorn, and the Messenger from the East, and from the great construction (the South); and the Spirit of life from the World of the West; and they look at the great construction, which is the new paradise. Then they look down into hell. The righteous in heaven join them, and all look at those who are in hell sinking deeper and deeper into it, but who cannot do any harm to those who are in heaven. Those in hell humble themselves to those in heaven, but the latter only answer with reproaches, and the sinners feel still greater regrets and sorrows. So they go on for ever.

Two of the Turfan fragments also contain teachings of much importance as to the last judgment. One says:

“At the end is the coming of the life-giver.”¹ The other says that at the end there will be a great cry. The whole world will receive a message. The Gods of the universe of heaven and of earth, the guardians of the houses, villages, tribes, watchers, and those who are the callers of the demons, will praise the Æons of intellect, and man will become ruler of this Kingdom. The demons will leave them and show honour to them.²

VI. JESUS AND THE CHRIST

This is not the place to study the Manichæans in the character of Bible-critics, but nevertheless it is very interesting to see that some of the difficulties as to understanding and harmonising the Bible had already been noticed as early as Manes' time. A little after Manes, Faustus of Mileve specially was a very active critic, and S. Augustine found it difficult to answer the severe criticisms which he made on the Holy Scriptures of the Christians.

In the Old Testament, particularly, there are many statements in absolute contradiction to the doctrines of Manes; this concerned Manes but little, as he reprobated the whole Old Testament. Speaking of Man, we have seen already his version of the Adam and Eve story in *Genesis*. Further Manes considered that the Old Testament gave a sensual, immoral, unworthy image of God. This God could not be the real one, Manes declared; and the Old Testament must be the work of the evil principle, and consequently could not prophesy of the New, which he accepted to some extent.

¹ M. 482.

² M. 478.

Many texts were in favour of his doctrines. But even in the Gospels much was not as it ought to be; this fault was due to the fact that the New Testament was much corrupted, or was not, perhaps, even the work of the Apostles at all. Therefore the Gospels were called 'after' S. Matthew, S. Luke, S. Mark and S. John, but were not written by them. The writings of S. Paul were most in accordance with the Manichæan doctrines, but all the texts in the New Testament which did not agree with these were considered as introduced into it by the Jews and the heathen.

Manes always called himself a true disciple of Christ, and also claimed to be the Paraclete, the Comforter, whom Christ announced as coming after His own departure. Now for the Christians this was a very important point, for if this Paraclete should have already come to the world outside of the Christian Church, it would be incomplete, and would need to accept the coming of Manes for its fulfilment. Naturally the Christians protested against Manes as the Paraclete.

Like all Gnostic systems, Manichæism made a great distinction between Jesus and Christ; and I thoroughly agree with Professor Bousset that the attempt to fit the Jesus Christ of the Christians into the Manichæan doctrine of Redemption is not at all satisfactory. It is a strained effort to reconcile two ideas which do not go together.

In many Gnostic systems Jesus is the Light-particles which are imprisoned in matter; they personify suffering and the perpetual effort of the Light to get out of the darkness. In Manichæism He is called *Jesus patibilis*. By the Holy Ghost Jesus was given to the earth, and is there bound and kept in bondage to Nature. This divine

life in matter is symbolised in the passion of Jesus Christ; He is the Light-particles which struggle upwards from the earth through the roots of the trees, and appear as Light. In this way Jesus is each day born in a plant. S. Augustine did not clearly appreciate the difference which the Manichæan made between Christ and Jesus, and often speaks of the one when he means the other.

The Deliverance, or the Redemption, took place at a certain moment, as we saw in the cosmogony; at that moment all the arrangements were made for the deliverance of the Light-particles still imprisoned in matter; after that moment also the personal deliverers were created to specially serve the third Messenger, whom Manes tried to identify with Jesus Christ, or more especially with Christ, who is the deliverer in His system. So Jesus Christ, in the Manichæan system, represents the two aspects of the Divine Life or Light in the universe—the one who is suffering in matter and the other who is the glorified deliverer.

Christ is only Light, and is a direct manifestation of the God of Light. He is the pure Light-substance, the divine essence of the Original Man (to whom Christ is much related), and is in him in opposition to his manifested part; and so it is to be understood that Christ is the Son of God—"Son of the Eternal Light," said Manes—while Jesus is the Son of the Original Man. Christ is a manifestation but not a part of God; He is part of the relation of God to the world; He manifests as much of God as the Original Man had divine substance in him.

The function of Christ in this world is to help and to stimulate the Light-particles in the world to gain their

deliverance. Anywhere, where there is a certain tendency to seek deliverance, where the Light-particles long to go back to their source, Christ gives strength to this tendency against the opposite force, which strives to keep them in matter. As we saw in the cosmogony, the sun and moon attract the Light-particles towards themselves, but it is Christ who is this attractive power; and the *Acta Archelai* give us a mythical version, of Christ as male in the sun and female in the moon, and teach that the Light-particles can only be saved and delivered by Him. The more practical description of Christ's work tells us that He awakens the higher nature in man and thereby inspires in him the longing for deliverance. The most important part of Christ's work is therefore His teaching, especially that which bears on contempt of the lower self and of all external matters. That was the way in which the Spirit could be saved by Christ; not by belief in Christ and His sacrifice, but by Christ's influence on the higher principles in man, giving to man the knowledge which lifts him above the material world. Therefore action (good work, good conduct) was much more important in the eyes of the Manichæan than belief. The intellectual stimulus which Christ gave by His teachings was the practical part which He took in the salvation of men. His teachings are elaborated in the rules for the life of the Manichæan, which will follow in the next section. That Manichæism could not conceive of the facts of Christ's life as having anything to do with our redemption is clearly seen, if we consider the very insignificant place which it gave to Christ's material manifestation, denying the facts which were of greatest importance for the Christians. So the Manichæans did

not believe in the dual nature of Christ, the human and the divine. The human part of Christ was not his nature, which was only divine, but was a mere appearance or covering. Christ was not born from a woman—a thing unworthy of Christ in the eyes of the Manichæans. His carnal body was not His; He only showed Himself in it, in order to be visible to everybody. Christ came from time to time visibly to humanity, to give an impulse to the Light-particles, and then returned to the sun; but never was He born from a woman—most certainly not from one who is said to have had other children, a quite ordinary woman. The Manichæans said that when Christ speaks of His family, it must be understood symbolically and not as a physical fact. They considered the story of the Baptism as superfluous, as Christ did not need anybody's help when He chose to come to the world; and they did not believe in His circumcision, nor in His temptation by the devil. Neither were the sufferings of Christ His sufferings, because these were in His body, and the body was, like all material things, a product of the King of Darkness. Here we have a striking example of how far the dualism of the Manichæans was pushed. Even the person of Christ as man belonged, as to its material part, to the Kingdom of Darkness, and only as to its spiritual part to the Light. Christ suffering was also an unworthy image in the eyes of the Manichæans. The death on the cross was to be understood as a symbol of the Spirit crucified in matter; the resurrection as the deliverance of the soul from all material bonds. The Manichæans attached however, a certain reality to Christ's appearance, and seem to have admitted His miraculous healings for which divine power was needed.

As we have seen, Manes claimed to be considered not only a true disciple of Christ, but even His Paraclete and the representative of the divine doctrine on earth. The Manichæans considered Manes to be the mediator between them and the agencies which brought the souls to heaven ; and later on it was said by his disciples that Manes was not less great than Zoroaster, the Buddha or the Christ.

(To be concluded)

Raimond van Marle

THE BUDDHA'S SONG

Beneath a spreading Bo-tree sat
The Sikyan prince and sage,
And meditated on the ills
Of grief, disease and age.

“The cause of sorrow is desire
This ‘noble truth’ I know.
And from the death of passion’s fire
Relief must surely flow.”

So curbing anger, hate and lust,
The Buddha’s ‘eight-fold path’ employ ;
In truth and love for ever trust ;
So shall you live in endless joy.

R. C. Cockerill

THE INDIVIDUALITY AND THE HOROSCOPE

By ALAN LEO

Editor of *Modern Astrology*

The Star under which a human entity is born, says the occult teaching, will remain forever its Star throughout the series of its incarnations in one life cycle. But this is not his *astrological* star. *That* is concerned and connected with the personality, the former with the individuality.

The Secret Doctrine

The Individual, or as it is sometimes called the *individualised Self*, as it starts into existence, is a white spark of Divine Light enclosed in a colourless film of matter.

Studies in the Bhagavad-Gītā

BOTH these statements imply an individual influence that is distinct from the personal, and it would appear that while exoteric astrology is concerned with the personality, it cannot in any way deal with the individual or discover its star. That the individuality is born under a star is admitted; also that it remains forever under this influence. It might also be assumed that there is an occult astrology, by which the occult teachers are acquainted with the name and influence of that Star.

Now esoteric astrology may be said to come between exoteric and occult astrology; and while it does not directly concern itself with occult astrology, it does indirectly afford a clue to those mysteries which

are unrevealed to the ordinary student of exoteric astrology.

Esoteric astrology has established the truth that the astrological star under which a man is born is that which describes his physical personality, and that this is the ruling planet, or lord of the ascending sign at birth ; but it also goes further and summarises the personality under the influence of the Moon, and the sign it occupies.

The occult teaching of *The Secret Doctrine* deals with man in his three aspects of Spirit, Soul and Body, which have their reflections in the physical world through the physical body, the emotions, and the intellect. The lower three of the personality are mortal until they are changed or transmuted into the Higher Mind, the Spiritual Soul and the Spirit ; the three in their unity constitute the individuality, or, as it is commonly called, the ego. Esoteric astrology, going further than the exoteric study, finds the individuality in each horoscope through its reflection in the personality. Using the Theosophical terminology of *Ātma-buddhi-manas* to describe the individuality, we find this triad reflected in the image or personality, as lower manas, the emotions, and the physical vitality.

Now by a perfectly legitimate system of correspondences, according to the idea of "as above, so below," the ascending sign, or to be more exact, the ruling planet, represents the lower manas, or the personality as focussed in the brain ; the Moon represents the astral or body of feeling ; and the Sun, the *prāṇa*, or life of the physical body. It is an occult teaching that the Spirit, or *Ātma*, is reflected in the physical body ; the buddhic, or Wisdom and Love aspect, in the astral or *kāmic* body ; and the *mānasic*, or activity aspects, in the lower manas.

When a man has reversed his spheres, as it is termed, or transferred the attitude or attention of the Self from the personality to the individuality, he does not dispense with his horoscope, or cease to come under its sphere of influence; he simply rules his stars, and changes their vibrations from objective to subjective influences; and when he has effectually identified himself with the new order of things, he also changes the rulers.

As an illustration we may take the life of an ordinary man, whose consciousness is almost wholly expressed as life in the objective world. His brain and the mind-stuff passing through it will be coloured by the rising sign and the ruling planet; his feelings and changing moods of emotion will be under the influence of the Moon; and his motives and moral attitude will be energised by the position of the Sun. The Sun, therefore, will be representative of his individuality. For many lives the Solar influence will become stronger and stronger, until it gives him a fairly good moral view of life, and more or less dominates his lunar fluctuations of moods and feelings. It may even dominate his ruling planet.

As the ordinary man becomes more and more self-consciously individualised, the Solar aspect will impart more and more colouring to his individuality; from the Mars colouring he will pass to Saturn, which will *establish* his *self-conscious* individuality; then to Jupiter for expansion; and finally to Uranus, for full individualisation.

The Sun's position, aspects and influence will now dominate his horoscope, and he will no longer be classed as an ordinary man, but as a progressive individual.

The occult teaching states that the Sun and Moon are substitutes for two other planets; and while it is admitted that Uranus is the planet for which the Sun is substituted, it is more than probable that Neptune is the other; and therefore our progressive individual is preparing to live as the Uranian houseless wanderer, whose individuality is ready to become more than *self*-conscious.

To take a particular example of this idea of transmutation or individual representation, let us take the horoscope of the most progressive individual of our time—Mrs. Annie Besant.

This famous orator was born under the sign Aries, and Mars must be taken as the ruling planet. Mars is placed in the sign Taurus, the sign of its detriment. Mrs. Besant has stated that for half of her life her consciousness was darkened, but that it awoke under exceptional circumstances, aroused by hearing a voice. Taurus is the sign of the voice, or spoken word. Personally the Moon is in Cancer, conjunction Jupiter, showing great expansion of personal feeling and emotion. The Sun, ruler of the normal individual consciousness, was opposition Uranus, the latter rising at birth.

Mrs. Besant again reversed her sphere in the current life when she came into contact with the occult teaching through *The Secret Doctrine*, and she changed the lower mind into the higher through Venus, the ruler of Taurus and the planet of the higher Manas. Her feelings were transmuted into the buddhic consciousness through Moon conjunction Jupiter, trine Neptune. By the fierce conflicts of Uranus opposition Sun, she established her will, and came under the individual star Uranus; and by a response to the Uranian vibration playing upon her ascendant, she came under the

influence of her Master and has lived *individually* ever since.

The above statement may be taken to represent the *particular* view of the esoteric astrologer looking at the subject from *below*; if, however, it is viewed from the standpoint of the principles, it may be said to fit in with the occult teaching regarding the Individual Star.

Taking the ecliptic zodiac as a representation of the causal body of earth's inhabitants, corresponding to the horoscope of a human being, we may think of the planets as *above* and beyond that circle of necessity, and as external expressions of the Sons of Mind, who coloured the causal body of each "Divine Fragment". This faint colouring of the spiritual Intelligence is *refracted* through the signs of the zodiac, and interpreted symbolically through the planets in each nativity, and the Seven Individual Stars appear to be lost in the maze of compounded matter comprising the various vehicles of consciousness and represented by the signs of the zodiac. In the lower worlds the ruling planet now becomes the representative ray of the individual, and as such *appears* to be a sub-influence of the primary colouring. In each life the man works from this centre of his ruling planet, *his* representative throughout the current life; and the sign in which this planet was placed at birth represents the *guna* through which he is working; and not until he has outgrown the limitations of the causal body can he afford to part with the characteristics of this ray.

Now the karma of each individual is represented by the six planets outside his ruling planet; and the signs they are in, together with their aspects, denote the relationships between the man and his karma. From

this interplay of the colourings coming from the other planets the melody of his life is composed, and, according to the congruous or harmonious blending of the ruler with the other planets, we may predict the lines of least resistance for any individual. From this we may trace the diversity of the many from a primary unity, and through that diversity back to that unity again ; for although there are said to be seven individual stars, so are there seven ruling planets, but each of these seven may have seven hundred and seventy-seven combinations.

Now I judge that whatever the primary colouring may be in the causal body, all that colouring which is abstracted in the lower worlds is stored in the man's aura, and those finer colourings which have affinity with the *original* colour in the causal body go to increase that colouring and give it a richer and transcendent hue; in other words the *more self-conscious* the Individuality becomes in the higher vehicles, the more effectually does the lower man respond to the higher; and the more in tune the man becomes with the individual ray, star or colouring, the more free is the man of his vehicles; or to put it in another way, the more stable the individual centre becomes, the greater the possibilities of expansion.

With this brief sketch we may seek for the reason for the difference in the astrologer's statement that the individuality is seen in the horoscope, and that of the occult teaching which states that the individual Star is not the astrological star.

The writer believes that the contradiction is only apparent, not real, and mainly arises out of the term star, when colouring would have been a better expression ;

but as the occult teaching recognises the *correspondence* between the individual and the personal star, or planet, confusion is likely to arise through our lower minds identifying the rays with the actual principles. It is on a par with the Christian identification of the crucified Jesus with the sacrifice of the Logos.

It is admitted that the spiritual Intelligences coloured the causal body of the Individual, or Divine Spark, and it follows that this basic colouring remains forever the individual ray or colour.

We may represent this by the finest substance outside or beyond the circle of the zodiac, and by the planetary spheres of influence before their rays, or that influence, are caught up by the magnetic or attractive signs of the zodiac. Directly, however, the ray passes into the circle it becomes semi-individual, or more and more compounded, until it appears to be lost amid the whirlpool of various colourings.

It is on the returning arc of evolution that we may begin, by a spiritual analogy, to trace the colourings of the original star. Assuming that the natal star is a *sub*-influence of the primary influence, there will be two ways of getting back to the individual star ; either through the Master, who is the earthly embodiment of that Primary Ray, or by a long series of discernments or realisations between the Self and the Not-Self. The first being the quicker and easier road of the two, we may follow it in thought thus :

There are seven Masters of Wisdom who take pupils, each Master representing one of the Rays.

With all reverence let us imagine Master M. to represent the Uranian ray, and Master K. H. the Mercurial ray ; and with sincere respect to Mrs. Besant and

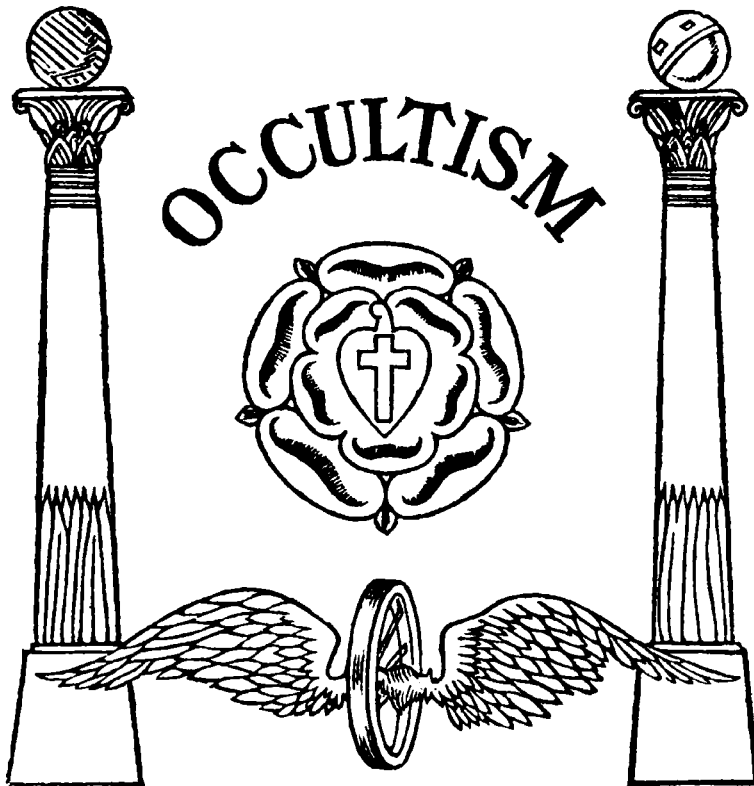
Mr. Leadbeater we will imagine them to be pupils of these two Masters. In the horoscope of Mrs. Besant the planet Uranus rises; its ray, from the worldly point of view, has for many years been an affliction, disturbing all things upon which affection has been placed. After many vivid experiences, these ties of affection have been broken, and the Self turned in the direction of the ray which apparently caused the affliction; and it is found to be the representative ray of the Master, and through realisation a response is made direct to the influence of that ray. In her case the Sun, formerly representative of the individual consciousness, is in opposition to Uranus, a complementary vibration through which individual Self-consciousness is reached, and the stability of the causal body is established, and from this the higher consciousness is attained. In Mr. Leadbeater's case the Sun is in conjunction with Mercury. This was also the case with Emmanuel Kant. The correspondence between the Sons of Mind and the Masters is the same as that of the Masters to the pupils.

In view of the difficult points involved in the above statement we may reduce the whole to any argument of two points; for instance we must remember the distinction between *Ātma-buddhi-manas* as three principles on one hand and as *one ego* on the other. It would appear that the individual ray is the ruler of A. B. M. as *one ego*, ruling *ātma* as much as *buddhi* and *manas*, all alike. But when taken as three separate principles each might have a different *significator*. The same applies to the personality. The personal ray is the unity of thought, feeling and action, each of which, when considered alone, must have a different

ruler. To take a quite imaginary case: the personal ray might be, say, Jupiter, and yet thought might be kârmically coloured by, say, Mars, feeling by Saturn, and action by Venus. The separate colouring would be the result of past experiences and would antedate birth; but the Jupiter personal ray would be imposed by the make-up of the physical body, and would not precede birth but would only gradually make itself felt during the experiences of this incarnation. In such a case the Moon in the sign Sagittarius or Pisces would indicate Jupiter, personal ray (or would rather have some relation to it through quadruplicity or triplicity); Mercury in Aries or Scorpio would indicate Martial thought; Mars in Capricorn or Aquarius, Saturnine emotions; and Ascendant in Taurus or Libra, Venusian actions.

To any student of esoteric astrology it will now be obvious that through the corruption of astrology by the abuse of its teachings, modern astrologers have lost the key to its inner mysteries; when it is restored to its pristine purity, however, it will be discovered that, short of the Divine Fragment itself, astrology is concerned with everything below the Divine Spark, or Monad, and deals with its manifestations in all worlds below the plane of nirvāṇa; for astrology is but another word for karma, and karma, rightly interpreted, is the Life of God. It is therefore the duty of every Theosophist to prepare the way for a correct interpretation of astrology, and the duty of every earnest astrologer to prepare the way for the teachings of a true Theosophy; since they are subjective and objective parts of the great whole known as the wisdom Religion.

Alan Leo



THE FORCE OF THE MASTER

By C. W. LEADBEATER, F.T.S.

THE knowledge of the hidden side of things makes daily life much more interesting, and enables us to be much more useful than we could be without it. It shows us that many apparently trivial actions reach further than we think, and therefore impresses strongly upon us the necessity for living carefully and recollectedly. It shows a man that every action has its effect upon those around him, even when it seems on the surface to

concern himself alone ; that for that effect on others he is responsible, and that it offers him a welcome opportunity for doing good. When that is once grasped, he realises that he must order his life from that new point of view—that it must be spent, even in small things, not for himself, but for others. Many a man lives for others in the sense that he regulates his life on what he imagines others are thinking about him ; but our student's altruism will be of another sort. He will put before himself for his guidance two stringent rules: 1. That everything shall be done unselfishly ; 2. That everything shall be done with definite purpose, and as perfectly as he can do it.

If he does this, if he lives in this way, the Powers who rule the world will soon recognise him and use him, for by living thus he makes himself a ready channel for the power of the Master, a valuable instrument in His hands. Truly, the help of the Holy Ones is given chiefly upon higher planes ; but it is not confined to them ; it acts in the physical world as well, if we give it the opportunity. The Master will not waste His strength in *forcing* a stream of His energy down into the dense matter of this lower world, because to do that would not be good spiritual economics ; it would not be utilising that amount of energy to the best advantage. But if a man already living in our lower world so arranges his life as to make himself a fit channel for that energy, the position is altered, and it becomes worth the Master's while to make an effort which would not otherwise have been remunerative.

We have to remember that a channel must be open at both ends, not at one end only. The higher end of our channel consists in the devotion and unselfishness

of the man, in the very fact that he is anxious to be used, and is ordering his life for that purpose. The lower end is the man's physical body, through which the influence must pass out, and this also needs careful attention, in order that it may not befoul the stream which the Master sends.

Remember that we are dealing with no vague abstraction, but with a physical though invisible fluid, which permeates the matter of the body and exudes through the pores of the skin, or is projected from the hands or feet. Therefore that body must be pure inside, uncontaminated by flesh-foods, alcohol or tobacco; and it must also be kept scrupulously clean outside by frequent and thorough ablutions, especial attention being paid to the hands and feet. Otherwise the fluid, transmuted with so much care from higher planes, will be polluted as it passes through the man, and will fail to achieve the object for which it was sent.

Although this force will radiate from the worthy student at all times, he can also gather it up and pour it out with definite intention upon a particular object. In a previous article I explained how the ordinary man can protect himself from evil influence when shaking hands, or when surrounded by a crowd; but the student, instead of protecting himself, will make out of these unpleasing occurrences opportunities to act upon others. When he shakes hands with a man, he will send the Master's power rushing through his extended arm. The beginner may ask: "How can I do that? And even if I try, how can I be certain that I have succeeded?"

All that is needed here is a firm conviction and an intense resolve—a conviction, based upon his study, that this is a thing that can be done, and the intense resolve

to do it, which comes from his deep devotion to the Master and his earnest desire to do His will. Success in all magical efforts depends upon the absolute confidence of the operator; a man who doubts his own capacity has already failed. So that all that is necessary is that he should mingle with the hearty welcome which he extends to his visitor the strong thought: "I give you herewith the love of the Master." In the same way, when he finds himself in a crowd, he will spread among the people that same influence of the Master's love; and that outpouring will be for him a far better protection than any shell.

Another use which can be made of this force is to charge certain objects with it, thereby converting them into talismans. I have written before of the effects producible by talismans; I speak now of the process of their manufacture. The more advanced branches of this art require definite knowledge, obtainable only by an extended course of study: but any earnest man can make a temporary talisman which will be of great use to one who needs help.

One who is accustomed to the work can perform any ordinary process of magnetisation or demagnetisation practically instantaneously by the mere exertion of his will; but the beginner usually finds it necessary to help himself in the concentration of his will by thinking carefully of the various stages of the process and using the appropriate gestures. Suppose, for example, that it is desirable to magnetise some small body (such as a ring, a locket, a penholder) in order to make it an amulet against fear; what is the easiest method of procedure?

Realise first exactly what is wanted. We wish to load that body with etheric, astral and mental matter

heavily charged with a particular set of undulations—those of courage and confidence. The trained Occultist would gather together at each of those levels such types of matter as will most easily receive and retain vibrations of just that character ; the beginner, knowing nothing of that, must use whatever material comes to hand, and so will have to expend a greater amount of force than would be exerted by his more experienced brother.

The making of an amulet may be likened to the writing of an inscription, and the acquisition of the right kind of matter corresponds to obtaining a perfect surface on which to write. The beginner, who cannot do this, must write with greater labour and less perfection of result upon the surface that happens to be available. The first difficulty that confronts him is that his sheet is not even a blank one ; his paper already bears an inscription, which must be removed before he can use it. If the ring or locket has been worn by anyone, it is already full of the magnetism of that person—magnetism which may be better or may be worse than that of the student, but is at any rate different from it, and so is an obstacle—just as any kind of writing, however good, which already fills a sheet of paper, stands in the way of its use for further writing. Even if the ring or penholder be quite new, it is likely to contain something of the special magnetism either of the maker or of the seller ; so in any case the first thing is to remove whatever may be there—to obtain a clear sheet for our inscription. There are various methods by which this may be done ; let me describe a simple one.

Rest the tip of the fore-finger of the right hand against the end of the thumb, so as to make a ring, and imagine a film of ether stretched across that ring

like the head of a drum. *Will* strongly that such a film should be made, and remember that that very effort of the will *does* make it, although you cannot see it. Remember also that it is essential to the success of the experiment that you should be quite certain of this fact—that your previous study should have convinced you that the human will has the power to arrange subtle matter in this or any other way.

Then, keeping your attention firmly fixed upon that film, so as to hold it quite rigid, pass slowly through it the object to be demagnetised, and by so doing you will cleanse it entirely of the etheric part of its previous magnetism. I do not mean that you will leave it without etheric matter, but that every particle of such matter will be swept out and replaced ; just as, if a tube is filled with gas and one blows strongly into one end of it, all the gas is driven out ; but the tube is not therefore empty, as the pressure of the surrounding air immediately refills it. So the specially charged ether is dredged out of the locket or penholder, and its place is taken by the ordinary ether which interpenetrates the surrounding atmosphere.

The next step is to let the etheric film dissolve, and replace it by one of astral matter, through which the object is again passed. The process may be repeated with a film of mental matter, and we shall then have the object entirely free on all three planes from any sort of specialised magnetism—a clean sheet, in fact, upon which we can write what we will. After a certain amount of practice the student can make a combined film containing etheric, astral and mental matter, so as to perform the whole operation by passing the object once through the ring.

The operator must then exercise all his strength to fill himself with the qualities which he wishes the amulet to convey (in this case fearlessness and self-reliance), excluding for the moment all thought of other attributes and becoming the living incarnation of these. Then, when he has thus wound himself up to his highest level of enthusiasm, let him take the object in his left hand, or lay it on the table in front of him, and pour magnetism on it through the fingers of his right hand, all the time willing with his utmost strength that it shall be filled with the very essence of valour, calmness and intrepidity. It will probably help him in concentration if, while doing this, he repeats to himself firmly again and again such words as: "Courage, confidence, in the Name of the Master," "Where this object is, may no fear enter," or any others expressing a similar idea. Let him do this for a few minutes, never allowing his attention to swerve for a moment, and he need have no shade of doubt that he has made a really effective talisman.

This process will probably occupy the tyro for some time, but a man who is accustomed to it does it quickly and easily. The trained Occultist makes constant use of this power as a means of helping those with whom he comes into contact; he never despatches a letter, or even a postcard, without thinking what good gift of refreshing, consoling or strengthening magnetism he can send with it. He has at his command many other ways of making a talisman besides that which I have described; perhaps it may help towards a fuller comprehension of the subject if I enumerate some of them, even though they are quite beyond the reach of the ordinary student.

Amulets are of all sorts and kinds—literally many thousands of kinds—but they may be arranged for our purposes into four classes, which we will call respectively general, adapted, ensouled and linked.

1. *General.* The method which I have suggested above produces a talisman of this description. The trained man naturally obtains with less labour a better result, not only because he knows how to use his will effectively, but because he has learnt to select the most suitable materials; consequently the influence of his amulet is stronger, and lasts for many years instead of perhaps for a few months. This form of talisman is quite simple; its business is to pour out a steady stream of undulations expressing the quality with which it is charged, and it will continue to do this with undiminished vigour for a period the length of which depends upon the force originally put into it.

2. *Adapted.* The adapted amulet is one that has been carefully prepared to fit a particular person. Its maker studies the man for whom it is intended, and notes carefully the deficiencies in his mental, astral and etheric bodies. Then he culls from the matter of the various planes the ingredients of his talisman, just as a physician selects the drugs to compound into a prescription, choosing a certain type of essence in order to repress an undesirable astral tendency, another in order to stimulate the sluggish action of some defective department of mental activity, and so on. Thus he produces an amulet accurately adapted to the needs of a particular person, and capable of doing for that person enormously more than a general talisman can do; but it would be of little use to anyone else but the man for whom it is intended. It is like a skilfully made key with many wards, which

exactly fits its lock, but will not open any other ; while a general talisman may be compared to a skeleton key, which will open many inferior locks, but does not perfectly suit any.

3. *Ensouled*. Sometimes it is desired to establish a centre of radiation which, instead of acting for a few score years at most, shall continue its outpouring through the centuries. In this case it is not enough to charge the selected object with a dose of magnetic force, for, however large that dose may be, it must some time be exhausted ; to produce this more permanent result we must bring into play some form of life ; and for this purpose one of two methods is usually adopted.

The first is to include in the physical talisman a minute fragment of one of those higher minerals which are sufficiently alive to throw out a ceaseless stream of particles. When that is done, the store of force poured into the amulet will last almost indefinitely longer, for instead of radiating steadily in all directions on its own account, it remains self-contained, and charges only the particles which pass through it. The work of distribution is thus done by the mineral, and a vast economy of energy is thereby secured.

The second plan is so to arrange the ingredients of the talisman as to make it a means of manifestation for any one of certain comparatively undeveloped orders of nature-spirits. There are tribes of these creatures which, though full of energy and strongly desirous to do something with it, cannot express themselves unless they can find some sort of outlet. It is possible so to magnetise an amulet as to make it precisely the kind of outlet required, and thus to insure the steady outflow through it of a stream of energy at high pressure, which

may last for thousands of years, to the intense delight of the nature-spirits and the great benefit of all who approach the magnetised centre.

4. *Linked*. The linked talisman differs completely from the other kinds in one important particular. All those previously described are made and set going by their creators, and then left to run their course and live their life, just as a clock-maker constructs a timepiece and then sells it to a customer and knows no more about it. But the clock-maker sometimes chooses to remain in touch with his masterpiece, and undertakes to keep it wound and in order ; and this corresponds to the arrangement made in the case of a linked talisman. Instead of merely loading the object with influence of a certain type, the operator when he magnetises it brings it into close *rapport* with himself, so that it may become a kind of outpost of his consciousness, a sort of telephone-receiver always connected with him, through which he can reach the holder or be reached by him.

An amulet of this type does not work mechanically upon the gyroscope principle, as the others do ; or perhaps I should rather say, it has a slight action of that sort, because it so strongly suggests the presence of its maker that it often acts as a deterrent, preventing the wearer from doing what he would not like the maker to see him do ; but its principal action is of quite another kind. It makes a link through which the wearer can at a critical moment send a cry for help to its builder, who will instantly feel the appeal and respond by an outpouring of strength of whatever type may be required.

Its manufacturer can also use it as a channel through which he can send periodic waves of influence,

and so administer a course of treatment—a kind of emotional or mental message. Such a method of handling a case (I believe our Christian Science friends call it ‘absent treatment’) may be undertaken without an amulet, merely by projecting astral and mental currents; but a talisman makes the work easier, and enables the operator to deal more readily with the etheric double of the subject.

Usually the link is made only in the physical, astral and lower mental worlds, and is therefore confined to the personality of its constructor; but there are instances when a great One has chosen to link a physical talisman to Himself as an ego, and then its influence lasts through the ages. This was done in the case of the physical talismans buried at various points of future importance by Apollonius of Tyana.

It not infrequently occurs that it is desirable to demagnetise objects which are larger than those instanced above. In such cases one may hold the two hands at the requisite distance apart, and imagine a broad band of etheric matter extending between them, with which the previous magnetism can be dredged out as before. Another plan is to hold the two hands one on each side of the object, and send a strong stream of etheric matter through it from one hand to the other, thus washing away the undesired influence. The same force can often be employed in the same way to relieve pain. A headache, for example, is usually either caused or accompanied by a congestion of etheric matter in the brain, and it can often be cured by that same plan of putting the hands one on each side of the sufferer’s temples and washing away the congested matter by an effort of the will.

Another use to which the power of demagnetisation can be put is to clear objectionable influences out of a room. One may have a visitor who leaves an unpleasant atmosphere behind him; or one may find uncomfortable astral conditions prevailing in one's apartment at a hotel; and if such an emergency arises, it is useful to know how to deal with it. One practised in these mild forms of magic would manage the business in a few moments by the exercise of his trained will; but the younger student will probably find it better to employ intermediate means, precisely as the Catholic Church does.

The cubic content of even a small room is too great for the employment of the dredging tactics previously recommended, so we must invoke the great principle of sympathies and antipathies, and set up within the room a series of vibrations so hostile to the evil influence that the latter is dominated or driven forth. To create such an undulation is not difficult; but means must be found for spreading it rapidly all over the room. One ready method is the burning of incense or pastilles, another is the sprinkling of water; but both incense and water must first be passed through the process recommended for the making of a talisman. Their original magnetism must be removed, and they must be loaded with the thought of purity and peace. If that be thoroughly done, when the incense is burned, its particles (each bearing the desired influence) will quickly be disseminated through every cubic inch of air in the room; or if water be used and sprinkled about the chamber, each drop of it will at once become a centre of active radiation. A vaporiser is an even more effective method of distribution; and if rose-water be used instead of ordinary water, the work of the student will be considerably facilitated.

The method of action of these etheric or astral disinfectants is obvious. The disturbing influence of which we desire to rid ourselves expresses itself in etheric and astral waves of a certain length. Our magnetic efforts fill the room with another set of waves, different in length and more powerful, because they have been intentionally set swinging, which probably the others were not. The two sets of inharmonious vibrations cannot co-exist, and so the stronger overpowers and extinguishes the weaker.

These are some of the ways in which the force that dwells within man, the force that flows through man, may be used. In this case, as in every other, knowledge is power ; in this case, as in every other, additional power means additional responsibility and additional opportunity. If you can readily develop this power, if you can do these things quickly and easily, so much the better for you, so long as you use this advantage unselfishly, and make the world by its means a little happier, a little better, a little cleaner as the result of your efforts.

Remember the second maxim—that everything shall be done as perfectly as we can do it. Charge your letter with magnetism and make a talisman of it, by all means ; you will do great good thereby ; but do not forget that the mere physical handwriting must be perfect also—first, out of courtesy to the recipient, and secondly, because all work done for the Master must be done with the utmost care, even to the minutest detail. And as *all* our work is work for Him, executed in His name and to His glory, that means that nothing must ever be done carelessly. In this, too, unselfishness may be applied ; no one has the right to cause trouble and waste of time to another by illegible handwriting.

We must not think that because we know more of the hidden side of things than others, and so are able to add unexpected blessings to daily acts, we are thereby absolved from doing the ordinary part of those acts to the very best of our ability. Not worse but better than that of others must our work be, in every respect and from every point of view, for the honour of the Master whom we serve. *What* the work is that He gives us, matters little; that it should be nobly done matters supremely. And the man who, all his life through, does the small daily details well and carefully, will not be found wanting when some day he suddenly finds himself face to face with a great opportunity.

The little things in life weigh more than the big things; there are so many of them, and it is so much more difficult to go on steadily doing them. S. Augustine remarked: "Many there be who will die for Christ, but few there be who will live for Him." Many of us would instantly and gladly do some great thing for the Master; but He does not commonly ask for that. He asks us to live our daily life nobly, not for ourselves but for others; to forget ourselves, only to remember the good of mankind. Let us then form the habit of helpfulness—for it soon becomes a habit, like everything else. It certainly makes life more interesting; and, above all, it brings us every day nearer to Him.

C. W. Leadbeater

A VISION

By GEORGE S. ARUNDALE, M. A., LL. B., F.T.S.

ONE of the most interesting astral experiences I have ever had is here written down. I felt that it was of the nature of a glimpse into the future, as if I were watching a pastoral play. Being myself part of the picture I seemed to have a kind of double personality, associating myself as watcher with myself as participant in the experience—being one person and at the same time two.

I was with Alcyone and we were in the presence of one of the great Masters. The talk turned upon the future, as indeed it must often do, and as to the kind of work in which Alcyone will be engaged.

Suddenly the scene changes, and we find ourselves, I think, in India. Alcyone is standing on the side of a hill, with myself a few paces behind him, and above him, round him, below him, stretches a vast concourse of eager people, some with their faces rapturously turned up to his, others looking straight in front of them and seeing with the eyes of the Spirit, others with their faces buried in their hands as if to shut the outside world from the inner vision in which they are absorbed. There is a living stillness upon all, and into the stillness comes the beautiful voice of Alcyone as he tells his people—they seem in a special

sense to be *his*—of the oneness of all life, of the Brotherhood of man and of the Fatherhood of God. And the voice blends with the stillness and intensifies it, for his voice is the voice of nature calling upon all that lives to join in the one great peace and harmony of life. As I listen to his words, I catch something of the subtlety of the influence pervading that hill, an influence difficult to describe because so subtle. But everything I see around me radiates the unity, the stillness and the peace, and I watch, as it were, how Alcyone—is it One greater than he?—calls to his aid all the forces of nature, so that every creature, every tree, every plant, every flower, every stone, every blade of grass, seems to sing with him his great Song of Love. A mighty chorus this, and Devas and Spirits of all kinds join their voices in the one great hymn of praise. And if Alcyone's voice seems to me peculiarly divine and full of melody, is it because each living thing on that hill is part of his discourse, lends its life and its sweetness to him, so that a voice far mightier than its own may proclaim a message its feebler and younger life has not yet learned to sound? I see him looking over his vast audience, breathing upon it the spirit of unity, pouring into it the fulness of his love and gentleness; and it is as if he drew a circle round that hill and called upon all life within that circle to bear joyful testimony to the truth he utters. Unconsciously his audience is lifted out of the turmoil of the outer world into the reality beyond. The commonest objects are seen to have a beauty which before had passed unnoticed, for each is for the time clothed in the garments of a divinity that all may see. The voice of the speaker has carried them into the higher realms of knowledge, and perhaps for the first

time each human being in his audience knows that all life is one and that he is part of the One Life.

The sermon is over, but the magic of his voice is upon the throng, and it seems to me as if stillness might last for ever, for while that stillness lasts the knowledge remains and the goal is seen. A pause, and then Alcione in his flowing robes turns slowly round and stretches out his hands towards a little space free from people a few paces distant from him. I can see his figure now, commanding in its strength and beauty, clothed in simple garments, with bare feet and beautiful hands; but my eyes turn most to the face of infinite tenderness and compassion, in its setting of beautiful bronze-black hair, looking with intent power in the direction of the outstretched hands. From the ground comes forth, in seeming obedience to his will, a stream of purest water, and I see that this water has power beyond all other water. Alcione then stretches out his hands upon the multitude in blessing and slowly turns to descend the hill. I follow him, and the sound of our footsteps brings back his audience from their ecstasy, and the spell which has been upon them is broken. I look back upon the people coming to drink the water he has given to them, but there is no hurry, not even the consciousness that a so-called 'miracle' has been wrought; rather is that little stream a fitting and natural part of the great teaching they have just received, an altar to which each person wends his way in reverent homage, or perhaps a centre to which each comes humbly to receive a blessing. And as we proceed down the hill the people follow us, and I can see a light in their eyes and a beauty of countenance I had not caught before; for I too have had my glimpse of the reality, I

too have for one brief moment learned the lesson of the oneness of life.

It comes to me that this little hill will ever remain a centre of spiritual blessing for all who visit the scene, indeed for all the country round. Here at least all nature has for the time being joined in perfect accord, under the compelling summons of a master-soul. All who come must perforce be part of the eternal harmony while within the influence of its former utterance, and will depart strengthened and encouraged.

Thus under the magic touch of the Master the veil before the future has been drawn aside, that we may gaze upon a picture marvellous in its beauty and wonderful in its inspiration, and as I return to physical consciousness I rejoice to feel that the world will be blessed by many such scenes, that all nature will take part in the glory yet to come.

If any lesson is to be learned from this vision, it is that each living thing we see around us, be it plant or mineral, animal or human, partakes of one great life; that a kindness done to any of these is a kindness done to all; that a hurt done to any, even to a plant, is a cruelty which we all must suffer. When the Lord comes He will bring the blessing of His divine Presence to minerals, plants, animals, men, and all will "rejoice and be exceeding glad". We who humbly try to prepare the way may strive faintly to imitate, so that every living thing around us may grow the faster, may be the happier, may be the more beautiful, may be the nearer to Him—when He comes.

G. S. Arundale

DOWN HIMĀLAYAN SLOPES

By WELLER VAN HOOK, M. D., F.T.S.

TRULY the Himālayas are the world's back-bone. They, through the world-ages, proclaim as real that which we know as the illusion of form-immutability. Their heads dwell for ever above the clouds and, their shoulders touching, they gird about and hold aloft the middle of the Asian continent above the hungry sea.

Down to the plains of India, to the ocean's edge, stretch their giant slopes like huge legs and like knees and feet! Mighty rivers drain their snows away. Now and then the slopes are broken, and broad terraces yield fields and gardens to the husbandman. But on those slopes dwell not the crowding Indian clans—their place below. Here on this broad descent, resting on the mighty rocky slants, the soil deposits give but few and scattered homes for men!

What would be the view of all the world, outspread below, if one should look from the portico or from the broad lawn-terrace of some ancient dwelling, set up of blocks of stone part way down the huge decline?

Below lies India all outspread—India, the ancient seat of Ṛṣhis and the home of Gauṭama, the divine, and the land of Manu, the realm where Avaṭāras of God in the human garb of flesh have told of the way to Peace and to the very Heart of all Love. India lies

below! Each day, each hour, all parts of her outspread may be reviewed in clearest vision and her every need regarded.

Back of the dwelling, parapet above parapet, battlement above battlement, to the top-most crag of all the world's sublimities of mountain heights, rise the Himālayas, and—there below lies India; with trampling busy hordes of men living, being, asking, receiving, hoping, realising! Well they know the Himālayas stand behind, above their humble homes! And they feel the waves of grace that beat gently down upon them from those heights. Ah, *India indeed*, for that name tells many a sacred tale! India! India! No more need'st tell the hungry soul!

'Tis well with this age-worn Sacred Land! See there is Tiruvellar. Knowest who dwells there? And yonder by the eastern gulf is the village, Adyar, where the mighty Russian wrought into its outer being the first act of her Master's Race-evolving drama!

Farther pierce the air and see, in Ceylon, Adam's Peak, on whose beauteous tropic sides dwell holy men, successors of a noble line, guardians of most sacred shrines and relics dear to men. And then see Kashmir's vale, where grew from childhood to the height of man the One who wrought in tenderness and in most wise strength as ancient Pythagoras, who set aroll down the long centuries the restless ball of our philosophy of western fifth-Race life.

And well within the middle view we oft may see the 'bo-tree,' where Gauṭama, the dear beloved Brother, reached the goal!

All about those lower parts, the green and restless living sea, lapping, moaning, singing, bathes with loving

waters the feet of India, whose sacred Himālayan head eternally is wrapped within the very airs of heaven.

The one who from this vantage-ground looks out upon the world—about, above, below, to right and left—may see, in higher vision, all the world a garden, in which are set the flowers of our Creator's heart, His swift-evolving children! By Root Races and by sub-races they have spread over the earth. Hence may be seen the golden cords flashing all rainbow hues from their enchanted interwoven threads that bind the peoples in the lines of their most just evolving!

And one could note from here the sacred Āshramas of the wise, tender Brothers of the Lodge, scattered from Their own joy of high communing that They may dwell amidst the flocks of peoples He has given them to shepherd—the garden-beds of flowers of God which He has allotted Them for tending!

Look how from His feet flow forth the streams of Grace, the living waters, that give life and strength to the religions and philosophies and schools and schemes of governing of men. To Him, Ancient of Days, Brother and successor of the Lord Gauṭama, to Him come the yearnings and the high aspirings of all men who dream of Spirit and that house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.

No child who in his heart-depths cries out to Him but shall be heard and Grace go out to him. So on our bended knees, within our hearts, think we a moment's space of Him that now so dwells upon the Himālayan slopes, looking ever down on India, the beloved child, and, ever yearning over all His children's longing hearts, Himself yearns ever for His mighty Brother and for God!

At eventide, the golden ball slow-gliding down to hide behind the mountain flanks, He, in the human form so dear to mortal men, comes forth to rest Him in the thought of all, to rest upon the garden-terrace seat beneath a favourite giant tree and view the material world. Then shy Theosophers, their bodies sleeping, and all Devas bright, and younger Brothers of the Lodge, and all dwellers in the aspiration worlds, and happy mortals of the unembodied hosts, may gather from afar, and in ordered joyful ranks standing together, amidst those mist-films angel-set to rainbow down for men the parting rays, salute in worship and in deep delight, that One—the Majesty of God-made-manifest!

Weller Van Hook

A NOTE

Dr. Eric Myoberg, a young Swedish savant, who led an expedition into the wastes of north-western Australia in June, 1910, is lecturing on his discoveries. He regards the aborigines as an early branchlet of the Caucasian type, and hence identical in origin with the Europeans. In the researches which are recorded in *Man: How, Whence and Whither*, the investigators found that they were Āryanised by the conquerors who spread southwards from Central Asia.

THREE PUBLIC MEETINGS HELD AT MUNICH,
IN AUGUST 1912, ESTABLISHING THE
NECESSITY OF THE 'BUND'

By ONE WHO WAS THERE

[The meetings took place in the 'Prinzensale' of the Cafe Luitpold, and lasted, each of them, from 10 A. M. to 12 or 1 o'clock. They were all of them attended by about one thousand persons.]

Tuesday, August 27

Dr. Meyer. Reason for founding the 'Bund': Friends living outside the geographical frontiers of Germany wish to belong to the German Section. Reference to Switzerland. Such friends abroad are in a conflict of conscience, in that they are forced to join an organisation which is opposed to their tendency of mind.

Mr. Deinhard. No possibility to avoid the 'Bund,' because of the dissension between the bearers of oriental Occultism and those of occidental Occultism. Reference to the Order of the Star and its 'overflowing source' in Göttingen.

*Revd. Klein.*¹ A great moment has come: the question is whether occult truth is to be spread in

¹This is one of the two Protestant clergymen who displayed such a warlike behaviour in the last meeting on Vollrath, that a layman had to call their attention to Christian love.

accordance with the spirit of the time, *i.e.*, in the Rosicrucian spirit, or otherwise; whether the Cosmic Christ, who is altogether different from any other spiritual teacher, will be understood or not. The question is whether the Christ impulse will be saved for thinking men. We cannot understand the spirit of the time unless we understand Rosicrucian Christianity. We do not dream of confining ourselves to Germany; we claim the whole world for Rosicrucian Christianity. It is not sufficient to always speak of tolerance and charity; the Christ Himself has said: 'I have not come to bring peace but a sword.' Still no separation advisable before 1914; the 'Bund' should be an inner preparation for the great decision.

Mr. Grossheinz, Basel. On the necessity of the 'Bund' especially for Switzerland. Two groups there: the oriental one, in Geneva only, and the other one. Demands charter for National Section.

Mr. Bauer. The case Krishnamurti brings bondage (*Unfreiheit*) into the Society, tending, as it does, to wrong its independence. This is a stone which we may swallow but shall never digest. Yet the Society, as such, is opposed to bondage, and is, therefore, not to be left. But our ideas must become accessible also to those who, on account of the said case, etc., feel unable to become members of the T. S.; therefore the Bund a necessity. No secession; on the contrary, we want to *save* the Society: to draw in all, not to go out. The idea of the Cosmic Christ is absolutely necessary for the present development of mankind.

Prof. Nadler. The 'Bund' is to unite congenial minds; will it also admit members of the Star in the East?

Dr. Unger. Members of the Star are to be excluded, because they cannot possibly join the Bund out of honest conviction. There should be a time of examination for new members.

Wednesday, August 28

Dr. Unger. Proposes to discuss the question: Why must the work which is coming forth in Germany during the last years, be protected within the T. S.? Answer: Because it is impossible at present to really do this work in the proper way within the Society. The Bund is neither to blow up, nor to take the place of, the Society; on the contrary: the foundation of the Bund is calculated to restore the Society to what it should be; the reason for which the T. S. is not what it should be lies in the President's directly or indirectly opposing the spiritual drift obtaining with us. The President shows a distrust for our General Secretary which we cannot stand any longer. The clearest proof of this want of confidence is the Vollrath affair: Mrs. Besant had received a detailed report on the whole affair, *before* she nominated Vollrath the representative of the Order of the Star.

Dr. Steiner. In 1909 it became evident that Dr. Vollrath could not be allowed any longer to work as a member of the German Section. I then sent to Mrs. Besant, as was my duty, a confidential report of the most detailed kind on all the things relating to Vollrath, *including* those contained in his pamphlet. In spite of this, Mrs. Besant appointed Vollrath, which shows that she does not care a bit for the words of the German General Secretary. Quite recently I wrote to

her that I regarded this as a vote of non-confidence (*Misstrauensvotum*). Her answer was that she had not read the pamphlet when she appointed Vollrath. That is to say: my long report of 1909 or 1910 is simply 'dropped under the table'. You will now witness the spectacle that people outside in the world will be kept in ignorance as to this detailed report (which was moreover in the English language) and consequently consider Mrs. Besant completely justified. Somewhere it will be published that she knew nothing of the whole affair.

Dr. Franke, London. There are many in England who will join the Bund because of their being disposed for Rosicrucian studies, and because they have seen, on the other hand, that it is impossible to work with the T. S. Intolerance is now coming forth everywhere in England, as soon as somebody expresses an opinion different from that of traditional Theosophy. One Lodge in London has decided neither to lend out nor to buy any longer the books of Dr. Steiner. Two years ago, when there was a procession of Suffragists, Mrs. Besant declared to her Masons that it would be good to join it, and so they did, including even those who had expressly told us before that the thing was repulsive for them. From the oriental standpoint this may be all right; from the occidental one it is not so. In one English paper (*The Vāhan*) *Geisteswissenschaft* is translated as Mental Science, which translation is, of course, calculated to undervalue altogether the teachings of Dr. Steiner. Again, a follower of Dr. Steiner was refused the permission of lecturing in the Headquarters, whereas a young member could easily get the hall for his paper. Further, an advertisement of

Baron Valleen's Rosicrucian lectures was suppressed in *The Vahan*, though it had been sent in time.

Frl. von Sivers. It is deplorable that the President has so little feeling of responsibility. The General Report contains an absolute untruth as to Switzerland: it is said there that, on the request of the General Secretary of the Italian Section, Lugano was to belong to that Section; but a letter of Prof. Penzig (a copy of which is read by Frl. von Sivers) says that it had been the wish of the President to distribute the lodges in this way; he had not demanded it but merely submitted to her. In 1907 Mrs. Besant had herself declared in Munich that Christianity was not her line, and that she would send those who would ask her for Christian Mysticism to Dr. Steiner. Apparently she has forgotten this altogether. The right of translating *Occult Chemistry* into German had been given to Steiner, and consequently the translation was prepared; but when it was ready and merely the *clichés* were still wanting, Dr. Vollrath's translation appeared. Shocking propaganda for the Star in the East; reads letter of Cordes asking Hubo for information, especially of a private character, on German branches (indignant exclamations in auditory). Untruth in the reports concerning the dramatical performance at Budapest: in reality there was not a single Theosophist among the actors. Independent work of German Section evidently much disliked: very active propaganda through pamphlets, etc.; new lodges for filling up our place are called forth artificially, and already their number is nearly sufficient. However, we shall try to stay. It is more than mere diversity of opinion that separates us from the others: it is a certain *comme il faut* not to be found

there. Want of logic in making Mühlhausen belong to the French Section, because this was the wish of the members, but refusing to allow Lugano to join the German Section. Genoa Congress countermanded on "strict order of the President" (so Prof. Penzig's telegram); the President now denies this and blames Steiner for misrepresentation. It is not likely that we shall ever come into touch with the Indian Section; yet worth noticing that there too things are not at all going on smoothly: even Bhagavān Dās has now gone the way which Mead, Keightley, and others had to go: in the March, May, and June numbers of *Theosophy in India* he warns members most emphatically against the Star in the East (Neo-theosophy) as putting discredit on the T. S. The Christ must have a place in London to lay down His head, He must have a temple in America, etc.: I need not tell you how ridiculous that sounds to us. Dr. Steiner's teaching on the Christ is great and consistent, Mrs. Besant's just the contrary. Reference to Mr. Mead's pamphlet concerning changes of opinion with the President. The Benares event: 'uniform experience,' according to the papers; but *cf.* Bhagavān Dās' communications showing that most of those present, including even a clairvoyant Parsī, noticed nothing. The cult of the personality (*Persönlichkeitskultus*) demanded by the Star in the East is surely not suitable to the 'Verband für undogmatische Theosophie' of Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden. Even H. P. B., says Mrs. Charles, has declared in American papers that the Christ cannot possibly return in the flesh. Once more *Occult Chemistry*: Mrs. Besant, while giving the right of translation to Dr. Steiner, had at the same time or afterwards given it to Vollrath.

Dr. Steiner. Misrepresentation of our doctrines in THE THEOSOPHIST. It is an objective untruth that we teach German Christianity. Our teachings are just as little national as is any mathematical theorem.

Frau Wolfram. Objections to the behaviour of Mme. de Manziarly (accompanying Dr. H. S. on his lecture tours): said to myself, in Pest, that her conviction was with Dr. Steiner, but her sympathy with Mrs. Besant. System of espionage in Leipzig.

Revd. Klein. It is a taking to task, a battle for truth we are concerned with. H. P. B. too would judge differently now. It is this we have expected in vain of the President, *viz.*, an appreciation of the great spiritual property that has flowed into the movement through the German Section (the orator becomes so aggressive that he is asked to stop, even by Frl. von Sivers.)

Prof. Nadler. Without being a member of the Star in the East, I cannot help saying that it has the same right of existence that has any religion, or, may be, any religious error. But this Order has doubtlessly a dogma: I therefore believe that the Bund is also to have one. Many of the things brought forth against Mrs. Besant are not wholly her fault: Budapest; suppression of Dr. Steiner's doctrines in the English Section. The General Secretaries assembled at London were unanimously of opinion that Germany should not be excluded. I have found over and over again that Mrs. Besant is as tolerant as anybody can be. It is not right to identify her with that which is done by a member.

Frl. von Sivers. That which some General Secretaries do is a consequence of the education they have enjoyed from the President.

Ostermann (here or a little before) says that many of the objections brought forth to-day were so unfamiliar to him that he could not answer them in the moment ; suggests that all these things together should be placed before Mrs. Besant in a record so as to enable her to answer.

Arenson speaks about two kinds of dogmas : the one kind (theorems of Pythagoras, etc.) was experienced and accepted as something necessary, the other kind (dogma of the Star in the East, etc.) not.

Thursday, August 29

Dr. Unger. Our movement is not in any way directed against the T. S., but is in harmony with the latter. Therefore, no reason for us to abandon the T. S.

Miss Burgdorfer. I asked Mrs. Besant in London to put an end to all misunderstanding by explaining in a meeting of members her relation to Dr. Steiner as it was in Budapest ; she answered that there was no necessity for it.

Dr. Schrader. As the only one present here from Adyar, I may be allowed to say also a few words. Some items at least I may be able to rectify or to complete. I have not heard, so far, that Dr. Steiner's report of 1910 or 1909 did actually reach Mrs. Besant. (Dr. Steiner : She has answered to it.) *Occult Chemistry* : the thing which matters here is whether Mrs. Besant knew about Vollrath's translation before it appeared. On inquiry I learn that she did not. Upon his own account, then, Vollrath has translated the work and secured the *clichés* from Holland. It is not the first time that he did this sort of thing, as is known to all of you. Cordes

alone is responsible for his letter ; Mrs. Besant would never write like that.¹ No suppression of Dr. Steiner's books known to me : in Adyar at least they are not suppressed but rather recommended : they are duly advertised (so far as translated) and sold along with the others. But I am told that the Adyar literature is purposely ignored in Germany, and I cannot help believing that there is something true in this ; on the huge book-table, at least, on which Theosophical literature is daily offered for sale to this assembly, Mrs. Besant's and Mr. Leadbeater's books are conspicuous by their absence. Star in the East : I had several talks on it with gentlemen present here, which opened my eyes to the fact that the majority of this assembly has never seen the statement of that Order. The latter being very short, I take the liberty of reading to you the six sentences of which it consists. I do not think that there is a single person here who could not sign each of these sentences. (Opposition from public.) Some say that the very name of the Order is objectionable. But the name is satisfactorily explained in the prospectus ; it is nowhere said that the Teacher must come from the East, nor to which race he will belong, nor whether he will come with or without a physical body. It is an error, then, to say that the Order as such enjoins the cult of any particular person. Members like myself stand to the statement, and decline to specify their Christ-expectation. There is, consequently, no reason, even for a follower of Dr. Steiner, to reject the Star Order. It comes from the East, yes ; but the doctrine of karma, not to speak of other pillars of Dr. Steiner's system, do also

¹ The main objection was to the wording of the letter, especially the word 'private' duly emphasised and repeated by Frl. von Sivers.

doubtlessly come from the East, yet nobody takes offence at them. There must be some misunderstanding in the Vollrath affair, and other things Mrs. Besant is reproached with ; it may also be that a lady of sixty-four years, doing an almost incredible amount of daily work, has unknowingly committed some mistake : however that may be, you should not perform the step you intend before having duly placed before Mrs. Besant all the reasons leading to it.

[While the meeting is going on, Dr. Steiner explains to me in a private talk that the very publicity of the Star Order is objectionable to him and his followers.]

Frl. von Sivers. Mrs. Besant answered to Dr. Steiner's letter concerning Vollrath that she understood the reasons alleged for the expulsion, but did not consider them as general. The statement of the Star Order is not favourable for an occult-spiritual movement. There is a sentence in the prospectus, namely the one calling the activity of the Christ, 'restricted', which is altogether revolting to believers in the Cosmic Christ.

Mr. Elkan, Munich. Reads a letter from Adyar : Stainlessness of Mrs. Annie Besant and Mr. C. W. Leadbeater ; request to assist Cordes ; request to send to Adyar monthly and bi-monthly reports of Munich Lodges ; points out the advantage of having a correspondent at Adyar.

Frl. von Sivers. The Adyar books are not on our table because there is no demand for them, and because the present level of that literature is too low : it is calculated for sensation, not for thinking.

Dr. Steiner. Formerly I could simply ignore the Star in the East ; but it is different since I am attacked, by order of Mrs. Besant, for not taking part in it. The Bund a necessity ; but we shall not leave the T. S. unless we

are forced. At present, then, our position is this: we are students (*Lernende*) as members of the T. S., while as members of the Bund we endeavour to create forces; for an element has appeared which wants to bear fruit and do work.

Mr. Noack. The Star Order has merely the semblance of truth; it is different with Dr. Steiner's teaching.

Baron Valleen. The Bund is not to become any 'ism', not even Steinerism. It is facts we want, not 'isms'. Dr. Steiner is our guide, but we are not blind followers. Brotherhood much misunderstood, *e.g.*, the President declared some time ago that the T. S. is tolerant excepting the demand of Brotherhood. This looks as if somebody were to say: Be brotherly to me, or I shall break your skull. It is often pointed out with a certain pride that there are different opinions in the T. S.; but as soon as somebody appears who is so highly developed that the President begins to be no more wanted, brotherliness ceases.

A young Dutch lady says that she was forbidden, in a Lodge in the Dutch Indies, to spread Dr. Steiner's doctrines, though the Javanese took considerable interest in them. Expresses her feelings of thankfulness to Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater. Asks Dr. Steiner not to confine his lectures in Holland to the Bund, but rather to deliver them in the T. S.

Frl. von Siverts speaks on the great distrust they met with on their first tour in Holland.

Mr. Bolz inquires after the Guarantors necessary for admission to the Bund. Are they to be approached individually, or is there to be some geographical restriction? Is there also room for those who decline to fulfil this condition?

Dr. Unger. Statutes of the Bund still being framed. But it will be as in the T. S. : no necessity of belonging to any branch. We shall resist with all our energy being pushed out of the T. S. ; for we are convinced that the T. S. will only reach its object if its work be carried on in accordance with our principles.

Mr. Benkendorfer. The Bund a necessity, but as an instrument of defence, not as one of attack. No sufficient room within the T. S. for true appreciation of our work. Perhaps it will not be long before the new Lodges referred to by Frl. von Sivers will be declared the only saving of the German Section. We must be aware that the garment of the T. S. may some day be torn from our body ; we must be able then to simply slip into the coat of the Bund. It would be most deplorable if we had to leave Munich without having learnt that the Bund has become a fact. (Great applause.) Untenable-ness of the present state clearly shown, *e.g.*, by the condition of a place like Lugano : here the majority of the members are not only not Italians, but are even incapable of following the discussions, etc., in an Italian general meeting.

Miss Scholl gives an account of her Theosophical evolution. Says that it is offensive to them if people speak of 'Steinerism' and the like ; it is not any sectarian doctrine which Dr. Steiner endeavours to spread : it is the Cosmic Spirit which wants to speak to us through Dr. Steiner, etc. Most deplorable that Mrs. Besant does not understand this. It was horrible for us, a blasphemy, how THE THEOSOPHIST spoke on the nature of the Christ, when the Star Order was being founded. Like the Johanniban, the 'Bund' is merely the expression of a fact existing since a long time.

Dr. Meyer suggests that, everything essential having been said, the gentlemen still on the list should renounce their right of speaking. This is accepted, and the meeting is closed at 12-50.

[The President does not contradict the misstatements in the above, as most of them have already been contradicted, and repetition is foolish. The whole question as to the difficulties in Germany has been submitted to the General Council.]

PYRAMID AND SPHINX

By A.

The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner. *Psalms* 118, 22.

BEFORE us lie great Egypt's magic monuments, the Pyramid and the Sphinx, two miracles in stone, tombs of Egypt's greatness and her Light.

But then is Egypt really dead since these lie here to speak to us, in silence and in majesty, the message of that Light that Egypt gave to all the world? Is Egypt dead, while here the nations even now are wont to find refreshment in the symbols of that ever-living faith in Man and God which made her great?

Beneath the billowing sands repose the cities of her many dynasties. Her great religion, that knows now no devotees, was ever potent to awake in Man the recognition of that Spirit-spark that, in each human heart, bears witness to the Flame that is its source.

These speak to us—incarnate concepts of the mystery that is man's nature and his destiny. To eyes

pain-cleared and fast closed they tell their secret, for to them all speech is Silence, and the voice and tongue those of the Spirit only.

The outline of the Pyramid worn rough with time's caresses suggests the Form that Nature builds in answer to the need of Spirit. Its base is vast but vaster seems its height. That base is builded well and firm. The desert of Eternity embraces it as patience in its vast immensity of waiting. Upon that base the structure grows, and growing claims the reverence its majesty evokes—the product of an effort which while human in its pain and blindness, is yet godlike in its utter self-surrender to the purpose of the King. Not only men and creatures build; for Gods, inclining in compassion of Man's weakness, also bend low to lift and place those mighty stones.

Regard the stones, those well-cut cubes, in measure perfect and in rhythm sure. Block upon block they lie, stone upon stone they tower, decreasing as they rise, in so small a difference of measure as scarcely to be counted; yet taken in entirety, we see the gradual inclination to a point that is the chief distinction of the type. All stones are cubes save one alone—the topmost one of which the Prophet spoke. “Rejected and refused by all it lay, its end awaiting, and its time, His Day.” The Builder knows that time and end as He appointed it. The Archetype from which He planned the whole, He places it in His good time to be the corner and the head.

The world of form is builded thus, and so we see how kingdom follows kingdom, race on race, the number fewer of the forms as they ascend in level. The work is mighty and the effort vast, for every man and

creature "casts his stone" unto the building of the Perfect Man.

The Sphinx lies near, that great stone mystery, guarding well, within its still, calm breast, the centre of that power by which Man builds his pyramid. That unmoved witness of the groans and sighs the builders heave in mighty travail of production looks on in peace relentless at the tribute effort ever pays to power.

O mighty stone! O Self of all! We lift our eyes in perfect faith to meet thy gaze and read thy will. Thy graven lips break not their silence to reveal in speech thy purposed plan. Thy brow serene, with wisdom and with patience crowned, conveys the promise of the Self to all: "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength."

And thus doth Egypt shed her Light, that we may see. The Stone that is the Lord's great Archetype, in each of us is image of Himself—in form—yet He remains, the Silent Watcher, viewing.

And both are we, if we but knew. As Man we build the temple and as Man we feel the pain. Yet in Man the work is finished, and in him will cease the pain. We lift our eyes, we Toilers, and we open wide our gates. The King, the Self, waits patiently and would come and rule within.

A.

THE SECRET OF A STAR

By EVA M. MARTIN

(Continued from p. 131)

IV

The sweet soul of a woodland tree,
Or sapphirine spirit of a twilight star.

Browning

Trampling the slant winds on high
With golden sandalled feet, that glow
Under plumes of purple dye,
Like rose-ensanguined ivory,
A shape comes now,
Stretching on high from his right hand
A serpent-cinctured wand.
'Tis Jove's world-wandering herald, Mercury !

Shelley

FROM that time the boy's soul began to glow within him like an ardent flame, and his body became indeed as a lamp which half revealed, half dimmed, the inner brightness. He had to bear many hard words, even hard blows, at times; for his increasing dreaminess, as it was called, and love of solitude aroused much contemptuous comment, and there were poured out upon him all that concentrated hatred and distrust which ignorant minds ever feel in the presence of that which they cannot understand. But in spite of this, in spite of the loneliness and fear which often crushed his spirit,

life held many compensations. The time of bodily sleep was pure delight, as was the rapid growth of his power of remembering even the smallest details of the brilliant life he then shared.

Few days passed without some intimate reminder of the near presence of his Friend. When they met on the earth-plane, Hermes now came generally as a youth, a glorious playmate, not much older than Lucien himself; as though he felt that some such joyous companionship was what was needed to counteract the other sad and bitter influences in the boy's life.

Sometimes he would tell Lucien strange old wonderful tales of Gods and Heroes; sometimes he taught him fascinating games of his own invention; and sometimes he came so full of sheer infectious gaiety that the two of them would roll on the grass side by side, convulsed with laughter at their own bright wit and audacity of repartee. At such times it occasionally happened that Lucien's mirth was interrupted by a sudden realisation of the wonders of this happy companionship; for the lovely laughter of Hermes was a thing to penetrate the deepest and most secret recesses of the heart, so pure and tender and gay it was to hear. But the God, seeing the sudden awe and wonder in his eyes, would drive it away by light-hearted words or mirth-provoking stories; so that Lucien forgot all save the unthinking gladness of the moment, letting his laughter mingle once more with that divine laughter to which the very woods and fields seemed to listen in responsive joyousness.

Much quaint and lovely nature-lore Hermes also taught him, about the flowers, the streams, the birds, and most of all, of course, about the rain and the winds,

till the boy grew to feel that all these were his friends, that there were ways in which he could help them—the flowers especially, those frail and delicate expressions of the great Earth Spirit—and ways in which they, too, could and would gladly help him.

He learnt much about the wonderful and immeasurable stores of life-force and magnetism in the Sun, and how to use to the best advantage of his body the supplies that are carried by its rays to earth; about the magnetism of the seven great planets also, of Mother Earth herself, and of all living things thereon. And he learnt how all things are indeed 'living'; how every stone and clod, every flame, every water-drop, every atom of the air, is manifesting to the full extent of its capacity some aspect of the great Life-Spirit permeating and supporting every varied form.

Often Hermes told him of, and sometimes allowed him to see, the Elementals, or Nature Spirits, guiding and guarding these myriad kingdoms of ever-evolving Life, thus teaching him, to his delight, the literal truth of a favourite verse oft quoted by his mother :

O there are spirits of the air,
And genii of the evening breeze,
And gentle ghosts with eyes as fair
As star-beams among twilight trees.

And he showed him how these were themselves only the servants of higher Spirits, and these again of higher still, ever up and up, until far back, beyond the highest and purest planes to be reached by human thought, rested the One God, the Heart of the universe, the Source and ultimate End of every living thing.

He told him, too, how the human race, having started its age-long evolution in the remote beginning of the worlds, had worked up by slow and painful progress

through lower kingdoms, until at last each struggling spark of life had felt itself to be an individual soul, and in that glad realisation had expanded and soared to meet the flame of the Spirit which for long had hovered over it; and how, after that joyful reunion of human and divine, there had begun, in place of, or rather, in a sense, side by side with, the evolution of the body, a still more wonderful spiritual evolution, which even now was in progress in all its differing stages; and how, in the course of this higher evolution, the souls of men came back again and again to inhabit earthly bodies, to learn the varied lessons and to gain the varied experience which only earth-life could give them, rising, after each such descent into matter, to spiritual planes as high as their various stages of spiritual growth made them capable of reaching.

Lucien had learnt many of these things in simple outline from his mother in early childhood, and he had found many of them, too, in the books which she had left him; but Hermes taught it all to him afresh, with a wealth of detail and illustration, weaving it into their games and talks together in such an easy, natural way that the boy's mind absorbed it without an effort, though sometimes he was dazzled and awed by the radiant vistas of all-embracing life and growth which opened out before him.

But well though he loved his Friend in this form of a young-eyed, wise-hearted playmate, who helped and sustained him through difficult days, there were times when he saw him otherwise, and one of these to his life's end he never forgot. He had been studying a photo of an old Greek statue of Hermes, in one of his mother's books. It was a wonderful figure, wing-footed,

with winged helmet and mystical wand, poised as if for flight, radiant with divine strength and beauty.

Lucien looked at it long, with wistful, reminiscent thoughts, until his aunt's voice roused him, calling from below. She wanted a message taken to a neighbouring farm, and the boy pushed the book hastily back into the box where it lay with the rest beneath his bed, and ran to do her bidding. She was not so hard on him as was her husband, and to-day, though she was impatient and her words rough, her voice was kindly, and he started off with a light enough heart.

His errand done, he came home a longer way round, by the fields, and stood for a little while on a wide grassy slope open to the sky and the winds, enchanted by the beauty of a golden afternoon. As he drank in the clear air and gazed into the vault of lucid sky, some words from a translation of one of the ancient *Hymns of Hermes* came into his mind, and, half unconsciously, he murmured them aloud :

“ Ye Heavens open, and ye Winds stay still, and let God's Deathless Sphere receive my word !

“ For I will sing the praise of Him who founded all ; who fixed the Earth, and hung up Heaven, and gave command that Ocean should afford sweet water to the Earth, to both those parts that are inhabited and those that are not, for the support and use of every man ; who made the Fire to shine for Gods and men for every act.

“ Let us all together give praise to Him, sublime above the Heavens, of every nature Lord ! . . .

“ The All that is in us, O Life, preserve ; O Light, illumine it ; O God, inspirit it !

“ It is Thy Mind that plays the Shepherd to Thy Word, O Thou Creator, Bestower of the Spirit upon all.

“For Thou art God; Thy man thus cries to Thee, through Fire, through Air, through Earth, through Water, and through Spirit, through Thy creatures. . . .

“In Thy Will, the object of my search, have I found Rest.”

In that moment the boy's whole soul was uplifted in purest reverence and love, and suddenly, as he stood there in the western sunlight with outstretched hands, a great radiance seemed to break over the top of a hill on the other side of the valley, and from thence, racing at lightning speed down a shaft of gold, came the figure of a God of Ancient Greece, alive and shining with such splendour and beauty as could never by painter, poet, or sculptor, be translated into terms of art.

The radiant figure alighted on the hill-top where Lucien stood, and the boy fell on his knees and cried aloud: “O Messenger of Heaven! Thrice-greatest Hermes! Beautiful are thy feet upon the mountains, and glad, glad are mine eyes to have seen thee thus once more!”

Rapturously he gazed upon the vision, the divinely beautiful face, the perfect form, the winged helmet and the peace-bringing wand, around which the two serpents coiled themselves in everlasting token of its power. But even as he gazed and worshipped, the vision faded. A veil seemed to be drawn across his eyes, and when it passed the God had resumed his usual earthly form, and stood looking down at him with an expression of mingled love and amusement.

“How the old memories cling!” he said. “Rise up, Lucien. The days of Greece are past, and better ones in store, didst thou but know it. And yet I verily believe that for the moment thou thoughtest thyself

back in the ancient temple where thou wast for so long the most faithful and devoted of all my servants."

Lucien rubbed his eyes, and stood up.

"Almost it seemed so," he said. "But, O Hermes, that form of thine was very beautiful! why dost thou not wear it more often?"

"Thou speakest wisely," said the God, "in calling it a form. I wear it seldom because it is almost worn out, and will not hold together for long." He laughed. "It is but a thought-form, Lucien, made for me by those old Greeks who loved to clothe their Gods in mortal shapes and load them with symbols, such as my winged helmet and sandals, symbols of speed, and my wand, symbol of the power to bring peace and harmony into the midst of discord. Thou knowest that when many minds concentrate upon a single thought, that thought takes shape upon the astral plane and becomes as a shell, needing only a spirit to inhabit it. Men seldom think of me now—or indeed, of any of the old Gods whom once they loved so well—so it is not often that I can wear the dress made for me long ago by the thoughts and the imagination of the Greeks. But to-day thy concentration upon the picture of it put a flash of new life into the thing, and so I was able to show it to thee as once it existed in reality—a symbolic form in which I could appear, and in which men recognised me for the God whom they worshipped under the name of Hermes. Only they made a mistake in thinking it to be a complete presentation of their God. They did not understand that it was merely a symbolic thought-form which they themselves had created, and which I chose to use and to vivify, because its symbology, for the most part, was true."

“And the stories that were told of you?” questioned Lucien. “Were those too symbols?”

“Those were founded on nature-myths,” said Hermes, “myths which can be traced far back into the mists of Time. The music of my lyre was a symbol for the voice of the wind. Sarameias, as I was called in the East, long before Greece existed, means ‘the breeze of a summer morning’—the wind which is born in the night, child of the sky and the plains, Jupiter and Maia, and steals away the clouds, the cattle of the Sun-God. It was as the Rain that I blotted out the myriad eyes of Argus, in other words the Stars, when trying to restore the wandering Moon to her lover. Most of the old tales can be traced back to some such origin as this, though they have a deeper origin still, and a spiritual meaning which now-a-days but few can read.”

“But Mount Olympus was a real place, was it not?” Lucien asked.

“It was real enough on the earth-plane, if that is thy meaning,” said Hermes, “but the beliefs connected with it gave rise to its counterpart on the astral plane, in the form of a symbolic heaven built by Greek imagination and peopled with thought-forms, which it pleased the Gods to make use of pretty frequently, just as it pleases children to dress up in fair clothes and to wreath themselves with flowers. For at heart the Gods are child-like, Lucien, divinely child-like, divinely simple. A sense of humour is quite as valuable a possession in the higher worlds as it is on the earth.”

“Do the Gods go there still—to the ‘astral’ Olympus?”

“There isn’t much of it left now,” Hermes answered, rather sadly.

“No one thinks of it—no one believes in it. It has fallen into a state of rapid decay. Sometimes an old professor or archæologist will go and poke around a bit when he finds himself on the astral plane after death, but he doesn't get much reward for his trouble. The Gods seldom visit it now. But after all, it was always rather a dull place, and the ideas of marital jealousy and domestic quarrelling with which the Greeks insisted on filling it were too much for any self-respecting God to stand for long. Before they put me there, I believe it was unspeakably boring. However, I enlivened it a good deal, being always young and merry, and my son Pan did still more for them, with music and dancing and all kinds of high revelry—though indeed I never thought that Pan was given his due place among the high Gods. I believe the ancients worshipped him without really knowing his greatness. He has his worshippers still—great Pan, the ever-young!—and some of them understand him better now than they did in the past, for all their flower-wreathed altars, songs, and festivals. 'Tis a strange thing to watch, Lucien, this revival of the deeper understanding in man, this new power of probing the secrets of the universe, this new comprehension of the greatness of the divine scheme, of which humanity, after all, is but a part. The new race, whose fore-runners are even now being born upon the earth, will have a deeper knowledge and a wider wisdom than man has ever yet attained. Strange it is to watch, the æonian rise and fall of human progress, each new wave a little higher, a little stronger than the one preceding it”

He broke off abruptly.

“But these are too deep matters for us to speak of now. Only I want to remind thee, Lucien, that those

days of Greece, of which men think so highly, were in reality days of small wisdom compared with what had gone before, and with what will yet come. The Mount Olympus, with its very human crowd of bickering Gods and Goddesses, was but a poor and weak conception compared with the beliefs of the ancient peoples who lived and worshipped in the long ages before Greece existed. Even the Keltic Gods, so like the Greek ones in many ways, were endowed by their worshippers with more real spirituality, more poetry, and fewer human failings. For in Greece the Ancient Wisdom had been forgotten, the Secret Doctrine had fallen into disuse, and although a few—of whom thou wert one—still understood the true, deep meaning which lay hidden under those veils of popular allegory, in most cases the worship of the Gods was rapidly becoming a degenerate and a materialised thing. In ancient Egypt hast thou known and worshipped me in purer, closer form—Hermes—Thoth—ah! I think thou rememberest! Long before that, in the far East, hast thou known me better still, and again in the vast future that lies before thee and thy race, thou shalt know me best of all, understanding at last the part that I have played in this age-long evolution of the souls of men. For thou art born under my star, and yet again shalt be. In the past my influence again and again, though not invariably, has prevailed at thy birth. It is my colour that prevails in the blended hues of thy bright celestial self, and my music that vibrates most clearly through the harp-strings of thy being. Mine wast thou in the beginning, when thou first camest forth, a timid spark, from the one Great Light that lightens the universe, raying forth its beams through the seven-sided Lamp of which I am one window only; mine

wast thou still when thou didst bury thyself in glad self-sacrifice in the form which long ages of evolution had fitted for thy reception ; mine art thou now, after endless alternation of light and darkness, of rest and activity, of death into matter and birth into the spiritual realms ; mine shalt thou be even yet, when at last, after all thy suffering and striving, no longer spark but flame, no longer evolving soul but perfected Spirit, thou art ready to return to the One from whom thou camest forth in the beginning, thy lesson-time over, thy sorrowful journey ended, thy cosmic work . . . and joy . . . and everlasting peace . . . scarcely begun.”

Lucien knew not where he was. He seemed as one caught up into the third heaven, and beyond. He saw vistas of glory, flashes of light, colours too wonderful for words. He heard the voice of Hermes as a voice that spoke directly to his Spirit, flooding his whole being with music, wrapping him round in clouds of mystery and joy. He was aware that the God's figure changed from time to time into varying shapes of beauty and splendour. Now he was veiled in air, the wild, un-resting Wind-God ; now he was surrounded by the rainbow-like spirits of dreams ; now swift and glorious as the winged Messenger of Heaven ; now robed in white, majestic and solemn, as the great One who initiated Egypt into the long-forgotten ancient mysteries ; now deep-eyed and tender as the Angel of Death, who had come to fetch his mother on that storm-swept night of May ; now young and merry-hearted, his well-beloved comrade, young with the youth of the world before sin and pain were born ; and now radiating a spiritual light fraught with lambent colours too rare for mortal eyes, colours of a purity so vital, so intense, that the boy must

needs hide his face lest the wonder of that vision should blind his unaccustomed sight and render him for ever speechless.

The voice ceased ; the spiritual tension grew less ; and presently Lucien dared to look up. Hermes was seated near him on the grass, gazing with thoughtful, dreamy eyes over the smiling country that lay spread out before them. The sun was low in the sky, and a faint wind had arisen.

“ It is time thou wert at home, Lucien,” said the God. “ Hasten, or I fear thou mayest get into trouble.”

The boy rose slowly, puzzled and filled with awe. Hermes, seeing the strangeness in his eyes, held out a hand towards him with a tender, compelling look that made the heart throb in his bosom. But suddenly, even as Lucien touched him, he seemed to grow shadowy and transparent, so that the boy could see the evening sun-light shining through his body, and the wind blowing in his veins. A faint smile, a touch on the brow lighter than butterfly's wing, a musical whisper of laughter clear as the dawn, a cloud-shadow trailing over the wavy grass. . . . and then Lucien stood alone on the darkening hill-side.

He drew a long, deep breath, as though his body grew faint under the burden of the wonders that had been revealed to his Spirit. But almost immediately the unquenchable tide of his young vitality re-asserted itself, and happy-eyed, with quick light steps, he raced down the hill-side in the direction of his home.

Eva M. Martin

(To be continued)

THE BEARING OF RELIGIOUS IDEALS ON SOCIAL RE-ORGANISATION¹

By ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

IN the Middle Ages beliefs were held to be of supreme importance, and a man might die in the odour of sanctity after having poisoned his surroundings with the ill-savour of an evil life. To accept the teachings of the Church was the one thing needful, and she smoothed the way to salvation for the repentant reprobate—repentant because he had no longer strength to sin, and because the fires of hell glowed luridly around his death-bed. So far was this apotheosis of belief carried that the heretic of pure life was regarded as more hateful, because more dangerous, than the evil-doer, as poisonous food would be rendered more attractive when “served up on a clean platter”—the phrase was used, if I remember rightly, in wrath against the heretic Melancthon’s blameless life.

Then followed a re-action against this view, and in the days when we, who now are old, were young, it was loudly declared that rightness of life was the one important thing, and that it mattered little what a man believed provided that his life were pure. It was held that all was well with a man if he acted nobly, and that his beliefs were quite a secondary thing.

¹ I must acknowledge my indebtedness to *The Citizen*, Letchworth, for the report of a lecture of mine on which the present essay is based.

The first view—as to the supreme importance of Right Belief—is true; but the belief which is supremely important is that which the man really holds, not that which his lips profess. Bain rightly pointed out that the test of belief is conduct; if a man *believes* that murder and theft will lead him to hell, he will neither slay nor steal; but if he believes that he may murder and thief in safety, provided that on his death-bed he profess contrition and belief in the articles of the Christian Faith, and that he will thus escape hell, then he will murder and thief, if his taste leads him in that unpleasing direction. He will look forward to repentance on his death-bed. He may even risk not having a death-bed, if he believes of a brigand, shot as he was riding in one of his forays, that :

Between the saddle and the ground,
Mercy he sought, and mercy found.

Arrangements of this kind, enabling an unfortunate man to escape from the unending torture which was supposed to be the result of his temporary ill-doings, were quite necessary while people believed the immoral doctrine of everlasting punishment. The mistake of the Middle Age view was the making of what a man *said* he believed the important test, the test of salvation—not what he really believed. Long before Bain pointed to a man's conduct as the real criterium of the strength of his belief, an ancient scripture had said: "The man consists of his faith; that which his faith is, he is even that."¹ The original Saṁskṛt phrase is very strong: "faith-formed this man; whatever faith, that even he."

This vital truth of the forming of character by belief is ignored in the modern view, which exalts

¹ *Bhagavad-Gita*, xvii, 3.

character and takes no account of the source whence character springs. If we analyse the case of the Middle Age ruffian, brutal and licentious in his life and repentant on his death-bed, we shall see the utter truth of Shri Kṛṣṇa's words; he believed that the pardon of the Church, voiced by one of her priests, could prevent him from "dying in mortal sin" and going to hell, no matter how vile his life had been. His conduct was shaped by this belief: he sinned wildly and brutally; he sought pardon on his death-bed; each course of action represented a side of his belief.

The true part of the modern view is the supreme importance of character, and the recognition that, in a universe of law, happiness must ultimately befall the righteous liver: "If a man speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows him, like a shadow that never leaves him."¹ In all worlds it is very well with the righteous man. "By good conduct man attains life. By good conduct he attains fair fame, here and hereafter."² "It is your own conduct which will lead you to reward or punishment, as if you had been destined therefor."³ In the modern view, what are regarded as mere differences of lip-belief are properly regarded as unimportant; it does not really deny the truth that high ideals of life affect character.

The full statement would be: A man's thoughts modify, may even re-create, his innate character, which is the outcome of his thoughts in previous lives; that which he thinks on he becomes. "Man is created by thought." Hence that which he believes, being part of

¹ *Dhammapada*, i, 2.

² *Mahabharata*, Anushasana Parva, civ.

³ *The Sayings of Muhammad*, 116.

his thought, affects his actions, and according to the strength of the belief and the extent to which it occupies his thoughts will be the effect upon his conduct.

Mere lip-beliefs, thoughtlessly accepted from outside and seldom thought about, do not strongly affect conduct; all religions teach the same fundamental principles of ethics, so differences in theological tenets need not much affect conduct. Differences in these are mostly on subjects which do not bear very directly on life, and these differences are, moreover, mostly superficial. Further, they do not largely occupy the mind of the ordinary man. Still, careless and inaccurate thought on these is injurious, and leads to slipshod thinking on other things. To escape this undesirable influence, a man should either form his theological beliefs with extreme care after assiduous study, or should not dwell upon them in his mind, for "that which he thinks upon, that he becomes". Sooner or later, thought flows into action.

Hence the enormous importance of ideals, for according to the thoughts brooded over by the mind, cherished in the heart, will be the conduct of the outer life. 'Action' is threefold, two parts being invisible and one part visible. Desire breeds it, thought shapes it, act manifests it. An ideal is a fixed idea; it is created by the mind; it is nourished by desire; it presses ever outwardly into the world of manifestation, seeking to express itself in action. And inasmuch as the religious ideal is that which comes closest to the heart and most dominates the brain, the bearing of the religious ideals of citizens on the society in which they live cannot safely be disregarded by those who guide such societies. Civilisations are built round a central

religious ideal, and are moulded and shaped by the thoughts which flow from it. The ideal which dominated the ancient Āryan root-stock was Dharma;¹ that which ruled in Egypt was Knowledge; that in Persia, Purity; that in Greece, Beauty; that in Rome, Law; that in Christendom, the Value of the Individual and Self-sacrifice. Each of these ideals shaped a religion and made a type of civilisation, and the evolution of each type only becomes intelligible as this is seen.

In ancient India the central thought was the Family—the man, the woman, the child. Out of this, connoting the duty of each member of the trio to each other member, grew the social ideal of Hindūism—Dharma. The dominant thought of the whole social system is that of mutual obligation; these obligations bind human beings together into a social organism, and the State is a conglomeration of families. The family, not the individual, is the unit, and hence the profound difference between the social ideal of the Indian and of the European. A social system based on the family as the social unit must be a system of mutual obligations, of Duties. A social system based on the individual as the social unit must be a system of mutual contracts, of Rights. The latter is a modern ideal, while the former may be said to dominate the ancient world and the East of to-day, though the East is now being invaded by the western ideal. Throughout the East, Duties, not Rights, have been the central ideal, the basis of human society; on Duties were built up social systems in which each had his place, his work, his map of life. Looking at these, we realise that human life was once

¹ Dharma is Duty, but far more than Duty. It implies that a man's Duty is shown by his circumstances and character, which are the outcome of his past evolution, and it indicates his best and easiest way of present evolution.

orderly, instead of anarchical ; and we begin to see that while the social ideal is that of the struggle of wild beasts in a jungle, social organisation can never rise to a high level.

(To be continued)

Annie Besant

GOD

Tho' man in the desert has wandered,
And many a rough path trod,
He has never yet succeeded
In breaking away from God.

For God is the life of the world ;
He is present in everything,
He is in the hearts that sorrow,
And in the hearts that sing.

He is in the great wide ocean,
In each narrow bed of pain,
In the whiteness of the lilies,
And in the harlot's stain.

And man may sail on the waters
Or lie beneath the sod,
But he can never, never
Succeed in losing God

Marguerite N. C. Pollard

A PROPHECY ABOUT H. P. B.

THE old prophecy current in Tibet—and in other countries of Central Asia—states :

1. That somewhere about our present era a “mighty Prince will appear north of Kashmir ” and the “ world ” will be under his sway.

2. Also the world will come under the dominion of the Lord Buddha’s faith.

3. That this Prince will be an incarnation of Tsong-kha-pa—and His ministers His chief disciples.

4. The Empire will be north of Shamballa.

It is well-known in Asia—to Asiatics at least—that the prophecy goes further (the prophecy, not any pamphlet about it, whoever wrote it, if it does exist), and adds that Aryāvarta will be “ freed ” by that Prince, and that freedom will come to her “ over the Himālayas ” through Russian hands.

In 1911 we all, in the T. S., have been privileged to learn :

1. That Master K. H., the future Bodhisattva, was born in Kashmir, and by the time the Root Race, which He prepares now, comes, the “ world ” will truly come also “ under His sway ”.

2. With the coming of the Lord Maitreya it can well be said that the world will come under its (future) Buddha’s Law. And it is near.

3. Some of the great Ones who come with Him were most certainly disciples of the Buddha and of Tsong-kha-pa.

4. The name of Shamballa only confirms the truth of the prediction to any student of *The Secret Doctrine*.

And the only full freedom that exists, the freedom of Spirit given to the whole of Aryāvarta, has been brought over the Himālayas by Russian hands, by the bodily hand and brain of H. P. B., led by the Spirit of the East.

The Prophecy is fulfilled.

N. de G.

REVIEWS

A Study in Karma. Re. 1 or 1s. 6d. or 40c.

Initiation: The Perfecting of Man. Rs. 2 or 2s. 6d. or 65c.

The Spiritual Life: Essays and Addresses, Vol. II. Rs. 2 or 2s. 6d. or 65c.

An Introduction to the Science of Peace, by Annie Besant.
6 Ans. or 6d. or 12c.

(THE THEOSOPHIST Office, Adyar, Madras, India.)

These are four new volumes that go to the credit of our most voluminous Theosophical writer—Annie Besant. They are a mine in themselves full of valuable instruction, certainly not devoid of interest, written in the author's usual brilliant style, and worthy of a place on the shelf of all Theosophical students.

A Study in Karma provides 113 pages of most interesting reading, dealing with the fascinating problem of karma. The book opens with an exposition of the fundamental principles, and some illuminative paragraphs on the 'Eternal Now' clear the ground for the treatment of succession in manifestation guided and ruled by the great Law; and step by step we descend till we are made to touch the solid familiar earth of joys and sorrows, and taught how to apply the Law and make ourselves masters of the three worlds. Our environment, our kith and kin, our nation, take on a new aspect examined in the light that radiates from these pages; self-examination becomes more spiritual, old friendships bring new zest for them, inner unfoldment becomes more intelligible, because of the explanations under the heading 'We Grow by Giving'. Collective Karma, Family Karma, National Karma, India's Karma, England's Karma, etc., come under the notice of the author, and the inspiring book closes with beautiful thoughts on 'A Noble National Ideal'. Our readers had the good fortune of perusing this book in our pages (Vols. XXXII and XXXIII), but doubtless in this handy and very attractive form it will be doubly welcome.

Initiation: The Perfecting of Man are the six London lectures Mrs. Besant delivered a few months ago to very large and appreciative audiences. The Foreword opens thus: "There is nothing new in these lectures, but only old truths retold;" and the reader, when he has finished the book, exclaims: "Oh! for more of these old truths *thus* retold." The subjects refer to matters ever green, ever living, ever inspiring, for verily "they touch the deepest recesses of our being, and bring the breath of heaven into the lower life of earth". In the first lecture, entitled 'The Man of the World, his First Steps' the great ideal of Service is given as the key that opens the golden gate of the Temple of Divine Wisdom, wherein the Masters work and worship. 'Seeking the Master' brings the old lessons of surrendering everything and "naked following the naked Jesus," of the occult discipline of life, of silent meditation and persistent practice. 'Finding the Master' speaks of approaching Initiation and the qualifications for it in terms of *At the Feet of the Master*, and closes with paragraphs of exquisite beauty and an appeal that will awaken the slumbering spirituality of the man of the world. 'The Christ Life' speaks of the five great Initiations, of the fetters to be cast away, of the powers to be acquired. The final touch, once again, is fine:

To know the identity of nature which makes yours the weakness of the weakest, as well as the strength of the strongest; which makes yours the sin of the guiltiest, as well as the purity of the highest; which makes you share the foulness of the criminal, as well as the spotlessness of the Saint. That is the true glory of Christhood, that the lowest is as loved as the highest, as much part of himself as the loftiest and the purest. For only those know the One Life, who can feel themselves in the worst as well as in the best, to whom all are as himself, all that he possesses theirs to take.

The fifth, 'The Christ Triumphant and the Work of the Hierarchy,' speaks of the Guardians of Humanity, of the World-Teachers, of the Divine Rulers, of Their mighty and beneficent labour, and leaves the reader with the inspiring statement: "There can be no despair for a race that has produced a Christ and a Buddha. There is no despair for a humanity where men are everywhere growing into God." The last lecture, delivered at Edinburgh, is called 'Why We believe in the Coming of a World-Teacher'; in this are put forth "certain lines of thought which suggest that such a belief is rational," and our Theosophical lecturers and propagandists will do well to read it carefully. It should be studied along with *The Changing World* and *The Immediate Future*.

The Spiritual Life is the second volume of 'Essays and Addresses,' and will readily find a wide sale. Mrs. Besant is strongest when she writes on the laws of the inner life, for then she expresses her own glorious realisations; and this excellent volume bears a splendid testimony to its author's great familiarity with her subject, at once deep and grave. The book brings inspiration, because it makes the reader feel his own divinity; it brings hope, because it engenders a right resolution to lead the spiritual life; it brings courage and self-reliance on the one hand, the spirit of reverence and peace on the other. The keynote of the book is—practicality; its purpose—illumination; its means—first-hand experience through devotion and knowledge; the final result for the careful reader—enlightenment.

An Introduction to the Science of Peace will prepare the way for the study of Bhagavān Dās' great work and is meant "to attract readers to the original". While there are many Theosophical books which bring satisfactory answers to the various questions pertaining to the 'how' of evolution, there are very few which attempt to solve the problem Theosophically of the 'why' of evolution. *The Science of Peace* is such an attempt, and in many respects a brilliant one. For T. S. Members and others unacquainted with Indian Metaphysic and its modes of thought and treatment, that volume is difficult of comprehension; but Mrs. Besant's simple, lucid and terse presentation will pave the way for the study of the book.

B. P. W.

Character-Training, by E. L. Cabot and E. Eyles. (George G. Harrap & Company, London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

This is an extremely useful book for teachers and parents. The sub-title indicates the nature of the work—a suggestive series of lessons in Ethics.

Intended to provide for a graded course of moral instruction, it is sub-divided into eight sections—one for each of the eight years of average school life. By means of stories and poems, it illustrates and inculcates such virtues as generosity, cleanliness, courtesy, cheerfulness, truthfulness, loyalty, patriotism, etc., etc. Naturally a book of even three hundred and seventy pages could not contain sufficient stories and

poems to extend over an eight-years' course. The teacher has therefore to provide himself with certain reference books, but these are very few and are indicated in the work under review. They are (1) The Christian Bible (*not* for doctrine but for stories); (2) Yonge's *Book of Golden Deeds*; and (3) Edgar's *Treasury of Verse for School and Home*. The present reviewer, a trained teacher of over thirty years' experience, ranging from board schools and bush schools to University Colleges, can confidently recommend this work to all who wish to impart to the young sound ideas on moral questions. There is not a dull page in the book. At the end of each story or poem are simple questions that will help the mental development of the children, by stimulating them to think, observe and attend. A short introductory chapter of fourteen pages, addressed to the teacher, approaches the ideal that is placed before us in the lately published work by J. Krishnamurti in his *Education as Service*.

J. S.

My Psychic Recollections, by Mary Davies. (Eveleigh Nash, London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

This is a human document, an interesting autobiography, which may take its place among those varieties of religious experience to which we owe so much in the way of instruction and guidance. The book is marked by a strongly religious tone. Its object, the author says in the preface, is "to promote the spiritualising of all religious teaching by showing that we on this side may be in communion with those who have gone before". In religion a Roman Catholic, our author had a vision of her patron Saint, S. Theresa, at the age of seven, and at the age of twelve sensitiveness to the feeling of others was so strongly developed that she often suffered acutely. Reading and reflection soon brought home to Mary Davies the fact "that Roman Catholics were not the only believers and children of God". Action on this principle brought, however, family difficulties which led to her leaving home, and subsequent events brought about her being slowly yet surely prepared for her work. Mrs. Davies, who is well-known in London Spiritualistic circles as a reliable medium, defines a medium as "simply an intermediary between the spirit-world and the concrete work-a-day world. Mediumship is due to a quality or power

in the medium. It is born with the person who is a medium. Mediumship, as we understand it, is not supernatural, and in other respects mediums are natural persons." Her experiences include the seeing of ghosts, their helping, circle happenings, spirit teachings, the seeing of materialisations, including one of Joan of Arc at Rouen, the practice of psychometry, the tracing by its help or by clairvoyance of lost or stolen objects, etc. She saw at a seance, on the day it occurred, the bomb outrage which followed the marriage of the King and Queen of Spain, with the addition that: "As I gazed intently, I saw the form of our late Queen Victoria in what seemed a vibrating cloud, and as far as the radiance from her extended, there was a zone of safety." The book bears its own witness to a devout, if uncritical, mind, anxious, as Lord Rossmore bears evidence in his introduction, to use her "great gift" for good.

E. S.

Socialism and Character, by Vida D. Scudder. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 5s. net.)

A clever study in the psychology of the Socialist movement—no simple matter, judging by the number of conflicting creeds which claim the title of Socialism. But here is a good opportunity to view the situation through eyes which can colour the scene with enthusiasm, without distorting its perspective. While the uninitiated reader is left much in the dark as to the policy by which the assumed "equality of opportunity" is to be secured, except in so far as it is summed up in the phrase "restriction of private property," he can at least rejoice in the exposure of much of the prejudice and avarice which bar the tide of social progress in the name of religion, patriotism, and other much-abused causes. And, since it is the fear of restriction which is probably at the root of such righteous indignation, it is exhilarating to watch the Socialist bombshell boldly presented and skilfully defended. The growing power of class-consciousness is also squarely faced and unhesitatingly justified as a natural means rather than a menace. But it is in discerning the deeper currents of human aspiration by which the movement must ultimately be judged that the writer reveals most insight. For there is no shirking the necessity for patience in fostering the growth of individual altruism, but a frank admission that any social

scheme forced on an unwilling populace must result in the very despotism prophesied by the sceptical. And, underlying all the practical aspects involved in the accepted task of changing human nature, there runs a deep vein of religious conviction that traces its source to Christianity, and insists that a new social order can only live in so far as it provides a form for the fuller expression of the Divine in Man. The interpretation given of that much-debated expression "the kingdom of heaven" is simple and reasonable, and, we believe, would gain immensely by comparison with Theosophical teaching on the occult Government of the world. Possibly many of our readers will disagree with the wholesale remedy prescribed for the ailing body politic, but every true Theosophist will echo the call to newness of life which rings through these pages. Will the Socialists rise to the occasion?

W. D. S. B.

The Gates of Knowledge, by Rudolph Steiner. (T. P. S., London. Price 3s. 6d.)

This latest book of Dr. Steiner deals with the development of the 'Inner' sight, with the "four modes of knowledge"—'occult' knowledge, *bien entendu!* It traces the development of man's sight by Imagination, where it may be said to deal with the objects of the 'astral' levels, through 'Inspiration' to 'Intuition,' that highest faculty, by which alone 'Truth' can be grasped and understood. In the second chapter a very interesting account is given of the 'occult' functions of sleep—of the Soul's work on the body during such hours of physical rest. If I understand Dr. Steiner aright, he believes that it is only when the higher evolution of man is beginning that the Soul quits the body during sleep, which it does in order to be free to pursue its work on loftier planes, and by so doing, leaves that body at the mercy of certain 'elemental' forces whose influence on it is sometimes of an injurious nature. This, according to Dr. Steiner, to a certain extent accounts for the fact which has frequently been commented on, that, when an attempt is made to lead the higher life, one's bad qualities are at first apt to prove even more troublesome and aggressive than they appeared to be before such aspirations were felt. To Theosophical students this idea is, of course not new, but it is here met in different guise:

and it is invariably interesting to have the light of another mind, and of such a mind as that of Dr. Steiner, thrown on such subjects, whether the interpretation of that mind appeals to one or not. In any attempt to penetrate these lofty realms of 'Inspiration' and of 'Intuition' in its ultimate sense, and to explain to the lay-mind what is there experienced, one cannot help feeling that the seer is almost hopelessly handicapped by the difficulty of describing objects of four or more dimensions in terms of three.

With the *Gates of Knowledge* is bound up a lecture entitled 'Philosophy and Theosophy'. In this, Dr. Steiner claims that Philosophy, in its true sense, begins with Aristotle: that it is essentially a Greek product, and that those who assert that it had its origin with Thales or in the remote ages of antiquity are confusing themselves by dragging in all kinds of material from the 'Wisdom' teaching—the origin of which was seership. He deals at some length with the philosophy of Aristotle, and comes to the conclusion that at a later date the followers of that teacher had "become a positive nuisance". Let me assure Dr. Steiner he is not alone in holding that opinion! It is interesting to note that Dr. Steiner finds that we have in Aristotelianism actually a fundamentalising of that which Theosophy is able to support by definition; and he pleads that efforts should be made within the Theosophical Society, which should, in the very best sense, have for their object the elaboration of the principles governing the 'Theory of Perception'.

G. K.

The Signature of All Things, by Jacob Boehme. (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., London. "Everyman's Library." Price 1s. net.)

The works of Jacob Boehme are now so well known to students of Mysticism that our readers need no introduction to this book, the price of which, in this its latest form, places it within the reach of all. We congratulate the publishers of this well-known series on including a book which testifies to the existence of the Wisdom-religion in a period of sectarian strife. *De Signatura Rerum* affords a good example

of the curious but suggestive language which Boehme borrowed from astrology and alchemy to express the spiritual truths revealed to him; and, though much of his meaning is obscure in the absence of a key to the system of symbolism, it is possible that for many temperaments the intuition may be more effectively awakened by this method than by more precise statements.

For the benefit of those meeting the title for the first time, we may quote the first paragraph of Chapter IX, which forms the text of the whole discourse :

“The whole outward visible world with all its being is a signature, or figure of the inward spiritual world; whatever is internally, and however its operation is, so likewise it has its character externally; like as the spirit of each creature sets forth and manifests the internal form of its birth by its body, so does the Eternal Being also.”

The volume concludes with that gem of devotional literature ‘Of the Supersensual Life,’ and other discourses, and opens with an able introduction by Clifford Bax. The lesson that seems to stand out most prominently is the primary necessity of surrendering the personal will to the Divine Will, a lesson much needed in these days of so-called mental culture. Boehme might well repay more serious study.

W. D. S. B.

Rudra, a Romance of Ancient India, by Arthur J. Westermayr. (G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. Price \$ 2.00.)

We congratulate Mr. Westermayr on his production of a very interesting Indian reincarnation story on decidedly original lines. To those who are conscious of the fascination of the East and more particularly of India, we can heartily recommend this book, for they will not only find in it a love story of strong and compelling interest, but will also derive from its perusal some knowledge of the ways and customs of Ancient India. The author has evidently made a deep study of early Indian tradition, and a good glossary of Indian terms shows the solid foundation of history and fact on which the romance is based. The story takes place in those almost pre-historic times when

the 'fair-faced' Aryans had but newly established themselves in Northern India, and were still engaged in conquering and exterminating the aborigines. The book is composed of many elements, historic, philosophic, occult and romantic, all woven with deft skill into a harmonious unity.

E. S.

Brahmavidyādarpaṇamu, by C. Ramiah, B. A., L. T. (THE THEOSOPHIST Office, Adyar, Madras, India. Price: Cloth Re. 1. Boards Ans. 12.)

This is a handy, compendious Telugu work on Hindūism in the light of Theosophy from the able pen of Mr. C. Ramiah of Cuddapah. All the main Indian teachings are presented concisely, in a clear and easy style. Apparent differences between Hindūism and Theosophy are reconciled and explained, authorities being given where necessary. The book is priced low, with a view to placing it within the reach of all. This is the first vernacular publication concentrating much useful information found scattered in many books. It supplies the keenly felt want of a good text-book for the use of the Telugu public, and will help largely in the dissemination of our teachings. The author well deserves to be congratulated on the service rendered by him. We heartily recommend the book to the Telugu public.

S. N. R.

The Path of Social Progress, by Mrs. George Kerr. (Thomas Nelson & Sons, Edinburgh. Price 2s. net.)

This book is the substance of lectures delivered in Edinburgh, and so naturally the needs, the methods, and the institutions of Scotland and her capital are chiefly considered in detail, though the conclusions reached are general. Mrs. Kerr has been much impressed by the methods of charitable relief adopted by the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, who seems to have been one of the first to lay stress on the importance of personal interest instead of merely pecuniary relief, in dealing with charitable cases. His plan was to divide his parish into groups of fifty families to whom a deacon was assigned, who was expected

to know them intimately, and to act primarily as friend and counsellor and only in the last resource as alms-giver. Under this scheme astonishingly good results were obtained at a very small monetary expenditure, for of indiscriminate public charity Dr. Chalmers had a well founded distrust. Mrs. Kerr considers 'Experiments in Relief' under different heads, those of Dr. Chalmers, of Legislation, and of Charity. The Report of the Royal Commission on the Poor Laws is also examined with its famous Minority Report, the same conclusion being drawn, *viz.*, that it is the personal element that counts, "the man who administers it and the man to whom it is administered". There are also some interesting diagrams dealing with the transmission from one generation to the next of Deaf-Mutism, of Pulmonary Tuberculosis, and of Ability, the latter well worth study. Concerning the doctrines of heredity and of environment some very unexpected results are shown as the effect of the investigations undertaken by Professor Pearson and his students. On drunkenness, for example, it was found that "drunken parents seem on the whole to have the healthiest children"! Professor Pearson writes: "The only definite conclusion that can be drawn is that there is no close and simple relation between parental alcoholism and defective health in the children, which can be summed up as ascertained from a sample of moderate size of the general population."

The chapters dealing with the training necessary for social work are the most valuable features of the book, and should be studied by all social workers; however, some may disagree with the main conclusions reached by the author. On one point she is very emphatic: on the necessity for relating effects to causes; on unity in effort; on dealing with the whole of each case or the family, and not only with different departments such as want of work or sickness. "It is the mastery of the whole life that is necessary." For this entire mastery Mrs. Kerr realises that religion is necessary. A deep conviction of the value of the spiritual element in life pervades, inspires, and is the last word of a very valuable book.

E. S.

THEOSOPHY IN MANY LANDS

AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

AUSTRALIA sends encouraging reports from her five States. In Sydney, work is getting brisk, Mrs. Ransom's two visits adding much zest to the public interest in Theosophy generally. Crowded audiences are reported at all her lectures. The Gnosis Lodge sends an interesting programme of 'A Musical Evening' given at their Lodge on the first Anniversary of their 'Pythagorean Music Society,' which was a great success. Melbourne is hard at work in her several Lodges.

In Brisbane, the T. S. 'Order of Service' is well organised, and good results are obtained. Rockhampton is progressing steadily. West Australia speaks cheerfully as regards steady work in her Lodges in all branches of activity. Tasmania progress is reported steady, and there is an increasing number of enquirers into all branches of Theosophy since Mrs. Ransom's visit to their shores.

Our correspondent from New Zealand writes that there is a quiet steady growth in activity, enthusiasm, and membership all over the Dominion, and that the press is on the whole sympathetic towards Theosophy, as is evidenced by the numerous mounted newspaper cuttings sent for filing. Organisation seems carried to a fine point in New Zealand, and it appears to yield splendid results, judging by the amount of work done, and the interest shown in Theosophy by the general public. Here building schemes are also being considered, and they hope soon to see their way clear to building a Headquarters in the Dominion.

S. W.

AMERICA

The founders of Krotona have long had in mind the establishing of a Theosophical University, and the first step towards the fulfilment of their wish seems now to have been taken. The summer session of the Krotona Institute has been so successful that the authorities have felt encouraged to continue the work of the school during the winter. The new term begins

in January. A number of interesting courses of lectures covering a wide range of subjects—scientific, philosophical, historical—have been announced. Non-members of the T. S. are welcomed to a participation in the activities of the Institute. The fees are very moderate. The council for Theosophical Propaganda among the blind has been doing good work. This particular branch of our activities demands much patience and self-sacrifice on the part of those who devote themselves to it—the results of hard work being comparatively small and inconspicuous. All the more is the ‘Braille Council’ to be congratulated that several books have now been translated for the use of the blind: *The Path of Discipleship*, *The Ancient Wisdom* (in six volumes, so bulky is Braille literature), *An Outline of Theosophy*, and *At the Feet of the Master*. A monthly Bulletin is being issued to which there are already 33 subscribers. Selections from *Light on the Path* and *The Voice of Silence* are running serially in this little Magazine, and are so typed that they can be printed as books later.

A. de L.

RUSSIA

Our season begins well: The Committee of the Congress of popular Universities in Russia has accepted a paper from the General Secretary, and one from Mme. Pissareff. We have tried to bring in the idea of the necessity of a comparative study of religions in Universities. The General Secretary has been invited to take part in the spring in a Congress on Education. One of our earnest workers, Mme. Pouchkine, has succeeded in penetrating into a prison, and has there begun a beautiful Theosophical work.

Mme. de Manziarly is coming for a tour of six weeks and will lecture in all our centres.

A. K.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 11th August to 10th September, 1912, are acknowledged with thanks :

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. Sorabji Merwanji Patel, Aden	18	12	0
Mr. W. H. Barzey, W. Africa for 1912-13	18	12	0
Mr. Bissoon Dayal, Calcutta for 1912-13	18	9	0
Madame A. P. Xanthakis of the Swiss Section, through Mr. Olga Vafiadaki, 9s. 3d.	6	15	0
General Secretary T. S., Indian Section, Benares City, part payment for the current year 1911-12	500	0	0
Presidential Agent, Ireland £5-10-0	81	15	4
Mr. R. B. Talbot, U. S. A. through Mrs. A. Besant £2-17-6	42	15	0

DONATIONS

Mr. M. V. Rege, Pleader, Dhanu, Thana District ...	5	0	0
Mr. C. R. Harvey, donation for Besant Gardens £250	3,720	13	9
	Rs. 4,413 12 1		

ADYAR LIBRARY KANDJUR FUND

	Rs.	A.	P.
Previously acknowledged	1,622	3	9
Ananda Lodge, Ponce (Porto Rico) £1-0-7	15	4	0
General Secretary, Italy	50	0	0
	1,687	7	9

A. SCHWARZ

ADYAR, 10th September, 1912.

Treasurer, T.S.

OLCOTT PAÑCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th August to 10th September, 1912, are acknowledged with thanks :

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. Wilhelm, Sacramento, California	5	0	0
Mangalambal Ammal, wife of Mr. S. Bhaskara Aiyar, Executive Engineer, for August, 1912 ...	10	0	0
Lotus Classes, Order of Service and Ladies Meet- ing, Brisbane, through Mr. Reid	69	6	0
Teachers, Olcott Panchama Free Schools	10	14	6
Mr. J. Modridge, Hobart, Tasmania (Food Fund 25/-)	18	12	0
Mr. H. M. Minwala, Karachi T. S.	21	0	0
Donations under Rs. 5	1	0	0
	136	0	6

A. SCHWARZ

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O.P.F.S.

ADYAR, 10th September, 1912.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

PURCHASE OF HOUSES AND LANDS FOR THE INDIAN SECTION, T. S.

At the Convention of 1911, I expressed the wish to secure for the Indian Section of the T. S. the houses and lands adjoining its property in Benares ; one of the houses and compounds, Shanti Kunja, had been my home for many years. I wished to be allowed to rent it from the I. S. for my life, and the life of my ward, J. Krishnamurti. The generosity of some friends made this possible, and on January 6, the deed was drawn up, the stamps paid for, and part of the purchase-money was paid over to the College, the then owner. The whole is now complete, and is handed over to the Indian Section, which has enjoyed the rent since the purchase. The value of the whole is Rs. 50,000, and the annual rental will bring in, at 6 per cent. Rs. 250 *per mensem*.

The following are the generous donors to whom I offer my grateful thanks.

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mrs. Sharpe	100	0	0
E. G. K.	1,005	0	0
P. K. T.	9,000	0	0
Ayodhya Das	250	0	0
Anon	100	0	0
K. D. Kuch	400	0	0
H. Datta	500	0	0
Baijnath Pande	1,000	0	0
Anon	15	0	0
”	30,000	0	0
”	10	0	0
”	15	0	0
B. Ranga Reddy	20	0	0
Nagendranath Gupta	50	0	0

	Rs.	A.	P.
W. R. Eliezer	25	0	0
Madon	60	0	0
P. P. Lucifer	50	0	0
Countesses Schack	450	0	0
E. Severs	50	0	0
Gopaldasvami Iyer	100	0	0
U. Yager	615	0	0
A. D. Macdonald	75	0	0
C. Spurgeon Medhurst	224	12	1
Two Servants	500	0	0
Anon	7,500	0	0
Etawah, T. S.	30	0	0
A. Behari Lal	4	0	0
	<u>Rs. 52,148</u>	<u>12</u>	<u>1</u>

I paid Rs. 45,000 to the C. H. C. and Rs. 450 for the stamp. Later I paid Rs. 5,000 for the remaining land, and there may be a little more legal fee payable. The rest of the money I have laid out on the houses and grounds, which were much in need of attention.

The matter is now closed. Once more, thanks.

ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 11th September to 10th October, 1912, are acknowledged with thanks:

	Rs.	A.	P.
ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES			
General Secretary, Finnish Section for 1911			
£2-10-8	37	11	4
Alcyone Lodge, Gottingen, Charter Fees and Dues			
£1-9-4	22	0	0
Theognositic Lodge and Brotherhood Lodges of			
Germany, Charter Fees and Dues £3-18-0	58	8	0
Dr. M. Holdick, Leipzig	15	0	0
Burmah Theosophical Federation Annual Dues			
from 112 members	56	0	0
General Secretary, Indian Section, T. S. Benares			
part payment of Dues for 1912	846	0	0
Theosophical Society in England and Wales 2s.8d.	2	0	0
Mme. T. F. Drugmann, Belgium for 1911-12 £2	29	10	4
	<u>Rs. 1,066</u>	<u>13</u>	<u>8</u>

ADYAR LIBRARY KANDJUR FUND

	Rs.	A.	P.
Previously acknowledged	1,687	7	9
Through Dr. Otto Schrader \$ 24.71	74	12	11
Miss Struckmann	15	0	0
Mr. Oscar F. C. Hintze, Hamburg 19s. 6d.	14	10	0
Mr. H. Sonderburg, Valparaiso	14	13	0
Mr. H. Cannussi, Tunis	5	12	0
Dharma Lodge, Costa Rica	16	15	0
Spanish Members through Mr. Manuel Trevino, Madrid £5-11-10	82	15	11
	Rs. 1,912	6	7

A. SCHWARZ
Treasurer, T. S.

ADYAR, 11th October, 1912.

OLCOTT PAÑCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th September to 10th October, 1912, are acknowledged with thanks :

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mangalambal Ammal, wife of Mr. S. Bhaskar Aiyar, Executive Engineer, for September and October, 1912	20	0	0
Mr. Demetris Loperous, Buenos Aires	6	12	0
Mr. E. Taileffer, Buenos Aires	6	12	0
Mrs. Barbour, Fort Wayne, U. S. A.	15	4	0
	Rs. 48	12	0

A. SCHWARZ
Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O. P. F. S.

ADYAR, 11th October, 1912.

T. S. COUNCIL MEETINGS AND NATIONAL

REPRESENTATION

The Annual Convention of the Theosophical Society as a whole is again imminent, and with it the only ordinary meetings of the General Council, the Governing Body of the Society. (Rules 1 and 4)

This General Council consists of three classes of Councillors:—

1. The four Chief Officers of the Theosophical Society.
2. The National General Secretaries.
3. Not less than five (at present seven) additional members.

To-day there are twenty General Secretaries and consequently the number of members of the General Council stands at thirty-one.

Now in the past the attendance of members of the Council at its Annual Meetings has been exceedingly poor. From the Official Reports, as published in the Annual Convention Reports, it is evident that during the last few years the attendance of General Secretaries especially has been so absurdly small and so seldom has the trouble been taken to furnish proxies that the various National Societies have been practically unrepresented. The following table will make this abundantly clear:—

MEETINGS	1908		1909		1910	1911		
Total No. Councillors...	25	25	25	27	27	29	30	30
Councillors present ...	8	7	5	5	6	12	8	8
Councillors absent ...	17	18	20	22	21	17	22	22
Total No. Gen. Secs. ...	14	14	14	16	16	18	19	19
Gen. Secs. present ...	1	0	0	1	1	4	3	3
Gen. Secs. absent ...	13	14	14	15	15	14	16	16

Of late years the Dutch and South African National Societies alone have sent authorised representatives to these Council Meetings on two occasions, with power to vote by proxy for their General Secretaries; Holland having deputed Mrs. Windust in 1909, and South Africa Major Peacocke in 1911.

Attention may, however, be drawn to the fact that in 1908, when grave matters were on the agenda, no less than 14 Councillors sent proxies to be used either by the President or by the Recording Secretary.

Now there are only three hypotheses to account for this singular absenteeism, *viz.*—

1. The National Societies do not know the Rules and working of the General Society, or

2. They take no interest in the working of the Society, or

3. They cannot find persons to act as proxies for their General Secretaries at the Council meetings.

It is evident that most of the General Secretaries will always be unable to personally attend the Council Meetings: it is therefore logical as well as desirable that they should send proxies. Now-a-days there are residing at Adyar many representatives of different nationalities, members of the various National Societies; some of them are old members of the Society, in possession of detailed information about the general policy of the parent Society as well as conversant with the conditions and needs of their own particular National Societies. Why are not such persons deputed under Rule No. 5 to represent their countries at meetings of the General Council? If in some cases they should be deemed wanting in the knowledge demanded for an efficient discharge of their task, if they should be thought lacking in capability, or if they should be even not sufficiently trusted, then the proxies could be made out in favour of one or another of the Councillors who may be expected to be present at the meetings, such, for instance, as the four Chief Officers—a precedent for this has been quoted above.

I feel it keenly to be a condition of affairs thoroughly unworthy of a world-wide Society like ours and thoroughly undignified—a sign of slipshodness and of shirking of responsibility, that year after year the Council should meet in such small numbers; the representation during the last four years having been in every case well under 40 per cent. of its total strength, and on one occasion having fallen as low as 20 per cent.

As an example of the practical obstruction to the business of the General Council arising from this state of affairs, one has but to refer to the report of its first meeting last December. Minute No. 4 of the proceedings of that meeting reads as follows:—

“... There were not enough votes to carry them (*some former proposals*) notwithstanding a printed circular... having been sent to all Councillors; hence it was

Resolved: That the same proposals be repeated...”

Proxies could, of course, be either instructed or left free, or instructed in part and left free in part, but in my opinion the National Societies ought to carefully consider the whole question here raised, and they ought not to allow their representation to be dependent upon the mere chance circumstance of a holiday trip to India in the winter season by their General Secretaries.

JOHAN VAN MANEN

ADYAR, *September*, 1912.

The idea of the above deserves consideration. It must, however, be remembered that the agenda goes out to the General Secretaries three months before the Annual Meeting, and that they send in their votes in writing on questions they think important. No important matter is brought up at the Council Meeting which has not been thus submitted. General Secretaries must obviously be careful in giving proxies, for there is no appeal from the decision of the General Council, and the T. S. ought not to be ruled by the decisions of persons holding proxies.

ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
San Diego, California, U. S. A. ...	Normal Heights Lodge, T. S.	28-5-12
Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.	German Morning Star Lodge, T. S.	25-6-12
Kolhapur, Bombay Presi- dency, India ...	Kolhapur Lodge, T. S. ...	22-8-12
Soratheperiam, Kuppam, South Arcot Dt., India	Shri Rama Lodge, T. S. ...	6-9-12
Chamarajnugger, Mysore.	Shri Rama Lodge, T. S. ...	11-9-12
Aramkoly, South India ...	Skanda Lodge, T.S. ...	26-9-12

The following Lodges are affiliated to Adyar Headquarters under Rule 31 :

Buenos Aires, S. America.	Atlantida Lodge, T. S. ...	6-8-12
Hanover, Germany ...	Theognostic Lodge, T. S.	21-9-12
Hanover, Germany ...	Brotherhood Lodge, T. S.	21-9-12
Gottingen, Germany ...	Alcyone Lodge, T. S. ...	21-9-12

ADYAR,
3rd October, 1912.

J. R. ARIA
Recording Secretary, T. S.

A NEW NATIONAL SOCIETY

A charter for a National society "The Theosophical Society in Burma" was issued on October 1st, 1912, to Messrs. Maung Thain Maung and M. Subramania Iyer, with its administrative centre in Rangoon, Burma.

ADYAR,
3rd October, 1912.

J. R. ARIA
Recording Secretary, T.S.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

PRESIDENTIAL NOTICE

It is with great pleasure that I inform the Theosophical Society that an Austrian National Society has been formed, with its centre at Vienna. Herr John Cordes has been elected General Secretary. We have long wished to see a National Society established in Austria. Hungary and Bohemia have their own National Societies, and we shall hope to see others formed in Bavaria and Saxony.

If the suit against me does not keep me in India, I shall try to visit Vienna on my way from Budapest to London, after the tour in Italy.

ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 11th October to 10th November, 1912, are acknowledged with thanks:

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES	RS.	A.	P.
Netherlands, Indian Sub-Section T. S. for 1912 ...	258	13	2
Mr. J. Cordes, Germany, £1-17-0 ...	27	12	0
T. S. in Scotland, £12-12-8 ...	189	8	0
Miss Sarah Harrison, Toronto Lodge, West End, 10s. for 1913 ...	7	8	0
Alcyone Lodge, Dusseldorf, £2-0-0 ...	30	0	0
Scandinavian Section, T. S. £31-17-4 ...	473	4	11
Miss Dorothea Graham, Ooty, for 1912 and 1913...	19	0	0
Dutch Section, T. S. for 1912 ...	506	2	2
Russian T. S. £7-16-0 ...	116	0	5
Italian Section, T. S. £11-1-3 ...	164	4	2

X SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST DECEMBER

	Rs.	A.	P.
Sokaren Lodge, T. S. Helsingfors for 1912, £5-0-0 ...	74	3	4
Mrs. K. M. Cammell, Ooty ...	18	12	0
German Section, T. S., Marks 1576'25 ...	1,134	2	9

DONATIONS

Mr. T. Seshiah Chetty, Adyar ...	6,000	0	0
	Rs. 9,019	6	11

A. SCHWARZ

ADYAR, 11th November, 1912.

Treasurer, T. S.

**OLCOTT PAÑCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS
FINANCIAL STATEMENT**

The following receipts from 11th October to 10th November, 1912, are acknowledged with thanks :

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
In Memory of Mrs. K. Y. S. (Food Fund) ...	10	0	0
Mr. D. S. Bhandarkar, Dharma Lodge, Bombay (Food Fund) ...	5	0	0
Teachers of O. P. F. Schools ...	5	4	6
Mangalambal Ammal, wife of Mr. S. Bhaskar Aiyar, Executive Engineer, for November 1912...	10	0	0
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Pranava-Vada, Vol. III, by Bhagavan Das will be ready in February. An Index of the three volumes is to be bound with it, the compilation and revision of which is the cause of delay in its publication.

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The Theosophist

v. 34
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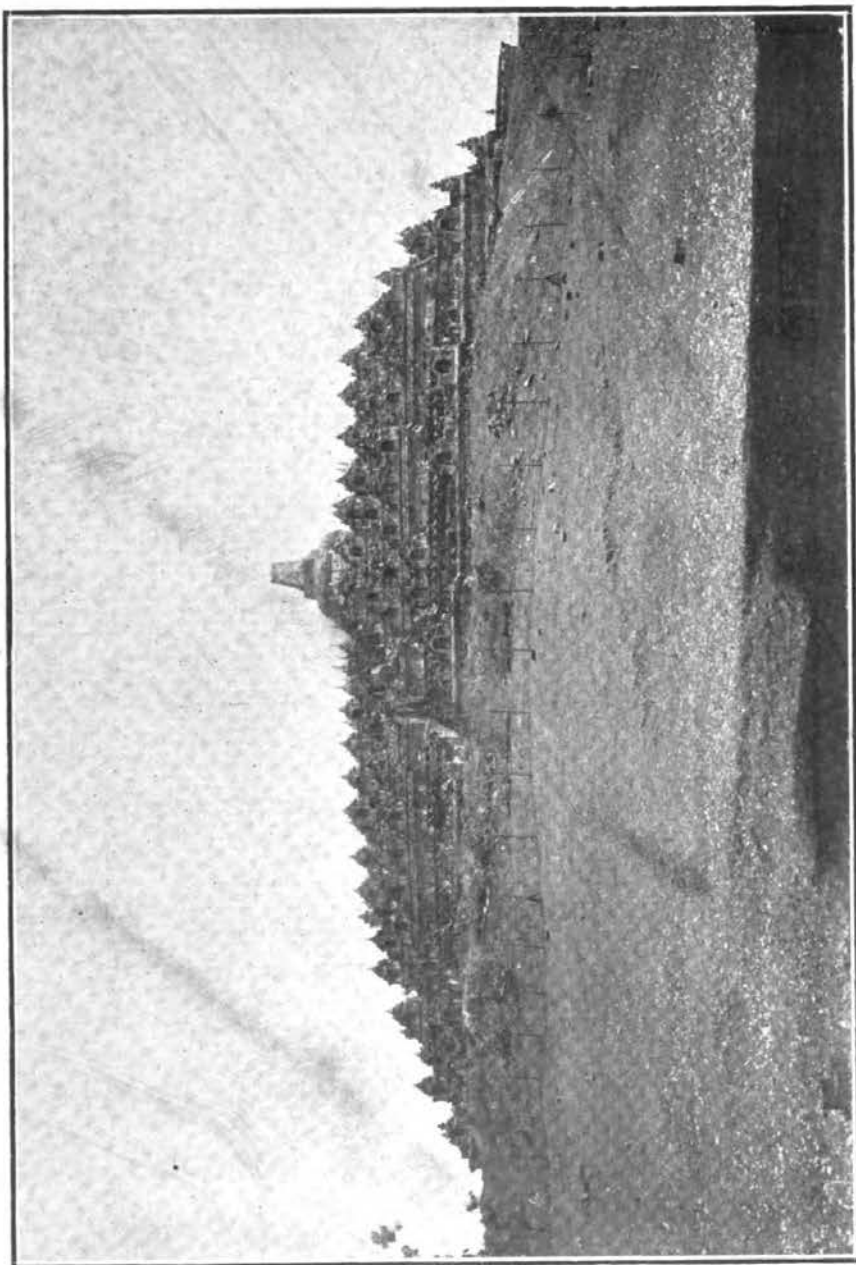
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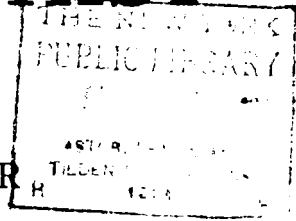
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BORO-BUDUR, GENERAL VIEW.

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER



A HEARTY greeting to all in western lands, to whom January 1st marks the beginning of a New Year. May all the evils which threaten Europe be averted—if so it may be—or turned to good purposes, if hap they must. Such troubles have ever heralded great changes, and as we know that the changes are “near, even at the door,” it would be childish to fret over or fear the “things that are coming on the earth”. The world is safe in the strong Hands that guide its destiny, and along whatever roads, through whatever storms, that destiny may take us, we can rest secure in the knowledge that Power and Love will shape all things to good. And so, despite the darkness, the old cry rings out from the watchman: “All’s well with the night.”

* * *

With the New Year we re-name our Adyar publishing business. ‘THE THEOSOPHIST Office’ is not a good description of the rapidly growing business we carry on. Henceforth we take the name: ‘The Theosophical

Publishing House.' This name will also be taken by the 'Theosophical Publishing Society,' Benares City, which belongs to me. The large 'Theosophical Publishing Society' in London belongs to Mr. Keightley and myself, and our partnership determines on the expiry of the Bond Street lease in 1917. At that date the T. P. S. will cease to exist, and the Theosophical Publishing House will take its place.

* * *

The new National Society in Austria is, for the time, very happily housed in a large flat in the old house of the Sovereign Knights of Malta, their Chapel being next door. No better home could it have. The responsible Board consists of well-known people in Vienna, and it starts under very hopeful auspices.

* * *

The movement for liberty in Germany has been stimulated by the refusal of the General Secretary to issue a Charter to a Lodge consisting of seven old members, headed by Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden; the General Secretary wrote (15-10-12):

It is impossible to attach to the German Section the Branch, for the Charter of which you applied on the 14th September last. This cannot, at least, be done on my own responsibility, but would have to be submitted to our next General Convention. The reason for this is the manner in which you have for some time chosen to represent the Theosophical cause; this is felt by the German Section to be directly opposed to their intention, and even hostile to them. Above all things I myself cannot put my name under the charter of such a Branch which includes members who follow this kind of work.

Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden is universally respected, is a well-known public man, and was a member of the T. S. long before Dr. Steiner was heard of. This refusal is a direct breach of the T. S. Constitution. Another application

was refused on the perfectly proper ground that the Branch was attached to Adyar, and on the improper ground that the members "worked in a way (in einer solchen Art arbeiten) which was contrary to the intentions of the German Section". It is then perfectly clear that the General Secretary insists on uniformity of method and thought. He disclaims this principle verbally, but acts on it practically. It will be necessary, I think, to call a Special Meeting of the General Council next summer to decide on the steps which can be taken to maintain the T. S. Constitution against a Section which sets it at naught. It is quite clear that Dr. Steiner and his followers reject the T. S. Constitution and Rules; how much better it would be for us all if they frankly and honestly withdrew and made their own Society, which might then remain in fraternal relations with us, and yet put on its members whatever restrictions it thought desirable. Within the T. S. the restrictions put by the German Section on individual liberty of thought and action are not maintainable.

* * * * *

The T. S. is face to face with an organised attack, engineered by the most dangerous enemy that liberty of thought and speech have ever had—the Jesuits. H. P. B. long ago warned us that this conflict would come, and now it is upon us. They work in different lands in different disguises, but aim steadily at one thing—the destruction or the distortion of Theosophy. In America, they started a secret organisation, called the Universal Brotherhood (not openly identical with Mrs. Tingley's U. B.), and within this the 'Besant Union,' and cleverly induced Theosophists to think that they were working in my interests. Their chief tool has

now joined the Roman Catholic Church. In Germany, they are working to secure the predominance of Christianity in the T. S., thus distorting it into a Christianising sect, and making certain its rejection in the East. They use their old weapons—misrepresentation, slander, false charges, all levelled against the leaders of the movement they seek to destroy; and all means are good *ad majorem Dei gloriam*. The 'Black General,' as their Head is called, has agents everywhere. Attacks are circulated in many countries, in many tongues; money is poured out like water; one day's post brings attacks from Rome, from Stockholm, from Hongkong. It is very interesting to watch, and one recalls the words of warning that "the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time". The old record bids men rejoice because it is so; of such combats the *Bhagavad-Gītā* says that they are the open door to heaven. Therefore the word goes out to all faithful members: "Quit you like men: be strong."

A very interesting account—which reads like the prologue of one of Rider Haggard's novels—appears in an illustrated American journal issued by 'The Star Company'. (The name is not given.) It is written by Dr. Paul Schliemann, grandson of the famous archæologist, Dr. Heinrich Schliemann, who carried out the excavations which revealed Troy to the modern world. He unburied nine cities, one above the other; the second of these, or the eighth from the lowest, was ancient Troy. The antiquity of the deepest but one runs far back into the night of time: "Very conservatively, its destruction may be placed at 20,000 B. C." (This is

not an extract from *Man : How, Whence and Whither !*) The lowest but one, therefore, must run very many thousands of years further back, and it was in this city that Dr. Heinrich Schliemann found in 1873 a bronze vase, with an inscription : " From the King Chronos of Atlantis." On his deathbed, the great archæologist declared his belief in the lost continent of Atlantis as " the cradle of all our civilisation ". He left certain directions in a sealed envelope, to be opened only by a member of his family who would swear " to devote his life to the researches outlined therein ". His grandson, Dr. Paul Schliemann, took the vow, and is carrying it out, with results which are already sufficiently astonishing to the modern world. Already a map is published which recalls Theosophical sketches, but which will need to be amended.

* * *

Another important event is the delivery of a course of three lectures on Christian Mysticism by the Dean of S. Paul's. He declared that : " Mystical experience is a solid fact, guaranteed by those who have had it." He truly said that it could not be passed on to others, but that others wanted to learn from Mystics their explanations. " To the Mystic, heaven was a state rather than a place, something which was all about us . . . Mysticism asserted that a spiritual world was proved to be necessary by the highest experiences of the soul ; it asserted that we were in part at certain times in an eternal and spiritual world." *The Times* had a leading article on the subject, saying that Mysticism was " commonly supposed to be an obsolete state of mind, or to persist only among the ignorant and sentimental". Very ignorant of the history of religion must be those who thus " commonly

suppose"! But such people, *The Times* thinks, must have been much surprised by the Dean's remarks, which make Mysticism alone "religion at first hand". The Mystic's faith "is more scientifically secure" than that of others. And the article proceeds to make a very good defence of the Mystic. Thus from without and from within, from Atlantis and from S. Paul's, arguments are coming which justify the ridiculed teachings of Theosophy. H. P. B. told us in the nineteenth century that many proofs would be given in the twentieth of the truth of her statements. O great Pioneer! the proofs are accumulating.

* * *

The Dean of S. Paul's must be careful, or he will have leaflets circulated all over Europe denouncing him as immoral. He is reported in *The Times* of November 6, 1912, as giving a second lecture on the ethics of Mysticism, and as saying of the state of illumination that: "Strictly it was not a moral state, as morality in the ordinary sense was transcended in that state." We are likely to have Mr. Fussell of Point Loma issuing this sentence as: "Mysticism is not a moral state," and declaring it to be therefore immoral. The Dean pointed out, it is true, that "the lowest ideal of the Mystic was that he should become the ideal citizen". But this can be omitted. All over the world Mr. Fussell has circulated my own statement that the "T. S. has no moral code," and has suppressed the remainder of the statement that the T. S. has the noblest moral ideals, and strives to live in the spirit of Christ rather than by the law of Moses. The article from which the words are taken contains the most strenuous assertions of the necessity for the noblest moral life. Mr. Fussell's statement is on a

par with that of the sceptic who declared that the Bible said: "There is no God." It is difficult to understand the state of mind of a man who can deliberately circulate over the whole world for years a deliberate falsification of this kind. I shall be in America next year, and shall take steps to protect the Theosophical Society from further slander from Mr. Fussell. In fact, by the time this reaches the public, my lawyer in America will have received instructions to have all preliminaries complete before I reach the States.

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I see that the *Leader*, Allahabad, has received a check in its wild career. *The Madras Mail* of November 25, 1912, has the following:—

Benares, 23rd November. In the criminal case lodged by Babu Jagannath Das, of Queen's College, Benares, against Mr. C. Y. Chintamani, editor and printer of the *Leader* of Allahabad, under Section 500, I. P. C., for alleged defamation, a compromise was filed in the Court of the Joint Magistrate. Babu Gourishanker Prasad, B. A., LL. B., Vakil, High Court, author of the alleged defamatory correspondence, wrote a letter of apology to the complainant and another letter in the *Leader*, contradicting his letter and expressing regret at having caused pain to the complainant, and he also paid Rs. 800 as damages.

I feel a little inclined to copy the clergyman who was in a crush and being violently hustled; a man near him, undergoing the same treatment, uttered "a big, big D"; "Thank you, sir," quoth the parson. Seriously speaking, Mr. Chintamani is a very smart young man, and is probably inspired in his violent utterances by a genuine love of India; twenty years hence, when he has sobered down, and has shed his youthful antagonism to religion, he will, I hope, become very useful to his Motherland. If the above prosecution makes him hesitate to insert anonymous letters of abuse against people he dislikes, it will have served a useful public purpose. It

is not every one who can afford to treat such letters with contempt, as I have done for nearly two years.

* * *

An interesting article on 'A Musical Cure' appeared in the Florence journal, *The Italian Gazette*. The writer states that he has made some experiments "on the use of musical sounds as a cure for neuralgia," and the result of these and of enquiries on the subject among friends have led him to the following conclusions:—

The note F natural immediately below the middle C of the pianoforte on the majority of subjects produces the greatest effect, though some are more influenced by F sharp and G natural and E natural. To allow the sound to exercise its full curative power the patient must put his mind in a state of receptivity, to endeavour, so to speak, to drink in all the beauty of the sound. I can explain the state better perhaps by asking the reader to observe the audience at a concert. Those who are lovers of music seem to place themselves in such a position, such an attitude of mind, as to enjoy all the music thoroughly; it is this position and attitude of mind that I want the patient to adopt. The effect is still more strongly marked if the same note is sounded on the 'cello, as on this instrument the notes between E natural, F natural, F sharp, and G natural can be sounded. The experiments should be carried out in a room where there is practically no sound—the ticking of a clock or even of a watch in one's pocket should be avoided. This may be arranged by covering the walls of the room, doors and windows included, with thick felt.

A curious fact about the note F natural is that it seems to be the middle note of nature. The noise of a crowd or a city in the distance resolves itself into F natural.

Students of *The Secret Doctrine* will recall the statement of H. P. B. on this subject as to the 'Great Tone':—

It is, even by scientific confession, the actual tonic of Nature, held by musicians to be the middle Fa on the key-board of a piano. We hear it distinctly in the voice of Nature, in the roaring of the ocean, in the sound of the foliage of a great forest, in the distant roar of a great city, in the wind, the tempest and the storm; in short, in everything in Nature which has a voice or produces sound. To the hearing of all who hearken, it culminates in a single definite tone, of an unappreciable pitch, which, as said, is the F, or Fa, of the diatonic scale.—*S. D.*, iii, 463, 464.

To those whose ears are open, all nature is ever singing, and truly melodious is the chant which ever arises from our earth. As is said in *Light on the Path*, the sound of life "is not a cry but a song". Glad is the music which rings out from fairy-bells of blossoms dancing in the sunlight; glad is the murmur of innumerable grass-blades swaying in the wind; glad is the song of the birds in the trees, weaving a tracery of audible melody over the supporting warp of what are called the inaudible singings of creeping rootlets and of rising sap. "All Thy works praise Thee, O Lord," Lord of Life and of Love; and to the open eye and the open ear beauties undreamed of by our blind and deaf humanity fill the fragrant air with daintiest measures and harmonies of countless microtones.

*
* * *

Colonel Roosevelt has his friends and his enemies. One of our New York members writes that a lawyer of much ability and with no personal reasons for so thinking, "considers the Colonel as the worst reprobate that this country has produced; and a few nights ago I heard a prominent clergyman say that he considered him the greatest man since Jesus". As is the case where most great men are concerned, opinions are violent, for and against. And Theodore Roosevelt is a great man. It did not need as proof his splendid courage when he was shot. He has struck a high and pure note in American politics, and I hope he will succeed Dr. Wilson at the White House.

*
* * *

The Mysore Widows' Home is an admirable institution, and we are glad to see from its *Report* that it is doing well, and that H. H. Mahārāja of Mysore has

given a building for the Home and a monthly grant of Rs. 60. The Mangalore *Report* of the Depressed Classes Mission shows fair support, and much devotion is spent upon its work; but it is evidently uphill labour. The attempt to form a Pañchama colony goes forward but slowly. Great credit is due to those who are trying to improve the miserable conditions under which so many of the Pañchamas live.

* * *

Narottam M. Goculdas, Esq., F. T. S., while Sheriff of Bombay, had the admirable idea of creating a Two-Anna (two-penny) Famine Fund for the relief of the Kathiawar sufferers. No less than Rs. 78,088-14-10 has been collected for this Fund, since it was started on January 13, 1912. Three cattle kitchens were opened, and a big grain shop was established where grain was sold at reduced rates—one of the best forms of help. Rs. 62,932-14-8 went in fodder for the starving cattle. Mr. Narottam M. Goculdas is thinking of starting a 'Presidency Permanent Famine Fund'; he says: "A draft of the scheme is being made ready and will be placed before the public in a short time." Such a Fund would be able to meet a call for relief at once, whereas now there is much delay in collecting money when the need for it is already urgent. The idea is a good one, and we trust it will be successfully carried out.

* * *

The Victoria Hall was packed each Sunday for my lectures, and hundreds of people were shut out, and went away disappointed. Some Madras gentlemen very generously arranged to hire the great circus tent, belonging to the Pārsī Theatrical Company, on November 29th,

so that all who wished might hear. The place was crowded, all standing room being occupied. I lectured on 'The Higher Self and the Spiritual Life'. The four lectures are being published separately, and will also be issued in a little volume. We sold some reserved seat tickets for the three lectures, and after paying the expenses, we have forwarded the surplus to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

* * *

In the London Lodge of the T. S., our Vice-President, Mr. A. P. Sinnett, is delivering a very interesting course of lectures on Astronomy, illustrated by lantern slides. Mr. Sinnett treats the subject from the ordinary scientific standpoint, illuminating it by occult teachings. The lectures are arousing, needless to say, very great interest. Conversational meetings are held in the afternoons, alternating with the lectures in the evenings. We hope that these lectures may later be issued as Transactions.

* * *

The Hon. Mr. Khan Bahadur Kudus Badsha Sahab has been appointed Sheriff of Madras for the coming year, and *The Madras Mail* remarks: "Much respected amongst the English, Muhammadan and Hindū communities, his appointment to the Shrievalty will give satisfaction in all quarters." This gentleman was one of those who signed the address of the citizens of Madras, presented to me on October 23, 1912. He will have a technical, as well as a real right, to represent the citizens during his year of office.

* * *

An English member writes:—

One of our members here told us of an interesting remark a Roman Catholic priest made to her last week regarding

the Theosophical Society. He met her by chance at the house of a friend he was visiting and asked to what religion she belonged. She said, "I am a Theosophist," quite expecting him to freeze up. But his comment was this: "Well, materialism is dead and buried for ever, thanks to your lot."

There is a truth in that, for H. P. B. did not give her life in vain. She slew the dragon of materialism, and only its reflex writhings remain.

*
* *

There is a paper called *The Watch-Tower*, the organ of an American body, 'The International Bible Students' Association'. At a Convention held last year, the Association appointed a Committee to make a tour round the world, and to "supply an unvarnished report of the true condition of affairs in Oriental lands, amongst the peoples usually termed 'heathens'." The report is contained in the April number of the above magazine and has just reached me. It is the most extraordinarily fair and honest report of the 'heathen' which I have ever seen from a Christian pen. Some extracts from it will be found elsewhere in our columns.

*
* *

What do our readers think of this?

Nid oes cwestiwn a glywir yn amlach pan siaradir am ailymgnawdoliad na: "Os bum yma o'r blaen, paham na chofiaf hyny?" Fe rydd ychy dig ystyriaeth i ffeithiau atebiad i'r gofyniad.

It is not a cipher, but is a proof that Theosophy is reaching our Welsh brethren in their own mother-tongue. Hearty congratulations to the enterprising Welsh Theosophists. It is a translation of 'Why our past lives are forgotten,' and 'Karma,' from 'Elementary Theosophy' in THE THEOSOPHIST. The little pamphlet is issued by the Cardiff Lodge, and its publication is due to a devoted Welsh member.

*
* *

I am very glad to announce that the Madanapalle High School—for which Mr. Ernest Wood did so much, and to which he added a fine laboratory by the help of Mr. Charles Harvey—has received another most valuable addition to its buildings, in the shape of a Library. It is erected by a son to the memory of his father, and he has given it his father's name, 'The Mulbagal Venkoba Rao Library'. The foundation-stone was laid on November 29th by the Headmaster, Mr. Giri Rao, B. A., and the Collector presided, and said some generous words of praise.

* * *

As we go to press the *Times* report of Dr. Inge's third lecture reaches us. He dealt with prayer as the Mystic knows it, and advised his hearers to learn about it rather than to "condemn it with faint praise, or point out the mistakes and heresies to which it might lead". The true Mystic did all work as worship. He "was too strong a sacramentalist to care much for sacraments"—a pregnant phrase. "If he was filled with water springing up into everlasting life, he could not very much care for the stagnant cisterns of tradition." The Dean did not believe in the objective reality of visions and like phenomena, but he did believe in the Mystics' great central experience—direct communion with God. Perhaps, after awhile, the Dean will realise that, while the outer phenomena of a vision may be created by the mind, there are underlying facts of an objective world which are seen *through* the mental atmosphere which distorts them, and imposes on them its own colouring.

THE WATCHERS FOR THE DAWN

(A Song of Advent)

The Vision is there, it is there
For all who have eyes to behold,
And the sounds of His Coming are clear
For those who have ears to hear.

As the morning, so tender and fair,
In a glory of crimson and gold,
Rises, with light from the East,
Rises for greatest and least ;
And the flowers, at the Sun's high feast,
Open their blooms and rejoice ;
And the birds, with welcoming voice,
Sing at the Coming of Day,
Shout for their joy of the light :—

So it shall be, it shall be,
For our world, so weary and sad,
When the mighty shall know there is none so mighty
as He ;
And the humble shall lift up their eyes to His Face, and
be glad ;
And the souls of the eager, the loving, shall open as
flowers,
In the glow of those wonderful hours,
When the Teacher of Angels and men
Moves in our midst again.

(So shall it be, ye weary, in the Day
That is not far away.)

But now, in the end of the night,
Now, in the hush of the dawn,
Now, when the veil that is drawn
Betwixt men's eyes and the Light
Hath begun to quiver, hath thinned,
Till a breath of the Heavenly Wind
Shall tear it asunder :
Till, with power and great glory, and wonder,

The Light of the World shall shine, and the Day of the
 Lord shall break—
 Even now, in the end of the night,
 There are those who stir and awake,
 Who rejoice that the darkness is well nigh past,
 That the Day of the Lord is at hand,
 That the Coming of Christ is near,
 That not for ever, unending, the night shall last.
 They are waking in every land,
 And their watch-fires are burning clear.
 Like stars, in the spaces of night,
 They shall burn and burn, till they fade out of sight,
 In a glory of infinite light.

And now, in the end of the dark that has hung so heavy
 and long,
 As the birds break the hush of the dawn with fragments
 of welcoming song,
 So hearts call to hearts in the stillness, rejoice, and are
 strong;
 So fire unto fire is beaconing, far and wide,
 So the lovers of Christ proclaim them on every side.
 So their fires shine out, one by one,
 And they call to each other, the whole world round,
 Till their glimmering fires shall be quenched in the blaze
 of the Sun,
 And their fragments of song in the great Hosanna be
 drowned.

By ineffable Hope possessed,
 These are they who wait,
 Calm in a world's unrest,
 Fearless 'mid doubts and hate,
 Hopefully hearing the cry of a whole humanity's need;
 And the clamour of warring nations and classes, the
 Babel of creeds,
 Bewilders them not; for they know
 That the Elder Brother of men,
 The Incarnate Wisdom of God,
 The Mouth that utters His Word,
 The Master of Masters, the Lord
 Of Angels and men, the Desire of all Nations, their
 Saviour and Lover,
 He who the ways of earth hath trod,
 In a day that is long ago,
 Shall tread them in blessing again,
 And again shall His Glory discover,
 Breathe Love on a sea of strife,
 Bid mourners from mourning cease,
 Give us, for clamour, Peace,

Bring Truth to them that fervently seek,
To souls, awake and alive, fuller abundance of Life,
Infinite Pity to souls crushed, and unhappy, and weak—
 Judgment, stern as a sword,
 Mercy, as pouring of balm ;
 To the proud, the rebuke of the Lord,
To the lovers of Peace, to the men of good-will,—His Calm.

He that is faithful and true,
He who hath sworn—" I Come,"
Comes to make all things new.
Voices of earth, be dumb.

Ye, whose fires burn bright,
Whose ears are quick to hear,
Watchmen, in many a land,
Watchmen, what of the night ?
Say, is the Morning near ?

" The night is far spent, and the Day, the Day of the Lord,
is at hand."

C. W. Scott-Moncrieff

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY¹

By MADAME PISSAREFF

Surrounded by love and hatred of parties, her immortal personality goes through the annals of the world's history.

—*Schiller.*

THE FIRST PERIOD OF H. P. BLAVATSKY'S LIFE

ONE can hardly imagine anything more wonderful and more unjust than the persistent misunderstanding, and even enmity, which Russian educated society still shows towards its great countrywoman, H. P. Blavatsky.

Eighteen years have gone by since the day of her death; more than thirty years since she founded the Theosophical Society—time enough to bring forth an earnest research into the activity and work of this Russian woman, who fought with such indomitable force against the materialism that enchained human thought; who inspired so many noble minds, and who was able to create a spiritual movement which is still growing, developing and influencing the consciousness of our contemporaries. The results of her work are in sight, and they, alone, can give a true appreciation of H. P. Blavatsky.

¹ Translated by Madame Pogosky. See THE THEOSOPHIST, May, 1911.

She was the first revealer in modern days of the occult teaching on which all religions are founded, and the first to make an effort to give a religio-philosophic synthesis of all ages and all races. She brought about the revival of interest in the ancient Eastern wisdom, and created an international brotherhood embodying a reverence for human thought, in whatever language expressed, a broad tolerance for all members of the human family, and an effort to realise not a dreamy, but a concrete, idealism, transfused into all spheres of life. Such results should silence enmity, and awaken a deep interest in the wonderful power of a soul, which could give such an impetus to human thought. Yet in Russia the name of H. P. B. is still surrounded with distrust, and there is not a single influential voice to say a word in favour of her, who in justice should be regarded as the glory and pride of her country.

Out of all her literary work, which revealed to western Europe the occult teachings of the ancient East, only one book, *The Voice of the Silence*, has been translated into Russian up to last year; and her literary name is known only by the *Indian Sketches*, which, under the title of *From the Caves and Jungles of Hindustān*, were published in the *Russian Messenger* in the beginning of the eighties. All I can find in Russian literature concerning H. P. B. is a fiendish pamphlet by W. Solovieff, several articles by the same author, but adopting quite a different attitude, in the *Rebus* (July, 1884), and two articles in the *Dictionary of Vengeroff*. One of these is a quite insignificant biography, made up from third-hand information, and the other is by Wladimir Solovieff. If we add to this a biographical sketch, very little known, by H. P. B.'s

sister, Vera P. Jelichovsky, issued in the *Russian Obosreine*, 1891, a book by the same author written in answer to the above-mentioned pamphlet of W. Solovieff: *H. P. Blavatsky and the Modern Priest of Truth*, and two articles in *Rebus*, 1881-2, also by Madam Jelichovsky, we include all that has ever been written in the Russian language about H. P. B.

H. P. B., by her wonderful psychic organism, showing powers which the majority of people have not yet developed, so far outdistances the type of a modern intellectual man, that only the psychology of the future may be able to understand her fully and to define her qualities. History tells us, that now and again there have already appeared human beings gifted with powers unknown to mankind; such were Cagliostro, Jacob Böhme, Swedenborg, and others, but the difference between them and H. P. B. is great. They lived in other times, when communication between people was slow and statements were difficult to verify, and critical analysis was yet in its infancy, so that we have only vague legends about their wonderful powers; but H. P. B. appeared in the world at a time, when intellectual inter-communication goes on all over the world with great rapidity, when every remarkable fact becomes immediately all the world's property. She lived successively, quite openly, in three different parts of the world receiving anyone who wished to see her, and was personally known to a multitude of people of every nationality and profession. She was also known to many scholars of America, Asia and Europe. She herself, her life, and her so-called miracles, were in everybody's sight. It was impossible to ignore her or turn her into a vague legend. But few realise even now that not only the

teaching she has brought from the East, but she herself, her personality, and her wonderful psychic gifts, are of the greatest importance to our epoch. She is not a theory, but a fact, and this fact affirms most persistently, that science must either broaden its limits, enclosing in its boundaries not only physical phenomena but also the super-physical, and accept psychic and spiritual evolution as well as the evolution of forms, or—lay down its arms and consider itself as helpless in view of the higher order of phenomena. From this standpoint, as a fact far outstripping its epoch in its inner qualities and lending deeply interesting suggestions as to future lines of human development, H. P. B. ought to be of the greatest interest to modern psychologists; *how* this interest has been shown in reality, we know from the *Report* of the scientific Psychical Research Society. I found no better attitude in any other accounts of professional scientists.

When one comes across reminiscences and recollections of those who knew H. P. B. personally, both friends and foes, or when one questions the living witnesses of her life, one is struck with the variety of their opinions, as if it were not one, but many, who pass before one's vision under that same name of 'H. P. B.'. To some she is a great being, who opens new ways to the world—to others a dangerous destroyer of religions; to some a charming, brilliant companion—to others a misty exponent of inconceivable metaphysics; she is either a great heart full of compassion for all sufferers, or a soul knowing no mercy; either a clairvoyant, penetrating into the depths of a soul, or a naïve believer in the first comer; some speak of her endless patience, others of her turbulent irascibility; and so on, *ad infinitum*. Indeed there are no brilliant features of

human soul that are not connected with the name of this wonderful woman.

No one knew her *wholly*, with all her qualities. Her uniqueness went so far, that even her nearest and dearest felt puzzled and mistrustful.¹

The tragedy of the solitariness becomes evident when one reads her biography, written by her beloved sister—alongside of the latter's love, how much misunderstanding, often confusion, how much *enforced* confidence, just because she saw "irrefutable proofs". What an astonishment this loving sister expresses when she meets with a very high appreciation of H. P. B.'s personality; on such occasions she feels like apologising, as if to say: "Well, this is rather too much!"

Yet this is very natural. H. P. B.'s qualities were so far above the usual level that they were too foreign to the great majority. Someone said about her that: "she rose to heights where only eagles among men may soar, and those who could not rise with her saw only the dust on her soles". Even her nearest co-worker and assistant, Colonel Olcott, confesses in his *Diary*, that, in spite of many years of companionship, he could never answer his own pregnant question: "*Who was H. P. B.?*"—so resistant to any ordinary definition was her many-sided nature, so unusual were many of her qualities and manifestations. But in some of the descriptions all who knew her agree: all affirm that she possessed an extraordinary spiritual power, which subjugated all surrounding her, that she had an incredible capacity for intense work, and a superhuman patience when it concerned her ideal and her fulfilment of the Master's will; they also unanimously agree, that

¹ Puzzled, yes; mistrustful, never.—A. B.

she had a striking, limitless sincerity. This sincerity tells in every expression of her ardent soul, which never shrank before the "*what* will be thought of her?" "*how* will they read her thoughts and actions?" It tells also in the spontaneity of her letters, in every detail of her stormy life, full of suffering. Her sincerity and confidence reached a degree most amazing in one so rich in experience: to begin with, there was the life of a young Russian girl in good society during the time of serfdom; and then the quite fairy-tale experiences of India and Tibet in the *rôle* of a disciple of eastern Sages, and finally the no less extraordinary position of a spiritual teacher and herald of the Ancient Wisdom among highly-cultured Englishmen in the soberest of European centres—London.

One of H. P. B.'s qualities, which exercised a great attraction on her own friends, and at the same time sometimes seriously harmed her, was her well-pointed, brilliant humour, mostly kindly meant, but sometimes ruffling to petty ambitions.

Those who knew her in her earlier days, remember her with delight—unswerving, impetuous, merry, sparkling with acute humour, and witty conversation. She loved to joke, to tease, to create a commotion. Her niece, N. W. Jelichovsky, says: "Aunt had a wonderful quality: for the sake of a joke, or a witty word, she would bring anything upon herself. Sometimes we laughed ourselves into hysterics, listening to her interviews with London reporters. Mother often reproached her: 'Why do you invent all this?' 'Ah, well, they are poor chaps; let them earn something!' Sometimes she would tell impossible stories even to her Theosophical friends, just to make them laugh.

We did laugh then—but with some people out of the dullness which does not understand a joke, there came a lot of misunderstandings and unpleasantness and not only unpleasantness. It is very likely that some of those who were affected by her jokes went over into her enemies' camp.

Her enemies may be divided into two categories : enemies of her teaching and her personal ill-wishers. Among the first, the most violent were the missionaries residing in India, whose influence was shattered by her striving to unite in a general Esotericism all ancient Āryan beliefs, and to trace the origin of all religions to *one* divine Source. Besides the missionaries, she had also enemies among the orthodox spiritists, whose teachings she undermined, both by numerous articles and conversations, with her usual straightforwardness. She had also personal enemies among the English in India. By nature she loved freedom and hated conventionality, and this alone shocked English society in India, which could not forgive her for preferring the despised Hindū ; moreover all those who approached her with a selfish desire to gain the occult knowledge which gave her power to manifest her 'wonders' and who did not get any, they also became her foes. The result of all this hatred was the well-known case of Coulomb, Patterson, and Hodgson.

I will now give those biographical details which I have been able to verify with the courteous co-operation of her nearest relatives.

Her life can be divided into three well-defined periods. Childhood and youth, from her birth in 1831 up to her marriage in 1848, make up the first period. The second, the mysterious years about which hardly

any definite information can be had ; this period lasted twenty years, from 1848 up to 1872, with an interval of four years spent in Russia with her relatives. The third, which lasted from 1872 up to her death, was spent in America and India, and the last six years in Europe, among many witnesses who knew Helena Petrovna well. Of this period there are many biographical sketches and articles on it, written by those who were near to her.

It is much more difficult to get a clear idea of her childhood. From the two books of her sister V. P. Jelichovsky, *When I was Little*, and *My Youth*, where she describes her family, one can hardly get any idea of Helena Petrovna's character and experiences. This is partly due to the fact, that Madame Jelichovsky was four years younger than her sister, and could not consciously observe her, who, by her own statement, lived quite a separate life ; and partly because during the thirties of the last century, when the sisters were children, supernormal psychic powers must have been considered as something very undesirable, and to be kept hidden from other children. The second source of information is Mr. Sinnett's book, *Incidents in the Life of Madame Blavatsky* ; it gives many interesting details, but the author wrote his book from chance narratives of Helena Petrovna, and it is difficult to be sure how far he remembered accurately, and how prompt he was in putting them down.

Among the people of her own age, her aunt Nadejda Andreevna Fadeeva—only three years older than Helena Petrovna—who was on most intimate terms with her when they were children, confirms the wonderful phenomena surrounding H.P.B. in her childhood. One of her letters, written in May, 1877, is given in Mrs. Besant's

brochure, *H. P. Blavatsky and the Masters of Wisdom*, London, 1907.

The physical heredity of H. P. B. is rather interesting, as among her ancestors were representatives of France, Germany and Russia. By her father she was descended from the reigning Mecklenburg Princes, Hahn von Rottenstein-Hahn. Her mother was grand-daughter of Bandre du Plessy—an exiled Huguenot, obliged to leave France on account of religious persecution, who, in 1787, married Prince Pavel Vasilievitch Dolgoruky; their daughter, Princess Helena Petrovna Dolgoruky, married Andrez Michailovitch Fadeef and was Helena Petrovna's own grandmother, who herself brought up the early-orphaned children. She left the memory of a remarkable and highly cultured woman of unusual kindness, whose learning was quite exceptional in her age; she corresponded with many scholars, among them Mr. Murchison the President of the London Geographical Society, with many noted botanists and mineralogists, one of whom named after her a fossil-shell discovered by him—Venus-Fadeef. She knew five foreign languages, painted beautifully, and was in every way a remarkable woman. She herself educated her daughter Helena Andreevna, mother of Helena Petrovna, and transferred to her her gifted nature. Helena Andreevna wrote novels and stories, was well-known under the *nom de plume* 'Zenaida R.' and was very popular in the forties. Her early death evoked universal grief and Brélomsky¹ devoted to her several eulogistic pages, calling her 'the Russian Georges Sand'. I heard a good deal about the Fadeef family from Marie Grigorievna Ermoloff, who possessed a wonderfully clear memory, and knew the

¹ A famous Russian critic.

family very well when the Fadeefs resided at Tiflis, while Madame Ermoloff's husband was the Governor of this province in the forties. She remembered Helena Petrovna as a brilliant but very wilful young lady, who would not submit to anyone; the family enjoyed a high reputation, and Helena Petrovna's grand-mother was so highly thought of, that notwithstanding her not visiting anybody, the whole town came to "pay her homage". Besides the daughter Helena Andreevna, who married an artillery officer Hahn, and another daughter (Vitte by marriage) there were two more children: Nadejda Andreevna who now lives at Odessa, and a son, Rostislav Andreevitch Fadeef, whom Helena Petrovna loved so much that her biographer, H. S. Olcott, said that they and Vera Petrovna Jelichovsky (her sister) with her children—were her only attachments on earth.

Left early an orphan, Helena Petrovna spent the greater part of her childhood in the home of her grandfather Fadeef, first in Saratoff, later at Tiflis. As far as we can judge, her childhood was very bright and joyful. In the summer, the whole family moved to the Governor's summer residence, a large and ancient mansion surrounded by a garden with many mysterious nooks, a pond, and a deep ravine, behind which ran a dark forest descending to the banks of the Volga. The ardent child saw in nature a mysterious life of its own; she often conversed with birds and animals, and during the winter her learned grand-mother's study presented such an interesting world that it would have fired even a less brilliant imagination. The study contained many curious things: various stuffed animals, and grinning heads of bears and tigers; on one wall there were charming little humming-birds, glittering like so many bright flowers;

on the other sat owls, falcons and vultures, and above them, under the very ceiling, a large eagle spread its majestic wings. But the most awful was a white flamingo, which stretched out its long neck, as if it were living. When the children came to their grand-mother's study, they sat astride on the black stuffed horse or on the white seal, and in the twilight they fancied all these animals began to move, and the little Helena Petrovna told many terrible and captivating stories, especially about the white flamingo, whose wings seemed to have been sprinkled with blood. Besides the phenomena due to her near connection with nature and evident to all, there were others visible to her alone. From early childhood the clairvoyant child saw the majestic figure of a Hindū in a white turban, always one and the same. She knew him as well as she knew her own relatives and called him her Protector, saying that it was He who saved her in dangers.

One of those accidents happened when she was thirteen years old: a horse she rode became frightened and ran away; the child was unseated and, getting entangled in the stirrup, hung on to it; instead of being killed, however, she felt round her body somebody's arms, which supported her till the horse was stopped. Another accident happened much earlier, when she was quite a baby. She wished very much to examine a picture hanging high up on a wall and covered by a white curtain. She asked some one to uncover the picture, but her wish was not gratified. Once, being in the room alone, she pushed a table to the wall, put another small table over it, and a chair over this again, and succeeded in climbing to the top of it, holding with one hand to the dusty wall and with the other

reaching out to the curtain ; she lost her balance and remembered nothing else. Coming to, she found herself lying on the floor safe and sound, both tables and the chair standing in their usual places, the curtain drawn over the picture, and the only proof of all this having really happened was a little trace of the small hand, left on the dusty wall under the picture.

Thus the childhood and youth of Helena Petrovna passed under very happy conditions amidst a cultured and, it seems, a very friendly family, with benevolent traditions and a very sympathetic attitude towards the inferior classes. Her marriage at the age of eighteen with an elderly and unloved man, with whom she could not have anything in common, can be explained only by a keen desire to gain more freedom. If one imagines the conditions of life of a young lady in provincial 'high life,' even in a good family, with all the prejudices and irksome etiquette of that time, one can easily understand how such conditions oppressed a nature so ardent, so difficult to limit, and so freedom-loving as the young Helena Petrovna's must have been. Further happenings confirm this supposition : three months after her wedding,¹ Helena Petrovna ran away from her husband, and this flight brings the first period of her life to a close, after which begins another, full of endless wanderings by sea and land in one or another part of the world.

Helene F. Pissareff

¹ Some say on her wedding journey.—Ed.



THE BEARING OF RELIGIOUS IDEALS ON
SOCIAL RE-ORGANISATION

By ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

(Concluded from p. 465)

IN order to realise the effect of Religious Ideals on a Society growing up around them and dominated by them, we should carefully study the history of the past, bearing this in mind. Let us take for such study the Ideals of Christianity, and the development of European Society under their influence.

Two main Ideals appear to me to be presented by Christianity : (1) The Value of the Individual ; (2) Self-sacrifice.

The first of these made the Individual, instead of the Family, the social unit, and, by emphasising the value of the individual soul, evolved and strengthened the sense of Individuality in man. The immense stress laid on the life here as determining man's everlasting destiny; the submergence of the idea of reincarnation—universal in the ancient world—entailing the permanence of the after-death happiness or misery brought about by the use of that one life on earth, thus magnifying its importance beyond all measure; the substitution of this conception of the overwhelming value of earthly life with its accompanying heaven or hell for that of a continued life, repeatedly circling through the three worlds—physical, intermediate and heavenly—in a long evolutionary process by which, ultimately, perfection was attained; all this inevitably led to the emphasising of the value of the individual possessed of this single chance of salvation; this one, short, span of earthly life linked to such gigantic outcome magnified the all-importance of the individual soul. “What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?” The Christian teaching, based on the Hebraic ideas of the fixed earth with its revolving firmament studded with sun and moon and “the stars also,” made man as truly the centre of life as was his earth of the universe. For man God descended upon earth, took birth in human flesh, and died; man's salvation was God's chief occupation; for man He rose, ascended into heaven, and thence would come again; man's behaviour pleased or grieved Him, made Him content or jealous and wrathful; “God is angry with the wicked every day”; heaven was clouded by

man's ill-behaviour, and rejoiced over his contrition. Man's importance became enormous in this scheme of things, and his value rose to an unimaginable figure. If we contrast it with the previous conception of a continued life—with its quiet enduring of present wrong as the outcome of past ill-doing ; with its patient striving to plant seeds of qualities which in the future would flower and bear fruit ; with its gentle disregard of the fate of a single life which bulked but small in the face of a life everlasting, stretching through a long vista of births and deaths—if we contrast these two conceptions, we shall realise the impetus given to Individuality by the Christian religion, the magnifying of the individual man.

Hence we have, in the West, Individualism as the basis of Society ; Man stands alone, isolated, a congeries of inherent, inborn Rights. The apotheosis of the Individual is seen in the assertion of the Rights of Man, and the necessary corollary of a competitive Society ; the individual man asserts himself and fights against his fellows ; the individual classes struggle with each other ; the individual nations war with each other. Each fights for his own hand ; each seeks to win by his own individual strength of body or brain that which he desires to possess ; competitors in trade carry on cut-throat competition ; capitalist and workman fight by lock-out and strike ; rival kingdoms seek the bloody arbitrament of war ; the weaker nations are exploited for the enriching of the stronger ; trade-expansion is forced by conical shot, and markets are opened by the sword ; Society becomes a weltering chaos of struggling interests ; might is right ; the hand of the strong is on the throat of the weak ; the helpless is trampled under foot.

Is it, then, ill with the world? is this cockpit civilisation the result of the teaching of the Gentlest, the most Compassionate, of the Lover of men? Nay, be a little patient, O critic of a great work of art while still half-hewn from the stone. All is very well, despite the outward seeming, for this strong Son of God, who is Man, is but evolving the forces which are necessary for the work which shall be done by Him when the strength which now crushes the weak shall be yoked to their service, and each seed of their pain shall blossom into the splendid flowers of their joy.

For the second Ideal of Christianity, shaped less by ecclesiastical doctrine than by the all-compelling power of a Perfect Life, is that of Self-sacrifice, whereof the Cross is the ever-inspiring symbol;

. . . . the Cross of Christ
Is more to us than all His miracles.

The piteous figure of the dying Christ, thorn-crowned and scourged, nail-pierced and naked, was lifted to the heights of unsurpassable command when o'er its pathetic weakness brooded the curbed omnipotence of a God, voluntarily bowing an Immortal Life to a shameful death, and permitting the strong hands which upheld the universe to be nailed by His creatures to the cross. Such was the Figure which silently stood over against Christendom—silently indeed, but there was magic in the silence. Through the storm and the turmoil, through the struggle and the anguish, a voice was ever softly breathing: "Forasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." From the eyes of angry men and weeping women and hungry children shone out the dumb appeal of the eyes of the suffering Christ. Strength was shamed

in the moment of its triumph; ruth was stirred when greed should have slept, full-fed. In some wondrous way weakness was seen as being stronger than strength, and pain as sweeter than joy. And then there came to the heart of Christendom the meaning of the forgotten words spoken by its Lord: "He that is greater among you, let him become as the younger, and he that is chief as he that doth serve. . . I am among you as he that doth serve." Then rang out the words of His servant Paul: "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves." More and more is this Ideal of Self-sacrifice asserting itself in the Christendom of to-day, the Ideal of yoking strength to Service, of recognising the measure of power as the measure of responsibility, of the joy and the glory of voluntary renunciation. That is the Ideal to which the younger generation of the wealthy and the highly placed is stretching out hands aching to serve, is offering up hearts aflame with passionate devotion to man. And that is the Ideal which shall triumph, and shall turn the strength which has been gained in struggle to the uplifting of the trampled, which shall consecrate that strength to the performance of duties instead of to the assertion of rights.

This is the permanent Ideal, while the other is temporary, and shall pass away, having served its purpose, and shall be looked back upon as marking one of the many stages through which man has climbed from savagery to civilisation; it will be seen clearly in the future—as some already see it to-day—that Society could not endure as a constant battle-field of warring interests, but that there must come a great reconstruction, in which the needs of all shall be reconsidered, the

happiness of all shall be aimed at, the extent of possession shall measure the duty of service.

That is the Ideal which, in many different forms, is making its way among the nations of the West. Sometimes it appears in the fierce shape of democratic Socialism, with class-hatred as its inspiration; but hate is a disintegrating force; it cannot construct; and every effort that springs from hatred is doomed to exhaust itself in failure. Side by side with this is another form—a Socialism of love, which aims at giving, but does not exhort to spoliation. It is the noble longing of the happy to bring happiness to the unhappy, of the educated to bring knowledge to the uneducated, of those who have leisure to bring leisure and diminution of toil to those who labour. It is the feeling we call “the social conscience”—a feeling which has its roots in love and sympathy, and which is therefore constructive. For the forces born of love are those which join together, and only a Society which is built on love, and cemented by love, can endure through the ages of the future.

Let us consider what religious Ideal will now serve us as a basis for the reconstruction of Society. What Ideal will suffice to breathe into men’s hearts the necessary inspiration for action? Can such an Ideal be presented in a way so precise, clear, intelligible and rational, that it will command the brains of men as well as attract their hearts, that it will give to the social conscience the force of a natural law? Unless this can be done, our labours will largely fail, for we cannot rely for social reconstruction only on the generous impulses of the noblest and most spiritual men and women. It is necessary that all people should feel that a law exists, accord with which means happiness, and disregard of

which brings ruin—slowly or swiftly, but inevitably. For there is nothing which so compels human reason as the sense of an inviolable natural law, working around us, below, above us, a law from which we cannot escape, and to which we must conform ourselves—or suffer. In Society, as in religion and in morals, we must appeal to the reason, we must justify our proposals before the bar of the intellect; only thus can we bring those whose instincts—growing out of the past—are anti-social, to realise that they cannot wisely satisfy those instincts, because such satisfaction would result in a common ruin, in which they, as well as others, would be engulfed.

What religious Ideals, then, are there which may serve as a basis for Society, and may be seen as rooted in natural law, unchangeable and inviolable? First: the One Life. We must realise that we all share a common Life, are rooted in that Life, so that nothing that injures another can be permanently good for any one of us; that the health of the body politic, as much as of the body individual, depends on the healthy working of every part, that if one part is diseased the whole of the body suffers.

On this point science and religion teach the same truth. We can show, from a book on physiology, how the scientific man builds up, in ever more complicated fashion, that which he calls an individual. He recognises that each of our bodies is built up of myriad individuals, each of which lives its own life, was born, grew, died and decayed; it is huge communities of these individuals which make our bodies—plastids or cells he calls them as they are walled or unwalled—whether actively moving about in the blood,

or comparatively stable ; these form the lowest grade of individuals. Then when these are joined together we have the second grade of individuals—tissues. Tissues, joined together, give us the third grade of individuals—organs. Organs joined together make the fourth grade of individuals—plant, animal and human bodies. Bodies joined together make the fifth grade of individuals—communities. Communities joined together make the sixth grade of individuals—nations. Nations joined together, make the seventh grade—Humanity. This is not the teaching of the poet, of the dreamer, of the man fond of allegory, simile, symbol. It is the dry presentment of fact in the physiological handbook. For science, out of the study of diversity, has realised the underlying unity, as religion, beginning with the unity, has divided gradually that unity in training the State, the Family, the Individual. The scientific man regards humanity as an organism, and religion recognises the same idea. Only where science sees one universal Life, religion sees also one universal Consciousness, and calls that Consciousness—GOD. Religion teaches the Immanence of God: One Life in many forms, One Consciousness in many consciousnesses, One Spirit in many spirits—The ONE individualised for love's sake, for bringing "many sons unto glory".

Thus this idea of One Life in us and in all, One Life expressing itself in countless individuals, is expressed alike by religion and by science. It matters not whether we climb up to a truth from below by countless observations—the Method of Science, or descend into matter from the heights of Spirit—the Method of Religion ; both ultimately proclaim the same reality, and this unity of Life, and therefore of Humanity, may

be accepted from either. The recognition of that common life is the only sure basis for the building up of Society in the multiplex individuals that we call nations.

Let us suppose that this thought becomes the dominant thought in all minds ; will they not inevitably begin to realise that the health of the whole must depend on the health of the parts ? Put poison into the mouth, and the whole body suffers. Inject it into a vein, and the whole body is sick. Allow poverty, misery, ignorance, to spread abroad in your body politic, and the whole body politic becomes diseased, and there is no sound health in it. A belief in the Immanence of God compels the recognition of the Solidarity of Man : "There is one Spirit, *and One Body.*" The second truth is only the earth-side of the first. Hence any scheme of social reconstruction that is to endure must be based on the practical recognition of a common Life in which all are sharers. That means that there must be no slums, and no plague-spots of vice in our cities ; it means the disappearance of the frightful poverty which gnaws at the life of millions of our fellow-beings. It means such a recognition, such a realisation, of the common Life, that we who are cultured and comfortable shall feel diseased and tortured unless we are doing our utmost to relieve our brothers and sisters from suffering ; a realised common Life cannot rest content while there is so much agony unregarded.

This is felt in blood-relationship. There is no need of law to compel a brother to assist a brother ; the law of love in the heart negates the need for any other law, and compels us to carry help to a suffering member of the family. And it is true that "God hath made of

one blood" all the children of men; and until we feel for those outside the blood-family as we feel for those within, until for us all form one family, until—in the phrase of an old Hindū scripture—we regard all the elders as our parents, the contemporaries as our brothers and sisters, the youngers as our children, we have not really risen to the *human* point of view at all. For in true men and women, the sense of love, compassion and sympathy—of Service, in a word—stretches over earth, through death, and back to earth again, and just in proportion as we have evolved this quality in far-reaching benevolence are we truly Man.

As this truth becomes generally recognised, all who suffer will have an indefeasible claim on all who are able to help, by the mere *fact* of their suffering; instead of running away from the sight of suffering, and trying to forget it, as so many do to-day, we shall allow the suffering to wring our hearts until we have removed it from another. We shall live out the exquisite words of that gem of literature, *The Voice of the Silence*, given to us by H. P. Blavatsky: "Let not the fierce sun dry one tear of pain before thyself hast wiped it from the sufferer's eye. But let each burning human tear drop on thy heart and there remain; nor ever brush it off until the pain that caused it is removed." And it is written: "To live to benefit mankind is *the first step.*"

As this Ideal begins to rule, the sense of true Solidarity will arise, and Society will be built in full recognition of the law that social health depends on the health of every individual in Society, that it is not enough that some should be successful, but that all must have their share of happy life. Without this, Society perishes. The law of the common Life, the expression of which

is Brotherhood, is woven into the very substance of the human race. There have been many Empires, many Kingdoms in the past, and they have all broken up when they denied the law of Brotherhood. Where Brotherhood is ignored, it breaks that which ignores it. Empires have been builded by King-Initiates, and have lasted for thousands of years in happiness and prosperity; but when, in later days, selfishness grasped the sceptre, the Empire slowly crumbled into dust.

The first Ideal, then, which is necessary for Social Reconstruction, is the Unity of Life—we are all one. None can suffer in the body politic without the happiness of all being tainted; success and failure are common for the whole of us; while to ignore the law may for a brief time bring success, in the long run it inevitably brings destruction. A man takes advantage of his fellow man, builds up his own business by the destruction of the businesses of his neighbours, gathers together money by injuring, not by serving, those around him. Perhaps as a lawyer he is unjust, unfair, and wins his cases and fame and fortune by unjust and unfair pleadings in our Courts. The result is that the standard of morality of the nation is lowered. Commerce and trade become rotten, and no man can really trust his neighbour; for the tricks of business and trade are played, and people know it. As mistrust gradually spreads through the people, prosperity sinks lower and lower; and the children and grand-children of the successful but dishonest man share in the degradation of the whole nation. For the poison that he put into the veins of the nation has gradually spread through the whole body, and the whole is sick and degraded: the national life becomes polluted and devitalised, and everyone

suffers. The wealth he gained by wrong is scattered, and the family, for which he cheated and saved, sinks down in the general national decay.

Another religious Ideal, needed especially for the actual work of Social Reconstruction, is the joy and glory of Sacrifice. This again is beautifully seen in the family. No compulsion is there needed. Where food goes short, the youngest children are the first to be fed. The baby is the last to be neglected, when pressure comes upon the family resources: for, instinctively, the elders feel that the burden must not fall on the weaker shoulders, while they are there to bear it in their stead. Sacrifice is seen not to be sorrow, but a healthy instinct of the true human heart, and wherever it meets weakness there comes the impulse to serve.

And if this were carried out in the reconstruction of Society, what would be the result? No longer then would most be expected from the weakest, nor would the bearing of the heaviest burdens be put on the shoulders least fitted to sustain them. Who, in our Society, are those who most need something of the ease of life—good food, good clothing, good shelter, and leisure that will truly recreate? Surely it is those who toil—those who are giving their strength to production, and who for long hours labour for the common helping. And yet those, under our present system, are the worst fed, worst clothed, worst housed. It is far harder for a man, exhausted by eight, nine, ten hours of labour, to go home to a slum where the air is foul and the surroundings repulsive, than it would be for one less exhausted. It may be said that he feels it less than would one accustomed to other life. That is true, for habit dulls. But is not this the heaviest condemnation of our social

system, that we have crushed our workers down to the point where they do *not* feel sufficiently acutely the evil conditions of their lives? We force them to be less than human, and then plead their lack of refined humanity as an excuse for leaving them as they are.

Modern civilisation has failed to make the masses of the people happy. Look at the faces of the poor; they are the faces of a saddened and weary people, weary with the burden of life. Until the people are happy, we have no right to talk of 'Society'; there is only a weltering chaos of social units, with no social organisation. But gradually we shall take the social question in hand, and aim at the realisation of the splendid phrase: "*From* each according to his capacity; *to* each according to his needs." That is the Law of the Family, and one day it will be the Law of the State; for it is the true social law. As the truth of reincarnation becomes accepted once more, the duty of the elders to the youngers, the claim of the youngers on the elders, will be recognised; help, protection and training will be gladly rendered by the elders, and the evolution of the youngers will be quickened.

This can only come about by religious effort and the religious spirit. Not out of the Ideal of material prosperity but out of the religious Ideal must spring the Sacrifice that is joy, because it is the conscious expression of the common life; only out of the religious Ideal can come the Brotherhood which exists in all its splendour in the spiritual world, and, in time, shall surely spread to us in this mortal sphere. It is the spiritual sight which is the true vision, and the testimony of the spiritual consciousness, which has been so ignored in the West, is beginning to be seen as an asset

in human Society. That spiritual consciousness always speaks for Unity, for Brotherhood, for Service and for Sacrifice; as it unfolds, it will bring the materials for a nobler social State.

The Immanence of God; the duty of the strong to serve and to protect; the linking together of power and responsibility; the realisation that the higher and stronger should put forward no rights—that rights belong to the weaker and the more helpless; these Ideals, as they are recognised, will regenerate Society, and will stimulate the noblest emotions of the human heart to love, to help and to serve. There will be no need of confiscatory legislation, for the heart full of love will be the law of life; it will be a question of giving not of taking, of voluntary help not of compelled drudgery. Then will the danger of warfare pass away, and peace, which is the fruit of love, will spread over the lands. In the unity realised by religion, the apparently conflicting interests of men on the material plane will disappear, and as the Spirit of Love dominates, the discords caused by hatred will pass away.

Annie Besant

THEOSOPHICAL IDEAS IN CONTEMPORARY POETRY

By MARGUERITE M. C. POLLARD

THROUGH all the ages the greatest poets have always been Theosophists in the deepest sense. Dowered with the gifts of seership and of expression, they have been the revealers to mankind of the glories of the higher planes. One after another has come forth to reveal to suffering humanity the incomparable loveliness of Truth. Through all the ages they have worshipped the One under the aspect of Beauty, and through beauty have awakened other hearts to an insatiable thirst for divine and imperishable Truth. The poets of to-day have the same great office. Now, as of yore, they are priests of the robe of God, teaching man to love the beauties of physical nature as a manifestation of the inconceivable glory of the Lord of Life. Already "the voices of the day are heard across the voices of the dark" and there are many poets in advance of their age who have come in upon the crest of the advancing wave of thought. Too little are they listened to, too little can they make their voices heard above the fever and the din of the work-a-day world. It is fatal only to be able to idealise past ages and to think that the whole earth now is common and unclean, and yet this is the point of view which every poet of a new age has to encounter.

No conventions are more rigid than literary conventions, no prejudices more bitter than artistic prejudices, no martyrdom more painful than the poet's martyrdom. Art is as free and spontaneous now as ever, the vision as fair now as it was in the beginning and as it shall be ever for those who have poetic sight. Men may look back to a golden age in the dim past or forward to it in the dim future, but always for the seeing eye the golden age is now and the Kingdom of Heaven is within.

The poet is the great idealiser ; he sees life fresh with the dews of the morning. He is the great inspirer, because he is the man of aspiration, God-intoxicated, a visionary, yet able to body forth his vision and make it concrete. But too often he is the "voice of one crying in the wilderness" : none heed him, possibly till he has been dead for many years. "God gave the poet his song" and the poet to his age—to his *own* age primarily, even though he be a poet for all time. But comparatively few of his contemporaries hear the song until the events or conditions that inspired it have long since passed and the voice of the singer is for ever still. A younger generation may raise "the tardy bust," but to what purpose? The poet rarely gets his full meed of praise in his life-time, still more rarely in his youth ; and yet of all men the poet is most sensitive to praise. The artistic vocation is to give pleasure. Praise to the poet is the outward and visible sign that he has fulfilled his mission. He spares no pains to obtain it.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
That last infirmity of noble minds,
To scorn delights and live laborious days.

Few poets feel the pleasing prick of that spur.
Nearly always they have, like Browning, to bear years

of neglect and indifference, to starve in garrets like Goldsmith and Chatterton, to walk the streets all night like Johnson and Savage, or to sell matches in the streets all day like Francis Thompson. If they be not "steeped in poverty to the very lips," they are stretched upon "the rack of this rough world" in other ways. "Envy and calumny and hate and pain" do their worst. The learned world, which ought to be the most sympathetic, is generally hostile. Many sink. Others, purged even of that last infirmity, continue to write because, like Blake, they have a gift to give, a duty to accomplish. Knowing that a herald has merely to deliver his message and is not concerned with the way in which it is received, they learn at last to say:—

There is delight in singing tho' none hear
Beside the singer.

It is for us to learn:—

There is delight
In praising, tho' the praiser sit alone
And see the prais'd far off him, far above.

The waste of poetic power through public indifference is pitiful—pitiful from the point of view of the poet who suffers acutely in the process, but far more pitiful from that of the generation which fails to appreciate him. The poet has his vision and the joy of creation.

I too will something make
And joy in the making
Although to-morrow it seem
Like the empty words of a dream
Remembered on waking.

But his contemporaries, sunk in ignorance, held fast in the grip of sloth, have no vision, only the joy of persecuting. Heaven lies about them, but they prefer to walk in outer darkness with weeping and gnashing of teeth. A new poet ought to be welcomed

as tenderly as a new-born babe; his way should be prepared as assiduously as that of a new prophet. There is no fear that the rough places will be made too smooth, or that *his* path will be one of roses all the way, however we may toil. None of us can alter the mistakes of the past, but each of us may cry with Napoleon: "L'avenir, l'avenir, l'avenir est a moi." When the next great poet appears, we may be among the first to recognise him and to convince others that "a new planet has swum within our ken". It is impossible to give infallible rules for the recognition of a great poet, but one would expect to find in him strong individuality, beauty and originality of form combined with depth and sublimity of thought. The whole history of literature shows that it is not easy to recognise these rare gifts.

"We needs must love the highest *when* we see it," but we do not see it. We love Lancelot, or another; any one but the blameless King.

Chesterton has said that "great poets are obscure for two opposite reasons; now, because they are talking about something too large for anyone to understand; now again, because they are talking about something too small for any one to see". But though it is difficult to recognise true greatness, our mental attitude may be one of watchfulness. We may be on the alert, ready to welcome any real poet, ready to worship a great poet. We may have our lamps trimmed and our loins girded and when the Light-Bearer, the Son of the Morning, arises, we shall hail gladly the Interpreter of the ideals and aspirations of a new age, the herald of the day that is to be.

But already the roseate hues of morning are tinting the eastern sky; much Theosophical truth is

being presented clothed in forms of inspired imagination, and steeped in the deepest emotions of the heart. Old storehouses of forgotten legends are being ransacked by modern Keltic bards, and in the light of Theosophy we see how much of the Ancient Wisdom these old folk-tales contain.

The faery world, the world of elemental and angelic orders of beings, is ours once more. "Immortal mild proud shadows" haunt the woods and "deep down 'mid coral caves" "the sweet wild creatures of the sea" await a day "when Ocean shall be earth's sole heir". Yeats has peopled his world with these ethereal beings. There is a passage of wonderful weird beauty in 'The Countess Cathleen,' in which the merchants call upon the water-folk to aid them in removing the Countess's gold. The words of the invocation have a strange fascination of sound, and one could almost imagine them to be of mantric effect:—

Come hither, hither, hither, water-folk :
Come all you elemental populace ;
Leave lonely the long-hoarding surges : leave
The cymbals of the waves to clash alone,
And, shaking the sea-tangles from your hair,
Gather about us.

All down the ages poets have agreed as to the lightness of the sea-faeries and the swiftness of their 'printless' feet. Lightness and swiftness are the qualities assigned to them by Yeats.

I can hear a sound
As from waves beating upon distant strands ;
And the sea-creatures, like a surge of light,
Pour eddying through the pathways of the oaks ;
And as they come, the sentient grass and leaves
Bow toward them, and the tall drouth-faded oaks
Fondle the murmur of their flying feet.

In the poem entitled 'To Some I have Talked with by the Fire' Yeats discriminates between three orders

of the non-human evolutions. First there are the opposing forces, "the dark folk, who live in souls of passionate men"; secondly, there are the elementals, who have not yet evolved a sense of right and wrong, "the wayward, twilight companies"

Who sigh with mingled sorrow and content
Because their blossoming dreams have never bent
Under the fruit of evil and of good.

And lastly there is the great deva kingdom, the angels of all nations and all faiths,

The embattled flaming multitude
Who rise, wing above wing, flame above flame,
And, like a storm, cry the Ineffable Name,
And with the clashing of their sword-blades make
A rapturous music, till the morning break,
And the white hush end all, but the loud beat
Of their long wings, the flash of their white feet.

It is not possible to read far in Yeats' poetry without becoming aware of the presence of superphysical beings. He writes of them with conviction, and believes that a knowledge of their existence will soon again be general. "I cannot get it out of my mind," he says, "that this age of criticism is about to pass, and an age of imagination, of emotion, of moods, of revelation, about to come in its place, for certainly belief in a supersensual world is at hand; and when the notion that we are phantoms of earth and water has gone down the wind, we will trust our own being and all it desires to invent." He himself has an unshakable trust in the creative mind of man. For him, as for the old alchemists, imagination is the greatest of all powers, the first emanation of Divinity. In using it we become Godlike.

Our imaginations are but fragments of the universal imagination, portions of the universal body of God, and as we enlarge our imagination by imaginative sympathy, and transform with the beauty and peace of art the sorrows and joys of the world, we put off the limited mortal man more and more, and put on the unlimited immortal man.

It is interesting to compare the mysticism of A. E. (George Russell) with that of Yeats. Both have felt the inspiration of the East, both have succumbed to the magical fascination of ancient Irish legend. Both, like Fiona Macleod, are confident that Ireland is yet to have a great future, to be "the nursery of the heroic powers and influences that go forth to conquer and die".

It has been said that Yeats would have Ireland the Island of the Arts, and that A. E. would have Ireland the Island of Saints. Perhaps this is so: the latter certainly would fain kindle a spiritual fire to protect his people from the perils of materialism:—

I declare the true ideal and destiny of the Kelt in this island to be the begetting of a humanity whose desires and visions shall rise above earth, illimitable into God-like nature, who shall renew for the world the hope, the beauty, the magic, the wonder, which will draw the buried stars which are the souls of men to their native firmament of spiritual light and elemental power.

All else is insignificant so long as the Soul is loyal to the mandates of the Higher Self, attains the beatitude of Saintship, the mystical union with the divine.

What does it matter whether every Kelt perished in the land, so that our wills, inviolate to the last, made obeisance only to the light which God has set for guidance in our souls?

A. E. is less drawn to the occult side of mysticism than Yeats, as Ian Mör has said. He is essentially a visionary. He does not people the world with elementals, but finds "the radiance of Deity" shining through it. He identifies himself with the life in nature and looking up at the stars says:—

Those myriad eyes that look on me are mine;
Wandering beneath them I have found again
The ancient, ample moment, the divine,
The God-root within men.

A. E. is deeply interested in the soul's long voyage from the Great Deep to the Great Deep, and he tries to render in verse the ecstasy of "the ancient hours ere we forgot ourselves to men". In 'The Children of Sin' he gives poetically the whole process of involution and evolution. There he tells of the birth of souls from the ocean of infinite Being. Sin is the Oceanus of Keltic mythology. Symbolically he is the Great Deep, or original Divinity from whom all sprang. The myth tells how the Children of Sin were changed into swans by magic, and lived for ages on the waters round the Irish coast. Their metamorphosis symbolises the descent of the Spirits of men from the heaven-world into earth-life. Their age-long bondage on the waters symbolises the bondage of the astral world, the world of desire (always represented symbolically by the sea), to which the soul is bound according to the kârmic law, until abandoning the fruit of action it is made ready to pass into the Eternal Peace.

In another poem 'Babylon,' which forms an interesting contrast to Henley's 'When I was King in Babylon' in the treatment of the idea of reincarnation, A. E. makes us realise very beautifully the great antiquity of the human Ego.

The blue dusk ran between the streets : my love was winged
 within my mind,
 It left today and yesterday and thrice a thousand years behind.
 To-day was past and dead for me, for from to-day my feet
 had run
 Through thrice a thousand years to walk the ways of ancient
 Babylon.
 On temple top and palace roof the burnished gold flung back
 the rays
 Of a red sunset that was dead and lost beyond a million days.
 The tower of heaven turns darker blue, a starry sparkle now
 begins ;
 The mystery and magnificence, the myriad beauty and the sins

Come back to me. I walk beneath the shadowy multitude of
towers ;

Within the gloom the fountain jets its pallid mist in lily flowers.
The waters lull me and the scent of many gardens, and I hear
Familiar voices, and the voice I love is whispering in my ear.
Oh real as in dream all this : and then a hand on mine is laid :
The wave of phantom tide withdraws ; and that young Baby-
lonian maid,

One drop of beauty left behind from all the flowing of that
tide,

Is looking with the self-same eyes, and here in Ireland by my
side.

Oh light our life in Babylon, but Babylon has taken wings,
While we are in the calm and proud procession of eternal
things.

It has been truly said of A. E. that "by his vision-
ary force he annihilates space and time, and leads us
out into infinity with the vista of all the heavens before
our eyes".

Yeats writes of the divinity of beauty, of her "high
and lonely mysteries" which lie hidden "flame on
flame," "deep under deep," "throne over throne".
A. E. in 'The Divine Vision' deals with remembered
beauty. Ideal beauty in Yeats' poetry is symbolised as
the Rose : so too is the divine love in pursuit of which
all else is to be put away :—

We must become blind and deaf and dizzy. We must
get rid of everything that is not measureless eternal life.
We must put out hope as I put out this candle. And memory
as I put out this candle. And at last we must put out the light
of the sun and of the moon, and all the lights of the world and
the world itself. We must destroy the world ; we must destroy
everything that has law and number ; for where there is no-
thing there is God.

(To be Concluded)

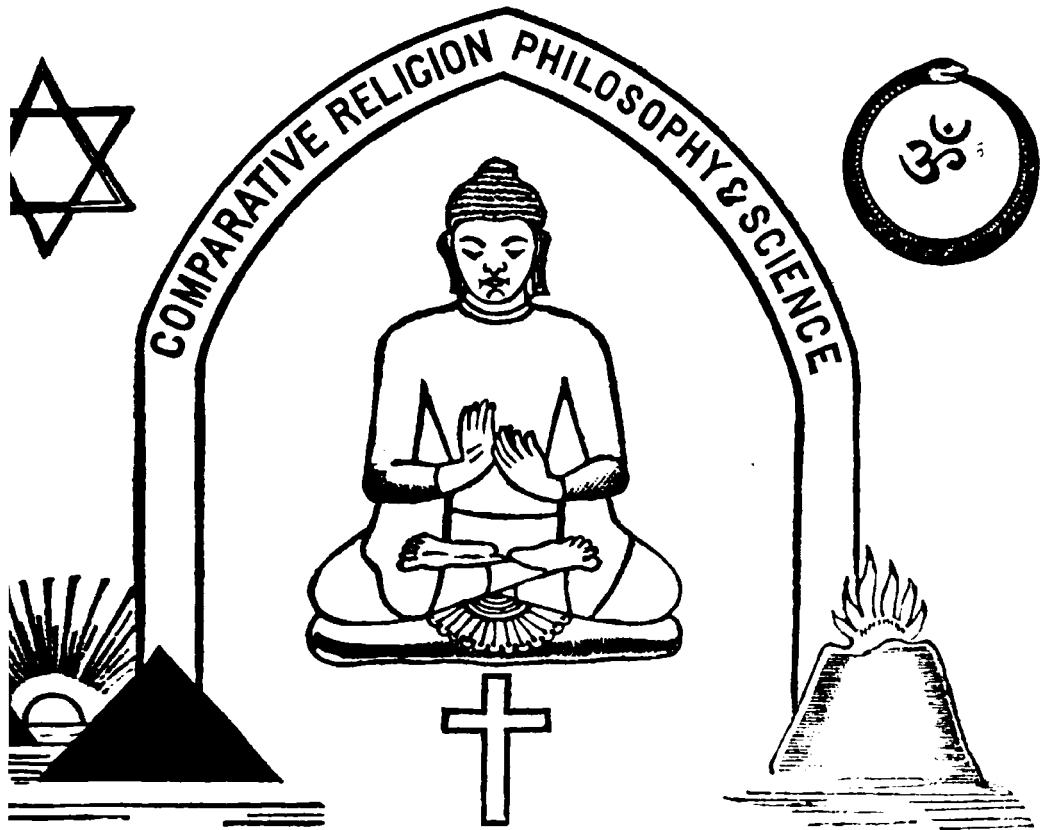
M. M. C. Pollard

DAY-DREAM

With the rushing of the wind,
With the musick of the lyre,
Shall I sing to thee of Love,
Of my Love and my Desire,
Of the beauty of Her form,
Of Her loveliness and grace,
And the roses that adorn
With their blushes Her sweet face.

Can I strike this lofty theme?
Can I speak of the Ideal,
Of the Phantom of a Dream,
Of the Mystic and Unreal?
For in these my Love doth dwell,
Of no earthly mould is She
And the Vision Realised
Lives in vast Eternity.

T. L. Crombie.



A JAIN MEDITATION

By ACHARYA AMIBGATI SVĀMI¹

O LORD! make my Self such that He may have love for all beings, pleasure in the company of learned men, unstinted sympathy for those in pain, and tolerance towards those perversely inclined.

2. May Thy grace enable me, O Jinendra, to separate—like the sword blade from its scabbard—the Self, which is faultless and omnipotent, from the body.

¹ Translated by Ajit Prasada, M.A., LL.B., and Chaitan Das, B.A., S.C.

3. O Lord! may my mind, after a complete destruction of all sense of attachment, be at equilibrium, in pleasure and pain, among friends and foes, in gain and loss, at home and abroad.

4. O Revered of all Saints! may Thy feet be ever enshrined in my heart and act as a light to remove all darkness; and there be engraved, and impressed, and fixed, and imaged, and unified with it.

5. O Lord! if I have, by carelessly moving hither and thither, destroyed, cut asunder, brought into (incompatible) connection, or otherwise injured, any organism possessed of one or more senses, may such wrong action of mine be annulled.

6. If I, moving away from the path of salvation, overpowered by passions and senses, have foolishly omitted to observe the rules of purity of conduct, may such errors of mine, O Master, be set at naught.

7. I destroy sin, from which all ills in the cosmos proceed, whether committed through mind, or word, or body, or passion, by self-analysis, self-censure, and repentance, just as a doctor completely removes all effects of poison by the force of incantations.

8. O World-Victor, I purify myself by performing expurgation for all foolish deviation from rectitude arising from Aṭikrama, Vyaṭikrama, Aṭichār and Anāchār.

9. Aṭikrama is the defiling of the necessary purity of mind; Vyaṭikrama is non-observance of the rules of conduct; Aṭichār, O Lord, is indulgence in sensual desires; and Anāchār is defined as excessive attachment (to them).

10. O Goddess Sarasvaṭi! pray, pardon me if through inattention I have uttered any thing wanting in meaning, spelling, word, or sense, and grant me the boon of knowledge absolute.

11. O Goddess! Thou art like the jewel Chintāmaṇi in granting all desired objects. May I, by worshipping Thee, obtain wisdom, control of mind, purity of thought, realisation of my true Self and perfect happiness everlasting.

12. May that Lord of Lords be enshrined in my heart, who is an object of contemplation for bands of ascetics, to whom all Monarchs and Archangels sing hallelujahs, and who is praised in the Vedas, Purāṇas and Shāstras.

13. May that Lord of Lords be enshrined in my heart, who in essence is Knowledge, Wisdom, and Happiness, who is free from all imperfections, pervading the universe, who is accessible in contemplation, and who is called the Highest Self.

14. May that Lord of Lords be enshrined in my heart, who destroys all the trammels of the world, who sees all that is innermost in the universe, who pervades all, and who is seen by a devotee.

15. May that Lord of Lords be enshrined in my heart, who has established the path of salvation, who has passed beyond Birth and Death (which proceed from sin), who sees the worlds, and is bodiless and faultless.

16. May that Lord of Lords be enshrined in my heart, who has clasped to his bosom all beings, who is free from all passional defects, is wisdom personified, is above all senses, and eternal.

17. May that Lord of Lords be enshrined in my heart, who pervades all for the good of all, who is perfect, is all-knowing, who has destroyed all bonds of karma, and by contemplating whom all evil is annihilated.

18. I seek shelter in that Supreme Lord who cannot be touched by the contamination of evil karmas, just as volumes of darkness cannot affect the strong-rayed sun, and who is stainless, eternal, one, and many.

19. I seek shelter in that Supreme Lord, who, centred in His own Self, diffuses the light of wisdom, and illumines the universe in a manner that the sun cannot rival.

20. I seek shelter in that Supreme Lord, having seen whom the universe becomes clearly and distinctly visible, who is Pure, Eternal, and All-tranquil, is without a beginning and without an end.

21. I seek shelter in that Supreme Lord, who has annihilated desire, pride, delusion, anguish, sleep, fear, sorrow, anxiety, just as a jungle is burnt up by the fierce fire.

22. Neither a cushion of grass nor a wooden plank, neither a slab of stone nor a piece of ground, has been prescribed for purposes of meditation. That *Aṭma* itself which has subdued its foes—passions and sense desires—has by wise men been said to be the pure seat.

23. No seat, my good friend, is necessarily essential for attaining communion, and neither world-homage, nor group-meetings are required. Renounce all desire for the external, and be incessantly absorbed in thine own Self in every possible way.

24. "No external objects are mine. May I never be theirs." Determine this and break connection with the external, and, O good friend, if thou desirest to secure deliverance, be always centred in Thyself.

25. Thou who seest Thyself in thyself art pure and possessed of sight and wisdom. A sage who concentrates his mind attains communion howsoever situated.

26. My Self is ever One, Eternal, Pure, and All-knowing in its essence. The rest are all outside me, non-eternal, and brought about as results of action.

27. How can He who is not one even with his own body be connected with his son, wife, or friends? when the skin is removed from the body, where do the pores remain?

28. The Self encased in the body undergoes various sorts of sufferings because of this connection; therefore those who desire deliverance for the Self should avoid this corporeal contact through mind, speech, and action.

29. Liberate thyself from the trammels of doubt through which thou art lost in this world-forest. Realise thyself as separate and absorbed in contemplation of the Highest Self.

30. Whatever karmas you have performed previously, you experience their results, whether good or evil. If what you experience is caused by another, then the karmas you have performed have clearly been of no effect.

31. "Leaving aside the self-gathered karmas of the dweller in the body, no one gives anything to any one." Think of this with a concentrated mind, and give up the idea that there is another who gives.

32. Those who always meditate upon the High Self, who is revered by Amīṭgaṇi, who is distinct from everything, who is worthy of high praise—such persons attain the supreme bliss which abides in salvation.

33. He who with a fixed mind contemplates the Supreme Self (Paramātmā) through these thirty-two verses attains that position which can never be lost.

Ajit Prasada and Chaitan Das

NOTE

A very interesting fragment of news comes from Philadelphia, where Professor L. von Frankl Hochwart, a distinguished Austrian neurologist, has been addressing a scientific audience in the University Hospital. He has been carrying on investigations into the functions of the pineal gland, and finds it to be related to mentality, and, somewhat incongruously, to sexuality. He is said also to have hinted "that if anything may ever be learned regarding the origin of what is commonly called spiritual impulse, it is not unlikely that it may be found when the mystery that still hedges this little-known organ is cleared away". This is a promising statement.

AN OUTLINE OF MANICHÆISM

By DR. RAIMOND VAN MARLE

(Concluded from p. 401)

VII. THE ORGANISATION OF THE MANICHÆAN SECT AND RULES FOR ITS MEMBERS

THE divisions of the members of the Manichæan sect were closely related to their cosmogony ; just as there were five divisions in Light-ether, there were also five degrees for the Manichæan, each corresponding with one of these divisions. The highest sphere of these was known as Gentleness, and the members of the highest degree of the Manichæans—the Teachers—were called Sons of Gentleness ; they were initiated into all the mysteries of the religion. Below them came the bishops, or the Sons of Knowledge, so called after the second division of the Light-ether. Then came the Sons of Intelligence, the Presbyters. The fourth division consisted of the Sons of Secrecy, the Elect, the real members of the sect ; and the fifth degree comprised the Aspirants or Auditors, who were not yet accepted into the religion, these were the Sons of Understanding.

This way of dividing is given by the Christian, as well as by the Oriental authors and in the Greek abjuration. S. Augustine says that there were twelve Teachers

and seventy-two Bishops, which numbers would correspond with the zodiac and the stars belonging to it, as well as with the Apostles and disciples of Christ. The meaning of the names of the different degrees of the Manichæans is easily understood. The Sons of Understanding were those who began to understand what the truth is; the Sons of Secrecy had some idea of the esoteric (secret) doctrine of Manichæism. The Sons of Intelligence certainly understood these esoteric doctrines, and the Sons of Knowledge undoubtedly had complete knowledge of them; the Sons of Gentleness were so called because gentleness was considered to be the highest quality.

The only degrees of which we know anything are those of the Auditors and the Elect, which are continually mentioned together. The Auditors were those who were preparing themselves to become Elect, and their inclusion in the order was necessary since without them the Elect could not lead their ascetic life. The Auditors were not forbidden to lead the quite ordinary life. They could marry and have children, eat meat, drink wine, and earn their livelihood by agriculture, trade, or whatever they chose. Laziness, or idleness, was considered a very great mistake. Al Biruni, an Arabian author of the tenth century, gives us some more information. Though his writings date considerably after Manes' times, his statements must be reliable as several passages prove that he read Manes' own books of the Auditors. Al Biruni said that their duties were: to give a tenth part of their possessions as alms to the poor; to fast a seventh part of their lives (most probably each seventh day)¹; to have only one wife; to help the righteous, and to relieve them

¹ The Confession-prayer published by Dr. Stein speaks of seven sorts of alms-giving and fifty days of fasting in a year.

of their troubles. Al Biruni also said that he did not find any trace in Manes' writings of excuse for immorality in the Auditors, as has been pretended, and that the tendency of his teachings is in absolute contradiction to this idea. In the Turfan fragments somebody calls himself in the prayer an Auditor from Babylon. It is possible that this was their regular title.¹

Before becoming an Elect, one must be sure that one can bridle lust and covetousness; that one does not want to eat meat or drink wine; that one can lead an absolutely chaste life, and can avoid prejudicial contact with water, fire, sorcery and hypocrisy. If one is not certain of being able to do all these things, then one should not become an Elect; however if one loved the religion one could be an Auditor and try on every occasion to live as far as possible according to Manes' rules.

Al Biruni also gives us some information on the duties of the Elect. They had to respect poverty, and to prefer it to wealth; to suppress desire and passion; to abhor the world, and withhold themselves from it; they should practise fasting and alms-giving to the highest degree. It was forbidden to the Elect to possess anything in the world² except nourishment for a single day and sufficient dress for one year³. Also they should practise absolute continence and wander about the world preaching and urging all to live a virtuous life.

The Elect should break all the links which still bound them to the world, not only by not possessing

¹ M. 4.

² It is not very clear how they could do much in alms-giving if they were not to possess anything; perhaps it was by alms-giving that they were to lose all their possessions.

³ The same in M. 731.

anything, but also by not paying any more attention to the ties of relationship. Of course all these measures were meant to make them as free as possible from matter, because, as we have seen, it was through the Elect that Light-particles could be set free; for instance, if they ate a fruit the Light-particles in this fruit were no longer attached to matter. The Auditors also could do something for the deliverance of Light-particles, but the purer the instrument was, the more light it could produce. When the material links which held the Light-particles were broken, Christ continued their evolution, they were then pulled upwards by the sun and the moon, as we saw before.

To keep their bodies as clean as possible, the Elect had to choose their food carefully. So they ate melons and cucumbers, for the many Light-particles which they contained. The Elect were taught to repeat certain sentences to everything they ate. To the bread, for instance, they said: "It was not I who kneaded you, baked you, cut you, etc; I eat you without guilt." To prevent the Elect from having to meddle with matter—since this would have made their deliverance slower, each contact with matter giving birth to new duties—the Auditors did all the work which would have soiled the Elect. The relation between Auditors and Elect was that of inferiors to superiors. The first duty of the Auditors seems to have been to provide everything for the Elect, and if they did not do this as well as possible they were to be punished most severely in hell. Without the Auditors the Elect could never have reached perfection, or led the ascetic life. The spiritual link between Elect and Auditors is not clear, but there certainly were between them other ties than those of the domestic

duties done by the latter; we know, for instance, that the Elect could forgive faults to the Auditors, but perhaps these were only faults committed while serving the Elect, as when preparing food, plucking fruits, or the like. Most striking is the passage in the Confession-prayer in which we read: "It was the rule to pray every day to the Moon-God, to God, to the Law *and to the pure Elect*"—which shows us that the Auditors even prayed to the Elect.¹ Of course, to judge the importance of the passage, we ought to know exactly what was meant here by the word 'pray'.

We do not know what were the conditions under which an Auditor could become an Elect; this certainly belongs to the secrets known only to the Elect and not known to S. Augustine. I think it very probable that a sort of Baptism was part of the ceremony of admission to the higher degree. I do not think, however, that this Baptism was performed with water; perhaps it was done with oil—as recorded in the Apocryphal book, *Acts of Thomas*—or only by laying the hand on the head of the baptised, a method adopted by the mediæval Manichæans; but of everything connected with this sacrament our knowledge is very uncertain.

Possibly the Lord's Supper was held at the same time as the Baptism, or at least, the baptised could partake of it; but this also belongs to the mysteries and the esoteric part of the Manichæan religion. The only precise information we have is from the venomous Cyril of Jerusalem, who says that the Lord's Supper was celebrated by invoking demons, that the chalice contained

¹ Here again we must remember that the text is from Turfan, and that the date of it is not certain, so that it is possible that we have to do with a later form of Manichæism, in which the original rules are exaggerated.

an indescribable and shocking mixture,¹ and that figs were used instead of bread. Considering Cyril's hostility and untrustworthiness, there is no reason to believe this improbable version. From other sources, however, we know that this sacrament was celebrated by the Manichæans.

The every-day life of the Manichæans was regulated by rules, arranged in two series, one containing three seals² and the other ten. These ten commandments were all the Manichæans had to know in order to lead a life according to their Teacher's doctrines. A sort of *Credo* contained them all. They were commanded to believe in God, His Light, Force and Wisdom; that God was the king of the Light-Paradise, His light the Sun and Moon, His force the five elements, soft breeze, wind, light, water and fire, and His wisdom the religion which contains five ideas, each with their representatives in the Manichæan religion—the five degrees of which we have already spoken.

The *Fihrist* tells us that the ten commandments are for the Auditors, but it is not quite clear whether this series of three seals is meant for all the Manichæans or only for the Elect. Anyhow, in the Confession-prayer it is said that the Auditors have this degree on account of the ten commandments, the giving of alms, and the three seals.³ It is possible that the meaning of the 'seals' were qualities already obtained by the Elect, and striven for by the Auditors; certainly these latter did not live up to them strictly, for they married, ate meat, etc.—things forbidden by these seals, as we shall see presently.

¹ Beausobre, II, 726, gives the Greek original and a Latin translation.

² Also spoken of in M. 32, 551, 789.

³ In the same prayer four seals are spoken of.

The ten commandments are: not to adore idols,¹ not to lie, not to be avaricious, not to kill, not to commit adultery, not to steal, not to believe in false pretexts of magic, not to keep a second way of thinking (which would mean to doubt the religion), not to be slothful in action, and to keep the commandments of the four and seven prayers. It is in these ten commandments that we find an influence of the Old Testament in Manichæism, or at least a striking similitude.

The first of the three seals is the seal of the head.² It imposes purity of words and thoughts; it forbids conversation which could be considered blasphemous (and in Manichæism this idea was very far reaching); it also regulates what is allowed to pass through the mouth as food, forbidding all which could make the senses more acute. First of all, therefore, the eating of meat was forbidden; melons, and other fruits and vegetables containing many Light-particles were specially recommended. The drinking of wine was also forbidden very strictly. It seems that by this way of living, which in our days would by many be considered healthy, the Manichæans grew very pale. They are so described by S. Augustine. But it appears that at the time when this Church Father wrote the régime had already slackened.

The seal of the hand virtually forbids every action which is against the Manichæan doctrine and not forbidden by the seals of the head or the senses. Here it is commanded not to break or to kill anything. The whole of nature was regarded with a certain timidity. As we have said already, he who planted

¹ M. 28 says: Those who adore the fire shall perish in the fire.

² *Signacula oris*. The translation is not quite literal but the meaning is head, as we shall see.

a persea-tree had to wander about till the tree died. By committing such an action, one sets up connection with a kingdom which is not his, one does actions in a dominion where one should not act. The same reason should deter us from killing or breaking any plant or tree. Killing animals is still worse, because the animals descend from the demons, and in killing them one has mixed oneself with the spheres of the demons. The command that we should not break plants is directed also against the possession of earthly goods. By this also one has to do with matter and is degraded thereby from the sphere of the Spirit, where one has the right to be. We always have to rectify the harm we have done in killing, by temporarily inhabiting a form like the one we broke. If we cut corn, we shall become corn; if we kill a bird, we must be a bird for a time. But if we possess many goods and are rich, we have to be poor afterwards. This appears to be not a mere rectification of something wrong, but rather a punishment. But it is also possible that it is after all only an effect. By being rich a person prevents for some time an equal division of goods, and consequently he has to be poor in order to restore equilibrium. This would indicate a very socialistic tendency in Manes' doctrines, but we do not find any trace of this in other parts of his teachings.

The third seal was the seal of the senses, and ordered man to lead a chaste and pure life; it forbade marriage.

Obviously such severe rules must make many sinners, and the facility with which forgiveness was obtained shows us that violations of the rules were very frequent. The justification of the forgiveness was

found in the involuntary nature of the sin; otherwise repentance was impossible. But even if the soul has sinned with the body, forgiveness is not impossible, because even then repentance is strong enough to lift up the sinner; it is he who feels no repentance that is very guilty. The real fault in a sin is the pleasure one has felt in committing it. A distinction was made between completed and incompleted virtues, in other words between the virtuous life (realising the virtues) and the tendency toward virtue. Probably this was also the distinction between the Elect and the Auditors. It might have been necessary to avoid commission of any of the forbidden sins, in order to enter the higher degree, but we have no details as to the organisation of it. There were also prayers of penitence. Fasting was one of the most important points in the Manichæan observances, but, again, we have no very precise information on the subject. The *Fihrist* tells us that a two days' uninterrupted fast must be kept when the sun is in the zodiacal sign of Sagittarius, and the moon is full. Fasts were also enjoined: (1) when the moon becomes again visible; (2) after the sun has gone into the sign of Capricorn; (3) when the new moon begins to shine; (4) when the sun is in Aquarius and eight days of the month are passed, there being then a fast of thirty days, always broken at sunset. The Auditors had to celebrate the Sundays by fasting, and the Elect the Mondays as well; on these days Flügel thinks that they celebrated their Mysteries. By itself this division is not at all incomprehensible, but, at the beginning of the same chapter, the *Fihrist*—from which we get this information—says that Manes commanded seven days of fasting every month. Nor does Flügel find a satisfactory

explanation of this diversity of statements, though he thinks that the summing up of fastings must be understood as a commentary on the first statement that there are seven every month.

In the Manichæan fragments translated by Dr. Müller we find also mentioned a special fasting in the month of Tir (June). I think it speaks of a fast of fourteen days as preparation for a special day in this month.¹

The divine service seems not to have had any ceremonies, but there was one in honour of Manes; very probably this was held only after his death. Faustus reproaches the Christians with their many ceremonies, their veneration for the dead, for martyrs, statues, etc., which gave to their religion a much more pagan aspect than the Manichæan religion had. Faustus says again that Christ (the liberator) finds His place in the heart of man when it is ready for Him, and that therefore no church or temple is necessary. The sacrifice of animals, he says, is out of the question. In the Confession-prayer translated and published by Mr. von Le Coq, we find a prayer-hall spoken of,² and, as Mr. von Le Coq remarks, the finding of religious pictures on the walls of buildings, and votive flags closely resembling those of the Buddhists appears to give further evidence of the use of such buildings, *at least by the Manichæans of Turfan.*³ Now I do not see at all why both statements should not be true. It seems very improbable to me that Faustus—who certainly was a very distinguished scholar—should have written these words if there were no foundation for them. So I think that the last part of

¹ M. 16.

² Line 276.

³ *Journal of Royal Asiatic Society*, April, 1911, p. 306.

Mr. von Le Coq's remark gives us the key to the meaning of this diversity, *i. e.*, that in later years a certain change had been produced in the Manichæan religious service.

The *Fihrist* gives a great part of the prayer which the Manichæans had to say four times each day. As it has a very important bearing on the Manichæan religion, I translate it here as far as we know it:—

Blessed be our Leader, the Paraclete, the Messenger of
Light,
And blessed be his Angels, the Guardians,
And praised be his Hosts, the Light-giving.

Be praised, Light-giving Manes, our Leader ;
Thou root of enlightenment and branch of honesty,
Mighty tree, thou art wholly and entirely healing.

I cast myself down and praise
With a pure heart and a true tongue
The great God. The Father of Lights and their Original
Source,

Be praised and blessed, Thou and Thy whole Magnificence,
And Thy Æons, the blessed whom Thou hast nominated,¹
Thou art praised by Him who praises hosts—
Thy Purity, Thy Word, Thy Magnificence, Thy Delight,
Because Thou art the real God,
Who art entirely Truth, Life, and Purity.

I praise and adore all the Gods together,
And the Light-giving Angels with them,
And Lights with them and the Hosts with them,
Who were there from the Great God.

I adore and praise
The Hosts, those Great Ones,
And the Gods, those Light-giving Ones,
Who by their Wisdom
Went forward and chased the darkness,
And overpowered it.

I adore and praise
The Father of Magnificence,
The Great Ones and the Light-giving
Who came from the two Knowledges.

¹ Priests, etc.

At the beginning of each of these six parts of the prayer, he who said it was to cast himself down on the ground and remain there till he had finished it, then stand up, and throw himself down again, saying the following part. Altogether this prayer consisted of twelve parts; six of them only are mentioned, four others must have been in the same style of adoration, and the last two contained other forms of praise-giving, and the *Fihrist* says that it is not necessary to mention them. These prayers had to be repeated four or seven times a day. Probably four times was obligatory, and the three other times voluntary. The four prayers are to be said: (1) when the sun leaves midday (highest place); (2) between this moment and sunset; (3) at evening time after sunset; (4) in the first third of the night, three hours after sunset. Before saying this prayer, one had to rub oneself with running water or something else. This is rather strange, as water—at least rain—is considered to be the perspiration of the demons who are fixed on the firmament. It is possible of course that running water, most probably from a spring, may have been regarded in a different light. After this rubbing, the praying person had to stand up straight, facing the sun, or at night the moon, or, if neither were visible, facing the North Pole, as being the middle of heaven. It is not to be understood from this that they adored the sun or the moon, but simply that they wished to reverence the places where the deliverer of the Light-particles was supposed to be, and the North as the seat of the King of Light. It is also not quite certain whether these prayers were for all Manichæans, or only for the Elect, and therefore were not known to S. Augustine. The Confession-prayer speaks of

four daily prayers for Auditors, which are called "blessings upon Azrua, the God"; besides this they are to say every day one prayer to God, one to the Lord, and one to the Elect. This would make the right number of seven prayers daily for the Auditors.

The Confession-prayer gives us a long list of sins for which forgiveness is asked by him who says the prayer, and this again gives us an idea of the duties of the Auditors. They ask for forgiveness for blasphemous thoughts; for intermingling with darkness by their senses; for sinning against anything on earth, the Elect, or God, against the five kinds of living beings, against the ten commandments; for adhering to false faiths, or calling the Demon God; for breaking the law by having too many goods; for not saying the prayers in the proper way; for not being attached to God in the right way; for not giving the seven sorts of alms; for not praying to God, to the Lord, and to the Elect—to these last in order to obtain forgiveness of sins.

We have available some further information on the other religious duties of the Auditors. Unhappily the meaning of the most important words employed has not yet been explained, and so we find only the names of the duties. We find that forgiveness is also asked for missing the fifty days *vasanti* yearly, that were held by the pure Elect; for not keeping each year seven *yimbi*, and, monthly, *ca sapat*.¹ In general, forgiveness was asked for all actions by which the Light was injured.

From the beginning of this prayer it is quite clear that the Auditors knew very well the principal facts of the cosmogony.

¹ These words are not yet translated.

Amongst the documents translated by Dr. F. W. K. Müller there are some quite different types of prayers and hymns. There is a very curious one,¹ where the supplication for blessing is directed towards the person for whom the prayer is offered; for instance: "May you live in good physical health." All the different things asked for are only for making a happy earthly life, which seems rather in contradiction to the principles of this religion, specially where happiness in family relations is asked for; but in most prayers deliverance is sought, and desire is expressed for the God who will bring the Light and from whom the victory comes.² Many hymns of praise are also to be found in the same collection of fragments. Several of them make us think of the Catholic *Sanctus*,³ in which in different ways the holiness of God is declared. The names given to God in one of these hymns are very beautiful; the hymn begins: "Magnificent, God of Gods, Lord, Most Divine of Gods, Praise the God of the Light-giving Glory, Walls of Light, prodigally blessed is He in whom you remain, pure and brilliant, and entirely full of joy," etc.;⁴ elsewhere it is said: "God is Alpha and Omega."⁵

In another fragment we find hymns which, though damaged, seem to be in a certain order.⁶ We find the titles: 'Hymn of the Last Times,' 'Hymn of Life and Soul,' 'Hymn of the End,' 'Hymn of the Souls.' Between the different names we find the words: "Here ends the

¹ M. 74.

² M. 4.

³ M. 75.

⁴ M. 730.

⁵ M. 173.

⁶ M. 4.

Hymn of Souls," or "He should recite the Hymn of Souls". This may be a sort of litany made by Manes, as in one place we find the words: "Finished is the Hymn as the deliverer Manes has written it."

Manes in his religion occupied the same place as did Christ in the Christian. He was the centre of it, and nobody else could take his place. Manes nominated his successor before he died, almost as Christ had nominated S. Peter. Every year, on the anniversary of his death, a certain ceremony was celebrated, called Bema. On this occasion Manes' chair was left empty, but decorated with precious cloths. This chair was then placed on a little platform, which was led up to by five steps, probably symbolising the five degrees of the Manichæan hierarchy. The ceremony was held in March, possibly because Manes' death had occurred in this month; but it may also have had an astronomical signification, since at that moment the sun begins its way through the zodiac, and starts afresh on its purifying work in the solar year. Of course this was a very important day for the Manichæan.

The unlimited veneration which the Manichæans had for their teacher is shown by the following litany, addressed to Manes, and found in the Turfan fragments:¹—

Manes, Son of God, Vivifier of the believer; Elected Manes, Lord, Life-giver. He vivifies the dead, and enlightens the darkness. O Light-giving Manes, Lord of increasing praise protect me in the corporeality of Jesus. O Lord, deliver my soul from rebirth. Magnificent is Thy radiant throne.

It is clear that these expressions do not show less veneration than do the terms in which Christ is praised

¹ M. 311.

by the Christians. As we saw, it was only by Manes and his doctrines that man could reach the light, which means salvation.

Important again as evidence of the existence of an esoteric doctrine is the following sentence: "Honour to the Lord Manes, from whom *the secret* has been learned." In the Turfan fragments we find an instance of how Manes taught by parable,³ and also how he developed his system, how one evil is the result of another,³ so that a single wrong act may have enormous consequences.

I do not quite understand why the Manichæans celebrated Easter; most probably it was only to keep up a Christian appearance. They did not properly believe in the fact which was remembered at that season, so there seems no reason why they should celebrate it. All the same, there is no doubt about it; for S. Augustine reproaches the Manichæans with not celebrating it with enough solemnity, and not preparing themselves for it by long fasts.

VIII. THE ORIGINS OF MANES' SYSTEM

Throughout his ritual and in his doctrine Manes has taken many things from other existing religions. We find the fundamental principles of his religion in the older Gnostic systems and Zoroastrianism, and some of them are stated with so much precision, that there can be no doubt as to the fact that Manes agreed with the leading principles underlying the Gnostic systems

¹ M. 33.

² Parable about the relation between the Elect and the Auditors, M. 23.

³ M. 64.

and most probably was even inspired by them when fixing the outline of his own system. Sometimes it may have been that Manichæism and some Gnostic systems derived their doctrines from a common source, and again some forms of Gnosticism may find their origin in Manichæism. It would take us too far if we should point out the links which exist between Manichæism and all the other Gnostic systems, especially as it would be necessary for that purpose to speak of almost all the links which exist between these different systems. The subject has been excellently treated by Professor Bousset.¹

I do not find it possible to trace back Gnostic dualism to the Hindū Sāṅkhya. Evidently there is a most striking resemblance, as we explained, between the Manichæan system and that which is described in the Sāṅkhya philosophy. Both speak of two principles, separate and different from each other from all eternity, and consequently not having a common origin. Mr. Garbe² even goes so far as to suppose a direct influence of the Sāṅkhya philosophy on Gnosticism; this I also think quite possible.

For the origin of Manichæan dualism we have rather to look to the Persian Avestan personalities of Ormuzd and Ahriman, as we find in connection with them the same kind of mythological battle between God and the Devil; but here again the ideas of Spirit and matter are not so much manifested in the Lord of Light and the Lord of Darkness, and there are many differences in the two systems. In the Mazdean religion we find the same divisions, but there matter does not

¹ *Hauptprobleme der Gnosis.*

² Garbe, *Sankhya und Yoga*, p. 17.

so much personify the evil principle. Simon Magus speaks also of the imprisonment of the soul in matter.

In the different Gnostic systems we find several of the fundamental principles which form the Manichæan. We find dualism, first of all, specially in the system of Basilides, where also the same myth is found about the mixing of light and darkness. In Marcion's system, again, we find almost the same opinions on the Old Testament as were given out by Manes and Simon Magus. The Original Man is also found in the Mazdean religion, in India, and in several Gnostic systems. The eternal Circle of Air, and the eternal Light-world are also mentioned by several Gnostics and in the Mazdean religion. The equivalent of the seven Archons which were put in the air is found in the later Persian religions, in the *Pistis Sophia*, in the systems of the Simonians, the Nicolites, the Mazdean religion, and an analogy of it in the Chaldean religion. The King of Light and the Third Messenger are met with in many Gnostic systems and in the *Acta Thomæ*. The Messenger is also the Neryosang of Ormuzd in the Mazdean religion, and is much like the Hellenic Hermes. The World-fire is told of by Irenæus, and in the *Pistis Sophia*. Some of the elements are also found in several Gnostic writings, and, in the form of hypostasis, again in *Acta Thomæ*, which means either Manichæan influence on these *Acta*, or a common source. The idea of the Virgin appearing at the death of a righteous man is also in the Mazdean religion. Several Gnostics speak of the triad "Father, Mother and Original Man" at the head of the *Æons*; the old Babylonian religion also speaks of two triads, the second being subordinate to the first. Similar triads are found in the religion of the Syrians, the pagan

Semites, the Chaldean oracles, and in the Gnosticism of Bardesanes. The ten heavens we find spoken of by Valentinus, and the twelve elements occur in different Gnostic systems, appearing under other names but taking the same place. The "Carrier of the World" is easily to be recognised as Atlas, or the Omophore of the Greeks. This figure is very frequently met with also in the religions of Babylon and Mithra, in the religious iconography of Mesopotamia and in the Semitic religion. The Archon rending the Light-particles by sexual lust is in the Mazdean religion; Saclas, the devil, as prince of fornication, is found in many Gnostic systems. In the same are also seen Adam awakened by life given by Jesus, and the Virgin of Light, who seems—from the newly-discovered Turfan documents—to have taken a much more important place in Manichæism than we yet know. We find her specially in the *Pistis Sophia* and also in the Mazdean religion. The story of Seth and the evil spirits is told of Zoroaster in the Mazdean religion. The figures of Adam and Eve and their children are found, of course, in the Old Testament, as is also the idea of having ten commandments. The cleansing fire is found in Zoroastrianism.

I give here only the most striking likenesses; there are many others suggested, specially by Professor Cumont and Professor Bousset, which show an important influence of Bardesanes on Manes. In divine service also, we find some resemblances between Mazdeism and Manichæism. The hours for prayer are fixed in the same manner. We see also that in both a severe judgment is passed on laziness and on untruthful speech.

Very important are the resemblances between Mandæism and Manichæism, as M. Rochat pointed out very clearly in his study on Manes. Manes was in his childhood a member of the Mugtasila religion (the cult of baptisers), and already here a Mandæan influence was possible; perhaps even the two sects were the same. We find in the Mandæan religion Manda d'Hayye who comes to fight the dark forces; he is then Lord over the Light in this world—more or less like Manes; and he is a messenger of the Light itself—also like Manes. The figure of Manda d'Hayye changes later on. Also in the Mandæan religion we find a King of Light, having five rays. These rays seem rather different from the five elements of the Manichæan King of Light, though M. Brandt¹ sees in them the same principles spiritualised. Mandæism also speaks of the two Kingdoms (Light and Darkness) between which there is no limit, the paradise with flowers and trees. Its description of the King of Darkness is almost the same as the Manichæan one; in both systems, the King of Darkness and an envoy of the King of Light are about to fight each other. In Mandæism this envoy created the world; in Manichæism the King of Light did so Himself. In both systems the sun and the moon are considered as ships; the soul of man comes from the Light, his body from the Darkness.

The moral rules too show a great resemblance. The Mandæans are forbidden adultery, theft, man-slaughter, false witness; they must be true to their word, and not state things they do not know or which are not evidently true; they are ordered to be charitable, etc. The Manichæans are forbidden adultery, theft, man-slaughter, lying and hypocrisy. We have already seen what is

¹ *Mandæische Schriften*, p. 226.

said as to charity. With regard to religious duties, the two religions forbid the service of idols, and witchcraft; Mandæism adds to these the prohibition of fortune-telling. Both religions order the observance of the Sunday, the Manichæans adding to it Monday for the Elect, as we saw. The Mandæans say five prayers: (1) at their awakening; (2) when the first light of the morning is seen; (3) at the seventh hour; (4) in the evening when the rays of the sun are visible; and (5) at a time not specified. The Manichæans pray, as we saw: (1) when the Sun leaves the mid-heaven; (2) between that and sunset; (3) after sunset; (4) three hours after sunset. Baptism was considered very important in Mandæism; it was performed in running water. This might have had a different form in Manichæism. There was also much difference as to fasting, and Mandæans were encouraged to marry and were not forbidden to eat meat. As to the religious hierarchy, we find again much resemblance; there are four ranks in Mandæism: deacon, priest or presbyter, treasurer (bishop), the chief of the people (pope).

Baur attaches very much importance to Buddhism as a factor in the formation of the Manichæan religion; he specially emphasises the resemblance which exists between the two systems in their conception of Spirit and matter, of the origin of the world, its course, its end, and in their moral teachings. Evidently there is some likeness, but I agree with the more modern authors that Baur has exaggerated the value of the Buddhistic elements, and I think that he has not taken sufficient account of Gnosticism. Perhaps he also gives too much importance to the differences between Zoroastrianism and Manichæism; there is more

resemblance between these two religions than he admits. The fact that Baur's work is more than eighty years old furnishes sufficient reason for thinking that his views may be wrong on some points regarding which new facts were ascertained long after his time.

Manes was himself very well aware of the fact that his own religion was to a great extent a mixture of elements taken from other religions. Some of the texts published by Dr. F. W. K. Müller are very illuminating on this point. The difficulty in finding the real meaning of these fragments is that they generally consist of a few isolated lines, so that we find several matters spoken of without knowing the whole of what is said about them. With regard to the religion of Zoroaster we find, in these fragments, the deliverance of Ahriman¹ mentioned and also a correction of a misinterpretation of the relations between Ormuzd and Ahriman,² who are also spoken of in another fragment.³ We find mentioned the rules taken from Zoroaster's books.⁴ And from another fragment we may even conclude that Manes was considered as the chief of the Mazdean religion.⁵ From Chapter XVI of *Skand-Gumanik Vizdr*⁶—a middle-Persian text—we see that the author almost entirely identifies Mandæism and Manichæism; of course the fact that we have here to do with a Persian text may partially account for this point of view. We do not find any important Buddhist fragments amongst the Manichæan manuscripts. All the same, we have one most interesting

¹ M. 4.

² M. 28.

³ M. 470.

⁴ M. 16.

⁵ M. 593.

⁶ Published in: Salemann, *Ein Bruchstück Manichæischen Schrifttums*, p. 16. etc.

case, where we find a Buddhistic legend—the story of the “four meetings”—in Manichæan writing.¹

How little we can understand the real significance of these fragments is shown by those passages which speak of Christianity. We know exactly what Manes thought about it, so we cannot give much importance to them. In those fragments we find parts of the passion of Christ, the trial before Pilate, the crowning with thorns, the flagellation, Mary's visit to the grave where the angels bade her not to look for the living among the dead.² This may all have been part of a comparison between Christianity and Manichæism, a similar comparison is made between the last judgment in Manichæism and Christianity.³ Another fragment tells us of a polemic of Manes against Christians and Pārsīs⁴ and another again says that Manes is the mediator between Jesus and the world.⁵ This mediatorship is almost the same function as Manes assigned to himself; we remember that he always called himself a true disciple of Christ, and also his messenger.⁶ The name of Jesus is found several times in the fragments of manuscripts.⁷

Striking is the important place which the Christian apocryphal writings occupy in Manichæism. Two of Manes' disciples have names of apocryphal origin—Hermes and Thomas. We have already said that strong influence of the *Acta Petri* on the *Acta Archelai*

¹ A. von Le Coq, *Ein Christliches und ein Manichæisches Manuskript und Fragment*. Dr. von Le Coq thinks that it is by Manichæism that this legend came to Europe.

² M. 18 and 132.

³ M. 475.

⁴ M. 28.

⁵ M. 38.

⁶ M. 17, 77.

⁷ M. 311, 177, etc.

has been noticed. This, however, might well have been an influence on the Christian author of the *Acta Archelai*. Many elements in Manichæism are found also in the *Acta Thomæ*, as we saw at the beginning of this section, and a long piece of the Hermes' Shepherd is found in a Manichæan Manuscript.¹ Dr. von Le Coq thinks that another Christian fragment in Manichæan writing is wholly of Christian origin.² The expression "the Lord is Alpha and Omega" might show knowledge of *The Revelation*.³ Manes called himself the Paraclete as we have seen. These few facts are all we can find as to any link between Christianity and Manichæism, though the resemblance to Gnosticism is very great.

Raimond van Marle

¹ F. W. K. Muller, *Eine Hermes Stelle in Manichæischer Version*.

² A. von Le Coq, *Ein Christliches und ein Manichæisches Manuskript-Fragment*.

³ M. 73. Another fragment (M. 38) gives a prayer which is directed at the same time to Jesus and Mitra.

ASTROLOGY IN THE BIBLE¹

By ANNIE L. BARLEY

S. JEROME, in a treatise on the Bible, said : " Every word of the sacred scriptures has seven meanings for him who can discover them." Madame Blavatsky has also said that the key to unlock the Hidden Wisdom must be turned seven times. These sayings remind us of the fact that there are seven great Religions, each coloured by its own particular Ray, each originated, watched over, and guided by a great Planetary Spirit, and each having its sub-religions. One of the great root-religions was the Chaldean religion, or astrology. That being so, we may fairly look upon astrology as one of the turns of the key to the sacred scriptures, or it may be even the master-key, by turning which, with a proper understanding, we may obtain the hidden Wisdom.

If we examine any of the scriptures of the world, we find them all to have been drawn from one source, though varying in their details and local colouring. May it not be that this source is astrology or the wisdom of the stars? Of some significance in this connection are the words of S. Paul where he says that earthly things are a pattern (or rather copy) of things in the

¹ The writer is much indebted to *Astrology in the Apocalypse*, by G. G. Collingwood, in the preparation of this paper.

heavens; elsewhere again he speaks of the "Word written for ever in the heavens".

In this paper no attempt has been made to go deeply into the subject of the astrological teachings to be found in the Bible, its object being rather to go quickly through the sacred book, in order to show how thoroughly it is imbued with the spirit of astrology, and how much the knowledge of that science is taken for granted.

To anyone who re-commences to study the Bible with an earnest intention of finding a deeper meaning than appears on the surface, it soon becomes apparent that there are in it many passages and allusions which are exceedingly puzzling—puzzles which no amount of guess-work will solve. The student feels instinctively that these puzzles are not simply ridiculous statements, nor entirely the production of the eastern mind, with its tendency to exaggeration and love of high colour. The inclination to discredit or ridicule the hitherto unsolved problems of the Bible is giving place, at the present day, to a more sympathetic and less prejudiced study of the beliefs, surroundings and circumstances of the writers of the sacred books, and of the people for whom they were more immediately written. We know that the better understanding of the inscriptions found in Egypt is leading to a solution of some of the difficulties of the Pentateuch, but not all; for though the writer of those books speaks in terms familiar to a people living in Egypt, still he knows that they were strangers and aliens there, and he speaks generally in the more familiar language of the country of their origin and birth.

To understand the Pentateuch then, and indeed the whole Bible, we must trace the origin of this people living in Egypt, *among* the Egyptians but never *of* them,

and never really in touch with their habits, customs, and mode of thought. We find them to have come originally from Mesopotamia, to have lived for a time in Egypt, and then to have gone to Canaan. Later we find them to have been constantly the allies of the Assyrians, and their captivity completed their Chaldean education.

Knowing as we do that the Chaldeans were the first great teachers of historical times, and that their religion, science and art was astrology, we can readily understand that Abram, living in Ur of the Chaldees, Isaac, married to a Chaldean wife, Jacob, who lived twenty-one years in Paddam-aram, and his sons, brought up by Chaldean mothers, were all thoroughly acquainted with the ideas and terms of astrology. In archaic times the twelve signs of the zodiac were the twelve Typical Things, and so we find Joseph in his dream likening himself and his family to the sun, moon and twelve stars (or zodiac). Likewise, Jacob blesses his twelve sons, and in that blessing we find a striking analogy to the characteristics of the twelve signs of the zodiac. In fact it is certain that whatever learning the Israelites had, was astrologic, and derived from the Chaldean, as also was their early religion. If we take the account written by Moses, an Initiate, of the Creation, Fall, Flood, etc., we find that it sets down for the people the traditions of the faith as received from Mesopotamian sources and couched in astrological terms. One or two examples will suffice: "And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days and years. . . . And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night."

Passing on quickly, with the object of showing how thoroughly the Israelites were imbued with Chaldean teachings, we find them, soon after leaving Egypt, met by the prophet Balaam, a Chaldean of Pethor, an astrologer and prophet in communication with the Angel of the Lord, who had been engaged by Balak, the enemy of Israel to curse Israel (*Numbers* xxii). The Chaldean custom, on such a ceremonial occasion, was to build altars and sacrifice to the seven planets. Thus we find that Balaam three times built *seven* altars, on each of which he sacrificed a bullock and a ram, and then prophesied of the *Star* that was to arise out of Jacob. Later, in the Book of *Judges*, we find in Deborah's song: "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera." In the books relating to the monarchy, we find the first mention of the antagonism between astrology and theology, or rather we should say, between astrology and orthodoxy; and we also find the first hints of the debasement of astrology by the Hebrews from its high and proper uses. As an instance of the former, we learn in *II Kings* xxiii, 11, 12, how Josiah destroyed the horses which were given by the Kings of Israel to the sun, and we read also of the destruction of the altars and chariots of the sun by Ahaz.

In the prophetic books we find frequent mention of the star-worship of Israel. Zephaniah speaks of "them that worship the hosts of heaven upon the housetops". Isaiah speaks of the multitude of astrological consultations: "Let now the star-gazers, the monthly prognosticators, stand up and save thee." Jeremiah speaks of the "cakes to the Queen of Heaven". Some of the prophets, like those I have

quoted, seem only to have seen the lower side of astrology, or perhaps only to have spoken against the wrongful use of it; but others, who understood its higher, inner teaching, not only defended it, but used and taught it. Of the latter, the book of the vision of *Ezekiel*, and the book of *Daniel* are wonderful examples. The book of *Daniel* is a remarkable instance of the assimilation of Chaldean knowledge by a faithful Jew, and we find Daniel's proficiency immediately attributed to God: "As for these four children, God gave them skill in all learning and wisdom: and Daniel had understanding in all visions and dreams." In Daniel's visions and dreams there are several references to astrological ideas, and we find in the *Apocalypse*, that most wonderful of all astrological books, many allusions to the books of *Daniel* and *Ezekiel*.

In the *Apocrypha*, the series of books not generally included in the English Bible, because pronounced by the English Church to be uncanonical, we find more obviously astrological teaching. In the books of *Esdras* and *Tobit* we have the mention of two of the archangels, Uriel and Raphael. The latter speaks of himself to Tobit, as "one of the seven holy angels"; these seven archangels were considered by Hebrew theology, as well as by Chaldean astrology, to be the seven Angels or spirits of the planets. It is noticeable that we find Esdras speaking to the angel as "My God," and "My Lord," and as "Lord, who bearest rule". And Uriel speaks of himself to Esdras as the Maker of all things; as he who revealed himself unto Moses in the bush, and who "showed him the secrets of life and of the end".

Uriel is probably another name for one of the angels, possibly the Angel of Saturn, if we consider 'Ur' as

being a root-word signifying primeval (as in the Teutonic), Saturn being considered by the ancients as the maker of all things.

In the time of Christ, astrological ideas were very general both in Palestine and throughout the world, and there are many pointed allusions in the Gospels and Epistles, Christ Himself often using astrological language in His teachings; *e. g.*, "There shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars" (*Luke*, xxi, 25). We could, did time permit, find analogies to the characteristics of the signs of the zodiac in the Beatitudes, the number and character of the Apostles, the Lord's Prayer, etc.; the story of the Magi, those of the Birth of Christ, and of the events accompanying the Crucifixion show that the people of that time had a star-lore which perfectly harmonised with their theology, and therefore they could not fail to look for astrological accompaniments to such great events as the birth and death of the Messiah. Chaldean learning was also diffused among the early Christians, and the writer of the *Apocalypse* must have been a great astrologer of the Chaldean school, who used terms with which the Asiatic Christians were familiar, and who could turn to the books of *Ezekiel* and *Daniel* for confirmation to convince his Hebrew readers. The book of *The Revelation*, which has been the greatest of all puzzles to theologians and divines, has been said to be a great horoscope of the world's destiny, and to contain within its vast field the smaller horoscopes of the nations.

In looking at the Bible as a whole, it will be found that in its teachings, and in the rites of worship given to the Israelites, as also in the description of the New Jerusalem and the new heaven and earth of the

Apocalypse, there is a marked prominence given to the Ram or Lamb. Now the Ram, in the scriptures, is a type of leadership, of creative force and energy, of light, and of sacrifice. In the Persian and Chaldean teachings, the beginning of the year was fixed at the period of the sun's entry into Aries, because, they taught that light and motion were given to the universe at that time. The spring equinox, when the sun enters Aries, is the time when the earth emerges from its long dark sleep of winter, and so this time is typical of the beginning of a new period of activity of the Logos, when a new universe has its commencement, after a time of non-manifestation and darkness, when "darkness was upon the face of the deep". Aries, the Ram, is typical, we said, of light, of creative energy, and of sacrifice. So we read in *Genesis*, that when the Logos commenced the new period of activity, He, the I AM—called by S. John in his Gospel "the Word," and the "light that shineth in darkness"—He said: "Let there be light, and there was light." (*Genesis*, i.). Aries is the sign of the exaltation of the sun, the father and origin of the light of the world; so to Aries is assigned the leadership of the signs, and thus it has the prominence we find given to it in the Bible. Again, we find the Lamb, another form of the Ram, a central figure in the *Apocalypse*. The Lamb is slain as a sacrifice, and rises again, symbolical of the triumph of the sun in Aries after having been apparently slain during the dark months; the Lamb triumphs over the serpent and over the hosts of sin; he becomes the ruler of the Holy City; the four beasts and twenty-four elders bow down before him; and in the Holy City "the Lamb is the light thereof". We find in the Revised Version the Lamb mentioned in

conjunction with the Lion of the tribe of Judah. In one verse of that chapter we read: "The Lion of the tribe of Judah hath prevailed to open the book;" and further on in the same chapter the Lamb is praised as worthy to take the book and open the seals thereof. Here, evidently, the Lamb and the Lion are both symbolical of the triumph of the sun, for Leo is the house of the sun, and Aries is the sign of his exaltation.

Another noticeable feature is the continual repetition of the numbers *twelve* and *seven*. The ancient Rabbis said that all the stars are subject to the seven planets, and the seven planets work through the twelve signs of the zodiac.

It has been mentioned that the twelve signs of the zodiac were the twelve Typical Things, and attention has been drawn to the blessings given by Jacob to his twelve sons. It is interesting to note the agreement between the twelve tribes of Judah and the twelve signs, and also the resemblance between the characteristics of the signs and the blessings. To trace this agreement, the tribes should be taken in the order given in the book of *Numbers*, Chap. ii. Plutarch says that Osiris, the Sun, when starting on his travels, ranged his army in companies and battalions which marched under standards on which the sacred animals or signs of the zodiac were painted. The formation of the Hebrew camp is probably a variation of the same idea. In *Numbers* ii, it will be found that the camp of the Israelites was ordered to be formed as follows: They were to pitch their tents, "every man by his own standard, with the ensigns of their fathers' houses"; at the four cardinal points were placed: Judah on the East, Reuben on the South, Ephraim on the West, and Dan

on the North. We must bear in mind that the Levites, the priestly tribe, marched in the centre of the camp, with the Tabernacle, and the two sons of Joseph with their families were substituted for them. Taking the tribes at the four cardinal points it is easy to recognise them as the four fixed signs of astrology, by referring first to the blessing given by Jacob to his sons on his deathbed, and then to the four beasts of *Ezekiel* and *The Revelation*. "Judah," says Jacob, "is a lion's whelp; he stooped down, he couched as a lion, and as an old lion. The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come." Judah corresponds in *Ezekiel* and *The Revelation* to the first beast, who had "the face of a lion," and to the royal fixed fire-sign, Leo. Reuben is the "excellency of dignity and the excellency of power," though in his weaker side "unstable as water". Reuben corresponds to the third beast with the "face of a man"—the Man Aquarius, the excellency of dignity and of power.

Ephraim,—for this tribe we turn to the blessings of the Tribes by Moses, who says: "His glory is like the firstlings of his bullocks." Ephraim corresponds to the second beast with the "face of a calf," and with the fixed earth-sign, Taurus.

"Dan," said Jacob, "shall judge his people, he shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path that biteth the horse's heels"—an apt illustration of the sign Scorpio, the serpent of wisdom or judgment, the sign which, coming before Sagittarius, as it were "biteth the horse's heels". Dan corresponds with the fourth beast, which was "as it were a flying eagle". "The flying eagle, or vulture, was substituted in very early times for the scorpion; the sign Scorpio, being considered the

sign of the Anti-Christ, was held by the people in great terror, and was also popularly associated with Sin and the Serpent of Eden; hence the substitution of the Vulture." It will be noticed in this connection that in the "sealing of the tribes" in the book of *The Revelation*, the tribe of Dan is omitted, the tribe of Joseph is substituted, once under his own name, and once under that of Manasseh, his son.

If the student will read the blessings given to the other sons of Jacob, their agreement with the characteristics of the other signs can easily be traced.

Kircher, a learned writer, astrologer and Jesuit of the seventeenth century, made a plan of the Israelitish camp showing its arrangement and the corresponding signs of the zodiac, in which he gives the arrangement here followed.

It is probable that the twelve Apostles will also be found to correspond with the twelve tribes and the twelve signs, for we read in *Matthew xix*, 28, that Christ told His Apostles: "Verily I say unto you that ye which have followed me, in the regeneration when the Son of Man shall sit on the throne of his glory, ye shall also sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." The names of the twelve tribes were engraved on the breastplate of the Jewish high priest, and the Holy City of the *Apocalypse* had twelve gates, and at the gate twelve angels, and on the gates were written the names of the twelve tribes, and on the foundation of the walls were written the names of the twelve Apostles of the Lamb.

In *Luke xxii*, 7, we read as follows: "He sent Peter and John, saying, Go and prepare us the passover, that we may eat. And they said unto him, Where

wilt thou that we prepare? And he said unto them, Behold when ye are entered into the city, there shall a man meet you bearing a pitcher of water; follow him into the house where he entereth in . . . there make ready." Now the Hebrew root of the word 'Passover' is *pesach*, which means *transit*, and originally signified the transit of the sun at the vernal equinox into a new sign. About seven thousand years ago, the sun entered Taurus at the vernal equinox, and the bull was the sacred emblem. Between two thousand and three thousand years later he entered Aries at the same time, and the ram or lamb became the sacred emblem, while about the time of Christ, the sun entered Pisces at the vernal equinox, the fish then becoming the sacred sign. In this connection it will perhaps be remembered that the early Christians always represented Christ as a great fish, and the disciples as little fishes swimming after Him. The transit of the sun into a new sign was always symbolised in some manner in the Mysteries, hence probably the killing of the Paschal Lamb at the Passover feast.

In the passage we are considering, Christ is speaking to His disciples, in terms that they would understand, of the new dispensation which should follow that of the fish, and symbolically He bids them prepare for it. So he sends Peter, the fisherman, the Steward of the Mysteries, the representative of the passing sign, and John the Apostle of Love, typifying the new sign, to meet the *man bearing the pitcher of water*, who should lead them to the room ready prepared for the celebration of the Mysteries of the passing over of the sun into the new sign; and there, in place of the killing of the Paschal Lamb, the ceremony symbolising the passing of

Aries, He institutes the Mystery of the new Paschal Supper —the Lord's Supper of Love. And, during His discourses to them of that new time and of the signs which should precede it, he gives them the New Commandment, the commandment of the sign of the Son of Man: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." He tells them that in that new dispensation: "They will see in the heaven the sign of the Son of Man"—surely the sign Aquarius. It seems very possible that the words "Son of Man" when used by the Christ, may have reference to the sign Aquarius, for, if the various texts referring to "the Son of Man" be collected, a very fair idea of the higher qualities of the sign Aquarius may be obtained. Thus for example: "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." And: "That ye may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins (then saith he to the sick of the palsy), arise and walk." These texts are very applicable to Aquarius the water-bearer, bearing the pitcher of the Water of Life for sick souls, from which whosoever will may take freely. Again: "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head," which reminds us of the term "the houseless man," often applied to Aquarius. So we are not surprised to find that the commandment of the new sign is "that ye love one another, even," says Christ, "as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down (that is, give up) his life for his friends."

This paper will not be complete without some reference to the number *seven*. This number is more frequently found in the Bible than any other, more

especially in instructions regarding sacred worship. We continually find it in the instructions given by God to Moses for the making of the Tabernacle, and the garments of the priests; again in its many forms in King Solomon's Temple and in the ritual used there. And in the *Apocalypse* it is reproduced on almost every page.

We will take for our example of the number seven, the message for the seven Churches given to the writer of *The Revelation*. As has been before stated, S. John was an astrologer of the Chaldean school; so we can trace the Chaldean thought throughout the pages of the *Apocalypse*. This vision was seen by S. John on the Lord's Day, that is, on the Sun Day. He sees in his vision One like unto the Son of Man, who speaks to him from the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, and holds seven stars in his hand, and who speaks as "Alpha and Omega, the first and the last". These vowels, Alpha and Omega, were the extremes, that is the first and the last, of the seven vowels which designated the seven planets. The first part of the vision consists of a message to the seven Churches of Asia. John is told by Christ: "The mystery of the seven stars and the seven golden candlesticks" is this: "The seven stars are the angels of the seven churches, and the seven candlesticks are the seven churches." To understand this we must know that the Chaldean astrologers considered that countries and cities were ruled or guarded by the planetary powers, or the Spirits or Angels of the Planets. To S. John and his readers, therefore, this idea would be quite natural, and even necessary, that each Church should have a guardian Angel, or Spirit, and just as naturally they would

look upon the guardians of the Churches as the same as the guardians of the cities. The seven great Churches then, would be ruled by the seven great Angels, who are the Spirits of the seven great planets, the seven planets at that time including the sun and moon, but not Uranus or Neptune.

In the following remarks, the Hebrew interpretation as to the angels of the planets has been followed; this however, it should be mentioned, differs slightly, but not materially from that of other authorities.

The first Church mentioned is *Ephesus*, the city of Artemis the Moon-goddess, suggesting the first planet, as the Chaldeans arranged them. The Angel of the Moon is Gabriel, in both Jewish and Chaldean astrology. Notice that Gabriel is the bringer of dreams in the night, *e. g.*, the vision of Joseph the husband of Mary. Christ speaks of him as "he that holdeth the seven stars," who "walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks," *i. e.*, the Ruler of the starry heavens, like the Moon. The reward of the virtues of the Church of Ephesus was "to eat of the tree of life". The story of Eden is Chaldean as well as Hebrew, and in Chaldean astrology the Tree of Life was specially connected with the Moon.

The Church of Smyrna. Here Christ speaks as "the First and the Last," He that "was dead and is alive". One of the astrologic characters of the sun was that of "the only son" of Heaven, alternately dying and rising again. This must therefore have appealed to the early Christians as an appropriate simile. We notice the character of Smyrna as a martyr Church; calling to mind another legend that the Sun God, Tammuz, was a faithful prophet put to death by a cruel

king. The reward of martyrdom was to be "the crown of life"—the aureole of the Sun, the Giver of Life. In Hebrew theology, Michael was the Angel of the sun and therefore of the Church in Smyrna.

The Church in Pergamos. Here Christ speaks as "he which hath the sharp sword with two edges". On a Chaldean planisphere of the twelfth Century B. C. in the British Museum, the altar of Jupiter bears a two-edged sword, and a passage in an Assyrian inscription speaks of Jupiter as "like to the blade of a double sword". The reward of the fidelity of this Church is the "hidden manna," and the "white stone". White is sometimes given to this planet, called by the Chaldeans 'the lily,' and the 'pillar' or 'capitol'. The Angel of this city and church is Zadkiel.

The Church of Thyatira. This church was guarded by Venus, whose Angel is Hamiel. Here Christ appears with eyes "like unto a flame of fire". Venus, in Chaldean astrology was known as "Mustelil"—the brilliant. He had feet of brass, a metal sometimes attributed to Venus. The reward of the charity (or love) of this Church was: "I will give him the morning star"; of all morning stars, Venus is the most brilliant.

The Church of Sardis. Of this Church Christ said "thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead," the converse of the Church in Smyrna, dedicated to the one who was dead but lives. In Chaldean astrology the planet Mars was known as the star "which is and is not," or has disappeared. Professor Sayce says "this refers to the fact that Mars recedes from the earth till it is almost invisible". Christ threatens to come "as a thief," one of the Chaldean attributes of Mars, who was known as "the plunderer". Mars is also the War God,

so we read that the reward of a good fight is to walk with Christ in white raiment, and to be proclaimed before the Father and the Angels is the reward of the victorious warrior. The Angel of Mars and of Sardis is Chamael.

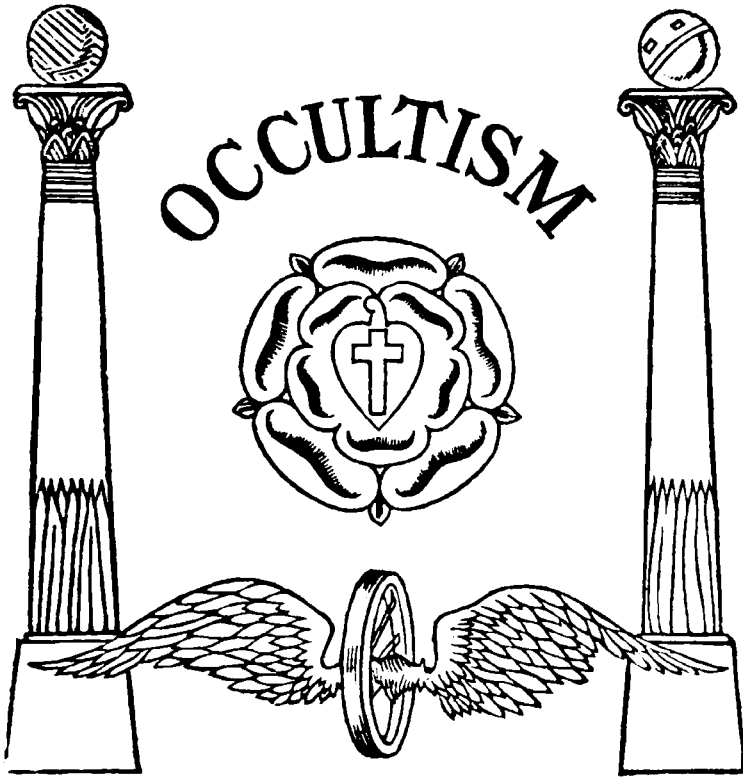
The Church of Philadelphia. This Church was governed by Saturn, whose Angel was Zadkiel. Here Christ speaks as "he that is holy, he that is true, he that hath the key of David, he that openeth, and no man shutteth; he that shutteth and no man openeth"—titles given to Saturn. "Holy and true" is an exact translation of one of the Akkadian names of Saturn, undoubtedly referring to Saturn as the teacher of truth. "He that openeth, and no man shutteth; and shutteth and no man openeth" probably refers to Saturn as the ruler of destiny. Notice that this is the only Church to which no sin is attributed, perhaps symbolising the freedom from the necessity of rebirth when the limitations of Saturn have been conquered. The virtues of this Church are Saturnian: "Thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name." The reward of Philadelphia is: "Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth"; reminding us of Saturn the trier, and of the "critical period". And further: "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out." Saturn was often worshipped as a pillar, or black stone; to be a pillar in the temple, and to "go no more out" signifies the freedom from rebirth when Saturn is conquered. The pillar was to be inscribed with the "New Name," which we find in *The Revelation* xix, 16, was

“King of Kings and Lord of Lords,” a truly Saturnian title. Christ ends with: “Surely I come quickly,” in contrast to the delay of Saturn.

The Church of Laodicea. This was ruled by Mercury, whose Angel is Raphael. Christ speaks as “the faithful and true witness, the beginning of the creation of God”. Mercury was in Akkadian astrology Nabu, the proclaimer or witness, and Ak, the Maker. Laodicea’s character is “thou art neither hot nor cold,” the attribute of Mercury, the ambiguous planet. The reward of overcoming was to sit with Christ on His throne, akin to the attribute of Mercury that it is the close attendant of the Sun. Notice that Christ says: “Thou art poor and blind . . . anoint thine eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayest see.” Mercury governs eyesight, and in this connection we find in the Book of *Tobit*, that Raphael, whose name means ‘the cure of God,’ was sent to the prophet Tobit to cure him of blindness.

The message to the Churches concludes with the words so often used by Christ in the Gospels: “He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches,” which tells us that the teachings contained in those seven messages, as indeed all the teachings of the sacred scriptures, were not for them alone, but for all those who should have the ears to hear the inner voice speaking to them of the One and Eternal Truth—the Wisdom of the Ages.

Annie L. Barley



THE ĀRYANISATION OF EGYPT

C. W. LEADBEATER

IN the sixth life of Alcyone we followed the first of the great Āryan migrations from the shores of what was then the Central Asian sea to the south of the Indian Peninsula. The religious kingdom that the Āryans established there was, as centuries rolled on, used by the Manu as a subsidiary centre of radiation, colonies being sent from it to Java, to Australia, and to the islands of Polynesia, which accounts for the Āryan

strain to be observed even to-day in what are called the brown Polynesians in contradistinction to the Melanesians.

From South India likewise was sent forth the expedition destined to bring about the Āryanisation of Egypt, which was carried out in much the same way and by many of the same egos who, five thousand years previously, had played their part in the migration from Central Asia to which reference has just been made.

About the year 13,500 B. C. (shortly after the time of the thirteenth life of Alcyone and the twelfth life of Orion, when so many of our characters had taken birth in the Tlavatli race inhabiting the southern part of the Island of Poseidonis) Virāj was ruler of the great South Indian Empire. He had married Bṛhaspaṭi, and Mars was one of their sons. The Manu appeared astrally to the Emperor, and directed him to send Mars over the sea to Egypt by way of Ceylon. Virāj obeyed, and Mars departed upon his long journey, taking with him (according to the instructions received) a band of young men and women.

On their arrival in Egypt, then under Toltec rule, they were met by Jupiter, the Pharaoh of the time. He had one child only—his daughter Saturn—his wife having died in child-birth. The High-Priest Sūrya had been directed in a vision by the Mahāguru to receive the strangers with honour, and to advise Jupiter to give his daughter to Mars in marriage, which he did; and in a comparatively short time marriages were arranged among the existing nobility for all the new-comers.

Small as was this importation of Āryan blood, in a few generations it had tinged the whole of the Egyptian

nobility, for since the Pharaoh had set his seal of august approval upon these mixed marriages, all the patrician families competed eagerly for the honour of an alliance with the sons or daughters of the new-comers. The mingling of the two races produced a new and distinctive type, which had the high Āryan features, but the Toltec colouring—the type which we know so well from the Egyptian monuments. So powerful is the Āryan blood that it still shows its unmistakable traces even after centuries of dilution ; and from this time onward an incarnation among the principal classes of Egypt counted as a birth in the first sub-race of the fifth root-race.

Many changes took place as the centuries rolled by, and the impetus given by the Āryan rejuvenation gradually died out. The country never reached so low a level as the parallel civilisation of Poseidonis, chiefly because of the retention of Āryan tradition by a certain clan whose members claimed exclusively for themselves direct descent from the royal line of Mars and Saturn. For more than a thousand years after the Āryanisation this clan ruled the country, the Pharaoh being always its head ; but there came a time when for political reasons the reigning monarch espoused a foreign princess, who by degrees acquired over him so great an influence that she was able to wean him from the traditions of his forefathers, and to establish new forms of worship to which the clan as a whole would not subscribe. The country, weary of Āryan strictness, followed its monarch into license and luxury ; the clan drew its ranks together in stern disapproval, and thenceforward its members held themselves markedly aloof—not declining offices in the army or in the service of

the State, but marrying only among themselves, and making a great point of maintaining old customs and what they called the purity of the religion as well as of the race.

After nearly four thousand years had passed, we find a condition of affairs in which the Egyptian Empire, its religion and even its language were alike degenerate and decaying. Only in the ranks of the conservative clan can we find some pale reflection of the Egypt of earlier days. About this time, among the priests of the clan arose some who were prophets, who re-echoed in Egypt the message that was being given in Poseidonis—a warning that, because of the wickedness of these mighty and long-established civilisations, they were doomed to destruction, and that it behoved the few righteous to flee promptly from the wrath to come. Just as a considerable proportion of the white race of mountaineers left Poseidonis, so the clan in a body shook off the dust of Egypt from their feet, took ship across the Red Sea and found a refuge among the mountains of Arabia.

As we know, in due time the prophecy was fulfilled, and in the year 9,564 the island of Poseidonis sank beneath the Atlantic. The effect of the cataclysm on the rest of the world was of the most serious character, and for the land of Egypt it was specially ruinous. Up to this point Egypt had had an extensive western seaboard, and although the Sahara Sea was shallow, it was sufficient for the great fleets of comparatively small ships which carried the traffic to Atlantis and the Algerian Islands. In this great catastrophe the bed of the Sahara Sea rose, a vast tidal wave swept over Egypt, and almost its entire population was destroyed. And even when everything settled down, the country was a

wilderness, bounded on the west no longer by a fair and peaceful sea, but by a vast salt swamp, which as the centuries rolled on dried into an inhospitable desert. Of all the glories of Egypt there remained only the Pyramids towering in lonely desolation—a desolation which endured for fifteen hundred years before the self-exiled clan returned from its mountain refuge, grown into a great nation.

But long before this, half-savage tribes had ventured into the land, fighting their primitive battles on the banks of the great river which once had borne the argosies of a mighty civilisation, and was yet again to witness a revival of those ancient glories, and to mirror the stately temples of Osiris and Amen-ra. Professor Flinders Petrie describes five of these earlier races, which overran different parts of the country and warred desultorily among themselves.

1. An aquiline race of the Libyo-Amorite type which occupied a large part of the land, and held its own longer than any other, maintaining for centuries a fair level of civilisation.

2. A Hittite race with curly hair and plaited beards.

3. A people with pointed noses and long pigtailed—mountaineers, wearing long, thick robes.

4. A people with short and tilted noses, who established themselves for some time in the central part of the country.

5. Another variant of this race, with longer noses and projecting beards, who occupied chiefly the marshland near the Mediterranean. All these are observable by clairvoyance, but they have mingled so much that it is often difficult to distinguish them; and in addition to these, and probably earlier in the field than any of them,

a savage negroid race from the interior of Africa, which has left practically no record of its passing.

Into this turmoil of mixed races came our clan, priest-led across the sea from its Arabian hills, and gradually made its footing sure in Upper Egypt, establishing its capital in Abydos, and slowly possessing itself of more and more of the surrounding land, until by weight of its superior civilisation it was recognised as the dominant power. All through its earlier centuries its policy was less to fight than to absorb—to build out of this chaos of peoples a race upon which its hereditary characteristics should be stamped. A thousand years had passed since their arrival, when, in the twenty-first life of Alcyone, we find Mars reigning over an already highly-organised empire; but it was fourteen hundred years later still before the Manu Himself (they have corrupted His name to Menes now) united the whole of Egypt under one rule, and founded at the same time the first dynasty and His great city of Memphis—thus initiating in person another stage of the work begun by His direction in 13,500 B.C.

In the appended table of *dramatis personæ* are given the names of the characters who have been identified.

Clio and Markab were noticed among a group of Egyptian statesmen who disapproved of the Āryan immigration and schemed against it. Clio's wife Adrona and Markab's wife Avelledo were implicated in their plots. All four of them were eventually exiled, as was also Cancer, the sister of Adrona.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

- VIRĀJ: ... *Emperor of Southern India. Wife: Bṛhaspaṭi. Son: Mars.*
- MANU: ... *Appears astrally to Virāj.*
- JUPITER: ... *Pharaoh. Daughter: Saturn.*
- SURYA: ... *Egyptian High Priest.*
- MAHĀGURU: ... *Appears to Surya in a Vision.*
- MARS: ... *Wife: Saturn. Male Followers: Ajax, Betelgueuse, Deneb, Leo, Perseus, Theodoros. Female Followers: Arcturus, Canopus, Olympia, Vulcan, Pallas, Osiris.*
- DIOMEDE: ... *Wife: Brunhilda. Son: Leo. Daughters: Pallas, Osiris.*
- CENTURION: ... *Wife: Diana. Sons: Ajax, Perseus. Daughters: Arcturus, Vulcan.*
- AJAX: ... *Wife: Sagittarius. Sons: Aquarius, Sappho, Algol.*
- BETELGUEUSE: ... *Wife: Ophiuchus. Sons: Fortuna, Psyche.*
- DENEb: ... *Wife: Berenice. Son: Cassiopeia. Daughter-in-Law: Theseus.*
- LEO: ... *Wife: Venus. Sons: Pegasus, Draco. Daughter: Dolphin. Son-in-Law, Vesta.*
- PERSEUS: ... *Wife: Libra. Sons: Egeria, Vesta.*
- THEODOROS: ... *Wife: Lyra. Daughter: Atalanta. Son-in-Law: Draco.*
- ARCTURUS: ... *Husband: Virgo. Son: Wenceslas. Daughter-in-Law: Castor. Daughter: Lomia. Son-in-Law: Psyche.*

- CANOPUS : ... *Husband* : Juno. *Son* : Altair. *Daughter-in-Law* : Daphne. *Daughter* : Spica. *Son-in-Law* : Fomalhaut.
- OLYMPIA : ... *Husband* : Hebe. *Son* : Stella. *Daughter-in-Law* : Sigma. *Daughter* : Chamæleon. *Son-in-Law* : Sappho.
- VULCAN : ... *Husband* : Aries. *Daughters* : Theseus, Sigma.
- PALLAS : ... *Husband* : Leto. *Sons* : Taurus, Fomalhaut. *Daughter* : Proteus. *Son-in-Law* : Egeria.
- OSIRIS : ... *Husband* : Procyon. *Daughter* : Melpomene. *Son-in-Law* : Algol.
- CLIO : ... *Egyptian Statesman*. *Wife* : Adrona.
- MARKAB : ... *Egyptian Statesman*. *Wife* : Avelledo.
- CANCER : ... *Sister* : Adrona. *Husband* : Apis.
- AQUARIUS : ... *Wife* : Amalthea.
- FORTUNA : ... *Wife* : Eudoxia.
- TAURUS : ... *Wife* : Velleda.

C. W. Leadbeater

INVISIBLE HELPERS AND OUR SOUL-CULTURE

By A THEOSOPHIST

I

IN the course of the past few years I have several times been told that some of the lessons impressed upon me by means of symbolic dreams might prove interesting and encouraging to others, showing, as they do, what touching care and supervision are generously given to those who need guidance from the higher planes in the difficult process of soul-evolution.

Many dream-experiences do not lend themselves to publication, but I have selected the following as a tentative effort, on account of the keen sense of humour displayed in the delivery of the lesson.

Some nine years ago it was my great privilege to come suddenly into the New Thought teaching, and from it quickly to gather an intense realisation of the Divine Centre as the basis of every man's life. To lift my body, my mind and character into harmonious vibration with the Christ within (my Higher Self), became an all-absorbing task to which I lent every energy and all my intelligence. No experience of the daily life, no fret or chafing difficulty arising from the calls and responsibilities of a varied and numerous household, was too trivial to be used as a step for the attainment of the purpose set before me—the great purpose of one

day becoming a whole and balanced instrument for the service of God and man.

Some twelve or fourteen months of strenuous effort elapsed, during which time I had become a vegetarian and had made considerable progress in spiritual understanding as well as in the cleansing of my character, when a period of difficulty, culminating in several successive days of heavy failure to live up to the standard I had set before myself, nearly broke my heart, and sent me to bed one night in a state of hopeless despair. I knew I was at the very limit of my possibilities, and yet the review of the day again showed me failure on all sides.

The next morning some unusual noise partially aroused me from sleep. I was conscious that dawn was just breaking, when I probably dozed off to sleep again and heard a gentle voice say : " You have never yet looked at Godfrey's (my little son's) drawings."

Then a large portfolio was displayed before my eyes, and one by one a series of inimitable water-colour sketches was shown to me, each with its title inscribed in large black letters. The first was entitled : ' Mrs. Jones has decided to retire from the vanities of the world and take up poultry farming.' The sketch portrayed Mrs. Jones as a tall, thin, gaunt woman dressed in a plain black dress, her hair parted in the middle, brushed very smooth and neat and twisted up behind in a little tight knot. Her face bore an anxious, almost hungry, expression, but her lips were firmly set and her hands clenched with determined purpose.

Sketch No. 2 followed, revealing a long row of poultry-houses and wire pens on the slope of a stony hill ; and Mrs. Jones surveying the scene with an air

of pleasure and satisfaction. Sketch No. 3: Mrs. Jones beaming with joy over the first brood of fluffy chickens. Sketch No. 4: Mrs. Jones, with an agonised expression depicted on her face, and hands held aloft in horror at the discovery of one of the precious chickens escaping from its clucking mother and wandering far away down the rough, stony hillside. Sketch No. 5, entitled 'Mrs. Jones proceeds to put matters right with great energy,' showed the fussy, gaunt figure starting down the hill in hot pursuit of the wandering chicken.

Then followed a number of sketches all depicting different stages of Mrs. Jones' wild career in pursuit of the straying chicken: up and down the hill-side, in and out, round about the pens and runs, everywhere commotion displayed, and the poor chicken depicted with extended wings and tiny legs, going for all it was worth in terror-stricken flight before its well-meaning pursuer.

In the last sketch of the series the unfortunate Mrs. Jones was represented in a state of total collapse, lying prone upon the ground. So gaunt so thin had she become in the course of the chase that her clothes, even her weary body and haggard face, had lost all substance and lay as it were a thin cloth, faithfully receiving the impress of the stones and rocks underneath her. *She had become nothing more than a mere shadow* moulded to the surface of the rough and rocky hill-side upon which she was stretched. The chicken, meanwhile, released from the ardent and overwhelming ministrations of its would-be saviour, was to be seen in the far corner of the picture, just disappearing under the outstretched sheltering wings of its devoted mother.

As I grasped all the clever, skilful and funny details of the series of pictures as well as the closing scene, I broke into a hearty laugh, exclaiming: "Why the stupid woman! If she had not been so ardently fussy, the poor chicken would have gone back to its mother of its own accord." The sound of my voice awoke me, and in awakening I remembered a previous dream of a few months back, in which the Higher Self had been revealed to me under the name of "Mother".

I thoughtfully considered the possible interpretation of these vivid and most humorous pictures, and suddenly realised their application to my recent experiences. Full of gratitude to my unknown artist friend, I learnt the sufficiency of a sustained and unselfish purpose, and, in addition, the ultimate earthliness of fuss and undisciplined ardour.

A Theosophist

NOTE

The Women's Club Federation in America is a very remarkable body, and wields great power, for the cultured women of the United States have built it up for their own use. There are District and State Federations joined in a General Federation, with all the appropriate Committees, and Boards of Managers; and the rare executive ability of American women has found full scope in this great organisation. Kansas City has an 'Annie Besant Study Club' among its Women's Clubs, and it was given a hearing at the General Convention, a privilege usually restricted to State Federations. The members are by no means all Theosophists, but the Club has sent me an affectionate greeting, hoping "that only good may come to Mrs. Besant in everything she undertakes". I cordially wish to my namesake all prosperity.

A. B.

THE SECRET OF A STAR

By EVA M. MARTIN

(Continued from p. 459)

V

Oh could I tell ye surely would believe it!
Oh could I only say what I have seen!
How should I tell or how can ye receive it,
How, till he bringeth you where I have been?

.

Lo if some strange intelligible thunder
Sang to the earth the secret of a star,
How should ye catch, for terror and for wonder,
Shreds of the story that was pealed so far?

F. W. H. Myers

When Lucien arrived back at the Red Farm, it was nearly dark, and in the low-ceiled, old-fashioned kitchen he came upon a scene that made him pause in the open doorway.

Little Maggie was seated on the table, the centre of a listening group consisting of her father and mother and the two elder boys.

"They was on the top of the hill near Littlecrop Farm," she was declaring emphatically, in her clear, shrill voice, evidently not for the first time. "I see'd them from our field—Lucien and a big bright man, like. . . like an angel, all goldy. And then when I see'd them again, he was gone, and another man was there, and he talked and talked to Lucien, and then suddenly he

wasn't there any more, and Lucien ran down the field to come home."

She evidently felt very important, and Lucien understood in a flash what had happened. She was displeased with him for having left her behind that afternoon, and the desire to gain a temporary notoriety by telling what she had seen had proved stronger than her sense of loyalty to him. She seemed to be thoroughly enjoying the sensation which her revelations had caused.

But before anyone could speak again, Lucien stepped forward. He was conscious of a cold sinking at the heart, for it was like stepping into a magic ring of malign influences, an atmosphere of hatred and wrath and misunderstanding.

The little group fell apart and stared at him as at some alien creature. He made a splendid picture of physical health and beauty as he stood and faced them, with a gleam of absolute fearlessness in his dark eyes. But it was not that that held them all in a strange, sudden silence. It was the spiritual light of an immeasurable joy that seemed to illumine his face and stream from his whole being. In that moment his look held some faint reflection of the glory of the bright God with whom he had so lately spoken, and, confronted by that, there was nothing for commonplace individuals to do but stare and keep silence.

He glanced from one to another, giving little Maggie a friendly smile, at which she turned her head away, for some realisation of what she had done began now to dawn on her.

Then his uncle spoke.

"What does this mean, Lucien?" he demanded roughly. "You heard what the child said? I thought

you were giving up your bad ways lately, for I had heard no tales about you for some time. But it seems you still keep to them, and what's more, don't care who sees you. I declare I'll have no more to do with you—you'll stay no longer under roof of mine—unless you give up these unholy works and have done with them for good and all. I'm ashamed that my children should hear of such things. As to Maggie thinking it was an angel she saw with you, why, we all know that Satan can take to himself any deceptive shape, and a child's innocent eyes wouldn't know the difference."

Maggie's mother suddenly clasped her in her arms.

"To think that my little Maggie should see such things!" she cried, half hysterically. "And she says she's often seen him before when she's been out alone with you. O Lucien, how could you? To think that one of my poor children should have seen the Evil One, perhaps spoken to him! Oh dear! Oh dear!"

Lucien was greatly puzzled. He could not understand why these simple people, evidently not at all prepared to deny the existence of the supernatural, should take it so completely for granted that anything of the kind must be evil. He was too young to know that a certain type of mind, indeed the average mind, is ever more than ready to claim an evil origin for all things that are beyond its limited comprehension, while vehemently denying any suggestion of a possible good one.

Seeing the trouble in his face, little Maggie struggled out of her mother's arms and ran to him.

"I'm sorry I told," she whispered. "I didn't mean to, Lucien."

“Never mind. It doesn’t matter,” he reassured her. “You were too little to know.”

She flung her arms round his neck as he stooped to her, and kissed him passionately.

“Come here, Maggie,” ordered the mother. “Come away from him at once. He’s a very wicked boy. You’re not to have anything more to do with him.”

The child began to cry, and was picked up, shaken, and sent away screaming in the charge of her brothers. Lucien was left to face his accusers alone.

The farmer cleared his throat, and spoke again. It was obvious that his wrath had to struggle against a certain vague feeling of awe, which it could not quite succeed in conquering.

“I don’t want to be too hard on you, Lucien,” he began. “I know people sometimes get drawn into this sort of thing without quite knowing what’s happening to them. But you’ve been warned many a time before this. I’m sure I’ve done my best to knock some sense into your head, and you’re quite old enough now to know how wicked it is to dabble in any kind of witchcraft. Still, there’s some excuse for you,” he rambled on, “for your mother was said to see things other people didn’t see, and I heard some queer tales about her before she died, though I never rightly understood them. Give me the ordinary people that don’t see any more than I do myself. That’s the kind I like But your mother, of course, was a lady, not one of our sort, and what made her want to marry an ordinary country-man like your father was always a mystery to me. But that’s not the point. What I want to know is : will you give up this kind of evil-doing, or will you not? You’re welcome to stay here if you’ll behave yourself ; but if you

won't, well, you'll have to find a home somewhere else, for I'll not keep you."

"And me been such a mother to you, Lucien," put in his aunt, reproachfully, "clothed and fed you just like our own, and though everyone knows it wasn't much your poor mother was able to leave behind when she died, I'm sure that hasn't been allowed to make any difference."

The self-congratulation in her tones would have made a disinterested listener smile, but Lucien was thinking hard and turning rapidly over in his mind the remote possibility of being able to convey any sense of the real truth to these two ignorant, suspicious souls. They evidently believed that he had been in communication with some kind of evil spirit. Could he by any means induce them to believe that it was good and not evil? and even then would their objections really vanish? He doubted it—and yet it might be worth while trying. But how to present it to them? What words to use? The old popular belief in guardian angels seemed the nearest analogy to the truth that they would be likely to understand; and he was preparing to launch out upon this brave but hopeless quest for sympathy and comprehension, when the sound of wheels in the lane outside caught his ear. The elder people heard it too, and paused to listen, for few vehicles came near the lonely farm-house after dusk.

The next moment there was a loud knock at the door.

The farmer's wife flew to open it, and a tall, thin old man walked in, with an unmistakable air of dignity and hauteur, as of one who was accustomed to being obeyed. He cast a comprehensive glance round the

solidly furnished farm-house kitchen, and then turned to the woman and bowed with an old-world grace.

“I must introduce myself, madam, and beg your forgiveness for this intrusion. I am Humphrey Peterson, of Sellwood Manor, some few miles away, and I come on a rather curious errand. May I sit down and explain it to you?”

A chair was brought forward and dusted, with many apologies, for the unexpected visitor. His name was known to the farmer and his wife as that of an old crank who lived alone with thousands of books, and was scarcely ever seen outside his own grounds. But they did not know it for the name of the most famous living authority on the study of comparative religion, one whose opinion was revered by students in all parts of the globe, and whose every published book or article served to add to the high esteem in which his name was held in scholarly circles.

Lucien, in response to a gesture from his aunt, was moving towards the door, when the old man intervened.

“Don’t send him away,” he said. “Isn’t that the boy Lucien, who has been living with you for some years? It was about him that I came this evening. Come here, my boy, and let me have a look at you.”

Lucien came forward obediently enough, but the other was curiously conscious that the process of inspection took place on the boy’s side rather than on his own. The young eyes studied his face with their characteristically clear, far-seeing gaze, and then a faint smile dawned in them and spread to the mobile, sensitive mouth, though no word was said.

“H’m. A handsome boy,” grunted the famous man. “Strong, well-grown, healthy, clear skin—doesn’t

look unbalanced or hysterical in any way." Then he turned to the two elders.

"Pardon me," he said, "but things in connection with this boy have come to my ears and aroused my interest, so that I felt I must come to see him for myself. I don't know how you may feel about it, but I want you to let him come to live with me for a time. I'm not a rich man, but I can look after him well, and teach him a good deal—if he is willing to learn. I only heard lately that he was with you, and whose son he was—for I knew his mother slightly, and am interested in him also on that account. I understand that both his parents are dead, and that he is only distantly related to you?"

"Yes, that's so," agreed the farmer. "But I don't think you can understand, sir, what sort of a boy Lucien is. I was just speaking to him when you came in. My wife and I can't keep him here with the other children—such goings-on as there's been. I don't think you could take an interest in him, sir, if you knew, though of course it'd be a great relief to us, for we don't know what to do with him. There seems no curing him."

"I understand that, like most of the village people, you think him to be in league with the Evil One?" queried the old gentleman, quite quietly, as though he spoke of some ordinary and every-day matter; but eagerly though Lucien listened, the tone held no inflection to indicate what the speaker's own opinions were.

"Well, sir, it seems very like it," said the farmer, a little shame-facedly. "I can't think of any other explanation. And yet he isn't exactly a bad boy except for that."

"Only there couldn't *be* anything worse than that," put in the woman. "Why, even our own little Maggie's

been polluted with it—saying she's seen all kinds of outrageous things when she's been out alone with him. It's well for us as can't see such things for ourselves, though goodness knows what would happen to us all if it was to go on much longer."

She gave vent to a superstitious shudder, and edged a little further away from Lucien with a look that held both hatred and alarm. Humphrey Peterson's keen old eyes were directed, momentarily, to her coarse, heavy-featured face, whose only approach to beauty lay in its occasional gleams of kindness and rough good-nature. Then he turned to Lucien, and was newly amazed by the strength and spirituality of his whole face and figure, as he stood there silently listening. An outsider coming in at that moment would never have guessed that the boy himself and his future were the subjects under discussion. He listened carefully to what was said, and missed no word or gesture, but his whole bearing gave the impression of one who was utterly apart from the conversation, one who possessed some secret clue which told him what the end was going to be, even before it had reached its outward expression in words. Feeling Peterson's kindly gaze upon him, he met it with a look of such sure trust and friendliness that the old man's heart was strangely stirred.

He turned to the farmer and his wife.

"Those being your feelings then, I gather that you will not object to Lucien's coming with me? It will depend on circumstances how long I keep him, but for his mother's sake I will always take an interest in his future, so you need feel no further anxiety about that. Run upstairs, my boy, and fetch your night-shirt. Anything else can be sent over to-morrow."

He rose with an air of finality, and tapped the floor impatiently with his stick.

With one grateful glance at his rescuer, Lucien fled. When he came down again, with a bundle under his arm containing a few necessaries and half-a-dozen of his most precious books, the mental atmosphere in the kitchen had subtly but perceptibly changed. What Humphrey Peterson had said in those few moments he never knew, though later on he guessed a good deal of it; but his aunt actually kissed him, in spite of all that she had so recently said, and looked at him with a curious questioning in her eyes, while his uncle patted him rather sheepishly on the shoulder, and hoped he'd be a good boy and come to see them sometimes.

His new friend poked the bundle inquiringly, and chuckled to himself when he felt the books. And then they went out into the dark together; the village cabman slammed the door of his antiquated vehicle upon them; and for the second time since babyhood Lucien started out upon a new way of life.

The road was rough and jolting, and for some little way they drove in silence. Then Peterson began to murmur, half to himself:

"Nothing evil about it, after all. That's quite certain. Rather disappointing, perhaps. It might have been distinctly thrilling—even sensational! But there's *something* to be investigated—that I'm very sure of. Well, we shall see. We shall see!"

He leaned back in his corner and chuckled delightedly, and Lucien chuckled too. He felt that he and this queer old man were going to understand one another.

(To be continued)

Eva M. Martin

IMPRESSIONS OF THE BORO-BUDUR

By BARONESS MELLINA D'ASBECK

A GIGANTIC mass of chiselled stone, wrapped in meditation. It arises out of a deep valley, in majestic isolation.

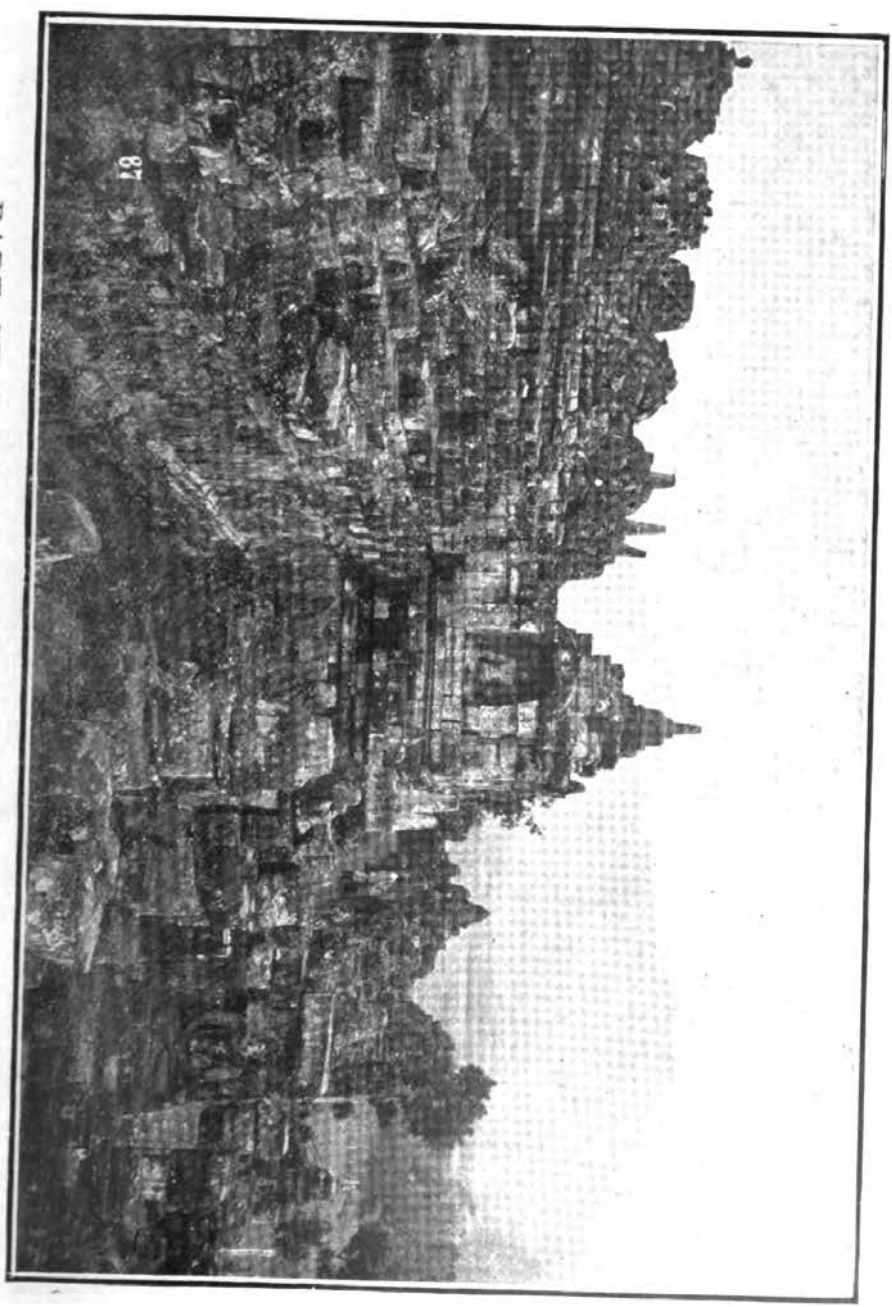
All around, the valley fades away into the distance, and far away at its limits, enormous mountains appear, forming a guarding enclosure to this sacred spot.

At first, as my eyes wandered over them, their massive proportions made the Boro-Budur seem small to me, giving me the impression that, notwithstanding all his efforts, the achievements of man are but little, compared with the mighty works of Nature. Then I looked at the Boro-Budur once more, and my first impression gave way to another—the deepest, the most acute I ever felt. I was dazzled. I had seen mind—mind, arising as a conqueror, face to face with matter. This vision will never leave me, for that which has been revealed can never fade away.

Always, when my thoughts turn again to this beloved spot, I shall see the silent ranks of Buddhas in meditation, facing the massive mountains; meditating always—from morn till sunset, from twilight till the dawn; motionless whilst day after day, the sun irradiates their peaceful features and passes away.

The intense impression given by these figures lies in the fact that their stillness is natural. All other

PART OF A GALLERY WITH BUDDHA STATUES.



87



BUDDHAS OF THE TJANDI MENDUT.

statues represent movements made motionless, passing attitudes fixed for ever by the sculptor. But here is absolute peace in the attitude of perfect equilibrium, thrown into the inertia of the stone ; knowledge supreme embodied in eternal silence.

The modelling of the faces is of the greatest simplicity. The features, scarcely defined, are but an outward sign of the mind within. They are no more than a light veil thrown over the soul, just enough to make it visible to our eyes and to say : this human face contains all the thought of the world, all that is, all that was and all that is to be. Now it *knows* ; the drop lives in the ocean of Eternity whence it proceeded.

Where now was Time ?

A strange thing had happened. My eyes had suddenly been opened. Far away, in the plain, Māyā continued her dance as of old, but it was merely a dance—I knew it now. The mystery of phenomena became less obscure to me. I understood the profound Hindū theory according to which Brahmā deludes humanity. He attracts us by ever new objects, which we relentlessly pursue. But, eternal and infinite in our yearnings, we find these treasures insufficient. In restless explorations we seek for new ones, which again we abandon, until at last our soul reposes in the One. All humanity has to pass through this captivating illusion in order to attain, one day, the eternal Peace of the Buddhas.

Māyā ! thou resemblest an Indian dancing-girl. Thy fugitive and tranquil movements, which Pythagoras called the dance of the spheres, dazzle us. All are deceived by thy play—the lover, fascinated by a human form, the scientist mistaking thy graceful gestures for

absolute facts, the philosopher, poring gravely over the mystery of thy dance.

The artist, perhaps, understands thee best, for he takes thy play for what it is worth and adores it for itself; or else—in bold derision, he scatters a new Mâyā in the world rivalling that which Brahmā created.

This morning, before dawn, I went to the Boro-Budur. A mist made all things seem more unreal than ever. The great pyramidal mass of the monument stood out dark against the sky. The air was cold and gray.

The Statues meditated.

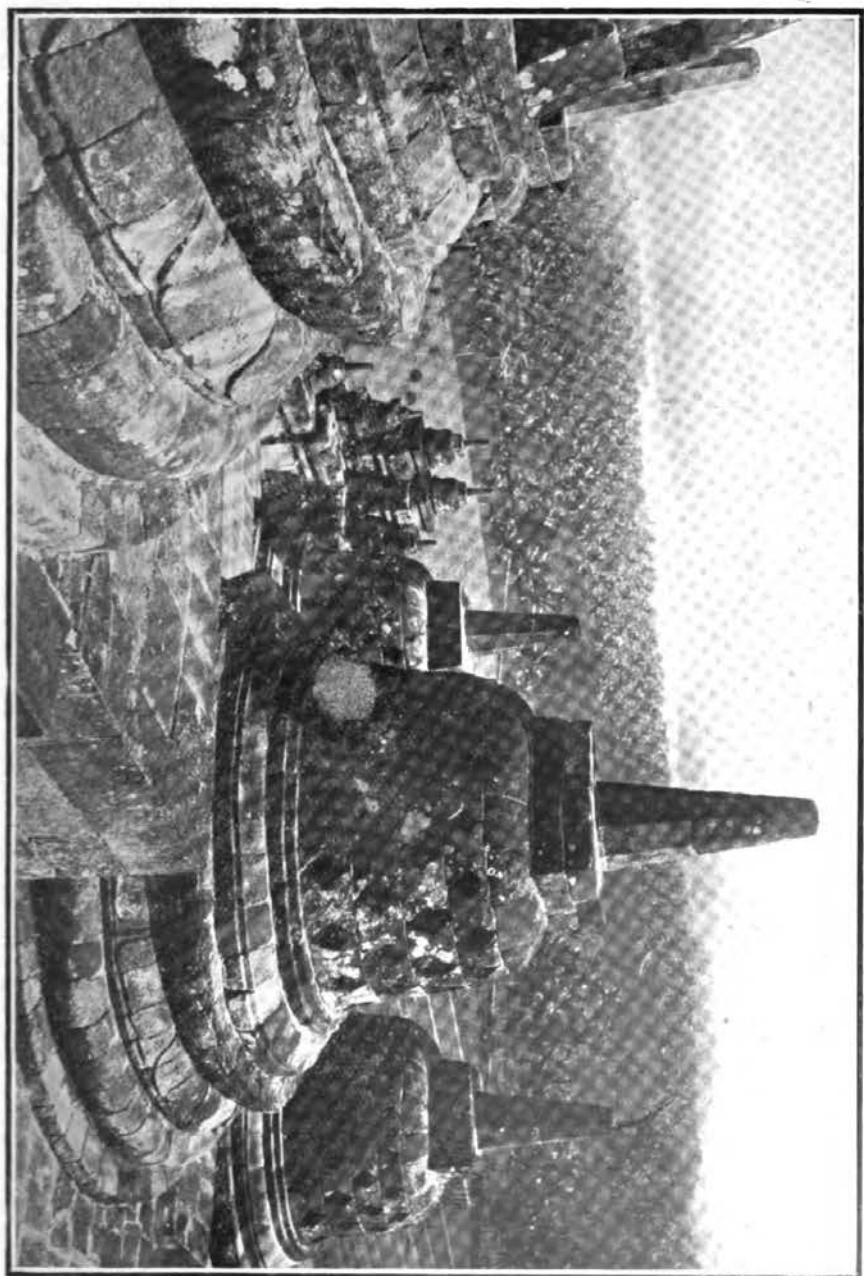
Nature began to reveal herself to the dawning light.

The palm-trees on the brow of the mountains, at first vague shadows in space, became gray feathery tufts. Then they were transformed into blue silhouettes, the stems of which emerged from the unknown. Then, little by little, the Earth appeared, called forth by the magic of the Sun, whose luminous wings were hovering above the mists. One by one her beauties became unveiled; the fertile slopes of the mountains, the blue rivers of the valley, the infinite distances where earth and sky united in a transparent haze.

And nothing of all this lasted. Nature, ever different, ever beautiful, ever fleeting, twined and un-twined her dreams.

The Statues meditated.

Their faces do not change when the sun throws long shadows across them; they do not change when the morning mists turn them into phantoms; they do not change when night envelops them and the pale moon gazes into their eyes. It is because they



VIEW OVER THE VALLEY FROM THE TOP CIRCULAR GALLERY.



STAIRWAY LEADING TO THE SUMMIT.

know, and because infinite wisdom is simplicity ineffable, infinite Peace—Silence.

Now I understand this Life that abides beyond all change. I felt it to-day in the breath of Eternity that hovers over this place like an overpowering incense.

I understand also that this Eternity is everywhere. It broods over the whole world, and manifestation is truly a manifestation, a showing forth of It.

But that which reveals this Eternity to the eyes of flesh hides It from the eye of the Spirit. Therefore manifestation is also a veil.

The secret of many problems was revealed to my restless soul whilst my eyes drank in the peace of these statues. Beyond the swaying ocean of human strife, the waves of which beat against its guardian wall of mountains, the Boro-Budur stands out as a citadel, for ever invincible and inviolate, of Knowledge and of Peace.

And before this great Peace, the troubles of my soul seemed illusions, like the shifting scenes in the plains—a shadow dance.

Confronting all these phantoms, the great Fact asserted itself in majestic stillness—the knowing Consciousness contemplating the gold dust of change.

Mellina d'Asbeck

THE INDIAN STUDENT

By G. S. ARUNDALE

Our readers will remember Father Elwin's low estimate of the Indian boy. A lad asked Mr. Arundale, Principal of the C. H. C., what was his view of the possibilities of the Indian student. He wrote the following beautiful little answer :—

WHAT THE INDIAN STUDENT IS TO ME

I AM, on the whole, of opinion, as I already stated at the Government Educational Conference held in Allahabad early in 1911, that the personal ideal is more attractive and more inspiring to the Indian student than any other ; and if a good leader can be found the Indian youth will follow him to the uttermost. I unhesitatingly say that the Indian boy is one of the finest specimens of the Aryan race I know. I have lived intimately with him, at school, in the play-ground, in his home, in his studies, in his amusements, for ten years day after day, taking no other pleasure than the pleasure of living among those who have been placed in my charge. I claim, therefore, to speak with authority when I say that, he is of the finest material, if in the hands of those who love him, and who strive to grow worthy to lead him in the narrow path of honour and of service. Throw in your lot with his, make his destiny your destiny, share with him your happiness and your trouble, interest yourself in his hopes and ambitions, enter his family as an elder brother, be ready with a smile of welcome whenever he comes to you, have no pleasures apart from the joy of serving him ; live thus and your Indian student will revere you, worship you, follow you

to the end. I, a European, know this to be true, for I have experienced the reward of having given myself utterly in service. And to-day there is a band of young men in the Central Hindū College who love and trust us utterly, because we love and trust them utterly, and who will go out into the world loving and serving their fellow-men because we have striven to love and to serve them in their youth.

There is no display made by this group of workers. There is no Society to which they all belong. There are no rules by which they must all abide. They have taken no vows of obedience. But they are more united than the strictest words or the clearest and narrowest objects could make them, for they live together in an unbreakable bond of love, in a common aspiration to serve their fellow-men. It is this band of young men which has made the Central Hindū College what it is to-day, and from this band of workers will come some of the leaders of the India of to-morrow.

Sometimes I am asked the secret of the enthusiasm so many of our young people display; whence the source of any influence over them that I and my colleagues may have; how it is that so many are at our disposal for any work we may choose to give them now or at any time. My answer is that we, who are the elders, look upon ourselves as the eager servants of the younger generation growing up around us; that we ask them to do nothing we ourselves are not already doing; that our own reverence for those who are our own superiors wins for us reverence from those younger in years than ourselves; that we love India with a deep and eager love; that we are happy in offering ourselves and all that we have, so that our young family may be the better equipped to meet the hardships and disappointments of the worldly life; that we ask naught from our students in return for our service; that we fearlessly protect all who may suffer from the consequences of the advice we give; that we are ever ready to acknowledge our mistakes, even to the smallest child in the school, if such acknowledgment will help him; that during the day our thoughts are ever with our students; that when

we retire to rest we send thoughts of love and protection to them, that they may pass safely through the night.

Be this to your Indian students, strive ever to be this, and you will know the heart of an Indian youth as you had not dreamed it possible. Race prejudices become foolish superstitions; prestige is seen as the instrument of wilful ignorance; differences of religious belief are known, in the light of loving sympathy, as but different roads leading to a common goal. The teacher knows himself as one with his students, and his students trust him and love him, because they see him as part of themselves, with no interests save theirs, with no hopes save theirs, with no life that is not theirs to share.

G. S. Arundale

NOTE

There is a very interesting review in *The Athenæum* of a book entitled *The Times and the Teaching of Jesus the Christ*, published by Longmans. The author states that Jesus received His education among the Essenes; that the Gospel story represents the progress of "the Initiate through the various stages from the grade of a neophyte to that of an Adept"; that there is a great Hierarchy, the avenue to Initiation throughout the ages; that Christ must have come from this, and overshadowed Jesus. All this is sound Theosophical teaching, and it is good to see that *The Athenæum*, while not agreeing with it, is courteous and fair.

THE REPORT OF THE INTERNATIONAL BIBLE STUDENTS ASSOCIATION

THE following extracts from the report of the tourists are interesting, as showing the impression made upon them by Orientals. They summarise the results of their observations:—

III.—“What are the teachings, and what are the inducements to accept Christianity, and how enduring are the results?”

Answer.—There are evidences of positive teachings in the past, but there is very little religious teaching now being done, because the people would resent it, and keep their children from the schools. We heard of instances where a small coin per day was given to each child attending school; but, aside from the schooling, the inducements offered by the Missionaries are chiefly social and medical.

Of late the natives are more and more averse to a public avowal of Christianity, because with increasing intelligence come doubts. The tendency of the times in the Orient, as in the Occident, is towards *unbelief in any religion*. If a Missionary falls from faith in the Bible into ‘Higher-Criticism-Infidelity,’ he may continue his office and profession; but the Orientals have no such inducements to outwardly profess what they no longer believe (except native teachers). Besides, these Orientals are very *honest* in respect to their religious professions, except where spoiled by contact with the hypocrisy of the whites.

IV.—“What is the attitude of heathendom toward the Missionaries, and toward Christianity, and what is the prospect of Foreign Missions becoming self-supporting?”

Answer.—The Orientals are remarkably tolerant of all religions, but are often perplexed at the Missionary competition and the opposition of Christian denominations. The higher castes consider the medley of Christian doctrines presented to them less philosophical than their own. Their own, however, is

not satisfactory, they confess. But before exchanging for another they want to know that the change will be for the better. The common conception, that all the peoples of India, China and Japan are *heathen savages*, is very erroneous. Their upper classes, or castes, include some splendid characters of truly noble manhood, the moral and intellectual peers of Europeans and Americans. Indeed, the masses of these people are less vicious, less rude, more kind and considerate than are the masses of Europe and America. Drunkenness and outward immodesty are almost entirely unknown amongst the Orientals.

VI.—“What hope is there for the conversion of the world during the present generation, through the Laymen’s Foreign Missionary Movement, with their proposed thirty million dollars?”

Answer.—No one who knows anything of Oriental conditions would have the least expectation of the world’s conversion during this present generation through the use of the thirty million dollars proposed. Nor, indeed, if the sum were a thousand times that. We would not, however, discourage the giving of money for Missions. Those who give will be benefitted by so doing, and undoubtedly every million spent benevolently in Oriental lands will help to bring in the more extravagant civilisation of the West. It will increase the wants of the natives, and thus promote commerce. As for promoting vital Christianity, we all know that this is not a purchasable commodity.

This seems a little sarcastic!

The tourists were much impressed with the morals of China:—

The Chinese moral standard differs considerably from ours, but they apparently respect their own; there is no obtrusion of the nude and lewd. We saw no immodest dressing—nothing to suggest impurity or licentiousness. Mr. Lerrigo, Secretary of the Canton Y.M.C.A., informed us that the Chinese of the Association had recently purchased a moving-picture outfit, but that they immediately objected to the immodesty of some of the pictures, which would be thought all right in Europe and America. A censorship committee was appointed, and every picture in the slightest degree immodest is eliminated. In their Christian gatherings the sexes sit apart. When we sought for photographic views representing the Chinese, their customs and homes, we found them all modest, chaste. Vulgar, foolish and immodest pictures there were on sale, but they were of European manufacture, and apparently sold to Europeans and Americans.

OF LOVE AND LIFE

By PHILIP OYLER

(Concluded from Vol. XXXIII, No. 12, p. 925.)

MOTHER-LOVE is one of the greatest expressions of infinity. The maiden aches to be a mother, the mother aches to be a grandmother, the grandmother to be a great-grandmother. And does not the little girl dream that she is a mother?

We must all live in the past and the future as well as in the present. If we do not live in the past, we cannot know the bedrock of life; if we do not live in the present, we shall be persecuted; if we do not live in the future, we shall never improve. To succeed, we must realise the eternal as well as the infinite in us.

Enjoyment is by appreciation, not by exclusion.

The sole measure of nobility is round the heart.

As the flower casts forth its seeds upon the mountain side; as the birds send forth their young when adult; so be prepared at puberty to go forth alone upon the road of life.

We ought to be able to read people as easily as we can read books—more easily in fact.

It is encouragement that we all need. Who was ever helped by adverse criticism? Who was ever made better by punishment devised by man?

There are no opposites. Everything is different—and everyone too.

If you believe in anything, you cannot but believe in everything.

What we imagine is no creation of our own. It is something that has existed or will exist. Imagination is one form of vision—into the past or the future.

The soul or light in us is that which knows no time nor space.

We are most truly ourselves when we are alone with the night.

Abandon prejudice, and you shall soon have revelation.

Everything enjoyed is food.

Trust people, and they will show that they can be trusted. Even if some should fail us, is that any reason why we should cease to trust? Would not they who fall have fallen infinitely farther, if we had not trusted them?

Anarchy, though it has an ill name to the public, must always remain the greatest ideal. It is, in essence, gentle and sacred and unbiassed. It is gentle, in that it would have us all live in love and by love. It is sacred, in that it is in harmony with the universal right of freedom. It is unbiassed, in that it has no fixed rules or codes or systems by which to judge and condemn, but would have us all watch the light within us.

To dream of a thing is on the way to attaining it.

There are not merely two points of view to any question; there are as many as there are persons who look at it.

A few cold days without food will show anyone where the bedrock is of human needs and human feelings; will convince him that he is brother to the lowest savage. Let him remember that, then, and be brotherly to all.

Written history is very young, and all the extant records of humanity do not describe a tithe of the feelings that surge up within us, when we are alone with the night and the stars and the silence.

Do you not feel, my sister, the man in you? Do you not feel, my brother, the woman in you? Do you

not feel, both of you, the child in you? Well, that is what you should feel.

We all belong to eternity. It depends upon our vision how much of the past and the future we see. And we all belong to the infinite. Though bound by work to our homes, by friendship to our friends, do we not also live and love in the breadths of the midnight skies?

We are in debt to both past and future. We pay both in our life by our life.

We have nothing of value but what we are.

Be careless of your words to none. There is no one so degraded that he does not value a beautiful thought.

There is no bourn to the sky, no limits to our power, but those which we impose upon ourselves through lack of faith. Let us watch, then, out over the horizons we picture beyond the ones we see.

From the moment that we stretch forth a guarding hand and say: "This is mine," we cease to be free; for it means that we have bartered the kingdom of heaven within us for a realm of worldly things.

It is not wealth that we all need, but health.

It is commonly said that we learn by illness and grief. No doubt we do. But how much more might we not gain by health and by happiness?

Truth is shy of buildings, hesitates to enter under a roof, slips in through an open window on a sunbeam, but is easily stifled or driven out, being a lover of the great air and the deep blue hollows of the sky.

As we lay aside our clothes at night-time, let us lay aside our thoughts too.

Why should we punish theft or fear to be robbed of our worldly possessions? No man can steal our true worth, the gold of our character.

Philip Oyler

ANCIENT PRAYERS

FOUND WRITTEN IN AN OLD ROMAN BREVIARY

THESE prayers are sent by a respected Christian F. T. S., and are worthy of study. Note the reference to the Mysteries, the restoration of which is asked for; the allusion to "the ancient and narrow Path"; the declaration that "we also. . . are the Way, the Truth and the Life"; the indwelling of the Christ "in all forms which Thou hast made"; the recognition that all beings are in His "sacred Form," recalling the great vision of the divine Form in the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, xi; the recognition that all the faithful may be channels of the divine Life.

"Lord of all Powers, Light of all Lights, Source of all Wisdom; shine in the hearts of Thy servants, and restore to Thy Church the knowledge of Thy hidden Mysteries of Wisdom.

"Jesus, Thou Light most Holy; lead us to the ancient and narrow Path, which was, is, and will be for evermore. Thou, O Christ, art that Path, and we also by the power of our Life hidden in Thee are the Way, the Truth, and the Life. Thou art One, and from Thee the many come forth, rooted in Thee. Thou sustainest Angels and men. Thou art the Father and Mother of all worlds. By the Hidden Way of the Cross, to the glory of the Risen Word, lead us, O LORD, that we and all Thy Church may find Peace and Union with the Changeless Father of our souls. Amen.

"Lord of the depths and heights, Who dwellest in all forms which Thou hast made; abide Thou in Thy mercy with the souls sunk in darkness. Sustain them with Thy Life, comfort them with Thy Love; make them to feel Thee as a Living Will abiding in them, raising them with Thee to their Divine heritage, the service of all Beings which Thou holdest in Thy Sacred Form. Suffer us to be the channels of Thy Life to them; to cheer and guide them to the Light of the Resurrection. Amen."

THE UNREST IN ENGLAND

[This paper appeared in *The Adyar Bulletin* of last September ; but so many readers of THE THEOSOPHIST have written to the Editor, asking how she regards the labour question in England, that we reprint it here.—ED.]

IN the summer of 1912, the London newspaper, *The Daily Graphic*, sent out to various well-known people the following two questions. What are :—

- (1) The causes which have led up to the present situation ?
- (2) The lines on which a solution is to be founded ?

Mrs. Annie Besant's reply was printed in the issue of June 17th, and was as follows :—

The fundamental cause of the present unrest appears to me to be the impossible conditions under which the manual labour class exists. Their work is hard, their leisure small, and they live under a Damocles' sword of anxiety.

The pension, which is regarded as a great benefit, amounts to 5s. a week in old age—an eloquent witness of the expenditure which is supposed to be adequate to support a manual worker at a time of life when small comforts are particularly necessary. Those who are fortunate have saved something 'to fall back upon,' and there are Friendly Societies, which represent an amount of 'thrift' which rises into heroism.

An immense mass of the population lives normally close to the edge of starvation, and goes over it in 'hard times'. Hundreds of thousands of children are fed because their parents cannot feed them, and the children cannot bear the strain of education on empty stomachs. There are innumerable charities—soup kitchens, Salvation Army shelters, and the like ; they are pointed to with pride, but the necessity for them brands our social system with shame.

How can people living as our labouring classes live be anything but restless ? True, they used to suffer silently, looking on their lot as inevitable. Now they have discovered that the Society which has so long been indifferent to their comfort,

which warms itself with the coal they raise, walks about in the clothes they make, eats the food they transport, can be made very uncomfortable if they stop working.

Consequently they stop. No sense of social responsibility has been shown by their 'betters'. Why should they show any? Change in the purchasing power of money and all the rest are subsidiary causes. But the one main cause is injustice and the semi-human lives which reward the toil without which Society is paralysed.

SOLUTION: Revolution—whether by legal confiscation of property *a la* Lloyd George, or by violent uprising—or by the higher classes, regenerating the social system.

The first spells ruin, whether spoliation be by law or by force. Civilisation will thus perish, as it has perished before. National strikes are a form of revolution; they spread untold misery, which falls on the workers, not on the well-to-do; they use intolerable tyranny, preventing those who want to work from working; they place the country at the mercy of a few men, who refuse to a non-unionist the right to live, and exercise a tyranny compared to which a military dictatorship would be liberty; as their hands are on the country's throat, Society lies at their mercy.

If we are to avoid revolution we must formulate our Aim and then seek for the Means to accomplish it. The Aim I propose is the establishment of a social system which shall ensure to every man, woman, and child in the State a minimum of well-being, sufficient to enable them to develop fully the powers which each brings with him into the world. A social system which cannot do this stands condemned. Far more will be done in the future.

FOUR REMEDIES

The Means: There is no space to work them out fully. Very roughly they would be:—

1. A gathering of the best brains in the country to re-organise its economic system. This might include the utilisation of its land, the organising of production by men similar to those who made the American trusts, the profits to be divided fairly among all who produce them, with a proportion to the State; the control by the State of all railways and of whatever other things—mines and the like—it was decided could be better done by it than by private effort. The main point is that these questions should be decided by the best intelligences in the country, as parts of a whole, instead of piecemeal by Acts of Parliament passed in a hurry.

2. Voluntary sacrifice of land and money by the great owners and very wealthy men, to help in the utilisation of land, the formation of trusts, and the purchase for the State of the railways, etc.

3. Voluntary personal service in setting running the new system and in smoothing the transition.

4. The leadership of the whole movement by the King, with a Council selected by himself.

Reconstruct or perish : such seems to be the voice of the Unrest, made articulate. The people cannot do it ; it is work for our wisest and best. Under a rational system none should labour—though he might be trained for labour—before twenty years of age ; none should do manual labour after fifty years of age. Thorough education for the first twenty years ; work of some strenuous and useful kind, manual, literary, artistic, commercial, etc., with reasonable leisure, until fifty ; then administration, legislation, the pursuit of any form of intellectual and artistic creation until old age.

There is nothing in such a State that could not be accomplished by human brains and human hearts. Only the will is lacking, and that may be stimulated by the Unrest.

Though one with God, the Master is yet a living person, of flesh and blood ; long ages ago he stood where you stand now, and endured trials and underwent suffering as you do today. But he has come to his goal. He is now a fuller expression of Divinity than any wife or child or friend you love. He is for you the Door to God. It is his appointed duty to lead you to God, as it is your unrenounceable privilege to be led by him.

—*In His Name.*

THE GAYĀ LODGE, T. S.

The foundation stone of the handsome building shown in our picture was laid on January 14, 1910, at 8.15 a.m. by the President of the T. S. It was opened, also by the President, on the 24th September, 1912, at 7.30 a.m.

The whole of the money thus far spent on it, amounting to Rs. 20,000—of which Rs. 5,000 went to the purchase of the land—has been collected by the sixty-five members of the Lodge from the Gayā public. Another Rs. 6,000 are needed to complete the building, and to supply the necessary furniture. It may be that some outside members of the T. S. might like to have a little share in this building, for it is situated seven miles to the north of the Boḍhi-Tree, under which the Lord Gauṭama Buḍḍha reached Illumination, and this nearness gives it a special sacredness. It is twenty-seven miles from the Gurpa (Gurupāḍa=Feet of the Teacher) Mountain, the spot to which, legend says, the Lord Maitreya will go to receive the “garment of Buḍḍha” from Kashyapa. Such memory and such hope attach this spot to all Theosophical hearts, that we must feel grateful to the little band who have toiled so nobly well to erect this building.

The main hall is sixty-three feet by twenty-four, and attached to it are six rooms, to be used, one for the library, one for the E. S., and the rest for guests.

Annie Besant



THE GAYA LODGE, T. S.

QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

REVIEWS

The Basis for Artistic and Industrial Revival in India, by E. B. Havell. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Rs. 1-8 or 2s. or 50c.)

This neat little volume contains Mr. Havell's well-considered views of Indian Art and its relation to national life. He considers that Indian Art is a living tradition, and that it may be strengthened into the most potent means of national regeneration and prosperity; but he fears that western methods of production will kill out the still struggling handicrafts. It seems that Holland lately sent an expert to India and Java to collect information on the methods of dye-painting on silk and cotton cloth; the result of his study has been the establishment at Haarlem of a new Dutch industry on Indian and Javanese lines. The same thing is being introduced into the technical schools of Germany and Italy, so that a handicraft which India is allowing to perish is being transplanted to Europe. Twenty thousand rupees-worth of Masulipatam hand-dyed cloths could annually be exported to a single merchant in London, over that which he takes at present, if the quality of the work were brought to the level of fifty years ago. These are facts which people interested in the prosperity of India should consider. The skill of the workman is a national asset, and the craftsman is of a more evolved type than he whose initiative and creative power have been dulled by his reduction to the mere tender of a machine. We heartily commend Mr. Havell's book to the reading public, both in India and in England.

A. B.

Famous Ghost Stories, by English Authors: selected by Adam L. Gowans. (Gowans & Gray, Ltd., London and Glasgow, 1912. Price 1s.)

There is of course no suggestion that any of the stories contained in this little book are either new or true; it is simply a collection of a few gems from English fiction. The stories are unequal, and some of them might well have been omitted; possibly questions of copyright would prevent the inclusion of some of the masterpieces which one would have wished to see substituted for these. Be that as it may, the first and second of the four stories from Dickens cannot be surpassed, and the compiler has fortunately not overlooked that most thrilling of all ghost stories, Lord Lytton's 'The Haunters and the Haunted, or the House and the Brain'. Still more fortunately, this incomparable tale is reprinted here in that original and more perfect form which is now so rarely found, because the author later omitted the concluding portion, as he had employed the same idea at greater length in *A Strange Story*. To one who loves the literature of the uncanny, this one narrative alone is worth far more than the modest price of the little book.

C. W. L.

Conscious Control, by F. Mathias Alexander. (Methuen & Co., London. Price 2s. 6d.)

This little book is written with the object of condemning the usual systems of physical culture and in particular that which is employed in the British army. Muscular rigidity and strained attitudes are held responsible for many evils, which are to be eradicated by the author's method of conscious control of the muscular system. While there is perhaps an element of truth in the view that modern methods of physical culture tend towards stiffness and ugliness rather than to suppleness and grace, there are few who will agree with the author's contention that cancer, appendicitis, asthma, etc., are due to "the erroneous preconceived ideas of the persons immediately concerned" in respect to muscular movements. The book is mostly an advertisement of the author and his method, and as no clear description of the latter is given, one is unable to judge of its value, and in any case it apparently can only be applied

by the author, personally. The volume is valueless to the general reader.

C. R. H.

Poems Dramatic and Lyrical, by Clifford Bax. (The *Orpheus* Press, 3 Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, London. Price 4s. 6d. net.)

A charming envelope of white and gold prepares us for the golden verses it encloses. Of these the first, 'The School of Plato,' inspired by Jean Delville's great fresco, is, perhaps, the finest. The painter-Theosophist has inspired the poet-Theosophist—and that has a charm of its own. An intense love of Nature, a pure and passionate worship of Beauty, these are the wells from which Clifford Bax draws his poetry:—

Ah for a little with all the delight of a boy
 Allured in the heat of the noon to the cold of the sea,
 Wearied of man and ashamed of the world I stood,
 Worshipping God with the old wild wondering joy,
 Healing my heart with the beauty of flower or tree,
 Cleansing the dust of my life in the life of the wood,
 When suddenly harebells glimmered around me, see
 As a sapphire mist in a maze of environing green.

And how graceful is this, 'An Interior' at Dresden:—

The little flower-set window-square
 Was filled with sapphire-coloured bloom;
 A coolness clove the darkening air,
 And we in that familiar room
 Heard lightly cast along the pane
 The javelins of the August rain.

The two brief dramas, 'Echo and Narcissus' and 'The Marriage of the Soul,' contain passages of great beauty, and are well fitted for a dramatic setting. It is difficult to choose amid so much that is beautiful, but here are some lines:—

Lo, there are stars above me,
 World upon world in the dark air far and away,
 But I am a being older than they
 And they too worship and love me.
 Verily little I seem,
 And little in truth I should be were I only this,
 But I am a spirit, a radiant being of bliss,
 I am the Dreamer and all things else but the Dream;
 For what though an utterly measureless mystery lie
 In all that the sense may see or the soul recall?
 It is I, it is I,

I who am yet more wonderful even than all!

Uncounted ages ago
 I too flamed out of the darkness there, a lord of the heavenly race,
 Albeit now for a little space
 In truth I am fallen low ;
 And yet I remember still
 The beauty that once was mine,
 That now lies hid in the heights of me
 As a tarn in the crest of a hill.

But it is hardly fair to drag jewels out of their setting.
 Buy the book and read it.

A. B.

Mysticism and Magic in Turkey, by M. J. Garnett. (Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd., London, 1912. Price 6s. net.)

In this book, described as "an account of the religious doctrines, monastic organisation, and ecstatic powers of the dervish orders," the author presents us with a quite interesting sketch of mystic teachings, practices, legends and organisations in Islām, mainly as seen in Turkey. The book is very readable if not very profound, and contains a mass of information on out-of-the-way topics as well as an interesting sprinkling of anecdotal history. To Theosophists, Chapter ii, on 'The Spiritual Hierarchy' will be of the greatest interest, for it contains garbled and faint echoes of mighty teachings current amongst the more intimately instructed ones in their midst.

Of real magic there is not much to be found in the volume, and the discussion of ecstatic powers is very limited; on the other hand, many magic legends and ecstatic claims are recorded.

On the whole the book is entertaining and instructive, and we recommend it warmly to all readers who wish for an introductory volume to initiate them in a pleasant way into the mystical side of modern Islām. A dozen photographic illustrations accompany the letterpress, and a short bibliography as well as a useful index are added.

J. v. M.

*The People's Books.*¹ (T. C. & E. C. Jack, London and Edinburgh. Price 6 Ans. or 6d. or 12c.)

Theosophy, by Annie Besant.

From Mrs. Besant's indefatigable pen a new book has come, which will be warmly welcomed by members and non-members of our Society alike. It is a popular sketch of Theosophy, serving as an introduction to the fuller study of the subject. Forming part of Messrs. Jack's admirable popular series it has a special value, in that it will undoubtedly be the means of introducing correct first notions about Theosophical thought and teachings to vast numbers of people not easily reached by the ordinary Theosophical publications. Intrinsically, it has the great merit of being built upon a new plan, different from that followed in most introductory booklets on the same subject with which we are acquainted thus far.

The plan is simple and yet very wide. Instead of concentrating her efforts in an orderly exposition of *teachings* only (we might say: of Theosophical dogmatics), the author has rather put before the reader a series of *aspects* of Theosophy, and so we find the main body of the booklet taken up by a description of Theosophy as science, as morality and art, as philosophy, as religion, and as applied to social problems. The result is that Theosophical readers will find the little work very suggestive, and that non-Theosophical readers will find its presentation in closer touch with the actual world and its activities, its needs and its experiences, than is often the case in similar productions. As a consequence a good deal of 'bridging over' the gap between ordinary conceptions and those of Theosophy is done already whilst reading the work.

For another reason the book cannot fail to prove specially interesting. Mrs. Besant stands amongst us unrivalled as a prolific writer and speaker on Theosophical subjects, as an experienced exponent of Theosophical ideals and views. Charged with the task of giving in condensed form a general outline of modern Theosophy after a three-and-twenty years' career of work and thought in the field, we may naturally expect a mature and well-tempered summary of ripe experience, with all angular enthusiasms worn away, all exalted enthusiasms softened, all

¹ This admirable and cheap popular series is obtainable at THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

dramatic exaggerations toned down. This is exactly the result, and many an old hand in our ranks will find new phrases, new ways of expression, or new definitions or points of view, serving as so many starting points for reflection and very attentive consideration.

We doubt not that the little book will be a big success, and will carry the bright and wise message of Theosophy to many obscure corners on this earth where, without this publication, the new-old good tidings of our own times would have scarcely penetrated.

Insurance as a Means of Investment, by W. A. Robertson.

The subject of this little book lies altogether outside the province of this magazine. We cannot review it in these pages. Messrs. Jack's 'The People's Books' are, however, to be energetically praised whatever their subjects. The book seems a solid production, it bristles with financial tables and returns apt to make the mouth of any desire-elemental water. It recommends safe ways of making money and investing profitably. Its study requires more financial reckoning than is perhaps likely to be done in this world or the next by most of our readers. Yet the old Vedic saying runs: "Before all let there be a certain amount of well-being." And 'The People's Books' should be praised anyhow. Those who are interested in the subject should note the title.

A Dictionary of Synonyms, by Austin K. Gray.

This is a handy book of synonyms, as complete as the magic of modern cheap production can make it. It is an open question whether any pocket dictionary is ever any good at all, but what *could* be given *has* been given. An interesting little introduction precedes the list which by judicious grouping has been made very compact and includes quite a fair amount of material. Each keyword is followed by fairly elementary etymological data. The synonyms themselves are, for the most part, grouped under the words that have the widest range of meaning. The subsidiary words are referred to these keywords and are not treated apart. All synonyms are grouped under two distinct headings, according to their derivation from (1) Anglo-Saxon, Scandinavian and other Teutonic origins, and (2) from French and Latin. Words of other origin than Anglo-Saxon, Scandinavian, Latin and French are marked with the

names of the language they have come from. Altogether something under two thousand words are dealt with. As useful a little book as its size allows it to be.

J. v. M.

Aristotle, by Prof. A. E. Taylor.

“There are a few philosophers,” says Prof. Taylor, “whose influence on thought and language has been so extensive that no one who reads can be ignorant of their names, and that every man who speaks the language of educated Europeans is constantly using their vocabulary. Among these few Aristotle holds not the lowest place.” He points out that in order really to understand the terminology of modern science and philosophy a knowledge of Aristotelianism is necessary; some of the poets even are incomprehensible without it. Many of the common expressions used in ordinary conversation “derive their significance from the part they played in Aristotle’s vocabulary. The unambitious object of this little book is to help the English reader to a better understanding of such familiar language and a fuller comprehension of much that he will find in Dante, Shakespeare and Bacon.” It is hardly necessary to add that if this end is not accomplished, it is the reader who is at fault. The simplicity and clearness of the style and arrangement of the book should make it easy for even the ordinary reader to get a grasp of the main teachings of Aristotle’s philosophy.

Francis Bacon, by A. R. Skemp, M.A., Ph.D.

Like most of his biographers and critics, Mr. Skemp finds the character of Lord Bacon extremely complicated and difficult to understand. He gives a brief account of the great statesman’s career, trying to explain his conduct by reference to his peculiar mental and moral qualities. A short outline of his philosophy and a few remarks on his most important works and his literary style complete the volume.

Julius Caesar, by Hilary Hardinge.

As in the case of many of the books issued in this excellent series, one cannot help being struck, while reading *Julius Caesar*, by the eminently successful way in which the author realises the ideal of this most useful series of popular hand-books on subjects of universal interest. So much information is

compressed into so small a space and yet it is so well presented as to be easy and pleasant reading. Theosophists should be interested in this booklet describing one of the most important lives of Corona, one of the characters in the 'Rents in the Veil of Time'.

The Brontes, by Flora Masson.

Miss Masson is to be congratulated on the delightful picture she has succeeded in giving of the Bronte family. The story of their life is beautifully told and the familiar facts presented in a new way.

Thomas Carlyle, by L. Maclean Watt.

To those who love him, Carlyle is a subject rich in suggestiveness and full of the most varied possibilities. His character, his home-life, his genius, his literary career, the impression he made on his contemporaries, the views taken of him by posterity, his interpretation of life as expressed in his published writings, in his diary, in his conversation—each of these aspects of his life possesses a wonderfully vivid interest of its own. All these are treated in this little book, the various strands being very skilfully interwoven, and making a well-proportioned, living, whole.

Oliver Cromwell and his Times, by Hilda Johnstone, M.A.

The ancient quarrel between Cavalier and Roundhead is eagerly perpetuated even now by the school-boy population. The over-zealous partizan on either side would do well to read Miss Johnstone's fair and balanced estimate of the great Protector. Her view is admirably epitomised in her concluding paragraph. We cannot do better than quote it: "Cromwell, like Cæsar and Napoleon, must bear the assaults of those who see in him the typical tyrant, and the dangerous admiration of those who twist his facts to suit their theories. He will fare best if he is remembered neither as an eager schemer nor an inspired prophet, but as 'a plain, blunt man, that loves his friends,' solving problem after problem in a difficult career when they arose, as seemed honestly to him to be best."

A. de L.

England in the Middle Ages, by Mrs. E. O'Neill, M.A.

"It is the object of this little book to trace the essential features of Mediæval England." So runs the preface and little

remains for the reviewer to add except that the historical facts have been gathered from recognised classical sources.

The period described, beginning with the Norman Conquest and extending to the founding of the Tudor dynasty, as every one knows was a time of growth, of change. A struggle for supremacy was waged between the Barons, the Church and the Crown and the balance at one time swung in favour of one of them, at others of another; but from these turbulent beginnings which Mrs. O'Neill depicts rose the fair structure of constitutional government in England and the conception of justice which became the guiding principle of British rule. And one closes the book with the thought that in the initial experiments and failures of these (probably miscalled) 'dark ages' lay the promise of a national ideal which in later centuries would flower into a noble Imperialism.

The Growth of Freedom, by H. W. Nevinson.

Our author defines freedom as "a harmony of external pressure and inward will" such as is expressed in the phrase "Whose service is perfect freedom". This, he says, does not imply "submission—even to a Divine Will—but a positive, reasoning and joyful co-operation," and where there is any society, even if it be that of two persons only, external pressure comes in. In this harmony of the outer and the inner lies the possibility of the highest development of the personality and the only path to happiness. A chapter is devoted to the origin of authority; others show the ideals of freedom expressed by different races and nations. The influence of Christianity and of feudalism in this connection is touched upon and a general outline of the various phases of the history of the evolution of the religious, intellectual, social, economical and political freedom of Europe makes most interesting reading. Arriving at the period covering the last three centuries we find that "the seventeenth century was marked by the overthrow of absolutism; the eighteenth by the overthrow of oligarchy combined with a general abolition of serfdom; and the nineteenth by the birth of nationalism and some advance towards democracy". The writer seems to find democracy the ideal form of government. When equal opportunities are given to all, irrespective of their "inheritance, birth or surroundings," then "we can hope for a nation endowed with the right

judgment in all things for which we pray". But even then full freedom will not be won. "For, in the campaign of freedom, no truce is lasting, and peace will never be concluded, unless, perchance, in some distant age, there should be revealed far-off the shining gates of that City which, in language familiar to Greek and Christian alike, is a heavenly city, whose builder and maker is God."

Dietetics, by Alex. Bryce, M. D., D. P. H.

For all who are interested in the ' food question ' this little treatise will prove a most satisfactory purchase. In the first place it is written by someone who knows what he is talking about, which the authors of so many of the modern books relating to this matter do not; and secondly the book is made readily understandable by the clear and simple style in which it is written. It contains several very useful tables giving the nutritive and caloric values of various foods—vegetables, fruits, nuts and flesh. The case for vegetarianism in Dr. Bryce's mind is ' not proven,' but his attitude is distinctly a sympathetic one. Rabid food-faddists might consider his cool common-sense views with distinct advantage to themselves and to their friends, whilst vegetarians generally will find many valuable hints for practical every-day use.

A. E. A.

Practical Astronomy, by H. Macpherson, Jr., F.R.A.S. is exactly what it claims to be, giving just that information which will enable anyone to take an interest in the stars, without making a study of astronomy. We recommend it to all who wish to have many interesting friends and companions on a starry night. The author has apparently not realised the possibility that the book would travel outside the British Isles, as there are a few places where the words " as seen from the latitude of England " would have prevented possible misconceptions.

A. M.

The Foundations of Science, by W. C. D. Whetham, M. A., F.R.S.

In spite of the magnitude of the topic, a most extensive survey of the scientific world has been compressed into a

remarkably small compass, and a striking impression of proportion is conveyed by the judicious selection and classification of the most prominent landmarks. Science is considered under the primary aspects of physical, biological and psychical, and is defined as "an ordered knowledge of the phenomena or appearances of nature, and of the connection or relations which have been discovered between them." The style is fresh and genial, and we cannot imagine any better stimulant to popular scientific interest than a few hours in the company of this admirable little book.

Evolution, by E. S. Goodrich, M.A., F.R.S.

The word evolution has come to figure so largely in modern philosophy, and even religion, that there is ample room for a popular book confined to the original scientific use of the word, and such a book is now before us. The writer clearly states and frankly defends the position of Darwin, removing many popular misconceptions which still recall the storm of opposition which the great naturalist aroused. Even if we did not believe in "a guiding force directing the course of evolution," as the writer evidently does not, we should be the richer for a fund of definite data revealing the wonderful adaptability of life to varying conditions under a traceable sequence of cause and effect. It is argued that those who believe in such a force "must admit that it has been singularly blind and inefficient, leading more often to destruction than success". But in the next paragraph, relating to apparent failures, we find the corrective admission: "It is a mistake to assume without clear proof that the course of their evolution can have been useless." Exactly; the destruction of bodies no longer adapted to the temporary conditions which produced them may even be a gain from the standpoint of a continuing consciousness. The book is full of solid reading, and the illustrations and diagrams are instructive.

Radiation, by P. Phillips, D.Sc.

The contents of this book deal with the waves which constitute light and heat, but do not include radio-activity. The question naturally arises—what do such waves consist of? To speak of them as periodical changes in direction of electromagnetic field may not convey much to the casual enquirer, but the value of reducing the number of unknown quantities to a minimum must be obvious to all, and it is in this direction of

the correlation of forces that modern science is tending. The author's treatment is simple and clear, and his explanations speak for themselves.

W. D. S. B.

Cities Seen in East and West, by Mrs. Walter Tibbits. (Hurst and Blackett, Ltd., London.)

This is a book which one reviews only out of respect to the publishers. Mrs. Tibbits' previous book, while defective in many points, had an elusive charm which veiled slipshod English. In this book the defects are aggravated, and while there is still a charm in the descriptive passages—Mrs. Tibbits can describe a scene admirably—the spirit of the book repels; and the model adopted for grammar and the superficiality suggest Ouida. Quite worthy of Ouida is the sentence: "It is a relief to lean over the stern and watch the insouciant sea-anemones flouncing and bouncing beneath"! The writer probably means jelly-fish, for the bouncing sea-anemone of the deep sea is unknown to biology. Ouidaesque also are the princes, duchesses and countesses scattered over the pages like pepper on a stew. But Ouida, while fond of sensual heroes, was not so fond of unclean innuendoes as to the most revolting bye-ways of human sin as is the writer of this book. Clever? Yes, but prurient and polluting.

Coming to India, we pass into another atmosphere. Mrs. Tibbits tells us that the tenth Guru of the Sikhs is reincarnated again, and her indication will be intelligible to a very large circle in India. On that we have nothing to say. The beliefs of men are sacred to the Theosophist. But when one finds the writer of the first part of this book boasting of herself as in a Temple to which "not a dozen people from the outer life of this planet have access," one recalls the Hindū story of the burning up of Kāmaḍeva—and marvels. The austere purity of the 'Great Yogī' is hardly compatible with the gusto with which the uncleannesses of Part I are dwelt on. It is a pity, alike for the authoress and her friends, that this book has been written. It is an outrage that Parts I and II should be bound into the same volume.

A. B.

The Rise and Fall of Nations, by W. J. Balfour-Murphy, LL.D., F. R. G. S. (George Allen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 5s. net.)

The question "why nations in the past have risen only to fall, why modern nations, originally of the same blood and tongue, have developed on such different lines," has inspired the writing of this book. The conviction that the theory of mechanical evolution "fails to account for the phenomena with which modern European nations provide us" guides the author in his search for the qualities which have made a people great and the causes that have led to its subsequent downfall. In his Introduction he explains his general position and then proceeds to sketch the history of Europe in the light of his views. The conclusion arrived at is that "the decay of a nation is not necessarily a fate from which there is no escape," that every nation is master of its own destiny; "that the morally directed intellect may be regarded as the one great factor to which all other factors are quite subservient"; and hence, that its educational system is of paramount importance to a country. In a final chapter English education is discussed and some practical suggestions offered.

A. de L.

The Dramatic Poem of Job, by William Jennings, M.A. (Methuen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

A study of the laws of karma as set forth in Theosophical writings solves much, if not all, of the problem of suffering—the problem with which the book of Job deals, and deals without satisfactory issue. Nevertheless, the thoughts of the ancient Hebrew dramatist, orientally rich in simile and metaphor, are of interest for all time; and a religious poem of which such critics as Carlyle and Tennyson have spoken with superlative praise should not be lightly passed by.

It will be found that this translation—in blank verse—is more easily readable than the A.V. or R.V., and that it elucidates passages which a study of the accepted versions left quite unintelligible. The versification is done with ingenuity, good taste, and some poetic faculty; and in comparing this translation with those in prose one feels that the translator has chosen

the form better suited to the symmetry-loving Spirit of Poetry by whom the book is—to some extent at least—ensouled.

R. W. E.

Outdoor Philosophy: The Meditations of a Naturalist, by Stanton Davis Kirkham. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. Price 5s. net.)

“Good wine needs no bush,” and Mr. Kirkham's books are well known, at least in his own country; nevertheless we may add that the book under review is one of those which it is good to have in the rush of present-day conditions. In the mad scramble for possessions on the one side and the desperate struggle for existence on the other, men have utterly lost the ‘art of living’; and those who point out ‘the better way,’ as does our author, are friends of humanity. He claims for every soul the right of self-expression and regards life as the only teacher. He says that a man can be truly himself only out in the open. “One is beset indoors by insidious mental germs. A house is a little box full of stale thought which seems seldom to be renewed by fresh and invigorating currents. These germs do not thrive in the open air and thus life in the woods is more conducive to mental health. It is easier to change the mind, to refresh and renew it, when less exposed to the contagion of other minds.” Life is the only teacher; nature the only Scripture; and experience the only source of knowledge. “Truth comes of itself to whomsoever is ready, not as the result of multiplying theories and beliefs.”

A lover of the beautiful as well as a student, this philosophic naturalist in his wanderings afar has caught some of the notes of ‘Pan's pipes’ and translated them into really beautiful prose. Over hills and dales, across burning plains, or beside running streams, or scaling mountain heights, sometimes on horseback, sometimes afoot, the laughing God has led him, but always in his gentler moods.

Flowers, trees, insects and birds companion the nomad's solitude, whispering their secrets of love and of life. Under “the unimproved sky—the only dome that gives room for thought, the only roof that does not seem too near,” he finds freedom and contentment; under the calm gaze of the stars in his camp in the desert—peace. The wide world is his

home. Individual liberty, the power to think his own thoughts and to love beauty with all his strength ; these are his dearest possessions. These are but a few of the writer's " intimations of the philosophic life—the sane and beautiful life that haunts our earthly dream ”.

This is a good book and a beautiful book, and therefore we say: " Read it."

A. E. A.

Werwolves, by Elliott O'Donnell. (Methuen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 5s. net.)

Mr. O'Donnell is always interesting, and he has put together in this volume a gruesome collection of stories about that most unpleasant of entities, the werwolf. They throng upon us from the British Isles, from France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, the Balkan States, Spain, Belgium, the Netherlands, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Iceland, Lapland, Finland, Russia and Siberia, until one expects to meet one round the next corner. One is told how to become a werwolf—but why should anyone wish to become such a monster, one wonders. And one is told also how to dislodge the werwolf, by means certainly unpleasant. Lycanthropy seems to belong to Atlantean sorcery rather than to modern days, but those who wish for a 'thrill' cannot do better than read this entertaining volume.

A. B.

A Dictionary of the Biloxi and Ofo Languages accompanied with thirty-one Biloxi Texts and numerous Biloxi Phrases, by James Owen Dorsey and John R. Swanton. (Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin 47, Washington. Government Printing Office, 1912.)

Every new volume issued by the Smithsonian Institution constitutes a new claim on our gratitude and admiration for the marvellous work done by it ; so does the present volume. The Biloxi tribe of Red Indians was first visited in 1699 and at that time was estimated to count some one hundred and thirty warriors in all. The following is the estimate recently

given by experts as to the numerical strength of the tribe: four hundred and twenty in 1698, one hundred and seventy-five in 1720, one hundred and five in 1805, sixty-five in 1829, sixty-eight in 1908. At the end of the first half of the nineteenth century the tribe seemed to have died out altogether and it was completely lost sight of, but in 1886 it was unexpectedly rediscovered by Dr. A. S. Gatschet. In 1892 Mr. Dorsey visited the tribe and reviewed and revised all the linguistic material that Dr. Gatschet had gathered, and added a great amount to it, besides recording several texts in the original. Mr. Dorsey died in 1895 and his materials are now for the first time published. These remnants have the great importance of having been rescued just in the nick of time, for only a few years hence the Biloxi will belong to the past.

Two curious words of the language may be quoted here. *Kuneki*=to bend any inanimate object. *Kuti*=to tell what one has perceived himself (not what he has heard or has been told).

The case of the Ofo tribe is still more dramatic. They were first referred to in 1699. Between 1718 and 1734 they were estimated to occupy 'about sixty cabins'. After 1784 no mention of this tribe appears in the histories or books of travel, and it was naturally supposed that it had been long extinct, when in November, 1908, Mr. Swanton had the good fortune to find an Indian woman belonging to this tribe, of which she is the last representative, who remembered a surprising number of words of her language. Mr. Swanton rescued in this way some eight hundred Ofo words, which he arranges into a small dictionary.

Evidently there is still romance in science.

The Biloxi Dictionary is scientifically arranged and a model of workmanship. The scantier materials of the Ofo language left less scope for an equally broad treatment. The thirty-one Biloxi texts given are very valuable for philology and folklore alike. The whole volume is a splendid piece of workmanship.

J. v. M.

Married by Degrees, a Play in Three Acts, by A. P. Sinnett. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING SOCIETY, London. Price 1s. net.)

Mr. Sinnett's brilliant psychological play is now issued in book form, and those who enjoyed the play, as did the present writer, will be glad to renew the pleasant impressions of 1911. The play turns on the phenomenon of double personality, and Lucy-Leonora, the dual-aspected heroine, is the source of perplexity to others and of difficulties to herself, as "dear sweet Lucy" changes into the "delightful madcap Leonora". The young lady, as Lucy, becomes engaged to an eminently respectable barrister, who does not know that he is on the way to possessing a "complicated wife". The gay Lady Belmont, who is Lucy's hostess, suggests that "he'll have two wives instead of one without committing bigamy," and so will have the pleasure of variety. Into the midst of the happy family party comes Leonora, with results that must be read in the play. The situations are cleverly conceived and brilliantly carried out, and we commend the play to our readers.

A. B.

The Secret of Happiness, by Irving S. Cooper; *Manuals of Occultism*, No. 3. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Re. 1 or 1s. 6d. or 40c.)

This is an attractive little book dealing with its subject in that simple and lucid style which is making its author justly popular. It includes chapters on 'The Eternal Quest,' 'The Cause of Unhappiness,' 'The Heart of the Secret,' 'The Fruit of Action,' 'The Potency of Thought,' 'The Alchemy of Love' and 'The Apotheosis of Service'. One wishes one could ensure its perusal by the weak, the selfish and the depressed on whom it should act as a mental tonic, a life-giving draught. Now while it is a universal law of life that all men desire happiness, it is equally a law of nature that the search for personal happiness almost invariably leads not to happiness but to its opposite. "Leave desire and thou shalt find rest" all the great saints have taught their disciples. But to leave or to kill out desire is half only of the secret of happiness, and its negative aspect; and nature ever craves the positive. This book lays more stress on the positive position and insists

that only "as we thus change our motive for action and substitute thought for others in place of desire for ourselves, there will gradually dawn within our consciousness a clearer understanding of the nature of this priceless secret—happiness". The apotheosis of service is reached when the man "exists not for himself but for others, he has forgotten himself in order that he may serve them". And that that day may dawn more quickly for many is the author's object in writing this book.

E. S.

The House of Peace, by Michael Wood. (Longmans, Green and Co., London. Price 4s. 6d. net.)

Whenever Michael Wood's name appears upon a title-page, the purchaser of the book is sure of an hour's pure thought and lofty inspiration, and of the pleasure of reading polished and poetic English. Michael Wood has a deep insight into the human heart, and he is steeped in Theosophical ideas. In *The House of Peace* we once more meet Father Standish, and it is always good to meet him. The redemption of a man who by weakness falls into crime, who, coming out of prison, learns to love a child, is trapped by fiendish malice into circumstances that lead to an undeserved second conviction, is broken into pieces by false accusations leading to punishments in prison, comes out a wreck, and is brought to the House of Peace, where he dies—all this is exquisitely told, and nothing but good can come to the reader by the reading.

A. B.

The Sign of the Star, by Edgar Williams. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras. Price Rs. 2 or 2s. 6d. or 65c.)

This is an alleged poem, with apparently a purpose and a lengthy, explanatory "Introduction". In the latter the author remarks naively: "Some of my friends have been kind enough to point out some infringement of the rules of versification," and adds: "I thank them." It seems a pity that the thanks have not taken the practical form of the correction of some of the more glaring errors. Mr. Williams is no doubt much in

earnest, but it is a mistaken enthusiasm which leads a young author to publish in haste, and regret at leisure that he has not devoted more time, thought and study to the question of 'form'. The public cannot be expected to take the trouble to wade through countless verses in order to find badly expressed ideas—even though the ideas be interesting! And, in a case like this, where it is evident that the writer has something to say, it is almost impossible to discover the nature of that 'something,' so involved is his expression, so unattractive the style.

G. K.

Fellowship in Work, by Mme. Pogosky (C. W. Daniel, Ltd., London. Price 6d. net), is a charmingly written book on the life of the Russian peasantry, the importance of reviving handicrafts, and the happiness of creative labour. The chapter on the value of vegetable dyes will appeal to every lover of pure colours. *An Indian Pot-Pourri*, by Miss Elisabeth Severs (T. P. S., London. Price 12 Ans.) deserves to be read by lovers of India for the pleasure of seeing their knowledge so well reproduced, and by non-lovers of India for their souls' health. It is a delightful little book, and the writer has evidently been touched by India's magic wand. Whithersoever she may wander in years to come, she will ever hear the soft calling of the East—the Mother's call. *The Heart of the Master*, by Carrie Crozier (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras) is a very dainty booklet in blue watered silk. Some will like and be helped by it; others will have a slight shrinking from it as from something a little irreverent—though certainly no thought of irreverence was in the mind of the writer. The second part, 'The Five Symbols,' claims to be extracts from an occult library, but seems to be entirely fanciful. *Some Suggestions for Propaganda*, by Irving S. Cooper (T. P. H., Adyar. Price 3 Ans.), is a very useful pamphlet for workers in the Theosophical field. The Srinivāsa Maṇḍiram, Bangalore, issues as an eight-anna pamphlet the admirable lecture on the *Comparative Study of Sacred Books* delivered by Mr. Johan van Manen at its 1912 Anniversary. The lecturer argued that the comparative study of religions unifies the field of human thought, that it leads to a fuller understanding of one's own faith, and to the grasping of inner and universal

truths; it brings about goodwill between the different nations and helps the realisation of brotherhood. "But we must always realise that we are doing a spiritual work, not merely preparing for an examination." *A Persian Hero, Stories from the Shah Nameh*. (Macmillan & Co., London. Price 1s.) Here is an indication of the splendid advantages our boys and girls are having now-a-days. This school-book edition of the famous Persian stories is well produced, and will give pleasant reading for both school-hours and play-hours. Messrs. Rider & Son have issued the second edition of *The Priestess of Isis*, by Edouard Schure (2s.) Esperanto translation of *At the Feet of the Master* by Alcyone is a nicely produced book and is sold by the T. P. S., London at 1s. 6d. *A Traditional Dream Interpreter* is a collection of "some curious dreams recorded by famous people". (Rexo Publishing Co., 9d.) *A Primer of Natal Astrology for Beginners* by Geo. Wilde (Rexo) has been re-issued.

NOTE

An interesting case of confirmation of one super-physical happening by another is given in the following paragraph from *Light* :

The Richmond and Twickenham Times reports that Mr. Robert King, lecturing at Richmond on the 13th inst., stated that after the Titanic disaster, Mr. Stead manifested at a circle of which he himself was a member, and on being asked how he felt directly after he had left the physical body, Mr. Stead replied that he felt dazed. "I was conscious," he said, "of seeing Mrs. Besant, who was also engaged in the work of helping the sufferers, pass me, but it was a little time after before I really became conscious." Mr. King added that, curiously enough, they had had a letter from Mrs. Besant, who said: "On the night of the disaster we were hurrying, with a band of workers, to the spot, and I saw Stead. He looked so confused, I don't know if he recognised me."

That was so. His need at the moment was not so great as that of many others who were frantic with terror and needed immediate consolation. A little later, my dear old friend was quite himself and gave me a message which I sent on. Soon afterwards, he established his own communications.



THE CAPELLA REALE.

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

WE are not able to send out with this number the *Annual Report of the T. S.*, for with the ever-growing bulk of the Report itself, and the great increase in our own circulation, the tax upon the Society of sending it out gratuitously has become too great. The Report goes to every Lodge of the T. S., so that members can see it, and we are trying the experiment of putting a few hundred copies on sale at 1s. post free for the general public. These must be obtained directly from Adyar. The Presidential Address—which we print, as a Supplement, with the speech on the policy of the T. S.—gives a review of the whole field of work, and thus, to some extent, supplies a general outline of the world-movement. It will be seen that things are going very well with the Society all the world over, with the exception of serious trouble in Germany and a little trouble in India. The latter consists chiefly of attacks from outside on the President, Mr. Leadbeater, and Adyar, and these have been rendered slightly more

dangerous by the attitude of a few—very few—Theosophists. We feel sure that when these realise—as they must, sooner or later—that they are merely playing into the hands of those who hate Theosophy, and ever strive to discredit those whom the world regards as its leaders, they will change their policy, and help that which they really love.

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There were one or two significant incidents in the Convention, showing the love and whole-hearted support of the delegates for their President and the readiness of the Theosophical Society, through its General Council, to defend her against the attacks of the outside world as well as against assailants from within. The German Executive, the Swiss-German Lodges in the German Section, and some groups of Dr. Steiner's in Italy, had sent telegrams suggesting the resignation of the President, the first especially being couched in grossly insulting language; it did not apparently strike the senders that a majority should be in favour of their proposal; if a President were to resign whenever a small minority objects to him, no Society would ever keep a chief officer. Sir S. Subramania Iyer moved in open Convention, and Khan Bahādur N. D. Khandalvala, Retired Special Judge, seconded, a vote of complete trust and confidence in the President; it was opposed by one gentleman, who had already shown his hostility to the President in a letter to *The Hindu*, in which he accused her of intending to appropriate T. S. funds for her own defence—a suggestion which shows the type of the mind that could invent it; a second gentleman said that the vote did not mean that they agreed with every opinion the President might express.

All hands but the one were held up for the vote, and tremendous cheering followed. The General Council considered the various documents with regard to the German Section: (1) the position of the Swiss Lodges; (2) the refusal of the German General Secretary to issue a charter for a Lodge applied for by Dr. Hübbschleiden and six other members, on account of their not being in sympathy with the Section; (3) the complaint from members of the Order of the Star in the East that they were expelled from the Section on the mere ground of their membership; (4) the outrageously-worded cablegram from the German Executive; (5) the silence of the German General Secretary with respect to the President's letters, notifying him of complaints, asking for the Rules of the Section, and notifying, under Rule 31, the applications of members to Adyar for Lodge charters and of non-members for admission to the T. S. The Council finally resolved unanimously—one member, holding a proxy, abstaining from voting on the ground that he had no instructions on this point, and did not feel justified in committing his General Secretary—that the President be advised to cancel the German Sectional Charter under Rule 36, and to issue a new Sectional Charter to the German Lodges willing to work within the Constitution of the Theosophical Society.

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It is important to remember that the territorial basis of National Societies within the T. S. affects *only* questions of administration. All Theosophists are perfectly free to belong to any international association in which teaching, exoteric or esoteric, is given by any one. There are Lodges established to study Dr. Steiner's

teachings in France, England, etc., and this is quite within the Constitution. All ties of love, of teaching, of study, are unaffected by territorial divisions, which only have to do with registration, payment of fees, and purely administrative details of external order. The system worked perfectly, until the late aggressions of the German General Secretary aroused friction.

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Telegrams were received with good wishes in support of the President, from England, Scotland, France, Italy, Switzerland, Russia, Hungary, Denmark, Spain, Germany, Austria, Holland, S. Africa, Java, Australia, New Zealand, Burma, and many cities and individuals in India. Some offered financial help from their Sections, but this offer is gratefully, but firmly, refused. No T. S. money must go to the support of the President, either in the private suit brought against her, nor in any undertaken by her in defence of the T. S. Two Lodges belonging to the independent Theosophical League have written, since the Convention, objecting to the action of the President. I could scarcely hope for the approval of that body, as it was formed in protest against me, and has steadily maintained its attitude ever since.

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The Report of the 26th Annual Convention of the T. S. in America has reached us, and is a most interesting document. Mrs. Russak is working hard in her native land, and shows a devotion and a power which stimulate and inspire those with whom she comes in contact. The General Secretary was unanimously re-elected, for he has won the heart of the National Society, and he thoroughly deserves the trust reposed in him. Seven Chicago Lodges have incorporated themselves as

'The Chicago Theosophical Association' and have established themselves in a flat in a fine building; they have given their hall my own name, and it was consecrated to the service of the Masters by Mrs. Russak during the Convention. Mr. Cooper, well-known to many in Europe and India, is the Representative of the General Secretary for the Division with Headquarters at Chicago, and is in charge of the publishing business, now in the hands of the Section. The Krotona Estate, the General Secretary announced, is vested in the Outer Head of the E. S., as the Representative of the Masters, and will be passed from Head to Head. The Convention unanimously passed resolutions sending "filial greetings" to the President, and "a greeting of love and loyalty to Mr. Charles W. Leadbeater, Alcyone and Mr. Jinarajadasa". A resolution was also unanimously and enthusiastically passed which "recognises with deep gratitude the years of self-sacrifice and devoted service of its former General Secretary, Dr. Weller Van Hook, and his corps of faithful helpers, and desires his continuous co-operation". That was as it should be, for we all desire that Dr. Van Hook, though compelled by duty to resume his professional work, should give us as much time as he can. Those present at the Convention write enthusiastically of the peace, harmony and joyousness which pervaded it. May all be well with our good American brethren, to whom we send loving greeting.

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The Anagarika Dharmapala writes me that he has "come into possession of a very old palm-leaf MSS., wherein is to be found a prophetic forecast of what is going to happen in the near future in India and Ceylon".

It says that 40 years hence a righteous King will come over to Ceylon from India to re-establish Buddhism. I am therefore preparing the way in the Island by delivering lectures to Buddhist parents to consecrate the little babes for the glorious work.

Such prophecies are very interesting, for the 'King of Righteousness' is a name given to the World-Teacher. The dawn is reddening the eastern sky, and the persecution to which we are being subjected will but increase, by contrast, the glory of the coming day.

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The new Zamorin of Calicut is a Fellow of the T. S., and has shown a generous hospitality to our visiting lecturers. He is described as "a scholar, a man of wide sympathies, an intrepid traveller, who has brought himself in touch with the living, twentieth century civilisation of India, a man of the world, a democrat". He is a supporter of the Indian National Congress. Sincere good wishes will go to him from all our Fellows.

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M. Richat lately pronounced a most interesting discourse at *l'Académie française*, on the changing spirit of the younger generation. It shows confidence in affronting the problems of life, and is not disposed to think that intelligence alone suffices either for the individual or the nation. "To be fit for great enterprises it is not enough to be intelligent." A new era of action is opening, in which ethical and philosophical doctrines are sought as a preparation for a fuller life, and there is a disposition to test the truth of such doctrines by the touchstone of the energy they communicate to the soul, to be manifested in fruitful activity; the whole tone of this younger generation presages a time when man will seek to act rather than to discuss. This is all true, and

there is a tendency to test truth by its effect on action ; it has embodied itself in Pragmatism. But we must never forget that Right Activity must be founded on Right Knowledge, and that the Reason must approve before Action can safely be undertaken. The ignorant cannot help acting on impulse, and the impulse to do good to others and to sacrifice themselves in a good cause is for them the best and safest guide. But those who have the duty of educating public opinion, of setting the standard of conduct which the masses instinctively recognise as good, must ever accept the laborious duty of seeking Truth, and of laying a foundation of Knowledge as a basis of Ethics. In an era of feverish activity, this duty is more than ever laid upon them, lest activity should turn into a wrong channel, and its very force should make it the more dangerous. Activity without knowledge may readily run into fanaticism, and energy may become disruptive instead of constructive. It is the duty of the thoughtful to study the tendencies of their age, so that—remembering that the crowd ever rushes into extremes—they may apply a corrective to all exaggeration either of thought or feeling.

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It is most regrettable that an official in the high position of the Hon. Mr. L. Davidson, presiding at a lecture at the Presidency College, Madras, should repeat Lord Curzon's slander on Indians as untruthful. He quoted an unwilling witness, to whom a Commissioner said : " Don't speak in the ordinary way, but speak the truth." How often do magistrates and counsel in England remind witnesses : " You are on your oath." Does this prove the general untruthfulness of Englishmen ? The evidence of history shows the high standard of

truth lived up to by Indians: the truthfulness of the village folk astonished the early English settlers here, and has been put on record by English officials; the absence of written receipts, and the trustfulness in commercial transactions, banking, etc., are well known. These sweeping and unjust condemnations of a whole people for the lapses of the baser sort are very unfair, and cause widespread bitterness. Is it not time to cease from making them?

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An interesting note from the *Adelaide Evening Journal* states:

According to Professor Cambourogion, of Athens, the tune of 'God save the King' is one of the oldest we have. Six years ago the professor discovered, among the manuscripts in the National Library of Greece, the words and music of an anthem composed in 1457 in honour of the Emperor Constantine Paleologos. The anthem opens with the line: "Long may our Sovereign reign," repeated three times. The musical notation is of an obsolete type, and had to be transposed by an expert in ancient music. It was then found that the tune of the fifteenth century anthem is almost identical with that of 'God save the King'.

The same journal has also a useful warning touching the confusion which often arises in people's minds as to 'meekness'. It is apt to be identified with weakness and general lack of energy. But Dr. Campbell-Morgan lately remarked when preaching:

Let me emphasise the fact that the word 'meek' does not mean 'weak.' There is no suggestion here of softness. My old schoolmaster once wrote to point out to me that in Greek the word here translated 'meek' is used of a colt broken in and ready for its work. It means strength harnessed for service, force completely at rest, and therefore powerful.

It is written in the Hebrew Scriptures that "the man Moses was very meek," and the meekness of that great leader of Israel was certainly consistent with great energy and enduring strength. As Dr. Campbell-Morgan implies, meekness may be characteristic of the hero.



THE REBIRTH OF CHINA

By C. SPURGEON MEDHURST, F. T. S.

FEW perhaps, really realise that China is a continent with an area, population and resources greater than Europe, and that, unlike Europe, the Chinese continent is a unit. Here is the oldest living civilisation, a civilisation which, because developed without contact with equals or rivals, differs in many important essentials from any other; the written language of this continent—which is ideographic and which will never become alphabetic, by delicate and elusive allusions and the perfect balancings of words and phrases (superior to anything in Hebrew poetry) in its literature—has brought expression to a perfection of beauty it would be

difficult to parallel; unfortunately, under the new conditions now prevailing, there is grave reason to fear that this will pass with the passing generation. Some 400,000,000 human beings, of whom only some 14,000,000 can read and write, work out their destiny here, their innate passion-natures subjected to a self-control hardly known in the West; priests frequently here chant prayers and burn incense to Gods of whose names and histories they are ignorant; here millions of patient women subordinate their personal desires to the wishes of tyrannous mothers-in-law; here hundreds of thousands of filial sons consider it sacrilege to oppose a parent. Two thousand years ago the merchants of this continent were sending their unrivalled silks overland as far as Antioch, while its sailors, long before Hengist and Horsa landed in England, paid periodical visits to Ceylon, to India, and to Arabia. Several hundred years before Christ the civilisation of this continent was better than that of Greece; its civilisation under the Han dynasty, at the commencement of the Christian era, was superior to that of Rome. No wonder that the inhabitants of China regarded themselves as the centre of the world's culture, and as an example to the barbarians who occupied the other quarters of the globe; nor is it surprising that half a century elapsed, after Europe had forced her way into the country, before the foreign ministers could meet the Chinese Emperor on equal terms; but since the days of Kanghsi and Kienlung, contemporaries of Oliver Cromwell and Warren Hastings, the history of China has been a long record of continual struggle with decay, until, finally, the great Power which once ruled all eastern Asia became of less importance than the islands of Japan, "one-tenth its area and population".

In happier days she had given these island people their religion and their civilisation; in 1912 the twenty-fourth Chinese dynasty was supplanted by a Republic, created by a few determined men, who by one bold stroke accomplished for their country what in ordinary circumstances would have required the slow evolution of a century.

The resemblance of the late Imperial Government to a decaying tree has been increasingly apparent since the demise of the Empress Dowager, and her Imperial nephew Kuang Hsü, in 1908. There had been dry rot in the royal trunk for a long time, its branches snapped in the wind, its leaves were covered with a devastating blight; and its final *Nunc Dimittis* (the abdication edict was not written in Peking but in Shanghai) was a fitting prelude to the darkness of oblivion and silence which have swallowed up the Imperial family. But the frost of incapacity, which killed the old tree, was confined to the upper regions of the air; below, young life was stirring, green shoots were everywhere breaking through the ground, buds were swelling, fresh growths were appearing; the hoes and axes of the Revolution loosened the soil, felled the aged trunk whose usefulness had ended, broke obstructing clods, removed impedimenta, and prepared the way for the fresh crop of ideas which immediately began to grow. For over thirty years patient sowers had scattered the seeds; they did not all anticipate the harvest, nor did they all comprehend the part they were playing in one of the greatest dramas of one of the world's greatest nations; but, consciously or unconsciously, their combined strength overthrew the upas tree, and made possible the rejuvenation of the Chinese race. The transition from the old to the new,

notwithstanding that it was completed in four months, was a costly process; probably the change from a Monarchy to a Republic sacrificed more life and property than was lost in the French Revolution during the closing years of the eighteenth century; as statistics are not available this must be accepted as merely a personal opinion. But there is this difference between the two events: the French Revolution descended from a moral reform to brute force; the Chinese Revolution ascended from physical compulsion to moral suasion. Since that memorable May when the States-General "marched in impressive array to hear a sermon at the Church of Notre Dame, at Versailles," nothing has occurred of such moment as the social, political and religious awakening of China at the beginning of the twentieth century. It is the concentration of a nation's personality on one supreme effort to right its wrongs. Its promoters possessed the patriotism which prompted Captain Nathaniel Hale of Connecticut to say, when facing death: "I regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." One of the regiments, recruited after the Revolution broke out, was styled the 'Dare to Dies'; the name indicates the sacrificial strength which made possible the purpose achieved; the Dragon, or the omnipresent impulse of growth, overthrew the Dragon Throne. The new administration is the people's, not a soldier's, Government.

The long series of events which thus ended in the transformation of China is numerous and varied. First war, and then, as a result of wars, treaties opening ports and permitting Christian missionaries to rent or purchase property and carry on propaganda, without hindrance, in any part of the Empire. But despite

defeats in warfare, China still continued unwilling to co-operate with the West; unconsciously she had set herself against the tide of evolution, and the pressure from without and within increased as the years advanced; each decade strangers acquired more power in her ancestral domains; each year China became less the mistress of her own house; at length, in 1900, her insight blinded by self-interest, her perceptions blurred by ruffled pride, she declared war against the world; made one supreme effort, in the Boxer fiasco, to rid herself of the outsiders who sat by her hearthstone and warmed themselves at her fire—and failed. Four years later the success of the Japanese in their conflict with Russia aroused all Asia, and the Manchus began to reform; but as usual their action was too late. The modern educational methods which they introduced prepared the way for the modern Press, and the Press became a powerful ally of their enemies. Ten or twelve years ago, outside of the 'treaty ports,' there was only one Chinese paper, the *Peking Gazette*, and it contained only the Imperial Edicts. To-day there are at least 500 well organised papers dependent on Chinese support and under Chinese control, while new books and magazines are ever appearing. Indeed, the Revolution was as much a result as a cause, and is strong evidence that the Chinese have changed, not superficially but substantially. So great was the contrast between this uprising and previous rebellions that it has earned the *soubriquet* 'The Bloodless Revolution'; here for the first time Chinese Red Cross Societies cared for the sick and wounded. Other minor but significant proofs of a complete change of heart are the removal of the queue, the official adoption of a new national costume,

and the growing fondness for western dress ; when I first came to the country I had to wear Chinese clothes, shave the front of my head, and cultivate a ' pig-tail '.

Force alone could not, however, have reformed China. A war fought with the North had no interest for the South, it was not heard of in the West ; the opening of ports to commerce, diplomatic or military pressure in Peking, only pricked the Chinese epidermis. If the preparation for the Revolution had been of this order alone, the rebellion of 1912 would have been "washed out in blood and scorched in flame," as was the Tai Ping mutiny of the sixties. The initiator of the Chinese Revolution was the Christian Missionary ; the leaders who made it a success were Li Yuan-hung, the soldier, Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the organiser, and Yuan Shih-kai, the diplomat. Dr. Sun, outlawed and banished from his native land, steadily pursued his purpose for two decades, undaunted by danger, undiscouraged by failures. On January 1, 1912, he became President of the Provincial Republican Government in Nankin ; but a few weeks later, in order to unite North and South, he resigned in favour of Yuan Shih-kai, whom he recognised as the more suitable head for the Republic—as fine an instance of self-abnegation as history can produce. Yuan also, but in a different way, is a disinterested patriot. Had he wished, he might have been the founder of a new Imperial House several years ago, and there would have been no Republic. The Revolution though destructive, and undertaken with little thought of the constructive period to follow, is, from the higher standpoint, undoubtedly an evolution. A new nation, animated by a new patriotism, has been born. No longer a vessel held together by strong bands

imposed from without, China has become a living organism throbbing with her own unifying life force. The much talked of 'Break-up of China' might have been possible under the defunct Chings; if attempted under the Republic, the Nation, from Canton in the South to Kan-su in the North, would rise to maintain its integrity. Naturally there have been family disagreements, the personnel of the administration has changed oftener than is good for the republican health, the pocket has controlled principle, mistakes have been made; but there is small room for doubt concerning the assured progressive prosperity of the Five Nations whose colours make up the Republican Flag. The ancient China that we knew has passed; the lusty youth, who has taken her place, is her reincarnation. The nation has been born anew, and some of her sons, who are desperately in earnest, who listen to the still small voice rather than to the wind and to the tempest, find in Tennyson's lines the best expression of their ideals:

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.

They know that a Republic brings no more satisfaction than an Autocracy unless the invisible be ever sensed through the visible, and the whole strength of manhood enlisted in defence of moral attainments; but these are a minority. Man learns slowly; the oft-told tale of universal history is repeating itself under the ægis of the world's newest and largest Republic. Freedom, the glory of the new régime, is employed as a weapon of attack. An observant and respected Chinese surgeon in Shanghai, writing twelve months after the Revolution, describes the first year of its life as "an unbroken record of pillage, bloodshed, office-grabbing,

land-grabbing and unrighteousness of all kinds". Such a description is hardly fair ; it lacks perspective, it notes only one side of the coin of liberty. Sorrow is the mother of reform, and with nations, as with individuals, the new life begins where the old one ceases ; and so nepotism, favouritism, bribes, and sinecures still exist, but with this difference : in China's former incarnation these blots on purity were as a part of the natural order, in her present life they are resented as excrescences. The editor of *The Republican Advocate*, an English paper solely managed and owned by Chinese, thus voices the new spirit of the New Age :

China desires to be a free, independent nation, not in the old sense of isolation and exclusion, but in the more rational sense of unobstructed individual development, on the basis of co-operation and reciprocity.

The significance of it all can be only partially understood. The detached wire, before it takes its place among its sister-strings on the violin, gives no hint of its hidden music ; the rebirth of China only discloses its supreme importance when studied in connection with the unfolding evolution of the human race. This Chinese Revolution was not the restless change of a fickle, irresponsible people, nor was it the work of scheming, successful agitators, with no thought above their own selfish interests ; rather it was the deliberate self-transformation of a race of such tenacity of purpose that they are like " a sea that salts everything that flows into it". Long residence amongst the Chinese gives the Occidental an oriental squint, and modifies his western impetuosity with a philosophic calm ; often conquered, the Chinese have always, in the end, conquered their conquerors : their Manchu Rulers forgot their own tongue and their native books ; a Jewish

colony, which settled in the province of Ho-nan, lost both its language and its religion. When a people of this calibre commences to live anew, the world may well mark the day as the beginning of a New Age, and the question whether the new nation will take a wrong path and consider only the good of China at the expense of others, or whether it will constitute itself a leader of progress, becomes vital to the prosperity of the human race.

The dust is still thick, and there is much to make the thoughtful ponder. The reaction from the centralisations of the Manchu Government has provoked a tendency to ignore the testimony of history that if a nation, or an individual, is to prosper, its culture must remain attached to its own root; that to be of value the genius of any people must be its own and not another's. China, suddenly awakening from her soporific trance and faced with the imposing civilisations which have sprung into existence during her slumbers, is tempted to break adrift from the past; she covets the inventions, the discoveries, the economic achievements which she sees, but does not consider the moral, the social, the spiritual evolution which made them possible; and so she is eager to adopt western materialism without western idealism. The result is seen in the formation of Societies to propagate the cruder forms of Socialism; to destroy the family; and, under the guise of freedom, to make attractive the practice of promiscuity, with the destruction of that ancient landmark of Chinese civilisation—the relationship of father and son. This reversal of the ideals which have made China great is reflected in other half-baked measures, such as the effort to uproot 'superstition' by destroying idols, scattering

monks and nuns, and putting temples to secular uses ; by the emancipation of woman, without making provision for the protection of girls against the degradation frequently thrust upon them by the opposite sex ; by promising liberty to all, but giving none to helpless children who are bought and sold as domestic slaves ; by forcibly suppressing opium, even decapitating inveterate smokers, but taking no steps to prevent whisky doing more harm than opium. Serious students are urging their fellow-countrymen to abandon the traditional peace ideals of former days, to introduce conscription, and to make China a great military power, notwithstanding that, since the termination of the fighting, the soldiers have lawlessly burned more houses than all the property destroyed during the whole course of the Revolution, and that during the transition period they may, at any time, shatter the unity of China by starting a second uprising. China's soldiery is her chief menace. The world has a right to expect better things of the land which has always been pre-eminently the professor of peace. Confucius, when asked for one word which would serve as a rule of practice for the whole of life, said : " Is not reciprocity such a word ? What you do not want done to yourself, do not to others." This should be China's gospel—the union of the world as one nation, with loyalty to one central Government. The suggestion is in harmony with the genius of the Chinese character. Her great Sage declared that all men are brothers ; universal peace was his aim ; and if China, as soon as she has set her house in order, makes this her foreign policy, she will repeat on a grander scale the exploits of the most glorious periods of her past ; but if she abandons her

ancient bulwarks she will abandon her proper place in the world, and will sink into insignificance. It is useless to blink the fact that it was a calamity that the Revolution broke out when it did. Had it been accomplished as Dr. Sun planned, without fighting, China's outlook would have been different. Considering the size of the country and the magnitude of the nation, the Revolution was a surprising exhibition of self-control; yet there has been, nevertheless, too much of the superior man who wishes to kill all wicked and undesirable persons, he, of course, being the sole judge of the wicked and the undesirable. The waters are troubled, the cross-currents are many; but beneath the changeful surface waves there flows the steady evolutionary tide, with centuries of hereditary instincts and unworldly ideals behind it; and there is good foundation for the hope that in the end the best culture of the years that have gone will reassert itself, and save the nation in spite of itself.

The missionaries are still the centre from which the ideas now in demand can be most easily tapped. Their opportunities are unique; but, as on other occasions, the opportune moment will probably slip away with most of its gifts unused. This observation is less applicable to the educationalists than to the preachers and evangelists. The missionary community in China as a body fails to realise that the True Light "lighteth every man that cometh into the world," and acts as though the West possessed a monopoly in wisdom and truth. Hence, occidental theologies and creeds musty with the flavour of past ages, which have hardly anything in common with the present, strangle much well-intentioned effort. The Jesuits, who were in China

two hundred years ago, wished to orientalise Christianity, but the Franciscans and Dominicans objected. The result was that all were expelled. Undoubtedly, had Jesus and his apostle Paul been born as Hindūs, or as Taoists, instead of as Jews, they would have spoken in a different tongue, but would their message have been otherwise? We should have had a different New Testament, but it would not have contained a different gospel; we should still have heard that, because of the necessary union between the human and the divine, "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself"; righteousness would not have been less practical, nor would the answer to men's need have been less emphatic; the Word would not have been less "the power of God unto Salvation" because the Gospel narrative repeated the 'old story' from an Indian or a Chinese stage; the philosophy and the illustrations of Paul's epistles would have been changed, but whether as a Jew, as a Hindū, or as a Taoist, Paul would still have proclaimed at-one-ment with God, detachment from earth, and fellowship with Christ. If it be possible, without profanity, to think of the Founder and the chief exponent of Christianity as delivering their message in bodies and through religions which are not Hebraic, surely those who have made it their vocation to teach religion to peoples of different faiths should be able to hang suitable lamp-shades over the light they bring. Thought, like the soul, may express itself through many vehicles; the way of salvation, like electricity, may be effective through varied conductors.

Missionaries have accomplished more by their lives than by their sermons. By their schools and philanthropies, in the face of strenuous opposition, they have

won for Christianity a place in China. The Chinese admire their intrepidity; they are impressed by their peaceful return to stations whence they had been brutally driven by fire and sword. The Chinese seldom forget, and one of the most unlooked-for proofs of the efficacy of the various evolutionary factors already indicated, was the manner in which foreign property was protected; again and again towns were looted, but the persons and possessions of the missionaries were left untouched; only in the province of Shen-si, when the mob got temporarily out of hand during the massacre of 15,000 Manchus, were missionary lives taken. And not only did lawless bands loot and destroy on the right and on the left of the foreigners' residences and pass by without entering them, but the people were glad to have the missionaries in their midst. They were begged not to leave, as their presence and counsel were indispensable. Dr. U. E. Macklin, of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, acted as intermediary, when the Imperialists surrendered Nankin to the Revolutionists. Naturally the missionaries are regarding the future in an optimistic mood. It is right that they should, for optimism and determination are credentials of success. Moreover, not all are oblivious to the new demands created by the new situation; some realise that the New Testament nowhere refers to Christianity as a religion, and that neither Christ nor his apostles uttered a religious denunciation. The Y. M. C. A. sends lecturers through the country to discourse on the gyroscope and on flying machines; the Christian Literature Society translates standard western works on every branch of knowledge, and has *The Secret Doctrine* on its library shelves; another missionary organisation

boasts an excellent educational museum, where the exhibits contrast the progress of other lands with the condition of China; but missionary statesmen are few, and, excluding schools and colleges, missionary efforts at *national regeneration* are as the days of sunshine to the weeks of fog during a normal London winter. Although there are now a million Chinese Protestant adherents of the Christian faith, under leaders who are Christians from conviction; although the Roman Catholics have probably a like number of followers; and although a number of Christians occupy responsible posts under the new Republican Government, any impartial observer, who knows China and the thoughts of the people, will confess that the missionary endeavour is a history of missed chances. It would be ungrateful and invidious in one who owes all his acquaintance with things Chinese to the missionary enterprise, to do more than call attention to general principles; but, without criticising, it is well that amidst a chorus of self-congratulation one voice at least should say that, unless a radical change takes place in non-educational missionary policy, the missionary movement in China has reached its zenith. To seek the conversion of a people who know nothing beyond their physical horizon, and to endeavour to change the religious faith of a nation to whom the world is an open book, are totally different propositions; and the chief difficulties of a narrow missionary policy will now arise from the enlightened character of the new administration. These will be far greater than the resistance offered by the passive ignorance so familiar to all acquainted with the rank and file of the Mandarinate of the late dynasty. Under the circumstances, the most sanguine can scarcely expect

that China, as a nation, will look to Christianity for spiritual direction. It is too closely allied with the foreigner, who controls and directs its expansion at every turn; and though the Chinese are, at the moment, very friendly with the alien, it is only with the idea that through the foreigner they will acquire the necessary culture to rid themselves of him, and secure China for the children of the soil; Christianity in China is further hampered by the difficulty of giving the non-Christian an authoritative explanation as to what are its distinctive doctrines—ethics, dogmatics, sacraments? Already there are indications that the Church is becoming less amenable to mission authority, that it would like to take matters into its own hands and to adapt the Christian expression of truth so that it shall suit the genius of its people. In hindering this, missionaries defeat their own aims; some among them are conscious of the danger.

This is a matter for regret, because Christian missions might have supplied China with that which is lacking in her present spiritual equipment, building a new structure on the solid foundations already laid. If, discarding the accidentals of their faith, or the Hebrew colouring which, as the development of Judaism, it naturally possesses, the missionary body had confined its presentation of the Gospel to its essentials, or the simple life-story of its chief Figure, presenting it as a map of the Path along which every human being must travel to perfection, preaching Christianity as an experience instead of as an argument, the religions of China would have become the 'school-master' that the Law was to the Hebrews. Quick to see that "What light is to nature love is to the

heart of man," the Chinese are ready to welcome any uplifting message, not inconsistent with the faith of their fathers; but they are very unlikely, as a nation, to do more than tolerate a religion which cuts out the root of their historic traditions by forbidding them to reverence their dead ('Ancestral worship,' so called, has always been condemned as anti-Christian), and which is unable to agree with itself as to the form of the Church, and the manner of its worship. They cannot be made to believe that truth can divide. "The nearer we approach to truth the closer we come to one another—even as the nearer we get to Peking the more our separate roads converge." So said a venerable non-Christian Chinese gentleman at a conference of Christians and heathen, which it was my privilege to convene some eight years ago.

Religious tolerance has always been a strong Chinese characteristic. The alleged religious persecutions in China have seldom been due to religious bigotry. If Christianity has suffered severely in the person of its professors the cause must be sought, not in dislike of its teachings but in racialism. Confucianists have fought Buddhists; but it was celibacy and immoralities, not religious debates, which raised the controversial dust. Taoists have struggled with their co-religionists for supremacy, but the motives were political not religious. Since the inauguration of the popular Government, the innate religious toleration of the Chinese has shown itself, among those whose temperament tends toward the philosophical and devotional, in a reaching out to all faiths and a desire to appreciate the best points in each; while among those who think more of the visible side of life it displays a tendency to iconoclasm—idols are

destroyed, temples are secularised. 'Parliaments of Religion' are becoming familiar in many parts of China. A friend, who knows no language but his own, and who has never crossed the borders of his native land, is giving his money and his life to the organisation of a Society with the purpose of *making religion a centre of unity between men of different creeds*. Even the Muhammadans are joining the movement. The only sect which stands aloof is that of the Chinese Christians. This confirms what has been said as to the westernness of Christianity in China—the Chinese recognise it, and it will prove the missionaries' checkmate.

Confucianism, which up to the present has been the bed-rock of the Chinese civilisation, has received a knock-down blow from the new order of things. How far it will recover, whether it will prove flexible and win, or adamant and lose, it is too early to say. It has powerful advocates, and a Society has been formed to preserve it; but the first of the three Constant Relationships, or the bands of human society, is that of Emperor and Minister—the other two are father and son, husband and wife. I have already referred to the socialistic attempt to dissolve the two latter, the natural consequence of the dissolution of the first. Of course this extreme swing of the pendulum may right itself in time, but it is doubtful if Confucianism will again hold the supreme place it has so long enjoyed. Young China considers its ethics and philosophy superannuated. If it ceases to be taught in the schools it will speedily lose its grip on public life, and its place in the curriculum depends more on the pupils than on the teachers, for in China it is *the scholar* who controls the school. Confucianism answers the question: "How can

I be a good citizen and do my duty to my neighbour," and it answers it well ; but Confucianism has no answer to the question: "What is my connection with the unseen, and have I any duties there?" Buddhism, which for a time provided the spiritual motives lacking in Confucianism, has apparently had its day ; excepting for a few of the elect, it is now little more than a superstitious crutch for the lame—prostrations, offerings, mantrams, without knowledge and often without thought. Unless the monks can be educated along modern lines and imbued with the spirit of Service, Buddhism in China has no future. Lao Tzu had a higher vision than his contemporary, Confucius ; but for the man who can as yet only interpret life in the terms of the physical, his message is too ethereal, and so Taoism "now means magic, fortune-telling, necromancy, multiform idolatry, and demon worship". In religious as in social affairs, the nation is at the parting of the ways. "Together with Buddhism and Taoism," writes Dr. C. H. Fenn in a recent issue of *The Chinese Recorder*, "even the ancient and comparatively pure worship of Heaven seems destined to find its place in the limbo of 'innocuous desuetude'—its altar nought but a memorial in the midst of an experimental forest. What is to take the place of the many Buddhas, the myriad Spirits, the ancient Sages? No people have remained long content with empty shrines, with godless morals, or with an altar to the Unknown God." And it is the interfering West which has wrought this destruction. Its civilization, its science, its religion, have smashed all that China knew ; therefore with the West rests the responsibility for directing her in the right path. Fresh from the melting-pot, saddled with the most complex of the

various forms of human government, with the majority of their people still ignorant of national problems, the Chinese are prepared to welcome any unmistakable spiritual direction ; and as they learn to handle material problems in its light, many immature theories will be packed away in perfume and fine linen. They themselves recognise the danger of mistaking fiction for fact. "It is a new Soul that China wants," said one of her talented sons recently, when reviewing the aftermath of the Revolution. At heart the nation is not irreligious, but it is undecided. Buddhists, fearful of their future, are, in some places, offering convents and monasteries to Christian missions, the inmates promising conversion *en masse* ; but the great body of the people nowhere see just that which appears to satisfy their needs. The Rev. Timothy Richard, D. D. Litt. D., Secretary of the Christian Literature Society, suggests that the solution of the problem is to be found in three principles : Reverence of God alone ; Study of Truth under all forms, no matter how unfamiliar ; The Union of all devout men of all lands and creeds. In these, he says, "we have a trinity of forces which is irresistible, and will lead the human race to higher heights than it has reached before".

This is the situation in China to-day, full of promise, encompassed with danger, threatened by perilous temptations ; but has a more hopeful youth ever knocked at the portals of the Theosophical Society and asked instruction, or is any teacher better qualified to show him the old truths in a new light ? Is not a share in his education worth while ? For good business reasons, the financial outlay would bring a comparatively small monetary return, but it might in the end prove one of

the best and wisest moves the Society has made. Let this youth but realise himself, let him but comprehend the unity of God and man, the solemn grandeur of the wide sweep of human evolution, the significance of the present in relation to the certainties of the near future, and, whatever the Government, he will shine as a brilliant star in the galaxy of the nations; without this no reforms can save China from becoming a tawdry show. I enumerate seven particulars in which Theosophists might render aid in assisting China through the stage of adolescence to mature manhood.

1. Instruction along Theosophical lines on character-building; the purpose being to unify and lift higher the thoughts of China's reformers, and to convince doubters that national greatness depends on national goodness.

2. A continued series of articles in the native Press, commenting on current events in the light of Theosophy, showing that to proclaim a Republic against the Manchus is not a forward step, unless also a Republic be proclaimed against vice in the heart, and slavery of every kind.

3. Specially written papers explaining the message of Theosophy, more particularly in regard to social and industrial problems, that at the beginning of her industrial era China may avoid errors which have worked disastrously in the West, and which would not have so operated had a correct start been made at the first. Owing to the leaven of returned Chinese students, western conditions are beginning to recur in China. The methods of Trades Unions, with intimidation of waverers, are spreading. This is a new feature in Chinese life.

4. Translations into Chinese from the writings of Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater, explaining the place and power of Religion, and the relation of the various religions to each other. All this ought, for the most part, to be prosecuted through the medium of the Chinese tongue, but this need not prevent those ignorant of the language from helping.

5. Judicious distribution of Theosophical literature in English, or German, among the foreign-educated Chinese.

6. Educational work along the lines of the C. H. C. in Benares. For every student who comprehends present-day problems in China, Japan and the western nations have ten. Many Chinese 'universities' are only 'high schools'. The Revolution has, as yet, been of little assistance to China's schools, the directors are often men of the old type, with literary or social influence, but without practical executive ability. The best education is still given in the mission schools, and only in these schools is religious or moral instruction regularly imparted.

7. Special schools for Taoist priests and Buddhist monks. There are about 10,000 of the former, and 70,000 of the latter. It would be impracticable to admit these to any existing school. Because uneducated in modern matters, these natural instructors of the people are without influence. A knowledge of English would enable them to become important factors in the evolution of China. In Japan, I understand, the Buddhists take the lead in every moral and religious movement.

By the methods I have indicated millions may be reached, and the human race assisted to progress. While the Manchus ruled, the truism was often heard: "What

affects China affects the world." If this were true then how much more true is it now, when her 400,000,000 are interested in the same things. Surely the marvellous kaleidoscopic changes we have been discussing are a part of the Great Plan! Dr. King Ya-mei is probably right when he says: "It devolves on China, which is neither mystic nor warrior, with its great body of skilful farmers, artisans, merchants, unpicturesque and often as uninteresting as their British congeners, to solve the practical problems of Asiatic life."¹ The Japanese, the Coreans, the Annamese, and other Asiatic races were once China's pupils, and what China has done China can do again. Why then are the Mongolians alone untouched by Theosophical activities? Col. Olcott once visited Japan, but none of our lecturers or leaders have been to China, perhaps because of the exclusiveness of this continent; but the day of China's 'splendid isolation' has passed. An era of co-operation has dawned. It is no longer in China a case of East *vs.* West or West *vs.* East, but of eastern ideals modifying western practices, of western practices purifying eastern ideals. Some Chinese even anticipate a political alliance with the sister Republic on the other side of the Pacific, and advocate a German-American-Chinese alliance. Much water must flow beneath the chimerical bridge before this takes place, but the desire testifies to the change China has undergone. The West has ever laid stress on freedom; the East emphasises authority. China's position has always been midway, and she now occupies the unique privilege of being able to set the keynote for the new world-civilisation, by

¹ Quoted in *Intellectual and Political Currents in the Far East*, by Paul S. Reinsch, pp. 193, 194.

founding a society combining the western idea of liberty with the eastern conception of obedience. When the alertness of the western concrete outlook is blended with the contemplativeness of the eastern abstract mind, and divestiture, as the law of the universe, is recognised by both, our human evolution will culminate in a revolution more complete than anything the world has yet seen.

To assist in making this dream an actuality, I invite those possessing the necessary qualifications, temperamental and financial, to consider China as a field for Theosophical activity. Here also are the Divine Deposits; here a new nation has been born; but her life problems are still unsolved, for neither rebellions, revolutions nor political changes are cures for economic and social evils. But, if China now learns how to conjoin her old eastern habits with her new western ideals; if she make Religion and not Expediency the corner-stone of her new civilisation; if she realise that to work for the whole, rather than for a part, is to move with the current and therefore to prosper; if she resist the temptation to permit western luxuries to obscure spiritual possibilities; then she may yet become the head of a Federation of Asia, which will be the beginning of a World-Unity, in which all nations shall unite in loyalty to one great Spiritual Head—a central Government under which every nation and each individual may enjoy unhindered opportunity for self-realisation.

C. Spurgeon Medhurst

THEOSOPHICAL IDEAS IN CONTEMPORARY POETRY

By MARGUERITE M. C. POLLARD, F. T. S.

(Concluded from p. 529)

FIONA MACLEOD, another poet of the Keltic Renaissance has well expressed the Keltic passion for a spiritual destiny and for spiritual beauty :

Strange reversals, strange fulfilments, may lie on the lap of the Gods, but we have no knowledge of these, and hear neither the high laughter nor the far voices. But we front a possible because a spiritual destiny greater than the height of imperial fortunes, and have that which may send our voices further than the trumpets of East and West. Through ages of slow westering till now we face the sundown seas, we have learned in continual vicissitude that these are secret ways whereon armies cannot march. And thus has been given to us a more ardent longing, a more rapt passion in the things of outward beauty and in things of spiritual beauty.

According to Fiona Macleod's theory, the Kelts have derived their ideality from a closer communion with the occult forces of the cosmos than other early races had. It is his belief that it is their destiny once more to be Hierophants of the Ancient Wisdom :

I do not think that our broken people had no other memories and traditions than other early peoples had. I believe they stood more near to ancient forgotten founts of wisdom than others stood. I believe that they are the offspring of a race who were in a more close communion with the secret powers of the world we know, and the secret powers of the world we do not know, than were any other people. I think their ancient writings show it, their ancient legends, their subtle and strangely spiritual mythology. I believe that, in the East, they lit the primitive genius of their race at

unknown and mysterious fires ; that, in the ages, they have not wholly forgotten the ancestral secret: that, in the West, they may yet turn from the grey wave that they see, and the grey wave of time that they do not see, and again, upon new altars, commix that primeval fire.

It is this faith which has been the source of the burning patriotism that has characterised Irish poetry for the last sixty or seventy years. We find the white flame of patriotism alike in the 'Dark Rosaleen' of James Clarence Mangan in the early days of Queen Victoria, and in the poetry of Yeats, of George Russell, and of Moira O'Neill to-day. We see it in Dora Sigerson's 'Ireland':

'Twas the dream of a God
And the mould of His hand,
That you shook 'neath His stroke,
That you trembled and broke
To this beautiful land.

Here He loosed from His hand
A brown tumult of wings,
Till the wind on the sea
Bore the strange melody
Of an island that sings.

He made you all fair
You in purple and gold,
You in silver and green,
Till no eye that has seen
Without love can behold.

The poetry of Meredith, another Kelt, is also rich in Theosophical teaching. Theosophy makes no appeal to the passions. It appeals to the intellect and to the higher emotions. Meredith's appeal is intellectual not sensuous :

Drink of the faith in the brains a full draught
Before the oration :
'Tis known how the permanent never is wist,
In blood of the passions: mercurial they,
Shifty their issue: stir not that pit.
Wisdom is not born of blood heat.

The Soul is bound to the wheel of birth or death as long as it continues to stir that pit. The Wisdom-Religion teaches that there is no escape from reincarnation until sensation is mastered. Wisdom, Meredith tells us, in 'A Faith on Trial,' belongs only to those who have mastered sensation :

And out of the sensual hive
Grown to the flower of brain.

Only when sensation is mastered, can we begin to be conscious on higher planes. Meredith seems to suggest this when he makes the Earth-Spirit say that the sensual

See not above or below,
Farthest are they from my Soul.

They are farthest from the Earth-Soul in that they, least of all, realise the one life in all, the divine life in themselves. Humanity can only rise by the flesh becoming spiritualised; the physical vehicle must be rendered more susceptible to spiritual guidance. It must be refined :

Would humanity soar from its worst
Winged above darkness and dole,
Flesh unto Spirit must grow.

The Spirit of man, while realising the necessity of living in harmony with natural laws, yet recognises intuitively that there are infinite heights to scale, that illumination succeeds illumination, Initiation succeeds Initiation, through endless æons. The Spirit uses Earth's gifts, yet aspires :

Dreams of a higher than it,
A scale, still ascending, to knit
The clear to the loftier clear.
'Tis Reason herself, tip-toe
At the ultimate bound of her wit
On the verges of Night and Day.

But it is only through contact with the things of sense that the Spirit gradually evolves. Sensation is mastered through experience, not through asceticism. No faculty comes to perfection till the one next above it begins to develop, and is able to put it to use. "Spirit uses my gifts, yet aspires."

The senses are the servants of Mind, and aid the development of mental powers, as the mental powers will in their turn become the servants of the developed spiritual faculty. The Earth-Spirit is the handmaiden of the great Mind, but Reason must conquer the brute. She is the

Guide to the Holies from sense withheld,
She wrestles with our old worn Self.
She is the world's one prize,
Our champion, rightfully head.

In taking the view that "flesh helps soul," Meredith is in agreement with Fiona Macleod, who says:

Man is not alone: the Angel of the Presence of the Infinite is with him. I do not, with Blake, look upon our world as though it were at best a basis for transcendental vision, while in itself a 'hindrance and mistake,' but rather as a wiser has said, to an Earth spiritualised, not a Heaven naturalised. With him, too, I would say: 'I have a fondness for the earth, and rather a Phrygian way of regarding it, despite a deeper yearning to see its glades receding into the Gardens of Heaven.'

In the 'Ode to the Comic Spirit' Meredith asserts the power of laughter to slay the brute in man, and to link man to man in brotherhood. The Comic Spirit saves us from our lower selves. "Spirit must brand the Flesh that it may live," but this can only be done through the right use of the brain in laughter. "The test of true comedy is that it shall awaken thoughtful laughter."

Meredith lays great stress upon the teaching of the Higher Self. If we would find God we must find Him

in ourselves. This is the first great lesson of his poetry, and the second is that we only reach the Divine in us through a knowledge of earth. Here he touches upon the great question of the purpose of incarnation.

Man's nature is threefold, and only when the three parts are duly harmonised can he be truly happy. Man is a *unity* when Brain and Blood and Spirit are well balanced, when the lower self is subdued, and the Vision of the divine possibilities of his nature is realised.

Blood and Brain and Spirit, three
 (Say the deepest gnomes of earth)
 Join for true felicity.
 Are they parted? then expect
 Some one sailing will be wrecked:
 Earth that Triad is. She hides
 Joy from him who that derides,
 Showers it when the three are one.

From Mrs. Besant's lectures on 'The Coming Race' we have learnt that the day of Individualism is over and the day of Community is coming. This is one of the great ideas of Meredith's poetry. In 'Earth and Man', Meredith teaches that Man's work in the world is Service, and for this work of Service the quality most needed is strength. The quality of strength depends on a due development of the triad—Brain, Blood and Spirit. Man may fall in two ways—either by despising the instincts and senses, or by living only in the senses, unmindful of Reason and Spirit:

But that the senses still
 Usurp the station of their issue, mind,
 He would have burst the chrysalis of the blind
 As yet he will.

Meredith comes very close to Theosophical teaching when he says that the key to all spiritual growth is courage—moral, intellectual, spiritual, imaginative courage. We are reminded of the tests applied to candidates

for Initiation by a passage in 'The Woods of Westerman'. The woods perhaps represent the occult life, thick-set with tangles. Its terrors are not insuperable, but those who enter must be pure in heart. Nature is full of symbolic meaning and those who would study her mysteries must have purified their vehicles. Only when purity has been attained can the Vision of God be granted.

Enter these enchanted woods
 You who dare.
 Nothing harms beneath the leaves
 More than waves a swimmer cleaves.
 Toss your heart up with the lark,
 Foot at peace with mouse and worm,
 Fair you fare.
 Only at the dread of dark
 Quaver as they quit their form
 Thousand eyeballs under hoods
 Have you by the hair.
 Enter these enchanted woods
 You who dare.

This sounds like a picture of the astral world, or of the mysterious trials experienced by the neophyte in the Hall of Learning.

The importance of courage is also brought out in the poem called 'Melampus.' Melampus is a good physician, and, because of his fearlessness of any living thing, the snakes, that he saved from death and reared, have given him to understand the language of the birds. In 'The Ancient Mariner' we have the history of a man who broke the harmony of nature, the law of love, by taking life. Melampus fulfils the law and walks among all creatures:

With lore exceeding *a simple love of the things*
 That glide in grasses and rubble of woody wreck. . . .
 For him the woods were a home and gave him the key
 Of knowledge, thirst for their treasures in herbs and
 flowers.

The secrets held by the creatures nearer than we
To earth he sought, and the link of their life with ours.

His love of all living things opened his eyes to the
hidden secrets of Nature :

Divinely thrilled was the man.
Where others hear but a hum and see but a beam,
The tongue and eye of the fountain of life he knew.

Love also gave him the key to the hearts of men :

Melampus dwelt among men : physician and sage,
He served them, loving them, healing them ; sick or
maimed,
Or them that frenzied in some delirious rage
Outran the measure, his juice of the woods reclaimed.
He played on men, as his master, Phoebus, on strings,
Melodious : as the God did he drive and check.

It is interesting that Meredith represents him as
being brought specially into touch with the Solar Deity :

He drew the Master of Harmonies, voiced or stilled,
To seek him ; heard at the silent medicine root
A song, *beheld in fulfilment the unfulfilled.*
Him Phoebus, bending to darkness, colour and form
Of light's excess, many lessons and counsels gave.

Theosophy teaches that when the disciple is ready
the Master is at hand. The disciple really draws on,
attracts, the Master. Melampus' stage of development
is represented as being a very high one. He had trans-
cended the limitations of time, so that to him things to
come were present—he “beheld in fulfilment the un-
fulfilled,” and his Master was the LOGOS, the Lord of
Life Himself, in whose Name all Initiations are given.

In order to be one with the life of Nature, as
was Melampus, self must be conquered. No true har-
mony is possible while selfishness exists—until the
personality is destroyed. This is the meaning of the
mystic counsel which enthral the imagination of poets :
“Lose thyself to find Thyself.” The whole of Nature
is our larger Self.

Drink the sense the notes infuse,
 You a *larger* Self shall find,
 Sweeter fellowship ensues
 With the creatures of your kind,
 Aye, and Love, if Love it be
 Flaming over *I* and *me*.

Steady progress must be made through conflict and the gradual illumination of the understanding. The 'dragon of self' must be conquered—that dragon which is the product of disharmony in the three worlds of the senses, of the intellect, and of the Spirit. In the tangled woods of life—The Woods of Westermain—if we walk aright, we shall find that

Change, the strongest son of Life
 Has the Spirit here to Wife.

If we look past the sense we shall find Spirit shining in permanence. But it is the earth that gives us the key to unlock all doors :

She being Spirit in her clods,
 Footway to the God of Gods.

The purpose of our life is Service, and until we realise this we can never realise that the kingdom of heaven is within us. Meredith says in *Diana of the Crossways* :

Service is our destiny in life or in death. Then let it be my choice living to serve the living, and be fretted uncomplainingly. If I can assure myself of doing service, I have my home within.

The reward of Service is to know the hidden secrets of Nature :

For love we Earth, then serve we all :
 Her mystic Secret then is ours.

From the lower standpoint, that of the form, Meredith recognises the existence of evil, but, like Browning, he teaches that from the higher standpoint

The evil is null, is naught.

Pain and sorrow and suffering are in reality our friends and teachers. Through them we learn the divine power within us. We may compare Mrs. Besant's noble words :

I would not greatly care were I to lose all the joys my life has held, but I would not give up *one* pain.

Theosophists to-day are looking to the greater Ones now incarnating amongst us. We are realising very keenly our responsibility to a younger generation that shall be born with higher powers than those which we ourselves possess. The great inspiration of our lives is this feeling of responsibility towards the younger generation. This feeling also is expressed in Meredith's poetry :

Thou, under stress of the strife,
Shalt hear for sustainment supreme
The cry of the Conscience of Life ;
*Keep the young generations in hail,
And bequeath them no tumbled house.*

Francis Thompson's genius has now for some time been recognised in the literary world, and one poem, at least, 'The Hound of Heaven,' has attracted the attention of the general public ; but he has yet to make his way among the masses. A writer in *The Academy* says that it will be profoundly interesting for those who love him to watch the growth of his reputation as a poet.

The greater a poet's message, the more profound his thought, the larger his range, and the more exquisite his note, the deeper and more incessant will be his demand upon his reader. That is why the great poets have had to wait for their recognition. Only the few will or can co-operate at the beginning, but they are the leaven ; and now whole masses can see the poetic purport of Shelley, Coleridge, Keats and Wordsworth, of whom the contemporary criticism was a thing over which you laugh or cry as the mood has you. Those who see in Francis Thompson an authentic poet have at any rate the profound interest of watching the various stages in the making of their immortal.

All the criticism on Francis Thompson is extremely interesting. Chesterton's is excellent :

With Francis Thompson we lose the greatest poetic energy since Browning. In his poetry, as in the poetry of the universe, you can work infinitely out and out, but yet infinitely in and in. These two infinities are the mark of greatness, and he was a great poet.

Le Gallienne says that he is simply Crashaw, born again but born greater. Others, again, think that the resemblance to Crashaw is not very strong, and that he is a twentieth century mystic with a seventeenth century manner. One writes :

This gift of dreadful vision is not found in Crashaw or in Patmore, in Donne or in Herbert, and therefore it seems to me that Thompson is essentially more akin to Blake, Coleridge, and Rossetti than to the ecclesiastical mystics.

Thompson reminds one of Wordsworth and of Traherne in his reverence for childhood and in his faith in the child-heart :

Know you what it is to be a child ? It is to be something very different from the man of to-day. It is to have a Spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism ; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief ; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear ; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches, and mice into horses, lowness into loftiness, and nothing into everything, for each child has its fairy Godmother in its own soul ; it is to live in a nutshell and to count yourself the King of infinite space : it is

To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour.

Thompson, himself, retained a good deal of the child's soul in manhood. He too, like Shelley, was to some extent " the magnified child. . . with the genuine child's power of investing little things with imaginative interest".

It was Thompson's view that artistic production depended to some extent on environment. A certain

amount of retirement and aloofness seemed to him essential for creative work :

Men given to retirement and abstract study are notoriously liable to contract a certain degree of childlikeness. . . . Most poets, probably, like most saints, are prepared for their mission by an initial segregation, as the seed is buried to germinate : before they can utter the oracle of poetry, they must first be divided from the body of men. It is the severed head which makes the seraph. The poet must in some degree be lifted above the sordid cares of life.

He lives detached days ;
He serveth not for praise ;
For gold
He is not sold.

He asketh not world's eyes ;
Nor to the world's ears he cries—
Saith, " These
Shut, if ye please ! "

In his poem ' Poet and Anchorite,' Thompson declares himself separated by his poetic vocation to a life of solitude :

Love and love's beauty only hold their revels
In life's familiar, penetrable levels ;
What of its ocean-floor ?
I dwell there evermore.

As a poet of Pain the spiritualiser, Thompson knows that joyous human fellowship is not for him :

I deem well why Life unshared
Was ordained me of yore.
Therefore must my song-bower lone be,
That my tone be
Fresh with dewy pain alway.

From his earliest youth he knew himself to be ' a consecrated Spirit,' one destined to carve out a path for himself, for whom the beaten track could not suffice :

From almost earliest youth
I raised the lids o' the truth,
And forced her bend on me her shrinking sight ;
Ever I knew me Beauty's eremite.
In antre of this lowly body set.
Girt with a thirsty solitude of soul.

In his essay on Shelley Thompson tells us what is "the one all-sufficing motive for a great poet's singing". Other things may support him afterwards, but there can only be one genuine creative impulse. In the devachanic world he sees the vision of the heavenly realities, of which all earthly phenomena are but shadows, and when he comes once more into earth-life it is impossible for him to refrain from uttering what he knows of divine truth.

The one all-sufficing motive for a great poet's singing is that expressed by Keats :

I was taught in Paradise
To ease my breast of melodies.

Precisely so. The overcharged breast can find no ease but in suckling the baby-song.

In this wonderful essay Thompson also raises a question which has often received the attention of Theosophical writers. He asks :

Why should it be that the poets who have written for us the poetry richest in skiey grain, most free from admixture with the duller things of earth—the Shelleys, the Coleridges and the Keats—are the very poets whose lives are among the saddest records in literature ?

One of the explanations given by Theosophy is that the life-force which pours more strongly through the poet than through lesser men stimulates all the lower centres as well as the higher; so that, until the poet has learnt by experience to control and direct the life-force, he is peculiarly liable to every kind of mental and moral shipwreck.

Another explanation is that Pan is always the tutor of Apollo, and that knowledge of the strange lessons of the Pan-world is part of the necessary equipment of the poet whose mission it is to find the Hidden Deity in the

darkest and remotest corners of His universe. Just as the highest principle in man, $\bar{A}t\bar{m}\bar{a}$, is reflected in his lowest vehicle, the physical, so perhaps for the poet the most profound experience is the realisation of the presence of the Supreme Ishvara in regions where Love and Beauty and Spiritual Truth are rarely sought. Some such explanation occurred to the mind of Thompson, who in his own life had come closely at grips with the same problem :

Is it that (by some subtle mystery of analogy) sorrow, passion and fantasy are indissolubly connected, like water, fire and cloud ; that as from sun and dew are born the vapours, so from fire and tears ascend the 'visions of aerial joy' ; that the harvest waves richest over the battlefield of the soul ; that the heart, like the earth, smells sweetest after rain ; that the spell on which depend such necromantic castles is some spirit of pain, charm-poisoned at their base ? Such a poet it may be, mists with sighs the window of his life until the tears run down it ; then some air of searching poetry, like an air of searching frost, turns it to a crystal wonder. The God of golden song is the God, too, of the golden sun ; so peradventure songlight is like sunlight, and darkens the countenance of the soul. Perhaps the rays are to the stars what thorns are to the flowers ; and so the poet, after wandering over heaven, returns with bleeding feet.

Francis Thompson was essentially a Mystic, a Catholic of the most universal type. It is in religious poetry that his greatest strength lay. A religious subject at once calls forth all his most splendid powers of expression, the almost oriental exuberance of imagery, the impassioned eloquence, the wonderful musical cadences and rhythms.

The poem 'In No Strange Land,' unfinished as it is, is the work of a seer :

O world invisible, we view thee,
 O world intangible, we touch thee,
 O world unknowable, we know thee,
 Inapprehensible, we clutch thee !

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
The eagle plunge to find the air—
That we ask of the stars in motion
If they have rumour of Thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,
And our benumbed conceiving soars!—
The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places;—
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces,
That miss the many-splendoured thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
Cry;—and upon thy so sore loss,
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched between Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hems:
And lo, Christ walking on the water
Not of Gennesareth, but Thames.

In 'The Night of Forebeing' Thompson shows the relationship which exists between man, the microcosm, and the universe, or macrocosm. The manifested universe is passing through a vast evolutionary process to which the smaller evolutionary process in the world of man corresponds:

My little-worlded self! the shadows pass
In this thy sister-world, as in a glass,
Of all processions that revolve in thee:
Not only of cyclic Man
Thou here discern'st the plan,
Not only of cyclic Man, but of the cyclic Me.
Not solely of Mortality's great years
The reflex just appears,
But thine own bosom's year, still circling round
In ample and in ampler gyre
Toward the far completion, wherewith crowned,
Love unconsumed shall chant in his own furnace-fire.

Thompson's greatest poem is 'The Hound of Heaven'. It has been splendidly praised. One critic writes :

'The Hound of Heaven' seems to us the most wonderful lyric in the language. It fingers all the stops of the Spirit, and we hear now a thrilling and dolorous note of doom, and now the quiring of the spheres, and now the very pipes of Pan, but under all the still sad music of humanity. It is the return of the nineteenth century to Thomas a Kempis. It is not too early to say that people will still be learning it by heart two hundred years hence, for it has about it the unique thing that makes for immortality. Burne Jones said of it: "Since Gabriel's 'Blessed Damozel' no mystical words have so touched me as 'The Hound of Heaven'."

The poem deals with the pursuit of the resisting soul by the love of Christ. Gradually it is stript of all its treasures, and naked and defenceless lies at the feet of its tremendous Lover. With the surrender of self-will comes the realisation that nothing is lost, but all things found and possessed in Him.

We have listened to some of the voices of the dawn, to those "enchanted children, born into a world unchildlike; spoiled darlings of Nature, playmates of her elemental daughters; 'Pan-like Spirits beautiful and swift,' laired amidst the burning fastnesses of their own fervid minds: bold feet along the verges of precipitous dream; light leaders from crag to crag of inaccessible fancies; towering geniuses whose souls rise like a ladder between heaven and earth with the angels of song ascending and descending it". When the Master of Harmonies, the sweetest of all singers, the Supreme Poet of the Cycle comes forth, may it be our great privilege to hear him also and to lead others to hearken to his song.

M. M. C. Pollard

THE JOY OF INDIA

By ELISABETH SEVERS

Charm irresistible, the lovely something
We follow in our dreams, but may not reach.
The unattainable Divine Enchantment
Hinted in music, never heard in speech.

Laurence Hope

CONTRARY to the usual western preconceived ideas with regard to India, it is not a country of sorrow but one of much joy. Many of its natural climatic conditions make for happiness. The warmth of the sun, the beauty of the sky, the almost startling clarity of the atmosphere, the fertility of the land, the sensation of space, of room to move and stretch in, to grow and expand—surely these are elements which should help to make man contented with his lot.

And the people seem to be content. The very poorest coolies do not look unhappy. Their poverty does not make them present that miserable, degraded, almost inhuman aspect of the very poor in England. The coolie women, from the nature of their work, the heavy baskets they carry poised so surely on their heads, bear themselves with a splendid upright carriage, that one's English recollections of working women make it difficult to associate with great poverty. I often envy these dark-skinned women toilers of Southern India, their dignity of carriage and their muscular capacity. Dressed in the dark red garments they affect here, near Madras,

they present a very picturesque appearance, and do not look at all unhappy or oppressed by their heavy work. The children of the poorer classes seem also quite contented little morsels of almost naked humanity. They are attractive in appearance, with their large dark eyes and pretty, childish, uncovered limbs. Their lack of clothing does not seem due so much to the pinch of poverty as to the power of the sun, and a brown skin does seem sufficient clothing in the tropics. The silver ornaments even the poorest children wear give them, to the western eye, a festival and well-to-do appearance. Though poor, very ghastlily poor, according to our western standards, these Indian children do not suffer so much from their poverty as our poor children suffer in our English slums.

The servants we employ seem to be generally in a happy childlike frame of mind. One can hardly, it is true, think of them as responsible, grown-up fathers of families—there is something so ingenuous and youthful about them. A very little seems to amuse and interest them, and they certainly seem much more contented with their work than do our English servants, with their but half-concealed fear of being ‘put upon’ if they demean themselves by too closely attending to our wishes, and their resolve instantly to assert themselves when the necessity to their minds arises. Your Indian servant is anxious to please you; he observes your ways carefully so as to carry out your idiosyncrasies and preferences. The western domestic, as a rule, does only what he or she must do, and is quite callous as to pleasing you or the reverse.

I do not believe there is in India that sullen, jealous, persistent suspicion and hatred of the working class

against the well-to-do, which is becoming such a canker spot in western life. The atmosphere seems much less surcharged with dangerous elements in India than in England; for though the dangerous anarchistic element undoubtedly exists, it is confined to the very few. But against this mere handful of the discontented must be reckoned the mass of the educated Indians, and the millions of patient and hardworking ryots, who know, quite well, what they owe to the British Rāj, by whose strong and just administration it has come about that he who sows is sure he will reap his crop in safety.

And the ryot counts in India. He is a quantitative asset of importance. Your first long Indian journey convinces you of the truth of the oft-heard statement that India is, before all, an agricultural country. You may pass a whole day in the train without, it appears, arriving at a town or city of much importance, whereas the many stoppages, in the leisurely eastern fashion at which even mail-trains travel, often occur at tiny crowded Indian villages, or at a station that appears to be without any external justification for its being at all, but which is probably a convenient point of contact for some agricultural district. And as one travels over the wide plains of India, and notices how few and far between are the roads that intersect their loneliness and far-stretching expanse of sandy land, and remarks how very seldom one sees any house of any pretence or importance—though villages abound—one also realises that these Indian plains are not in reality lonely at all, but are on the contrary very much populated. One can go but a very little way in the train without seeing goats or cows or buffaloes grazing, and patient-looking figures

keeping watch and ward over these precious possessions. Wherever there is water in India—and there seems to be a good deal of water in India, either naturally or artificially, by irrigation, tanks, etc.—people are washing their bodies, their garments, or their utensils, or fetching water in bright brass lotas. Every field, in which anything in the way of a crop is growing, has one or more persons doing something to the soil or plants. The plains of India, wide and lonely as they look in their entirety, are on a closer view closely set around and companied by animal and human fellowship. And the ryot in his field or tending his cattle makes India what she is as a totality in the present, *the* agricultural country of Asia, peopled by a patient, inarticulate, and, in the main, contented population.

The visit of the King-Emperor, George V, to India has rejoiced the heart of the poor and lowly of his Indian subjects. To see, with their own eyes, the face of their King who, to the Indian peasant represents, it must be remembered—bizarre as the sentiment may seem to the western mind—Divinity itself, is a joy of joys, a sight to be for ever treasured by memory, and to be handed down to generations still unborn.

The Indian peasant has compensations for his apparent poverty, the compensations Mother Nature always gives her children who depend directly on her for sustenance. He starts with the enormous advantage of limitation of desires: he is naturally contented because his wants are so few. A thatched shed for shelter, two cloths for clothes, a meal of rice or some other grain, and he has all he needs; a wife is not only a matter of course, but a religious and social obligation;

a son completes his circle of necessity. The companionship of his village equals provides him with social intercourse, and the gossip his soul loves.

Simplicity of outlook is his and the unconscious nurturing of his Spirit in natural beauty makes his lot a happy one. The joys of India do not lie in the cities of India; they are few and far between. Her joys exist in the crowded villages of huddled huts on her dry, dusty, yet fertile plains. Perhaps pre-eminently, the Indian's joy is connected with his religion, with his temples, sacred tanks and rivers. The multitudes that throng the ghâts of Ganges at Benares, or of any other sacred river, are plainly happy. They are performing their religious duties with an *abandon* that in itself gives happiness. The worshippers in the temple—be it pilgrims filling the vicinity of the God's Image to suffocation, or the chance comer with his marigold garland and his pūjā offerings—are also happy. Religion is to the Indian mind connected with joy, with family festivals at once social and spiritual. Religion is one of the influences, if not the chief, which make the Indians—an essentially religious race—the contented people they are. The aim of Indian philosophy is to put an end to pain, and, in India, religion and philosophy are one. In some strange, inexplicable fashion, the joys of India influence the soul, the Spirit, even of the foreigner. There have been moments when I have felt the pure joy of living, of existence, seize me in India as I have never felt it in any western land. It was a joy unknown to me until I visited the East.

“All partial beauty is a pledge of beauty in its plenitude,” and the beauty of India's azure skies and clear ambient air, charmed deep blue sea-waters, tall

green-crowned palms, huge dark butterflies and gorgeous flaming flowers heavily scented, filling the air with perfume, seizes on me, and inspires and uplifts my soul. "There are moments when the soul takes wings: what it has to remember, it remembers: what it loves, it loves still more: what it longs for, to that it flies." Very, very easy is it for the soul to take high flights in India. The waters of Lethe are powerless in India to drown remembrance of the soul's long past; dead though that past should be by every human reckoning, it survives. In India the past becomes the present with a startling reality, that the waters of Nepenthe have mercifully deprived of its former bitterness and the resurrected past yields the joy of present knowledge. Love, and all that that emotion holds of mingled joy and pain ("Love is a tyrant ministering to the soul with persecutions"), ministers to the soul in India with even more than her customary forcing of human evolution. If the soul cannot reach in India that it longs for, the disaster of Icarus may be repeated and in the fall—descend into Hades!

If one keynote of India is joy, another is intensity of feeling. Men and women of western birth (for the Indian I cannot speak) love and joy and suffer in India with an intensity unknown in western lands, as both poet and novelist have testified. The genius of the Tropics, which knows no moderation, enfolds humanity in its close embrace and communicates to them its own intensity of nature, and so dowers them with an increased keenness of sensation. And so it is that those joys of the inner life that are the deepest joys of man, because they are connected with the Eternal, the Divine in him, are felt so much more vividly in the East, are

in a word *realised* there—not imaged only, as is so often the case.

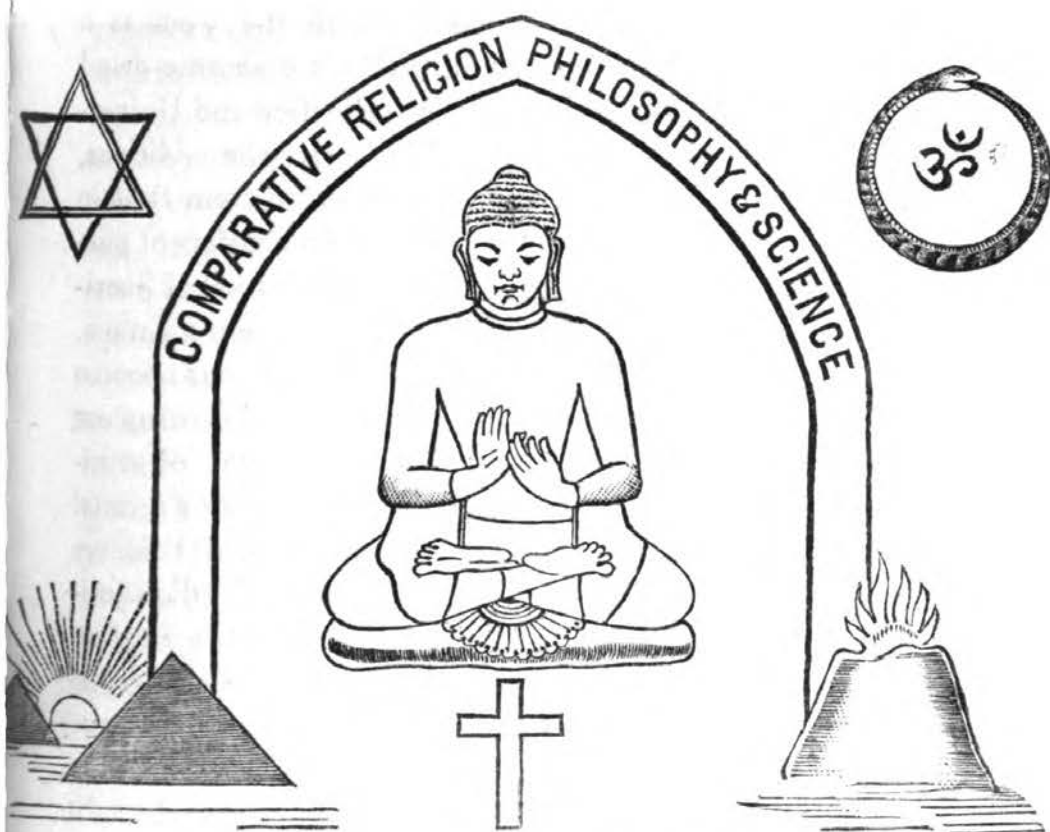
Man believes in India that he is divine, and so has moments when the claims of the mortal elements in him relax and he soars upward. And soaring, he partakes of the bread of Angels, and hears the music of the spheres, and knows something of that Spirit of pure bliss which is the divine characteristic. For God is Joy as well as Love, and this great fact, so overlooked in the West, when not, oh! blasphemy, denied, is glimpsed in India. Perchance because the religious thought of India has ever taught that Brahman is joy and that the knowledge of God is bliss, this thought, maintained, reiterated through the centuries, has so impregnated the Indian atmosphere that in moments of exaltation or of aspiration it touches and influences the soul. In a finite world of manifestation, that necessarily reflects its origin but imperfectly and partly, all that the sensible world is and has owes its being elsewhere; and joy, the joy alike of super-humanity, of humanity and of the sub-human kingdoms, has its origin in the divine joy of Being. The Hindūs teach that creation is the *līlā*, the play, the sport of God, that it is pure joy to Him to manifest and to bring forth His Worlds. It is the reflection of this divine joy of creation that man experiences when in his puny fashion he creates, and by worthily creating co-operates with his Lord in the world's becoming.

The joy that makes a woman, as the wise old Psalmist knew, forget the pangs of child-birth “for joy that a man is born into the world” in the body she has conceived, fashioned and brought forth: the joy that an artist feels when he gazes on his handiwork: the

joy of giving form and name to that which before was unmanifest : this is one of the greatest, the purest joys of man. And one of the joys of India lies in the inspiration she gives so bountifully to those who visit her shores, to the stranger within her gates. If inspiration has been lost in other lands, surely a visit to India restores and revivifies the imaginative faculty. The inspiration of India unveils eyes that had become clouded, and enables them again to see truth and beauty—and the two are one as poets have ever taught—more clearly ; it unseals deaf ears that they may hear more intently ; it lays hands on the soul, stripping it of the stained garments of pride and self-will in which it had clothed itself, that naked, the soul may contact Reality. Naked indeed the soul sometimes feels herself to be in India, naked and stripped of all that had formerly held her imprisoned on earth, and in that sense of spiritual nakedness lies India's deepest joy. It is *the* boon India can give humanity, India, the spiritual world-mother among the nations.

Elisabeth Severs

Like the doctrine of evolution itself, that of transmigration has its roots in the world of reality ; and it may claim such support as the great argument from analogy is capable of supplying. Huxley : *Evolution and Ethics*.



THE PATH OF SERVICE IN THE VEDAS¹

By A. MAHADEVA SHASTRI, F. T. S.

MY study of the Vedic Law of Marriage has led me on to the study of the Vedic Law of Sacrifice known as Soma-yāga, which has a very significant bearing on the Vedic ideal of marriage and married life. Soma-yāga originally meant service to the Divine Lord, a life of self-sacrifice and universal love in imitation of the Divine

¹ A paper read at the T. S. Order of Service Meeting held on 28th December 1912, at the time of the T. S. Convention.

Lord, and in harmony with the Law of Evolution which indicates the will of the Divine Lord. But the Soma-yāga which we now find described in the Veda is a vast body of rituals worked out in such elaborate detail that the basic Law of Service, Self-sacrifice and Universal Love is well-nigh lost sight of. By the additions, alterations and varied adaptations effected from time to time, from different points of view, and for different purposes not always consistent with the basic Law of Sacrifice and Love, what might originally have been a simple, significant and effective ritual of Soma-yāga has become a heavy mass of cumbersome and almost meaningless ritual, a vast system composed of a number of semi-independent magic rites and ceremonies involving animal sacrifice and liquor-drinking. As a result of all this, we have to dig very deep into the system of the Vedic sacrificial ritual in order to get at the trace of the Path of Service which lies submerged at the base beneath the vast superstructure that has risen above. It would have remained invisible and unrecognised, were it not that the Theosophical teaching, which has shed so much light on the Vedic Religion, on the world-evolution of the Purāṇas, and on the Occultism of the Yoga-shāstras, has stimulated us to investigate and trace the Path of Service which lies hidden beneath the ritual, symbolism and imagery of the Vedas, Smṛtis, Purāṇas and Itihāsas. I now propose to sketch this Vedic Path of Service in its bare outline.

The Brāhmaṇa's Triple Debt

The Vedas make but an incidental reference to the Path of Service, when treating of animal sacrifice

in connection with the Soma-yāga. By way of extolling the severance of flesh-slices from the heart, the tongue and the chest of the slaughtered animal, which are to be offered to Devas through the sacred fire, it is said as follows :

A Brāhmaṇa, on becoming such, becomes indebted in three ways : by spiritual devotion (*brahmachārya*) to Rishis, by sacrifice (*Yajna*) to Devas, by progeny (*brajā*) to Piṭṛs. Free from debt is he who has children, who sacrifices, and who leads a life of spiritual devotion. One verily cuts away this (indebtedness) by chopping off (the slices of flesh) : wherefore the offerings of flesh-slices are called *chops* (*Taitṭīrīya-Samhitā*, VI, iii, 10).

Ignoring for the present the reference to the animal sacrifice, we may understand the rest of the passage to mean that the Brāhmaṇa owes his status, as such, to the Piṭṛs, Ṛshis, and Devas, and is therefore indebted to them, and that he discharges this triple debt by bringing forth progeny, by leading a spiritual life, and by engaging in sacrifice.

Let us see how a Brāhmaṇa, as such, incurs the triple debt. We are given to understand that three factors go to make a Brāhmaṇa :

For the twice-born, according to the teaching of the Shruṭi, the first birth is from the mother, the second when the loins are girded with the munjā grass, the third when the consecration for sacrifice takes place. (*Manusmṛti*, ii, 169).

The three factors which thus, according to Shruṭi, go to make a Brāhmaṇa may be stated as follows :

1. Good parentage and sound training (in childhood).
2. Spiritual instruction and training in spiritual life (in youth).
3. Devotion to the Divine Lord and to the Divine Hierarchy (in later life).

These three factors respectively represent the contribution of the three Divine Agencies at work in the

furtherance of human evolution, and therefore constitute the Brāhmaṇa's triple debt to the Hierarchy.

His Debt to Piṭṛs

The Brāhmaṇa owes his good parentage to Piṭṛs, the creative orders in the Divine Hierarchy headed by the mighty Beings called Prajāpatiṣ, such as Marīchi, Aṭri, etc. It is their function to see that humanity is supplied with suitable bodies, wherein the advanced souls may incarnate and work out their spiritual progress. Piṭṛs generally effect their purpose through human parents; but when, owing to the periodical degeneracy of a people, no worthy human parents are available to give birth to bodies of the required standard of excellence, they themselves incarnate among men for the purpose. Thus every Brāhmaṇa is indebted to Piṭṛs for the fine human organism which he has obtained through his parents, and for the early training which those parents have given him in his childhood.

His Debt to Ṛṣhis

To Ṛṣhis is the Brāhmaṇa indebted for the instruction in spiritual truths and for the training in spiritual life which he received from the teacher in youth. Ṛṣhis are the appointed guardians of the spiritual interests of humanity. Besides spreading broadcast the great spiritual truth through the great religions and their scriptures, they rouse and stimulate the spiritual nature of man directly from the higher planes. He feels, thus, a hankering for spiritual life. He then approaches a teacher for instruction, resides with him

for some years, leading a life of spiritual devotion under the eye of the teacher, and receives from him instructions for further progress. As the formulæ (mantras) of the Upanāyana (ceremony of Initiation) tell us, the pupil is first taught the great truth that he is one with the Divine Lord of the Universe, nay, the Divine Lord Himself; that, leading a spiritual life, he should so control the body and the mind as to make them subservient to the behests of the Spirit within; that he should look up for all spiritual instruction to the Divine Lord Himself as embodied in the teacher; that he should render to the teacher such service as he would render to the Divine Lord; the teacher all the while professing to act only under the inspiration of the Divine Lord and the Hierarchy. Thus living in perfect trust in his Divine Self, and in the teacher as the embodiment of the Divine Lord and the Divine Hierarchy, the student learns all that is necessary for his further progress in this life. Thereby he becomes indebted to Ṛṣhis.

His Debt to Devas

The Brāhmaṇa is indebted to Devas for the high level of development to which his mind and senses have attained. This development is the handiwork of Devas, who provide proper environment calculated to bring out the latent powers of the mind and the senses. In the long course of evolution which lies behind him, the mind and the senses have attained the power of comprehending the external and internal worlds; and at a further stage they can be completely withdrawn at will from the world of forms and fixed upon the Divine Life

behind the forms and on the Divine Self within. When a man is able to do this, he becomes a channel for a continuous inflow of Divine Life. Then he is fit to take part in the work of the Divine Hierarchy, and his further progress lies in this co-operation. Now is the time for Yāga-dīkṣhā, for the consecration of the whole life to the Divine Service; and, by taking this step, he attains the full status of a Brāhmaṇa.

A True Brāhmaṇa

Thus a Brāhmaṇa is one whose physical body is pure and healthy; whose spiritual aspiration has been fully awakened; who, having been taught the Divinity of his true Self, seeks to realise his unity with Brahman, the Divine Lord; who has learned to control the body and the mind and the senses by the Spirit within; who has been given instructions for his further spiritual progress; who can invoke the Divine Intelligences and act as a channel for their Divine Life; who has consecrated his whole life by devoting all his powers to the service of the Divine Lord and the Hierarchy.

*The True Brāhmaṇic Status is Independent of
Caste and Sex*

We thus see that a man becomes a Brāhmaṇa by Yāga-dīkṣhā, by the consecration of his life to the service of the Divine Lord, by doing all work for His glory. Good parentage and early training in spiritual life are of value only as leading to this step, as impelling a man to lead a life of self-sacrifice and universal love.

Hence the formula of declaration in the Dīkṣhā ceremony: "He has consecrated his life to the Divine Service, and has become a Brāhmaṇa." Commenting on this declaration, the Shruṭi says :

Uncertain, as it were, is his origin heretofore ; for the Rākṣhasas, they say, pursue women, and so the Rākṣhasas implant their seed therein. But, he, forsooth, is truly born who is born of the Brahman, of the sacrifice ; wherefore let him address even a Kṣhatriya or a Vaishya as Brāhmaṇa, since he who is born of the sacrifice is born of Brahman (and hence is a Brāhmaṇa). (*Shaṭapaṭha-Brāhmaṇa*, III, ii, 1-40).

This gives us to understand that the spiritual status as a Brāhmaṇa is quite independent of the distinctions (such as Brāhmaṇas, Kṣhatriyas, Vaishyas, etc.), which depend on the social or civil functions that by heredity they are best fitted to discharge. It is the consecration of one's whole life to the Divine Service that makes one a true Brāhmaṇa, whatever one's birth, profession or civil function may be, and whatever may be one's sex.

The Brāhmaṇa is bound to discharge the Three Debts

We have seen how in the attainment of the full status of a Brāhmaṇa, a man becomes indebted to Piṭṛs, Ṛṣhis and Devas. It becomes, then, a moral necessity for him to pay back to the Hierarchy what he has received from it. And as the sole concern of the Hierarchy is the evolution of humanity, the Brāhmaṇa can pay off the debt due to it by co-operating in its work, by doing a part of the work which it does for humanity, so that its work may be lightened, and human evolution may progress a little more rapidly.

In thus co-operating with the Hierarchy, the Brāhmaṇa makes real onward progress towards the main

goal of his aspiration. In fact, his further progress runs along the line of co-operation with the Hierarchy. To those who are at the threshold of the Path of Service, or who have only just begun to tread it, this co-operation presents itself as the legal discharge of a debt incurred, or as a moral necessity. But, as a matter of fact, it is the path which alone can take the Brāhmaṇa to the goal he seeks, to the realisation of his oneness with the Divine Lord. For, by co-operating with the Hierarchy, he makes himself a channel through which the Divine Life will flow as It flows through the Hierarchy. It is through the Hierarchy that the Divine Lord carries on the world-evolution; and therefore whatever the Brāhmaṇa does by way of co-operation in the work of the Hierarchy constitutes service to the Divine Lord. As he progresses in this work of co-operation with the Hierarchy, he forms a more and more efficient medium for the flow of the Divine Life needed for the evolutionary progress of humanity and the whole sentient existence. Then there comes a stage when work in the service of the Lord will constitute the very nature of his being, the joy of his life. As he approaches perfection in this line of Service, he realises more and more the true Divinity of his Self, as manifesting the Divine Powers needed for the evolution of the world. Thus the path of co-operation with the Hierarchy leads the Brāhmaṇa to the level of Brahman, Prajāpati, the Lord of Creation—which is the goal of his aspiration.

The Brāhmaṇa's Life of Service

From this point of view, we are able to understand the full significance of the words of the Shruṭi quoted

above: "Free from debt is he who has children, who sacrifices, and who leads a life of spiritual devotion." Rearing a family in a worthy fashion, living a life of self-sacrifice and service, and leading a life of spiritual devotion, the Brāhmaṇa discharges his debt to the Hierarchy. Then he will be free to leave the human world and to pass on to the higher worlds.

Let us study a little more closely the life of the Brāhmaṇa here mapped out. For a Brāhmaṇa, man or woman, seeking fellowship with the Divine Lord and trying to realise the divinity of the true Self in man, the first and foremost duty is to seek a worthy partner in life. The first steps on the path of liberation and immortality would seem to lie in married life. The parties to the marriage should both be Brāhmaṇas, devotees of Brahman, cherishing the same aspiration, striving to grow into the likeness of Brahman, seeking to attain unity with the Divine Lord of the Universe, and devoted to the service of the Divine Lord and the Divine Hierarchy. They should both have attained some spiritual development, some degree of spiritual culture, having spent their youth under a spiritual Guru, and having, under his instruction and guidance, learned to control the body, the senses and the mind, and having learned from him the basic spiritual truths and the main laws of spiritual evolution. The Vedic Law further lays down that the man and the woman to be united in marriage should be of different *gotras*, that is to say, of different religious temperaments, and brought up on two different lines of spiritual culture; so that their conjoint life may prove advantageous to both, the one contributing to the other what that other lacks. Marriage means—as the chief marriage formula indicates—

the solemn vow of a man and a woman to live together a life of spiritual devotion in mutual love and harmony, thinking, proposing and acting in unison, joining together in all the concerns and enjoyments of life. It is the fulfilment of this vow that constitutes married life. It is no wonder that such a pair (we are told) give birth to valiant Heroes, noble Sages, and God-men. This verily is the way to discharge the debt to Piṭṛs. Such a progeny reared and brought up by such parents really forms a noble contribution to the work of the Creative Orders of the Divine Hierarchy.

Spiritual Devotion in Married Life

The married life is also a life of spiritual devotion (brahmachārya). In fact we are told that married life according to the Vedic ideal alone constitutes the brahmachārya (*spiritual life*) which leads to liberation. According to the *Vedic Law*, the married couple should continue the life of spiritual devotion, a life of Spirit free from material lust and sensuality. Sexual continence forms its special feature. Even the act of creation in which they engage forms a conscious direction of the divine energy for a divine purpose, for the furtherance of the spiritual evolution of humanity as a whole. The life of spiritual control over the material organism, begun in early youth under the guidance of the teacher, is thus to be carried on in the period of manhood. While themselves leading a life of Spirit in this fashion, they bring up their children for the same kind of life, and also train such other youths as offer themselves for spiritual training and instruction and are found worthy of it. In this way the Brāhmaṇa discharges the debt to Rṣhis.

Sacrifice and Service in Married Life

Further the married life is one of continual sacrifice, a life of strenuous activity dedicated to the service of the Divine Lord and the Hierarchy of Devas. The sole concern of this life is the furtherance of evolution in co-operation with the Divine Hierarchy. In his single-minded devotion to the service of the Divine Lord, the Brāhmaṇa becomes a channel of the Divine Life, directing it for the benefit of humanity and the whole sentient existence. In this way he realises his oneness with the Divine Lord, who, as Viṣṇu, preserves and maintains the universe in its orderly evolution. This is the true meaning of Soma-yāga, the realisation of Soma (or Viṣṇu) as known to the true Brāhmaṇas, as the One in whom the whole universe abides, whose Glory is seen in all that is glorious, as the Vedic Sage has sung in the famous nuptial hymn :

By Soma are the Āḍityas strong, by Soma mighty is the Earth ; and within these stars too hath Soma his place. One thinks he hath drunk Soma when they have brayed the plant ; but of Soma whom Brāhmaṇas know, no one ever tastes.

By acting as a channel for the flow of the Divine Life needed for the world's evolution, the Brāhmaṇa co-operates with Devas. This is the Sacrifice (Yajña) which secures freedom from the debt of Devas, as it lightens and advances their work. Whether the Brāhmaṇa works for the benefit of the world as a philosopher, as a scientist, or as a philanthropist, he is discharging the debt to Devas. While thus co-operating directly with the Divine Hierarchy in the best interests of humanity, the Brāhmaṇa serves it indirectly by helping the younger aspirants to do the same by instruction, advice and co-operation.

The Goal of the Path of Service

Such is the Path of Service marked out for the Brāhmaṇa who strives for immortality, in pursuance of the Vedic command: "Let every mortal being seek fellowship with the Divine Lord." No man can escape death till he has learnt to be completely at one with the Divine Lord and realised the divinity of his true Self. For this at-one-ment and realisation, he has to unfold the triple Divine Nature of his Self, by co-operating with the three Agencies of the Divine Hierarchy, who represent the Shiva, Viṣṇu and Brahmā aspects of the Supreme Lord of the Universe. Thus the Vedic Path of three-fold Service secures an all-round spiritual development of man. Not till perfection in this line of Service is attained, is a man free from the bonds of earthly life. His attempts, till then, to rise above humanity will all be vain. This truth is shadowed forth in the *Manusmṛiti*:

After paying the three debts may he fix his mind on deliverance. He who without paying them seeks deliverance goes downward. (vi, 35).

When the discharge of the triple debt is complete, then only a man may think of finally leaving this world; till then he must be engaged in one or all of the three lines of Service.

The Vedic Householder is the True Samnyāsin

The Vedic Path of Service is, as we have seen, a life of intense and strenuous activity divested of all selfish interest. Lord Shrī Kṛṣṇa refers to this when he says :

Whoso, not seeking the fruit of action, performs the action which ought to be done, he is a Samnyāsin and a Yogin,

not he who is without fire and without action (*Bhagavad-Gītā*, vi, 1).

Here, the active service of true renunciation and devotion is contrasted with the life of the so-called Samnyāsin who has merely renounced the external sacred fires and the rituals therewith connected. He who treads the Vedic Path of disinterested service to the Divine Lord is, in the opinion of the Lord Shri Kṛṣṇa, a true Samnyāsin and Yogin. It is this life of service, this life of beneficent unselfish activity and spiritual devotion which the Vedic Law expects every householder to lead; so that the householder of the Vedic Law is, according to the Lord Shri Kṛṣṇa, a true Samnyāsin and Yogin. Such householders work their way up towards liberation by discharging the triple debt; and in fact, a complete discharge of the obligations due to the Hierarchy is possible only to the householders, men and women, leading a married life of intense unselfish activity in ardent spiritual devotion on the lines of the Vedic Law. Their life is different from that of the civic householders, whose religious life consists of rituals involving the maintenance of the external sacred fires. The fire which the Vedic householder maintains is the Divine Fire within, shining in all splendour and beauty in the mind and the heart intent on service of the Divine Lord and His Hierarchy. This fire and this activity never cease in the life of the Vedic householder, and they constitute the true Samnyāsa and Yoga which are really one, as the Lord says:

What they call Samnyāsa, that do thou, O Pāṇdava, know as Yoga. Verily, no one who has not renounced personal interests can become a Yogin. (*Bhagavad-Gītā*, vi, 2).

The ritualistic activity of the householder ordained in the Institutes such as *Manusmṛti*, is only a shadow of the Vedic Path of Service, as all rituals and symbols are mere shadows and signs of real facts. The rituals known as *Brahmayajña*, *Devayajña*, and *Pitṛyajña* consist in reciting mantras, pouring water, and offering oblations into the sacred fire. This is but a poor substitute for the actual world-wide Service in co-operation with the Divine Hierarchy. The life of the ordinary Samnyāsin is likewise one of rituals, though not connected with external fires, and is solely directed to the furtherance of personal culture, without any conscious concern for the world's progress. Of small account, by the side of the Vedic householder's life, indeed, is the spiritual life of such a Samnyāsin, or of the householder who thinks he has discharged the debt due to the Hierarchy when he has offered some water or butter, or, worse still, some slices of flesh cut from an animal slaughtered for the purpose.

The Vedic Path of Service is devoid of Ritual

Such rituals are not for the men and the women who tread the Vedic Path of service, who live a life of unselfish world-wide activity in the Service of the Divine Hierarchy. This can be made out from the ritualistic section of the Veda itself. I have already spoken of Dīkṣhā, the process of consecration which makes one a Brāhmaṇa. Even this process now survives only in the form of a ritual elaborately worked out. Primarily, as indicated by the mantras connected with the ritual, Dīkṣhā, means cutting oneself off from all personal concerns and devoting all thought, speech and action solely to

the contemplation of the Divine Lord and to His Service. The devotee (Dīkṣhiṭa) maintains this attitude throughout the waking life; and, when retiring for sleep at night, he prays to the Divine Fire—to the Divine Lord and Self shining forth in his devout mind—to keep watch that, in his sound sleep, the evil powers may not attack him, and that he may awake in time. He gets up again at midnight and adores the Divine Fire, for having so far kept his devotion inviolate. Again, when he awakes in the last watch of the night, he prays to the Divine Lord that his mind may never wander away from the Lord, and that he may grow strong in the strength of the Lord and continue the life of self-sacrifice and service till he safely reaches the goal of the Path. Then he seeks the protection of the mighty Devas whose habitat and sphere of work is manas. In this connection the Brahmavādins (Theologians) ask a pertinent question: Should the devotee (Dīkṣhiṭa) observe, or should he not observe, the daily morning and evening ritual of making offerings of milk and butter in the sacred fire? The answer is given in the negative. In the current practice, too, the Dīkṣhiṭa is released, during the period of Dīkṣhā, from the observance of morning and evening Agnihoṭra ritual, as also of the morning and evening Sandhyāvandana prayers, both of which are the ritualistic substitutes for the meditation on the Divine Self within, which is practised by the true Dīkṣhiṭa just before and after the nightly sleep. The reason assigned for the omission of the morning and evening rituals is very significant. The Veda explains as follows: the Dīkṣhiṭa having offered *himself* as a sacrifice to the Divine Lord, his body would constitute the substance to be offered in

the sacred fire. That shall not be, as it would mean his death. On the contrary, it is said that the sanctified milk which the Dīkṣhiṭa has to drink at the close of his prayer to God and Devas goes to feed the Devas, by way of feeding the vital organs through which the Devas act, and thereby constitutes the Agni-hotra. This is the explanation given from the ritualistic point of view. But the real explanation which it suggests is this: Dīkṣhiṭa is one who has sacrificed his personal interests in life and has devoted his whole life to the service of the Divine Lord and the Hierarchy. He has, therefore, risen above all rituals in which, not the man himself and his whole life, but something belonging to him, are offered to God and Devas symbolically. Thus, rituals are not meant for the men and the women who, seeking to realise in consciousness their Divine potentialities, dedicate their whole life to the Divine Lord and the Hierarchy for active service in the interests of humanity as a whole and the world-progress.

The Modern Hindu Ritualistic Life is Unreal.

This ideal of active service in co-operation with the Divine Hierarchy, unconnected with all ritual, has long been forgotten by the Hindūs who profess to follow the Vedic Law. The Hindūs, as a whole, have all along remained a pious people; but their piety has taken a ceremonial turn. Their religious life is one round of rituals and ceremonies, which are often very perfunctorily observed, and have become quite unreal and almost useless. But their observance is insisted on in all orders of holy life, including the Samnyāsins. Complete freedom from rituals in spiritual life is allowed by the

Institutes only to the Samnyāsin of the highest or Paramahansa order, who lives almost by and for himself, but with some definite end in view. Very few, however, avail themselves of this freedom, inasmuch as the public now-a-days looks askance at those who resort to it. Indeed, too many of these do not lead the life which ought to go with it, namely, the life of a real student of Brahmavidyā.

The Place of Ritual in Spiritual Life

It must not, however, be understood that rituals are of no use altogether. They have their place and use in the spiritual life of a man. When closely examined, rituals will be found to consist of elements which serve different purposes and are of different values. Some are symbolic processes placing the body and the mind in particular attitudes which open the organism for the inflow of Divine Grace. Others constitute exercises and processes which secure the health and purity of the mind and the body. Others again partake of the nature of ceremonial Magic, involving incantations and manipulations of substances setting free forces which act beneficially upon the organism and its environment. As to the use of these rituals in religious life, the Hindū religious teachers estimate it variously. Some inculcate a life-long observance, while others would dispense with them altogether. The Vedāntic teachers, inclined to neither extreme, seem to take a reasonable view of the place of the ritual in the spiritual life of man. According to Shrī Shankarāchārya, when a man goes through the daily round of rituals enjoined in the Shruṭi and the Smṛti, with no longing for the immediate fruits of his

actions, seeking only the knowledge of Brahman which will lead to liberation, his organism becomes healthy and refined, his mind becomes pure ; and in due course, he will get an intuitive glimpse into the true nature of the Self and be able to discriminate the real and the unreal. There ends the purpose of the ritual. For further development he may give up the ritual entirely.

Samnyāsa without Ritual

He then formally renounces all ritual and becomes a Samnyāsin of the Paramahansa order. Even this renouncement of rituals is done with some ceremony, simply with a view to impress the people with the holiness of his future vocation. His is not an idle life. He is freed from rituals merely because he will have so much to do by way of study and practice of higher Yoga. He is not without fire either. Though he has not to maintain the external fires, he has to generate and tend the sacred fire within, as the Smṛṭi says :

Having established the sacred fires in himself, the Brāhmaṇa should go forth from the house. (*Manu*, vi, 38.)

By Ḍhyāna and Ḍhāraṇa, by dwelling constantly on the Divine Self within in devotion and love, he develops the Divine Fire in himself. With this Fire burning within, he should perfect his control over the mind and the senses and the body. He should cultivate absolute truthfulness, practise sexual continence, abstain from all cruelty, be kind to all, and learn to love the whole sentient existence. He should study Scriptures, reflect and meditate upon their teaching till the intellect is firmly convinced of the truth that the Self in man is one with the Divine

Lord of the Universe. This involves the practice of Yoga in its higher stages, wherein the mind, concentrated upon the Supreme Brahman, reaches an intuitive perception of the same truth. As a student of Brahma-vidyā the Paramahansa has a definite aim, and follows an intelligible method to achieve his purpose. He is therefore above all the rules of Varṇa and Āshrama which enjoin rituals and ceremonies; for these do not help him in the achievement of the end in view, namely, the perfecting of Self-knowledge.

The Path of Liberation

When he has attained this true knowledge of the Self, then for a practical realisation of the Divine Self in him, he has yet to tread the Path of Service, to lead a life of self-sacrifice and service in co-operation with the Divine Hierarchy. Perfection in this leads to liberation from the trammels of the earth. When oneness with the Divine Lord has been realised in the sphere of human evolution, he is free to pass on to the higher regions and other universes, there also to realise his oneness with the Divine Lord. Thus progressing on and on, he will at last realise his oneness, amounting almost to identity, with the Supreme Lord of the whole Universe.

A. Mahadeva Shastri

THE DATE OF RĀMA

A SPECULATION

By A. D. WATSON

IN all sacred records that exist in various languages there occur details belonging to the forgotten and prehistoric past: curious natural history facts, a strange geography, descriptions of monsters, of sub-human creatures, and of pygmy and giant human beings.

No dates, as far as the writer is aware, are assigned to any of these, and the general tendency of the present-day reader has been to regard portions that coincide with what is now known as historical, and to throw the remainder, not consistent with accepted experiences, into the region of fancy, fable and myth.

These works were in all instances derived from the Mysteries, and were meant for the instruction of the neophyte; the necessity for them will appear if it is granted that one of the powers he began to evolve was the memory of past incarnations, when he would begin to perceive the circumstances surrounding his early recollections, and actually find them detailed by tradition, or the inner vision of those who had trodden the Path before him.

In the Theosophical writings are given some details of an Atlantean continent and race destroyed by water,

or flood, or, in more modern language, by sinking under the sea; and of a Lemurian continent and race, prior to the Atlantean, which was destroyed by fire, or, in modern language, by volcanic action.

Many confirmations of these facts are to be found in existing records, and although these exist among peoples now separated by vast geographical areas, it ought not to be thought that the wide diffusion of the knowledge of the facts proves their universality; indeed their very existence disproves that, for the cataclysms caused emigrations of the survivors, who carried the facts with them, even though the bulk of the people perished in the cataclysms.

There are many confirmations of the existence of two continents, named in Theosophical literature Atlantis and Lemuria, to be found in ancient literature. The first of these is mentioned in the *Timæus* and *Critias* of Plato; details are given of the Atlantic continent, and a hint is dropped of the Lemurian in the interpretation given in the *Timæus* of the story of Phaeton:

The story, for instance, that is current among you that Phaeton, the offspring of the Sun, once attempting to drive his father's chariot, and not being able to keep the track observed by his parent, burnt up the surface of the earth and perished himself, blasted by lightning, is generally regarded as fabulous; but it, in point of fact, refers to a declination (or parallax) of the heavenly bodies revolving round the earth, and indicates that, at certain long intervals of time, the earth's surface is destroyed by mighty fires. And again when the Gods, to purify the earth, deluged its surface with water.

A footnote to this in Böhn's translation also says:

It was the opinion of Heraclitus and many of the old philosophers that the earth would be periodically destroyed by fire and water; the notion was borrowed, perhaps, from the Egyptians; compare Herodotus II, Chapter 142.

In reading the above quotation it must be remembered that to peoples without scientific instruments, or

for that matter, with them, a change in the direction of the earth's axis to the plane of its orbit would appear as a change in the declination of the heavenly bodies. Such a change is going on even now, as is well known to students of astronomy, and is generally attributed to the attraction of the earth by the other planets of the system. The account is, therefore, all that could be desired from a scientific point of view.

On these two continents, it is stated in Theosophical teachings, there developed forms of life peculiar to them, monstrous animals and sub-human races, dwarfs and giants; and, above all, during these epochs the distribution of land and water on the earth's surface was totally different from the present.

What wonder, then, if the existence of the satyrs and fauns of the Greeks, of dragons and flying camels, should be mentioned in records relating to the time when they were in existence?

Putting aside all biblical dates as useless, let us consider history, and see how far back it carries us. The statement, in the *Timæus* of Plato, by the Egyptian priest was that he would "relate the laws and more illustrious actions of those states which have existed nine thousand years, and when more at leisure he would take the sacred writings themselves, and recount an exact history in every particular". As to this be it remembered that Solon, to whom it was stated, was three generations before Plato, and the date given to the *Timæus* is about 350 B. C. ; also in proof that this story of Solon was not regarded as a fable, we find the fact of Solon being taught by an Egyptian priest mentioned and the name of the priest—Sonchis of Saïs—given by Plutarch, who lived about A. D. 60. (See Plutarch's *Morals*.)

The following passage occurs in Laing's *Human Origins* :

Manetho's dates, however, were so inconsistent with preconceived ideas based on the chronology of the Bible that they were universally thought to be fabulous. They were believed either to represent the exaggerations of Egyptian priests, desirous of magnifying the antiquity of their country, or, if historical, to give in succession the names of a number of kings and dynasties who had really reigned simultaneously in different provinces. So stood the question, until the discovery of reading hieroglyphics enabled us to test the accuracy of Manetho's lists by the light of contemporary monuments and manuscripts. Manetho's lists of the reigns of dynasties and kings, when summed up, show a date of 5,867 B. C. for the foundation of the united Egyptian Empire by Menes, a date absolutely inconsistent with those given in *Genesis*, not only for the Deluge, but for the original creation.

Chaldean chronology, therefore, leads to almost exactly the same results as that of Egypt. In each case we have a standard or measuring rod of authentic historical record of certainly not less than eight thousand, and more probably nine thousand or ten thousand, years from the present time ; *and in each case we find ourselves at this remote date in the presence, not of rude beginnings, but of a civilisation already ancient and far advanced.*

The historical period may therefore certainly be considered to extend to 9,000 B. C. ; but this figure will in no wise give any data for calculations for the geological periods that went before. As to geological considerations, Laing in *Human Origins* says :

Horner sank ninety-six shafts in four rows, at intervals of eight miles, across the valley of the Nile at right angles to the river near Memphis and brought up pottery from various depths, which at the known rate of deposit of the Nile mud of about three inches per century, indicate an antiquity of at least eleven thousand years. In another boring a copper knife was brought from a depth of twenty-four feet and pottery from sixty feet below the surface. a depth of sixty feet at the normal rate of deposit would imply an antiquity of twenty-six thousand years.

In general the two sciences of geology and evolutionary biology are not able to fix definite periods ; they rather are able to give the order of the periods in which

particular rocks and their corresponding forms of life occurred; and such figures as are given by different authorities are so divergent as hardly to form definite data. All, however, are quite large enough to account for circumstances recounted in the records derived from the Mysteries: for the existence of monstrous animals, varieties in man not now met with, and above all a distribution of land and water totally different from that which now exists.

If dates for man upon earth can be pushed back, the early records have everything to gain in the matter of their truth; and even such details as the voyage of Odysseus may begin to have a meaning; when the voyager reached the 'turning of the sun,' or a tropic, the attempt to put the Atlantic isles in the Mediterranean would cease, as the probability of a different geography from that which now exists would be recognised and the praises of Homer, by Strabo, as a great geographer may come to have a meaning.

As yet, however, nothing that can be found has availed to push the date much beyond a few thousand years B. C. Even the astronomical calculations, which are absolute, cannot give a date from Egyptian monuments much earlier than Khufu, about 4,235 B. C.; and what is now about to be put forward will be, as far as the writer knows, the first attempt to carry a date for man back no less than twenty thousand three hundred years, and probably very much farther.¹

The Indian records derived from the Mysteries form a new literature to which scholars, only a short time back, had no access; and it is well known that Indian scholars have claimed for the periods recorded

¹ Outside Theosophical teachings, presumably.—ED.

in this literature an extent of time which no one trained in biblical schools is at all likely to concede. The epochs however even as given by Indian scholars, so far as I am aware define dates only for the great cycles of the past history of the world and not for the events related in the books ; and the link that is lacking is the identification of points in the detailed histories, with contemporaneous ones in the cycles.

The present calendars date from an epoch called the iron age, or kali yuga, which commenced with Kṛṣṇa, and began in the year 3,122 B. C. ; the year A. D. 1878 concluding the first 5,000 years of that cycle. All the planets were said to have been in one House at that time, and Cassini gave it as his opinion, from the tables of Trivalore that he examined, that this conjunction of the planets was one actually observed by the Indians ; and he also stated that, as a matter of fact, this conjunction did then occur.

One of these Indian texts is the *Rāmāyaṇa*, but on enquiry at Benares the writer was told that no date could be fixed for Rāma. In this account of Rāma there are mentioned giant inhabitants of ancient India, a sub-human race of beings called monkeys, who however had speech, and a town called Laṅkā, the seat of a giant ruler.

The only other detail the writer could glean from Benares was a geographical detail quoted to him from an old text : that three towns were on the same meridian, *viz.*, Laṅkā, Ujjain, and a third, the name of which is not now remembered as the quotation is lost. In this quotation there was found the method of fixing certain data for the time of the existence of Laṅkā and the date of Rāma.

There was another statement in the same quotation, that Laṅkā was situated where the meridian of Ujjain cut the equator. A reference to a map clearly showed this to be south of the extreme end of the Maldive Archipelago.

Next, there were Darwin's 'coral reefs' showing his visit to this site, which can be read of in his own book. The Archipelago is 470 miles long and 50 miles wide, and undoubtedly formed a land that has been gradually sinking. The great depths to which the coral extends, 250 and 300 feet, and the slow rate of the growth of the coral is another fact he establishes. "On one of the Maldive atolls Captain Moresby bored to a depth of 26 feet; when his auger broke, the material brought up was perfectly white, finely triturated, coral rock." All these facts went to show that the town of Laṅkā, for which we have such an absolute geographical position, was situated on a site now some 200 or 300 feet below the surface of the ocean and therefore must have been very ancient.

Of the three towns mentioned in this quotation, Laṅkā has sunk below the ocean; another cannot now be identified; but the third, *viz.*, Ujjain in Gwalior, is still in existence; and the unit meridian of Indian astronomy is reckoned from that place to this day.

The geographical position given for Ujjain in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is lat. 23°-11'-10" north, long. 75°-51'-45" east. The moment the latitude is examined, the suggestion presents itself that, if Laṅkā marked the intersection of the unit meridian with the equator, Ujjain probably marked its intersection with the Tropic of Cancer.

Astronomically the data needed for fixing the position of the heavenly bodies are the declination

and the right ascension ; one of these is measured from the plane of the equator, the other from the great circle passing through the centre of the sun at the vernal equinox ; the latter is reckoned in time.

Whenever the reckoning is carried out in time the measurement becomes uncertain, first because of the inaccuracy of time-keepers, which the ancients did not have, and secondly because of the fact that every second of time—since 24 hours correspond with 360° of arc, and both degree and hour are similarly divided—becomes the equivalent of 15 seconds of arc.

If, therefore, in measuring the right ascension of bodies, a point on the earth could be obtained of which the meridian corresponded with the equinoctial or solstitial colure, the right ascensions would become simple angles, which could be read with considerable accuracy on large graduated circles, or, in modern times, with an equatorially mounted instrument.

The next step in the reasoning is a big one, and is historical.

In *The Secret Doctrine*, i, 230, the following passage occurs, quoted from Kenealy's *Book of God* :

The well of Syene, made 5,400 years ago, *when that spot was exactly under the tropic*, which it has now ceased to be, was . . . so constructed that at noon, at the precise moment of the solar solstice, the entire disk of the sun was seen reflected on its surface—a work which the united skill of all the astronomers in Europe would not now be able to effect.

Also in Marsham Adam's *The Book of the Master*, the following passage occurs :

We find that on the island of Philae at the 'Gate of the Nile' there is an ancient inscription, a passage which lays great stress on the 'Great Vault of the Sun according to his time' as a characteristic feature of the spot ; and of an enclosure over which 'the Sun stood in the centre'. Such a description could not be true at present, for as *the latitude of*

the island is a little more than 24° while the tropical boundary is less than 23½°, the sun could not be vertical to any part of it. But since for a very long period, the obliquity of the ecliptic has been gradually lessening, the tropical boundary must have been greater in former ages and the phenomenon would have been visible, and very noticeable, about the time of Khufu. For calculating the diminution given by Airy, viz., about ½ a minute of arc per century, we find the obliquity at that epoch was very nearly 24°. The position of Philae would be almost vertically under the sun at the summer solstice, and would mark for all time the position of that orb relatively to the earth, at the epoch from which the hieroglyphic calendar dates its reckoning.

It is doubtful, in the above quotations, whether Syene and Philae have not been intermixed, but as both places are close together it will cause no great difference in the argument. The position of Syene is lat. 24°-6'-20" north, and long. 32°-51'-0" east, as taken from a small scale map in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; and Philae has almost the same longitude.

From the above it may be concluded definitely :

(1) That the ancients did fix the position of sites on the earth, the meridians of which coincided at the winter solstice with the solstitial colure, and also marked the intersection of this circle with the tropical parallel of latitude; and the writer knows of no method by which this could be effected more accurately, both for time and position, than the reflection of the sun vertically upwards from water at the bottom of a well.

(2) That there exists authentic history in Egypt that one such place was so fixed.

(3) That the existence of such a fixed place would be a great convenience for astronomical measurement, besides giving a ready means of identifying small changes, sensible only to the more refined instruments of modern times, such as those due to changes in the obliquity of the ecliptic and precession.

That Ujjain was a place similarly fixed by the astronomers of India is therefore very probable; and the probability is strengthened by the existence of the traditional claim for a great age for the site.

In addition to historical considerations, there is an astronomical one, of which it is not possible to give the details in an article such as the present, but it amounts to this—that if such a place could be accurately fixed on the earth, what is known as the celestial latitude and longitude could be easily measured (in modern times by an instrument mounted as an alt-azimuth). The prime vertical would become the ecliptic, and the meridian of the place would pass through the pole of the ecliptic which could never happen except at a place on the Tropic of Cancer at which a solstitial colure should transit at apparent noon. The measurements of latitude and longitude, rather than of declination and right ascension, are now being advocated in astronomy, as the ecliptic is a plane practically stable in space, whereas the equator is variable.

To proceed to actual figures, the figures from latitude are given first.

(1) The present latitude of Ujjain is given as $23^{\circ}11'10''$ and the following is the latest information on the obliquity of the ecliptic given by Professor Newcomb, *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, (Ninth Edition), xxv :

Recent research enables us to compute the obliquity of the ecliptic, at past and future epochs, with an error not exceeding $1''$ per century elapsed. The result is shown in the following table. (Here follows a table of little value as it is for the period 3,000 B. C. to A. D 3,000.)

The obliquity was at a maximum about 7,200 B. C. or 9,100 years ago, when its value was $24^{\circ}13'$. It will reach a minimum about 9,600 years hence, when its value will probably be between $22^{\circ}30'$ and $22^{\circ}40'$, but cannot be more exactly stated.

Since the latitude of Ujjain is less than the present obliquity (in A. D. 1,900 given as $23^{\circ}-27'-8''$), and since in past time the obliquity was increasing, the obliquity must have reached a maximum and then worked back to that of Ujjain—that is, from the present time 9,100 years elapsed to the maximum value it had, and then 9,100 years more to reach its present value. The obliquity, 18,200 years ago, was what it is now, *viz.*, $23^{\circ}-27'-8''$, and, as Ujjain is $23^{\circ}-11'-10''$, the difference $0^{\circ}-15'-58''$ still has to be made up; this at the rate of $45\frac{1}{2}''$ per century would require, in whole centuries, 2,100 years. So that for the obliquity to be equal to the latitude of Ujjain 18,200+2,100 years have elapsed, or 20,300 years. Next, the whole epoch given in the above quotation is $2(9,100+9,600)=37,400$ years. So that after 20,300 years back from the present time the obliquity would be the same as the latitude of Ujjain, and it would again come back to it after epochs of 37,400 years. From these data the following table is made. The latitude of Ujjain was the same as the obliquity of the ecliptic:

	20,300	years ago	or	18,400	B. C.
also	57,700	years ago	or	55,800	B. C.
also	95,100	years ago	or	93,200	B. C.
also	132,500	years ago	or	130,600	B. C.

That is, the Tropic of Cancer passed through Ujjain at these dates only. One of these must be the date of Rāma.

Let our readers carefully observe that when the whole cycle of obliquity is spoken of, in the quotation from Professor Newcomb, the minimum obliquity is capable of a variant of 10', the equivalent of over 13 centuries; and if the cycles are repeated two or three times, as in the

above table, many more centuries of possible variation will be introduced. Also the figure given for diminution by Airy is said to be half a minute per century, or 30" as against 45·5" given by Proctor in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. With the former figure, the first result would be 21,400 instead of 20,300, a difference of 1,100 years.

Before, however, Ujjain could fulfil the conditions detailed it would be necessary for the apparent sun to culminate over the meridian of Ujjain exactly at the moment of the solstice. The argument for this involves the L. C. M. of the seconds in two angles, one the longitude of Ujjain eastwards from the meridian where this occurs now, and the other the angle of movement eastwards of such a point on the earth in one tropical year.

An approximation made for the present position of Ujjain and this movement leads to a conjecture (for it is no more) that, of the periods before tabulated, 55,800 B. C. is the correct one.

Since this was written, the following passage was found in the *Imperial Gazetteer of India* on the subject of land formation, in olden times, near the Maldivé Islands.

That India and the southern and central parts of Africa were once united into one great stretch of nearly continuous dry land is proved by overwhelming evidence. In the first place, besides the remarkable correspondence among the plants which flourished during Upper Palaeozoic times in India, South Africa, and the portions of East Africa which have been explored, there is an agreement between the peculiar generalized labyrinthodonts and reptiles, of which remains are found in the Panchet series of India and in corresponding beds in South Africa. So far as this evidence goes, it points either to a complete land connexion, or to an approximation sufficiently close to permit free migration of land animals and plants.

There is still another piece of evidence as to the existence of the old Indo-African continent, all the more striking because it belongs to an entirely different field of observation. It is found that between the Seychelles, which are connected by comparatively shallow waters with Madagascar and Africa, and the Maldives, which are on the Indian continental platform, there exists a submarine bank, preventing the ice-cold Antarctic currents that characterize the greater depths in the South Indian Ocean from extending into the Arabian Sea, which has thus a higher temperature than the water at corresponding depths to the south of this bank. We have here the remains of the old continent, depressed sufficiently to cut off India from South Africa, but still enduring as a bank between the great abyssal depressions to the north-west and the south-east.

A. D. Watson

VESPER HYMN

Day-time is ending, and slumber, descending
 Soft as the dew, falls caressing and light.
 Lord, ever tending Thy sheep and defending,
 On us anew falls Thy Blessing to-night.

Master, Thy treasure of Love, beyond measure,
 Steadfastly keeping, unshaken may we—
 Through pain or pleasure, 'mid labour or leisure—
 Find that, in sleeping, we waken with thee.

C. W. S. M.

VESPER HYMN

W.P..

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. Both staves are in the key of D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The music features a series of chords and melodic lines, with some notes beamed together. The system concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

AMEN.

The second system of the musical score also consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, in the same key and time signature as the first system. It continues the melodic and harmonic development of the hymn. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.



A MOSAIC FROM THE MARTORANA.

PORTRAITS OF THE CHRIST

By ANNIE BESANT

I LATELY drew attention to the wonderful mosaic portraits of the Christ found in Sicily, the work initiated there by the monks of Mount Athos. The frontispiece of our November issue showed the Christ of the Capella Reale of the Palatina in Palermo, and in the picture of that exquisite Chapel now offered to our readers, this portrait may be seen over the high altar, above the Madonna and Child. In this we see again the gorgeous mosaic-work adorning archways and walls.

The Christ of the Martorana reproduces the same type, but is unusual in being a full-length seated figure. Those interested in *mudras* (significant arrangements of the fingers) may note that the Christ of Monreale has the fourth and fifth fingers bent to touch the thumb—the most usual benedictory form—while He of the Capella Palatina and the Martorana bends only the fourth finger, leaving three extended. The Martorana is one of the many Churches of Palermo, and it shows, in its mosque-like form, the influence of the Saracenic conquerors, who have left so deep a mark in Sicily. The lower part of its walls is lined with slabs of porphyry and marble, which produce a wonderfully rich effect, while the arches which spring from the slender

pillars, and all available spaces, are filled with the rich mosaics. It is said to have been originally superior to the Capella Reale, but has been much injured by tasteless nuns who lived in the adjoining convent for some hundred and thirty years, and worked their will on the Chapel. Happily the stately figure of the Christ has not been touched.

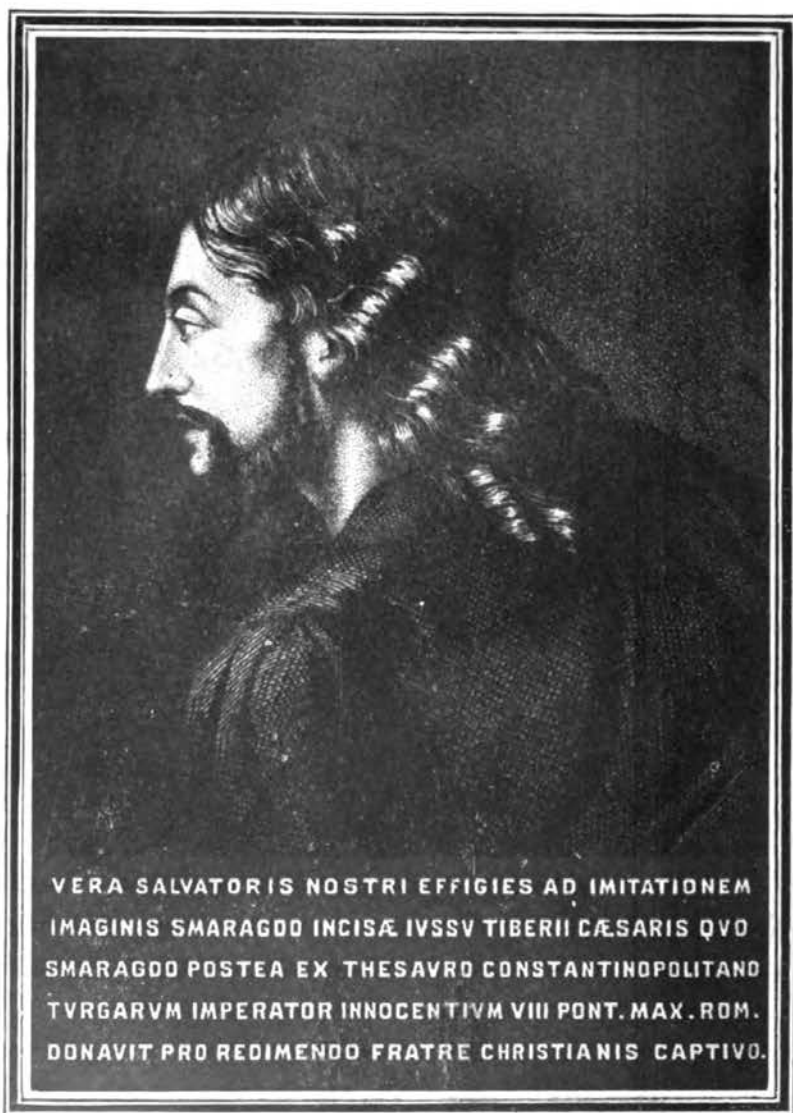
The curious mediæval portrait was sent to me from Germany, and represents the Christ in the armour of one of the priestly Orders of Knighthood; it also is in mosaic, and recalls the Mount Athos tradition.

The fourth portrait is reproduced from that said to have been cut on an emerald in the time of the Emperor Tiberius. The forward-reaching figure and partly opened mouth give the portrait a curiously eager look. The traditional description makes the hair of the "colour of a chestnut fully ripe," and speaks of the gentle gravity and pathos of the Christ: "None have seen Him laugh, but many have seen Him weep." In reading the description, one feels that it is traditional rather than contemporaneous; that the writer is speaking of the 'Man of Sorrows' of the Church, rather than of the Divine Man as He really was when He walked among men. One turns with more satisfaction to the strong and virile face limned by the Athos monks in imperishable mosaic.

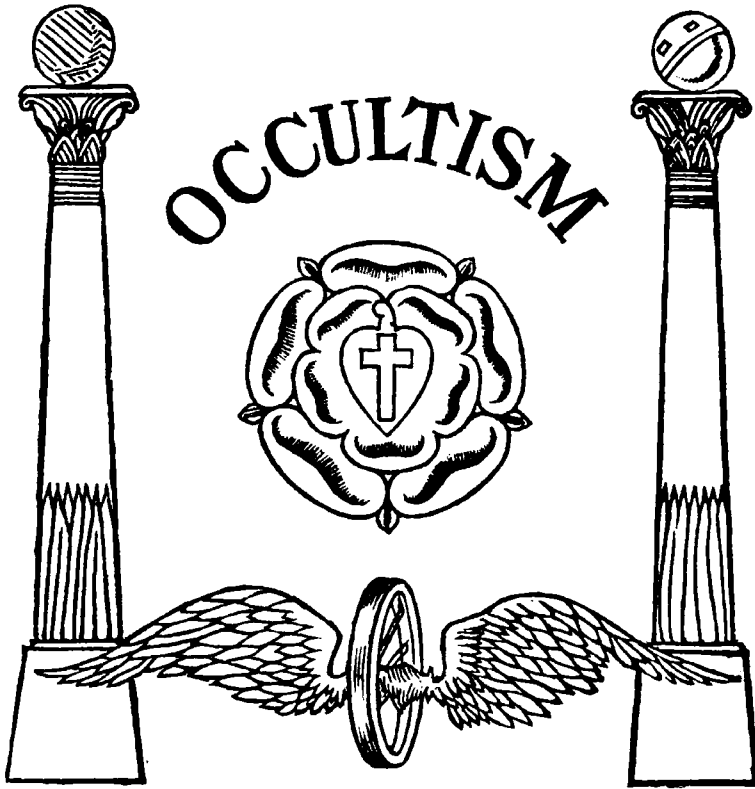
Annie Besant



FROM A MEDIÆVAL PAINTING.



FROM THE EMERALD.



THE MONAD

By C. W. LEADBEATER

THE information given in Theosophical literature on the subject of the Monad is necessarily scanty. We are not at present in a position to supplement it to any great extent; but a statement of the case, as far as it is at present comprehended among us, may save students some misapprehensions, such as are often manifested in the questions sent in to us.

That many misconceptions should exist on such a subject is inevitable, because we are trying to understand

with the physical brain what can by no possibility be expressed in terms intelligible to that brain. The Monad inhabits the second plane of our set of planes—that which used sometimes to be called the parānirvāṇic or the anupāḍaka. It is not easy to attach in the mind any definite meaning to the word plane or world at such an altitude as this, because any attempt even to symbolise the relation of planes or worlds to one another demands a stupendous effort of the imagination in a direction with which we are wholly unfamiliar.

Let us try to imagine what the consciousness of the Divine must be—the consciousness of the Solar Deity altogether outside any of the worlds or planes or levels which we ever conceived. We can only vaguely think of some sort of transcendent Consciousness for which space no longer exists, to which everything (at least in the Solar System) is simultaneously present, not only in its actual condition, but at every stage of its evolution from beginning to end. We must think of that Consciousness as creating for Its use these worlds of various types of matter, and then we must think of that Divine Consciousness voluntarily veiling Itself within that matter, and thereby greatly limiting Itself. By taking upon Itself a garment of the matter of even the highest of these worlds, It has clearly already imposed upon Itself a certain limitation; and, equally clearly, each additional garment assumed as It involves Itself more and more deeply in matter, must increase the limitation.

One way of attempting to symbolise this which has been found helpful is to try to think of it in connection with what we call dimensions of space. If we may suppose an infinite number of these

dimensions, it may be suggested that each descent from a higher level to a lower level removes the consciousness of one of these dimensions, until, when we reach the mental plane or world, the power of observing but five of them is left to us. The descent to the astral level takes away one more, and the further descent to the physical level leaves us with the three which are familiar to us. In order even to get an idea of what this loss of additional dimensions means, we have to suppose the existence of a creature whose senses are capable of comprehending only two dimensions, and then to imagine in what respect the consciousness of that creature would differ from ours, and thus try to obtain an idea of what it would mean to lose a dimension from our consciousness. Such an exercise of the imagination will speedily convince us that the two-dimensional creature could never obtain any adequate conception of our life at all; he could be conscious of it only in sections, and his idea of even those sections must be entirely misleading. This enables us to see how inadequate must be *our* conception even of the plane or world next above us; and we at once see the hopelessness of expecting fully to understand the Monad, which is raised by many of these planes or worlds above the point from which we are trying to regard it.

It may help us if we recall to our minds the method in which the Deity originally built these planes. We speak with all reverence in regard to His method, realising fully that we can at most comprehend only the minutest fragment of His work, and that even that fragment is seen by us from below, while He looks upon it from above. Yet we are justified in saying that He sends forth from Himself a wave of power, of

influence of some sort, which moulds the primaeval pre-existent matter into certain forms to which we give the name of atoms.

Into that world or plane or level, so made, comes a second life-wave of divine energy, and to it those atoms already existing are objective, outside of itself, and it builds them into forms which it inhabits. Meantime the first down-flowing wave comes yet again, sweeping through that newly-formed plane or level, and makes yet another, lower, plane with atoms a little larger and matter therefore a little denser—even though its density may as yet be far rarer than our finest conception of matter. Then into that second world comes the second outflowing, and again in that finds matter which to it is objective, and builds of that its forms. And so this process is repeated and the matter grows denser and denser with each world, until at last we reach this physical level ; but it will help us if we bear in mind that at each of these levels the ensouling life of the second outpouring finds matter already vivified by the first outpouring, which it regards as objective, of which it builds the forms which it inhabits.

This process of ensouling forms built out of already vivified matter is continued all through the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, but when we come to the moment of individualisation which divides the highest animal manifestation from the lowest human, a curious change takes place ; that which has hitherto been the ensouling life becomes itself in turn the ensouled, for it builds itself into a form into which the ego enters, of which he takes possession. He absorbs into himself all the experiences which the matter of his causal body has had, so that nothing whatever is lost,

and he carries these on with him through the ages of his existence. He continues the process of forming bodies on lower planes out of material ensouled by the first outpouring from the Third Aspect of the Deity; but he finally reaches a level in evolution in which the causal body is the lowest that he needs, and when this is attained we have the spectacle of the Monad, which represents the third outpouring from the First Aspect of the Deity, inhabiting a body composed of matter ensouled by the second outpouring.

At a far later stage the earlier happening repeats itself once more, and the ego, who has ensouled so many forms during the whole of a chain-period, becomes himself the vehicle, and is ensouled in his turn by the now fully active and awakened Monad. Yet here, as before, nothing whatever is lost from the economy of nature. All the manifold experiences of the ego, all the splendid qualities developed in him, all these pass into the Monad himself and find there a vastly fuller realisation than even the ego could have given them.

Of the condition of consciousness of the Solar Deity outside of the planes of His system, we can form no true conception. He has been spoken of as the Divine Fire; and if for a moment we adopt that time-honoured symbolism, we may imagine that Sparks from that Fire fall into the matter of our planes—Sparks which are of the essence of that Fire, but are yet in appearance temporarily separated from it. The analogy cannot be pushed too far, because all sparks of which we know anything are thrown out from their parent fire and gradually fade and die; whereas these Sparks develop by slow evolution into Flames, and return to the Parent Fire. This development and this return are apparently the

objects for which the Sparks come forth ; and the process of the development is that which we are at the present moment concerned to try to understand.

It seems that the Spark as such cannot in its entirety veil itself beyond a certain extent ; it cannot descend beyond what we call the second plane, and yet retain its unity. One difficulty with which we are confronted in trying to form any ideas upon this matter is that, as yet, none of us who investigate are able to raise our consciousness to this second plane ; in the nomenclature recently adopted we give to it the name of *Monadic* because it is the home of the *Monad* ; but none of us have yet been able to realise that *Monad* in his own habitation, but only to see him when he has descended one stage to the plane or level or world below his own, in which he shows himself as the triple *Spirit*, which in our earlier books we call the *Ātmā* in man. Even already he is incomprehensible, for he has three aspects which are quite distinct and apparently separate, and yet they are all fundamentally one and the same.

It has been described in other books how one of these three aspects (or it would be more correct to say the *Monad* in his first aspect) cannot or does not descend below that spiritual level ; while in his second aspect he does descend into the matter of the next lower world (the intuitional), and when that aspect has drawn round itself the matter of that level we call it divine wisdom in man, or the intuition. Meanwhile, the third aspect (or rather the *Monad* in his third aspect) descends also to that intuitional plane and clothes itself in its matter, and adopts a form to which as yet no name has been attached in our literature ; but it also moves forward or downward one more stage, and

clothes itself in the matter of the higher mental world, and then we call it the intellect in man. When that threefold manifestation on the three levels has thus developed itself, and shows itself as Spirit, intuition and intellect, we give to it the name of the ego, and that ego takes upon himself a vehicle built of the matter of the higher mental plane, to which we give the name of the causal body. This ego so functioning in his causal body has often been called in our earlier literature the higher self, and sometimes also the soul.

We see the ego then to be a manifestation of the Monad on the higher mental plane ; but we must understand that he is infinitely far from being a perfect manifestation. Each descent from plane to plane means much more than a mere veiling of the Spirit ; it means also an actual diminution in the amount of Spirit expressed. To use terms denoting quantity in speaking of such matters is entirely incorrect and misleading ; yet if an attempt is to be made to express these higher matters in human words at all, these incongruities cannot be wholly avoided ; and the nearest that we can come, in the physical brain, to a conception of what happens when the Monad involves himself in matter of the spiritual plane, is to say that only part of him can possibly be shown there, and that even that part must be shown in three separate aspects, instead of in the glorious totality which he really *is* in his own world. So when the second aspect of the triple Spirit comes down a stage and manifests as intuition, it is not the whole of that aspect which so manifests, but only a fraction of it. And so when the third aspect descends two planes and manifests itself as intellect, it is only a fraction of a fraction of what the intellect-aspect of the

Monad really is. Therefore the ego is not a veiled manifestation of the Monad, but a veiled representation of a minute portion of the Monad.

As above, so below. As the ego is to the Monad, so is the personality to the ego. So that, by the time you have reached the personality with which we have to deal in the physical world, the fractionisation has been carried so far that the part we are able to see bears no appreciable proportion to the reality which it so inadequately represents. Yet it is with and from this ridiculously inadequate fragment that we are endeavouring to comprehend the whole! Our difficulty in trying to understand the Monad is the same in kind, but much greater in degree, as that which we find when we try really to grasp the idea of the ego. In the earlier years of the Theosophical Society there were many discussions about the relations of the lower and the higher self. In those days we did not understand the doctrine even as well as we understand it now; we had not the grasp of it which longer study has given us. I am speaking of a group of students in Europe, who had behind them the Christian traditions, and the vague ideas which Christianity attaches to the word 'soul'.

The ordinary Christian by no means identifies himself with his 'soul,' but regards it as something attached to himself in some kind of indefinite way—something for the saving of which he is responsible. Perhaps no ordinary man among the devotees of that religion attaches any very definite idea to the word, but he would probably describe it as the immortal part of him, though in ordinary language he talks of it as a possession, as something separate from him. In the *Magnificat*, the Blessed Virgin is made to say: "My soul doth magnify

the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." She may here be drawing a distinction between the soul and the spirit, as S. Paul does ; but she speaks of them both as possessions, and not as the I. She does not say: "I as a soul magnify ; I as a spirit rejoice." This may be merely a question of language ; yet surely this loose language expresses an inaccurate and ill-defined idea. That idea was in the air all about us in Europe, and no doubt we were influenced by it, and at first to some extent we substituted the term 'higher self' for 'soul'.

So we used such expressions as 'looking up to the higher self,' 'listening to the promptings of the higher self,' and so on. I remember that Mr. Sinnett used sometimes to speak a little disparagingly of the higher self, remarking that it ought to take more interest than it seemed to do in the unfortunate personality struggling on its behalf down here ; and he used jokingly to suggest the formation of a society for the education of our higher selves. It was only gradually that we grew into the feeling that the higher self was *the man*, and that what we see down here is only a very small part of him. Only little by little did we learn that there is only one consciousness, and that the lower, though an imperfect representation of the higher, is in no way separate from it. We used to think of raising 'ourselves' till we could unite 'ourselves' with that glorified higher being, not realising that it was the higher that was the true self, and that to unite the higher to the lower really meant opening out the lower so that the higher might work in it and through it.

It takes time to become thoroughly permeated by Theosophical ideas. It is not merely reading the books,

it is not merely hard study even, that makes us real Theosophists ; we must allow time for the teaching to become part of ourselves. We may notice this constantly in the case of new members. People join us, people of keen intelligence, people of the deepest devotion, truly anxious to do the best they can for Theosophy, and to assimilate it as rapidly and perfectly as possible ; and yet with all that, and with all their eager study of our books, they cannot at once put themselves into the position of the older members ; and they will sometimes show that, by making some crude remark which is not at all in harmony with Theosophical teaching. I do not mean to suggest that the *mere* efflux of time will produce these effects, for obviously a man who does not study may remain a member for twenty years and be but little forwarder at the end of that time than he was at the beginning ; but one who patiently studies, one who lives much with those who know, enters presently into the spirit of Theosophy—or perhaps it might be better said that the spirit of Theosophy enters into *him*.

Evidently, therefore, new members should never intermit their studies, but try to understand the doctrines from every point of view. Year by year we are all growing into the attitude of those who are older than ourselves, and it comes chiefly by association and conversation with those older students. The Masters know almost infinitely more than the highest of Their pupils, and so those highest pupils continue to learn from association with Them ; we who are lower pupils know much less than those who stand above, and so we in turn learn by association with them ; and in the same way those who are not yet even at our level may learn something from similar association with us. So always

the older members can help the younger, and the younger have much to learn from those who have trodden the road before them. It was in this gradual way that we came to understand about the higher and the lower self.

If we try to express the relation of the personality to the ego, we can best put it by saying that the former is a fragment of the latter, a tiny part of him expressing itself under serious difficulties. We meet a person on the physical plane; we speak to him; and we think and say that we know him. It would be a little nearer the truth if we said that we knew a thousandth part of him. Even when clairvoyance is developed—even when a man develops the sight of his causal body, and looks at the causal body of another man—even then, though he sees a manifestation of the ego on his own plane, he is still far from seeing the real man. I have tried, by means of the illustrations in *Man, Visible and Invisible*, to give some indication of one side of the aspect of these higher vehicles; but the illustrations are in reality absolutely inadequate; they can give only faint adumbrations of the real thing. When any one of our readers develops the astral sight, he may reasonably say to us, as the Queen of Sheba said to King Solomon: “The half was not told me.” He may say: “Here is all this glory and this beauty, which surrounds me in every direction and seems so entirely natural; it should be easy to give a better description of this.” But when, having seen and experienced all this, he returns to his physical body and tries to describe it in physical words, I think he will find much the same difficulties as we have done.

Yet remember that when, using the sight of the causal body, a man looks at the causal body of another,

it is not even then the ego that he sees, but only matter of the higher mental plane which expresses the qualities of the ego. Those qualities affect the matter, cause it to undulate at different rates, and so produce colours, by observing which the character of the man can be distinguished. This character, at that level, means the good qualities which the man has developed ; for no evil qualities can express themselves in matter so refined. In observing such a causal body, we know that it has within it all the qualities of the Deity—all possible good qualities, therefore ; but not all of them are developed until the man reaches a very high level. When an evil quality shows itself in the personality, it must be taken to indicate that the opposite good quality is as yet undeveloped in the ego ; it exists in him, as in every one, but it has not yet been called into activity. So soon as it is called into activity its intense vibrations act upon the lower vehicles, and it is impossible that the opposite evil can ever again find place in them.

Taking the ego for the moment as the real man, and looking at him on his own plane, we see him to be indeed a glorious being ; the only way in which down here we can form a conception of what he really is is to think of him as some splendid angel. But the expression of this beautiful being on the physical plane may fall far short of all this ; indeed, it must do so—first, because it is only a tiny fragment ; and secondly, because it is so hopelessly cramped by its conditions. Suppose a man put his finger into a hole in the wall, or into a small iron pipe, so that he could not even bend it ; how much of himself as a whole could he express through that finger in that condition ? Much like this is the fate of that fragment of the ego which is put down

into this dense body. It is so small a fragment that it cannot represent the whole; it is so cramped and shut in that it cannot even express what it is. The image is clumsy, but it may give some sort of idea of the relation of the personality to the ego.

Let us suppose that the finger has a considerable amount of consciousness of its own, and that, being shut off from the body, it temporarily forgets that it is part of that body; then it forgets also the freedom of the wider life, and tries to adapt itself to its hole, and to gild its sides and make it an enjoyable hole by acquiring money, property, fame and so on—not realising that it only really begins to live when it withdraws itself from the hole altogether, and recognises itself as a part of the body. When we draw ourselves out of this particular hole at night and live in our astral bodies, we are much less limited and much nearer to our true selves, though we still have two veils—our astral and mental bodies—which prevent us from being fully ourselves, and so fully expressing ourselves. Still, under those conditions we are much freer, and it is much easier to comprehend realities; for the physical body is the most clogging and confining of all, and imposes upon us the greatest limitations.

It would help us much if we could suppose away our limitations one by one; but it is not easy. Realise how in the astral body we can move quickly through space—not instantaneously, but still quickly; for in two or three minutes we might move round the world. But even then we cannot get anywhere without passing through the intervening space. We can come into touch at that level with other men in their astral bodies. All their feelings lie open to us, so that they cannot deceive

really I?" And he will discover that it is not he at all, but something else that is trying to get hold of him and make him feel thus. He has the right and the duty to assert his independence of that thing, and to proclaim himself as a free man, pursuing the road of evolution which God has marked out for him.

Thus it is at present our business to realise ourselves as the ego; but when that is fully accomplished, when the lower is nothing but a perfect instrument in the hands of the higher, it will become our duty to realise that even the ego is not the true man. For the ego has had a beginning—it came into existence at the moment of individualisation; and whatever has a beginning must have an end. Therefore even the ego, which has lasted since we left the animal kingdom, is also impermanent. Is there then nothing in us that endures, nothing that will have no end? There is the Monad, the Divine Spark, which is verily a fragment of God, an atom of the Deity. Crude and inaccurate expressions, assuredly; yet I know of no other way in which the idea can be conveyed even as well as in words such as these. For each Monad is literally a part of God, apparently temporarily separated from Him, while he is enclosed in the veils of matter, though in truth never for one moment really separated.

He can never be apart from God, for the very matter in which he veils himself is also a manifestation of the Divine. To us sometimes matter seems evil, because it weighs us down, it clogs our faculties, it seems to hold us back upon our road; yet remember that this is only because as yet we have not learned to control it, because we have not realised that it also is divine in its essence, because there is nothing but God. A Sūfī sage

once told me that this was his interpretation of the cry which rings out daily in the call of the muezzin from the minaret all over the Muhammadan world: "There is no God but God, and Muhammad is the Prophet of God." He told me that in his opinion the true mystical meaning of the first part of this cry was: "There is nothing but God." And that is eternally true; we know that all comes from Him, and that to Him all will one day return, but we find it hard to realise that all is in Him even now, and that in Him it eternally abides. All is God—even the desire-elemental, and the things which we think of as evil; for many waves of life come forth from Him, and not all of them are moving in the same direction.

We, being Monads, belonging to an earlier wave, are somewhat fuller expressions of Him, somewhat nearer to Him in our consciousness than the essence out of which is made the desire-elemental. In the course of our evolution there is always a danger that a man should identify himself with the point at which he is most fully conscious. Most men at present are more conscious in their feelings and passions than anywhere else, and of this the desire-elemental craftily takes advantage, and endeavours to induce the man to identify himself with those desires and emotions.

So when the man rises to a somewhat higher level, and his principal activity becomes mental, there is danger lest he should identify himself with the mind, and it is only by realising himself as the ego, and making that the strongest point of his consciousness, that he can fully identify himself with it. When he has done that, he has achieved the goal of his present efforts; but immediately he must begin his effort over again at that higher level,

and try gradually to realise the truth of the position we laid down at the beginning, that as the personality is to the ego, so is the ego to the Monad. It is useless at our present stage to endeavour to indicate the steps which he will have to take in order to do this, or the stages of consciousness through which he will pass. Such conceptions as can be formed of them may be arrived at by applying the ancient rule that what is below is but a reflection of that which exists in higher worlds, so that the steps and the stages must to some extent be a repetition upon a higher level of those which have already been experienced in our lower efforts.

We may reverently presume (though here we are going far beyond actual knowledge) that when we have finally and fully realised that the Monad is the true man, we shall find behind that again a yet further and more glorious extension ; we shall find that the Spark has never been separated from the Fire, but that as the ego stands behind the personality, as the Monad stands behind the ego, so the Solar Deity Himself stands behind the Monad. Perhaps, even further still, it may be that in some way infinitely higher, and so at present utterly incomprehensible, a greater Deity stands behind the Solar Deity, and behind even that, through many stages, there must rest the Supreme over all. But here even thought fails us, and silence is the only true reverence.

For the time, at least, the Monad is our personal God, the God within us, that which produces us down here as a manifestation of him on these all but infinitely lower levels. What his consciousness is on his own plane we cannot pretend to say, nor can we fully understand it even when he has put upon himself the first veil, and become the triple Spirit. The only way to

understand such things is to rise to their level, and to become one with them. When we do that we shall comprehend, but even then we shall be utterly unable to explain to any one else what we know. It is at that stage, the stage of the triple Spirit, that we can first see the Monad, and he is then a triple light of blinding glory, yet possessing even at that stage certain qualities by which one Monad is somehow distinct from another.

Often a student asks: "But what have we to do with it while we are down here—this unknown glory so far above us?" It is a natural question, yet in reality it is the reverse of what should be; for the true man *is* the Monad, and we should rather say: "What can I, the Monad, do with my ego, and through it with my personality?" This would be the correct attitude, for this would express the actual facts; but we cannot truthfully take it, because we cannot realise this. Yet we can say to ourselves: "I know that I am that Monad, though as yet I cannot express it; I know that I am the ego, a mere fraction of that Monad, but still out of all proportion greater than what I know of myself in the personality down here. More and more I will try to realise myself as that higher and greater being; more and more I will try to make this lower presentation of myself worthy of its true destiny; more and more will I see to it that this lower self is ever ready to catch the slightest hint or whisper from above—to follow the suggestions from the ego which we call intuitions—to distinguish the Voice of the Silence and to obey it."

For the Voice of the Silence is not one thing always, but changes as we ourselves evolve; or perhaps it would be better to say that it is in truth one thing always, the voice of God, but it comes to us at different levels as

we ourselves rise. To us now it is the voice of the ego, speaking to the personality; presently it will be the voice of the Monad, speaking to the ego; later still the voice of the Deity, speaking to the Monad. Probably between these last two stages there may be an intermediate one, in which the voice of one of the seven great Ministers of the Deity may speak to the Monad, and then in turn the Deity Himself may speak to His Minister; but always the Voice of the Silence is essentially divine.

It is well that we should learn to distinguish this voice—this voice which speaks from above and yet from within; for sometimes other voices speak, and their counsel is not always wise. A medium finds this, for if he has not trained himself to distinguish, he often thinks that every voice coming from the astral plane must necessarily be all but divine, and therefore to be followed unquestioningly. Therefore discrimination is necessary, as well as watchfulness and obedience.

Does the Monad, in the case of the ordinary man, ever do anything which affects or can affect his personality down here? I think we may say that such interference is most unusual. The ego is trying, on behalf of the Monad, to obtain perfect control of the personality and to use it as an instrument; and because that object is not yet fully achieved, the Monad may well feel that the time has not yet come for him to interfere from his own level, and to bring the whole of his force to bear, when that which is already in action is more than strong enough for the required purpose. But when the ego is already beginning to succeed in his effort to manage his lower vehicles, the real man in the background does sometimes interfere.

In the course of various investigations it has come in our way to examine some thousands of human beings ; but we found traces of such interference only in a few. The most prominent instance is that given in the twenty-ninth life of Alcyone, when he pledged himself before the Lord Gauṭama to devote himself in future lives to the attainment of the Buddhahood in order to help humanity. That seemed to us then a matter of such moment, and also of such interest, that we took some trouble to investigate it. This was a promise for the far-distant future, so that obviously the personality through which it was given could by no means keep it ; and when we rose to examine the part borne in it by the ego, we found that he himself, though full of enthusiasm at the idea, was being impelled to it by a mightier force from within, which he could not have resisted, even had he wished to do so. Following this clue still further, we found that the impelling force came forth unmistakably from the Monad. He had decided, and he registered his decision ; his will, working through the ego, will clearly have no difficulty in bringing all future personalities into harmony.

We found some other examples of the same phenomenon in the course of the investigations into the beginnings of the Sixth Root Race. Looking forward to the life in that Californian Colony, we recognised instantly certain well-known egos ; and then arose the question : “ Since men have free-will, is it possible that we can already be absolutely certain that all these people will be there as we foresee ? Will none of them fall by the way ? ” Further examination showed us that the same thing was happening here as with Alcyone. Certain Monads had already responded to the call of the higher

Authorities, and had decided that their representative personalities should assist in that glorious work ; and because of that, nothing that these personalities might do during the intervening time could possibly interfere with the carrying out of that decision.

Yet let no one think, because this is so, that he is compelled from without to do this or that ; the compelling force is the real you ; none else than yourself can ever bind you at any stage of your growth. And when the Monad has decided, the thing will be done ; it is well for the personality if he yields gracefully and readily, if he recognises the voice from above, and co-operates gladly ; for if he does not do this, he will lay up for himself much useless suffering. It is always the man himself who is doing this thing ; and he, in the personality, has to realise that the ego is himself, and he has for the moment to take it for granted that the Monad is still more himself—the final and greatest expression of him.

Surely this view should be the greatest possible encouragement to the man working down here, this knowledge that he is a far grander and more glorious being in reality than he appears to be, and that there is a part of him—enormously the greater part—which has already achieved what he, as a personality, is trying to achieve ; and that all that he has to do down here is to try to make himself a perfect channel for this higher and more real self ; to do his work and to try to help others in order that he may be a factor, however microscopic, in forwarding the evolution of the world. For him who knows, there is no question of the saving of the soul ; the true man behind needs no salvation ; he needs only that the lower self should

realise him and express him. He is himself already divine; and all that he needs is to be able to realise himself in all the worlds and at all possible levels, so that in them all the Divine Power through him may work equally, and so God shall be all in all.

C. W. Leadbeater

A NOTE

A short poem, rather original in idea, in treatment, is contributed to the *Academy* by Mr. G. M. Hort, under the title 'A Man's Bargain'. The opening verses are:

If I cry out for fellowship,
 A comrade's voice, a comrade's grip,
 A hand to hold me when I slip,
 An ear to heed my groan ;
 Renew that hour's dark ecstasy,
 When all Thy waves went over me,
 And Thou and I, with none to see,
 Were joined in fight alone.

If I demand a sheltered space
 Set for me in the battle-place,
 Where I at times could turn my face,
 A screened and welcome guest ;
 Decree my soul should henceforth cease
 From its wild hankering after peace,
 And rest in that which gives release
 From the desire of rest.

If I for final goal should ask,
 Some meaning for the long day's task,
 Some ripened field that yet may bask
 Secure from hurricane ;
 Point to Thy locust-eaten sheaves,
 The burnt-out stars, the still-born leaves,
 And by the toil no hope retrieves,
 Nerve me to toil again !

WORK ON HIGHER PLANES

By WELLER VAN HOOK, M. D.

NOW that the atmospheres of the astral and lower mental planes are, for America, so much cleaner than they were, and that their comparative purity is held for them by great Beings against the time of His Coming, we may well believe that many things may, for the time, be done there which formerly could not have been thought of. And no doubt many people will now be able to work in generous measure of consciousness there, who would ordinarily not be strong enough to cope with the difficulties of that life.

Frequently staunch and well-seasoned Theosophists ask if they can be supposed to be awake and helping, forgetful of Mr. Leadbeater's statement that a vast body of people of the higher type of humanity are now busy above in sleep, and that enthusiastic Theosophists must certainly be active there when their hearts are so fixed on service.

During this period of special blessing, there will no doubt be a great work to be done on the physical and the higher planes, among and through the established organisations of the world, especially among the religious bodies and the almost equally consecrated people engaged in teaching, in healing the sick, and in governing. And it may well be imagined that suitable persons

will be chosen in the various organisations to receive counsel and give aid in this work—so important is it that advantage be taken of the great outpouring of grace.

The added powers of the Theosophical Society through the recent addition of some of its members to the ranks of the great Lodge, as told by Mrs. Besant, are cause for our most profound gratitude to the Masters. And we shall do well to use every effort to bring them into our American work as far as possible.

Mr. Leadbeater has told us that the man who functions on the astral and lower mental planes ought to set himself, each night, some definite task of his own discovery or devising, in order that he may develop his own knowledge, intuition, discrimination and judgment as to work of this kind. It is but a step to add that each should also train himself, during the day-time, the 'physical-consciousness' period, to some definite type of work which he believes would have an important bearing on the astral work. This training will give the man the astral plane command of the needed data with which to work. For example, it would be of great value on the astral plane for a Freemason to know not only the routine of Masonic facts, but also the relation of Masons to religions, governments, etc., and especially to the jurisdictions of Masonry in America and the distribution of Masonic Lodges. Moreover, a continuous effort for a number of years to do the same work will give skill as well as knowledge and general helpfulness.

There is always, first, the duty to help our Theosophists in all kinds of ways on the higher planes, though it is now the time during which *it is especially desired to use the Society as a weapon for outside work.* The claims of Theosophy always come first.

But international relations, peace movements, the work, in its larger aspects, of the great religious bodies, the semi-religious organisations that are trying to blend the efforts of our churches, the work of scientific bodies, of the congresses of philosophy, hygiene, sociology, etc., need attention. Masonry, medical work, sick-nursing, charitable institutions need, and may well receive, more or less directive aid. All the arts need careful assistance. Now-a-days scholars are reviving the ancient and honourable practice of wandering "in strange landes," and we hear of exchange-professorships being regarded as a necessary phase of scholastic life. What a world of good might be accomplished with a little aid to them, if we might be permitted to render it!

Let every Theosophist, then, take up some line of collateral higher-planes interest with the thought, if permission is given in token of the wisdom of his choice, of doing some good outside our immediate ranks to the great body of humanity among whom our lines are cast.

The undersigned has collected some data pertaining to various organisations and will be pleased to correspond with those interested.

Weller Van Hook

31. N. State Street, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

ADYAR IN CONVENTION

By WILLIAM H. KIRBY, M.A., F. T. S.

LAST evening as I rode in at the gates of the Theosophical Society's grounds in Adyar after the thousands and thousands had left who, during the last week, had come and gone from their spiritual pilgrimage here, the impression stole in on me of how peaceful yet how alive everything was, how pregnant the whole atmosphere, how strong the power of this week's crowded memories.

As when a tired but exultant athlete, the race being won, flings himself down on the grass and, though his body be weary and panting and his nerves still throbbing with the strain, feels nevertheless with peculiar clarity and distinctness every detail, every feature, every incident of the race; feels too the delicious repose of conscious strength and work well done; so was the feeling pervading the Headquarters, the fields and paths and shady groves of Adyar, as the sinking sun drew out all tones of colour from the charged magnetic atmosphere and painted the tired paths with wondrous purple shadows.

All day jhutkas, carriages, bullock-waggon, motor-cars, bicycles, and every form of conveyance, practical and unpractical, picturesque and otherwise, had noisily and unceasingly been carrying away once more into

the outer world our guests and brothers. As spokes in a wheel radiate out from centre to circumference, so our visitors to this centre have now dispersed in all directions from the hub to the circumference of the Theosophic wheel; each going forth as an important factor in the place he occupies, enriched, a messenger, bearing with him all he has been able to receive, filled with added power, a new inspiration for those he dwells and works among.

But, though the place was empty, the annual pilgrimage over, and the signs of the great departure evident on all sides, yet the atmosphere of Adyar was full, charged, throbbing, strong, with the power of work well done pervading the now still surroundings. Moreover beyond and above all this, there rested a sense of blessing, a sweet, gentle feeling of delicious repose, of utter confidence in the present and of joyous, certain promise in the future. This sense of peace and benediction, that can always be felt by the sensitive here in Adyar, was wonderfully present on returning from wishing friends God-speed at the station in the city, and entering once more the quiet precincts of what our President has truly called 'Master's land,' that evening when all had once again departed save the abiding spirit of the place.

Let it be said at once that the Convention has been an exceptionally successful one in many ways; and how should it have been otherwise when its dominant notes were: serenity, good-will, harmony?

There have been Conventions when any little matter, any small wrinkle on the surface of things, has offered a pretext for discussion, gossip or dispute. I remember some where trivial incidents, trifling

discomforts, little blemishes, had been magnified by useless talk into grievances and sore spots. Nothing of the kind has happened at this Convention. It seemed as if all had tacitly resolved that nothing of the kind *should* happen. Incidents, little inconveniences, slight blemishes there may have been, now as before, but what there has not been is the tendency to take them up and make much of them. Rather has the excellent spirit grown up amongst all of bearing good-humouredly with any of these trivialities, in the knowledge that time gradually improves most things, and that, in any case, such trifles pass and are not worth noticing.

It says much for the evolution of the Theosophical Society's members in general, that though the past year has by no means been free from troubles and attacks, local and otherwise, yet now, when representatives and delegates, not of this country alone but of practically all civilised nations scattered over the world, have come together to discuss the Society's affairs, the Convention has met, acted, and parted in a spirit of utmost harmony and good-will, proving to the world at large in a dignified manner the Society's strength and virtue.

The encouraging phenomenon has been witnessed in this Convention of new stamina in the Society, of new and conscious strength in the corporate body through growth in the individual members.

We have been rather accustomed in past times to look to Mrs. Besant, to Mr. Leadbeater, or to other of our foremost and more experienced teachers to be the sole givers of strength and inspiration on the occasion of gatherings such as these. And we have come with the intent to take and to carry away with us—quite

unselfishly it may be and for the good of others—all that we could lay our hands on in the way of spiritual food. But instead this time there appears to me to have been a subtle change in the attitude of most. People came as much to give to our leaders and to each other as to take; a change that produced the strength and the harmony of the proceedings. Members, consciously or unconsciously, seem to have determined to bring to the feet of those from whom they have received so much teaching and help the offering of their personal homage and allegiance, and the precious tribute of their loyal support and co-operation.

It has been perhaps due to a reaction, the logical outcome, the revulsion of feeling, produced in the heart of every earnest and good member against the odious attacks from without and the tedious discussions and sophistries indulged in for some time within the circle of one of the Society's publications. All true members wanted fresh air. So each came determining that he at least would not respond to any echo of unprofitable things, but rather would strenuously manifest his opposition thereto and bring with him only love, confidence and broadmindedness. Thus it has happened, as always, that out of evil good has come. For our members, knowing the Theosophical ship to be staunch and true, knowing in whose hands the tiller is set, knowing who watch over its course and destinies, rally round in their numbers smiling and confident, self-controlled, ready to bear burdens, ready to serve, and faithful in all things with the loyalty of trust and devotion. How foolish those who talk of credulity, of lamb-like subservience, of blind adherence! It is they who are blind, who do not see that such a congress of hundreds

of representative men and women, drawn from all parts of the world, from all ranks of the social scale, from all grades of human thought and belief, could not possibly be held together harmoniously even at one open meeting, let alone for a whole week, where the subjects treated are those which touch the very heart and are most vital to each hearer, unless there existed a fundamental and common bond of union. Do these would-be wise men imagine that in a Society like ours no one has ever thought but themselves? Do they not understand that nearly all have embraced the larger faith because they have outgrown the lesser; have abandoned the dialects of religion because they are learning to speak the language of Universal Religion? No, a Society such as ours could not be held together for a day by the credulity or the blindness of its Fellows. It is the broad platform of its principles which allows all to stand secure and to find their appointed place in God's plan for humanity. It is the response to the big things—our common ideals—which finds an echo in the heart of each, sounding a true note for each, which, in a Convention such as this one of ours just over, produces a symphonic and beautiful chord of sympathy and strong devotion.

That this was so was clearly evidenced by another significant and prominent feature. From the very first it became evident that Convention members desired to show Mr. C. W. Leadbeater their appreciation of his work and how glad they were to have him back here again. The applause and acclamation accorded him, and the almost insistent manifestations of good-will shown him by the crowded audiences that he addressed, were more than sufficient confirmation of the respect and

confidence that are universally felt for Mrs. Besant's great colleague, to whom the whole Society is so much indebted.

Besides all this, one more thing was clear. No one wanted to talk on any unpleasant or unprofitable subjects, of which all are now thoroughly bored and tired. Everyone wanted to enjoy his Convention and make the occasion a festive and positive reply in itself to all detractors inside and outside the Society. In this, members succeeded thoroughly and it remains as a solid and dry matter of fact that this Convention has, both in its public and private meetings, proved an unqualified success.

The Convention programme of 1912 was a very full one, and the arrangements were perforce of a more than usually difficult nature, the numbers attending being again larger than have ever been dealt with before. Notwithstanding the good-will and efforts of all concerned, it will have to be borne in mind on a future occasion that it is now-a-days a very big business to manage and adequately provide for the great numbers that attend a Convention such as this. Already this year, with everyone doing his level best, it was more the adaptability and kindly spirit of all concerned that helped matters out, than the practical efficiency of the arrangements themselves, both as regards Europeans and Indians. It has all become much more complicated in its details, and requires capable experience to handle, and long and careful preparation and organisation beforehand. The work falls on the few, who, however willing, need more help. Certainly all concerned should be thankful that everything has gone off so well, and in turn they should be heartily thanked

for their arduous and willing labours. There was no hitch anywhere, and though the crowding was unavoidable, all went off with the utmost good temper and harmonious spirit. This vigorous growth of attendance and interest in the Society's Conventions is the best answer to critics and traducers.

The first public lecture delivered was that by Mr. G. S. Arundale under the great banyan tree at Blavatsky Gardens, his subject being 'Education as Service'. Mr. Arundale's considerable experience as Principal of the Central Hindū College at Benares made him peculiarly fitted to speak on the subject, and it was evident that it was one close to his heart, one on which he felt deeply all he said. We were reminded of much that is so clearly put in that latest and most suggestive little volume of Alcyone's which was written this summer, and has since appeared under the same title of *Education as Service*. The keynote to the whole subject is that the teacher's office is not only to instil learning and knowledge into the pupil's mind, but also to evolve his character and awaken his inner nature to a wider understanding of men and things through bonds of mutual affection and trust. It is in this personal relation and tie that the responsibility and the power for good of the teacher lie.

The 27th December was a very full day. Beginning with an E. S. (Section) meeting in the early morning, the heavy business of official reports on the work done during the year all the world over had to be undertaken. Here again the Society's unexampled growth was shown by the fact that a second and equally long sitting had to be provided for that which could now no longer, as formerly, be covered by the one meeting.

I refrain from any kind of detailed or orderly report of proceedings, since all that will come in the official volume issued annually for that purpose. Suffice it to say that on all sides, in all countries, growth and vigour are manifest. India has had some slight transitory difficulties, due chiefly to the hostility of its late General Secretary, Babu Bhagavan Das, to the Order of the Star in the East, and to his somewhat illiberal writings on the subject in the Sectional periodical. But this is now past and over with the termination of his period of office. Germany too has shown an even greater intolerance and a still narrower spirit; the result being that the recent attitude of the General Secretary, Dr. Steiner, and his followers towards those who did not think like them has brought about the request of the General Council to the President to cancel the German Sectional Charter. It is quite certain that the temporary loss of membership thereby entailed will, in good time, be made up again as loyal members in Germany join the new Section when that shall have been formed. In all other Sections the reports showed unvarying progress and steady increase in work and the spreading of Theosophical thought.

Mr. C. W. Leadbeater's Question Meetings, both open and E. S., were evidently much enjoyed and appreciated. His breezy manner and lucid, practical style of dealing in detail with Theosophical questions both entertained and instructed the large audiences assembled to hear him. Each evening at 5-30, for four successive evenings, the President delivered her public lectures under the banyan tree at Blavatsky Gardens. Who, having been present, will forget these memorable and beautiful evenings? Apart from the

vastness of the subject-matter covered and the masterly sweep of our President's oratory; apart from all the help, all the instruction, all the inspiration that in ever-new form and with ever-fresh vitality she is able to pour into the hearts of her hearers; the whole setting of the picture was so beautiful, the surroundings so appropriate to the bigness of the subject, that no one with any artistic feeling could have been otherwise than intensely satisfied and uplifted by the beauty of it all, the harmonious blending of all that the senses could perceive and the mind comprehend.

Beginning in daylight, passing on into twilight with the shadows growing longer and longer, we would see through the branches and stems the sun set in all his glorious splendour of colour, taking with him into the west the light of his day's beneficence in the east, yielding quickly to the oncoming shroud of night; and one by one we would see above us the diamond brightness of the stars pierce holes in the canopy of heaven. So too, down under the banyan tree, one by one the little electric lamps suspended in the ample branches twinkled and shone out in the dark recesses of the friendly old tree, spreading its long, grey arms out over the sea of uplifted faces that gazed with rapt attention on the solitary white-clad, white-haired figure we all love, whose musical voice and powerful look and gesture dominated the huge gathering, and gave the people the teaching and the message they had all come so far to seek.

Of the four public lectures given by the President under the banyan tree, the third stands out to my mind as the greatest and most comprehensive of the series. It is in fact one of the biggest and most powerful that

I have heard from our President for a very long time. The four subjects taken for these lectures were as follows: 1. 'Theosophy or Parāvīdyā.' 2. 'Theosophy, the Open Road to the Masters.' 3. 'Theosophy, the Root of all Religions.' 4. 'The Theosophical Society, Its Meaning, Purpose and Functions.' The lectures themselves were very ably reported this year, thanks to the painstaking and excellent work of our stenographic and typewriting members. The local papers had full and accurate accounts of the proceedings, and already copies of these have been sent broadcast to most other countries. The four addresses themselves will be shortly issued in book form, and become precious material for all labourers in the field.

Two other meetings took place under the banyan tree: the Anniversary Meeting, where some fifteen or twenty short speeches were made in the several languages of the various representatives—a meeting, this, that is always popular, as bringing home more clearly to all how wide-spread and how universal is the Theosophic movement; and the final meeting, when Mr. B. P. Wadia delivered an eloquent address on the 'Theosophic Life,' revealing many of the qualities of a promising and effective speaker.

Besides these gatherings in the open air, many and sundry other meetings were held in the big Central Hall, or in one or other of the places devoted to special purposes. The Convention of the Indian Section which took place on the 28th and 29th December will be fully dealt with in its Sectional magazine, and it therefore is enough to say that no jarring note marred the proceedings. Paṇḍit Iqbal Narain Gurtu, who is the Headmaster of the C. H. C. in Benares, was elected

General Secretary for the coming year, and all who know his fine character and well-balanced temperament will feel that the Indian Section is fortunate in the choice of its new General Secretary and will be well led.

Mention must be made of the T. S. Subsidiary Activities, which produced some extremely interesting reports and discussions. There was a T. S. Order of Service meeting, where the two subjects treated were: 'The Path of Service in the Vedas,' presented by A. Mahadeva Shastri, and 'Facts and Ideals of Theosophical Service,' an address by Mrs. Georgia Gagarin. There was also on the following day a Sons of India meeting, where Professor E. A. Wodehouse spoke on 'The Sons and Daughters of the Empire'. A number of interesting subjects, dealing with educational work and the problems it presents, were opened up by several papers read or handed in at the Educational Conference by the principal workers in these fields. It is worth while just to enumerate them: 'The Educative Value of a Language,' by Professor E. A. Wodehouse; 'Secondary Education in Ceylon,' by Principal F. L. Woodward of the Buddhist College, Galle; 'The Place of Intuition in Education,' by Principal F. Arundale of the C. H. C. Girls' School; 'The Education of the Depressed Classes in Southern India,' by Miss Kofel, Superintendent of the Olcott Pañchama Free Schools; 'The Methods of Presenting Spiritual Truths to Students,' by Principal G. S. Arundale, M. A., LL. B. of the Central Hindū College, Benares; besides one or two more which will be eventually included with those already mentioned in the published transactions of this branch of the Theosophical Subsidiary Activities.

It is surely a quite empty reproach, due only to ignorance of our many-sided activities, that Theosophists are only utopian dreamers instead of being, as they are, a leavening and beneficial influence in the activities of the outer world.

The Masonic meetings, both Craft and 18th Degree, were very well attended. Besides these, through the untiring exertions of a London member, here too in Adyar on the lines laid down in London this last summer, a Temple of the Rosy Cross has been founded, which, though confined to Theosophists alone, has already a large membership.

Of the various E. S. meetings, there is no necessity that I should speak here. All know that the heart of the Society beats the stronger for the life-currents that flow from the E. S. vivified by the Outer Head and the growing force of its members. All who attended drew inspiration and help from the more sacred and intimate character of its meetings.

Perhaps the most attractive gathering of the whole Convention was the one held on the 28th of December evening by members of the Star in the East, in commemoration of the memorable occasion at Benares described last year. As Mr. Arundale rightly said, the 28th of December evening is likely to be held by all O. S. E. members as one of their most sacred anniversaries, now and in times to come. Whatever may be said by those who do not know, no amount of empty scoffing can destroy or cancel from the memory of those who were at the meeting at Benares last year and saw what they saw and felt what they felt, the impressive experience that causes that date and that remembrance to be set apart for special commemoration each year. That there

was some slight echo of all this in those present this year was evident by the peculiarly simple and pleasant 'feel' of the assembled gathering. Mr. Arundale first, then Mr. Leadbeater and lastly Mrs. Besant spoke; but over and beyond all three, over and around the assembly, there seemed to hover the spirit of gentleness and simplicity, the memory of the Head of the Order so much beloved by all. Though far away in England on that night, doubtless the tender, loving thought of his devoted followers brought something, however indefinite, of his presence into their midst and sweetened the whole proceedings. What blind and bigoted folly on the part of would-be wise-acres and Society-savers to attempt to quench any spark of hope, any little flame of belief or devotion that, growing strong in the human breast, fills it with the warmth of kindness and nourishes it with the desire to offer and give itself for the help of human kind! Are not beliefs and persuasions and aspirations as many as are the rays of the Sun? Do they not all lead eventually to the great central Light? What is this presumption among the blind that would dash down every glimmer of light, every nascent ray of hope, from those who watch for the spiritual dawning and are beginning to see? What is this conceit of the stiff-necked that would take away each prop, cut off every little tendril that the human plant puts out when spring is coming, and when it is trying to creep upwards to the light and warmth of the Sun? A great One has said: "It were better that a millstone were hung about his neck and that he were cast into the depths of the sea than that he should offend one of these little ones." Oh, when will people who claim liberty of thought for themselves allow others that same liberty to think and

believe what they can, and what will make their lives better, happier and more useful? Truly, one thought that at least for this was the Theosophical Society founded!

Looking over the course of this great and successful Convention, to my mind three meetings stand out predominantly. Curiously enough they form a sort of trinity of power, love and intellect. They are: the President's masterly third public lecture on 'Theosophy, the Root of all Religions'; the O. S. E. meeting with its peculiarly gentle, loving atmosphere; and the strong, vigorous and combative reply of Mrs. Besant at the end of the meeting on the T. S. policy, wherein she pulverised the opposers and squarely and fairly set forth the views she held and the platform she stood for, informing at the same time the world that the Society has borne long enough the charges against its honour and reputation, and that she will henceforth, as its President, take prompt and vigorous action wherever and whenever necessary to uphold the Society's good name. The announcement that the General Council of the Theosophical Society had formally voted a unanimous resolution of support and sympathy in the action she was taking and the burdens she was enduring for the Society's welfare was received with cordial endorsement and applause by all present. Votes of confidence in both our leaders, Mrs. Besant and Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, proposed and seconded by Sir Subramania Iyer and Judge Khandalavala, were voted and passed by acclamation by all but one of the delegates and members assembled. These and many other outward signs showed the judgment of the mass of the Convention on all current topics, and revealed the

unshaken belief that all is quite well with the T. S. and its leaders. For that all is well and that the Society is steadily improving and increasing in its growth, despite anything that the shortsighted may say, is shown on all sides in the outer and material things and in the inner and spiritual channels of force.

I have alluded to the expansion and development recorded in the official reports of the various Sections all the world over. Here too in Adyar this growth was rendered objective to us by a very interesting set of magic lantern pictures, most charmingly coloured, shown to us by Mr. C. S. Best, who had the genial idea of exhibiting to the assembled delegates on the very first evening of Convention the extensive developments accomplished and yet to be accomplished on the Adyar estate. Not only were charming and picturesque views of sea, river and quiet nooks passed before us, showing the beauties of the place in which so much is centred and to which so many have come or desire to come; but the possibilities and progress and development of its many-sided activities were detailed before our eyes. In this way members could pick out and choose beforehand the points of interest which in the ensuing week they would visit or inspect at close quarters. We were shown the huge building of Leadbeater Chambers, which has grown up and been filled since last Convention here; the new electric powerhouse and installation; the completed Hindū kitchen and restaurant; and some of the more important buildings such as the enlarged Vasantā Press, from which the streams of Theosophical literature flow forth, and the new extension of the yet growing Theosophical Publishing House

whose business is increasing every year. Many of these pictures can be found in the *Adyar Album*, a collection of photographs done by J. Krishnamurti, which all lovers of Adyar should have in their homes, that their thoughts may become more definite as they think of this centre of Theosophical life. It is of interest to mention in passing that the Theosophical Publishing House sold over four thousand rupees' worth of books during Convention week, and has just brought out those very important works of our President and Mr. Leadbeater, *Man : Whence, How and Whither*, and *The Hidden Side of Things*, which between the two mean something like two thousand pages of absorbingly interesting matter. I want to draw attention also to an exquisite little work by C. Jinarajadasa, full of deep thought and wisdom, entitled *In His Name*, which all should buy and keep. Each of the several establishments that I have enumerated above means a separate staff of organised and technically capable managers and assistants, and most strenuously and thoroughly do they all succeed in carrying out their several duties, often under conditions of considerable difficulty.

We were also shown the extensive plans of improvements in the gardens and grounds, the numerous agricultural experiments being tried by Mr. Huidekoper; and if only cordial financial support is now accorded to these improvements, the Society's property, we are assured, will in a very short time become self-supporting and increasingly valuable. The dairy, the bakery, the farm, the workshops and carpenter's sheds, all these necessary adjuncts to a growing community were shown, and the mind travelled on in fancy and revealed

how things were likely to grow and be perfected from these beginnings of 'the Colony'. Though not shown to us by the magic lantern at this Convention, somewhat of a nightmare I unfortunately lapsed into made it appear that at this rate at some future Convention we shall be shown the steam laundry, the central kitchen or 'bhojanashāla' for *European* varieties of food, the Theosophical 'Army and Navy stores,' the motor and carriage garage where conveyances, big and small, from the automobile to the rickshaw, can be hired for a reasonable figure, the art studio, the concert-hall and music-rooms, the new library buildings, and great lecture-hall, and, finally, streets of new Hindū 'vilas,' European bungalows, and international hotels that, with their surrounding and supplementary buildings and servants' quarters, will make us feel as noisy as Calcutta and as dusty as Madras, and convert the country into town and the simple and inexpensive life into all that is complicated and costly, but *up-to-date*! Long may this dream be averted! For are we not here to lead a simple and almost ascetic life, and to withdraw from what the world considers necessities, but which are really only the costly complications of existence? One exception may perhaps be made to these remarks, and that is in the matter of the library. It has grown and grown, and new buildings are already really needed to house adequately the splendid collection of Oriental literature that makes the Adyar Library almost unique of its kind and highly thought of all the world over. Some hold that a great lecture hall is needed, but we seem to have done very well under the banyan tree, and in this climate there are no draughts, and the air is so much purer, nature so much more picturesque, and the heavens so

much better a ceiling over our heads, than anything man can devise. Of one thing I feel certain that, whatever are the vicissitudes in the business of growing, in the words of Ella Wheeler Wilcox :

I know that there are no errors in the great eternal plan,
And that all things work together for the final good of man.

So too in our Society the errors of to-day will be the experience for to-morrow, and all this growing wave of desire to do and to be, of strenuous effort to help and to serve in the world's enlightenment and uplifting, must make for progress, must tell for good.

So many Gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs.

As our leaders grow older the burden of responsibility and work on their shoulders is multiplied by this very growth on all sides that we are witnessing. With the great hope before us of the coming World-Teacher, it is an instant duty with us, here and now, to try to prepare men's minds for the message He will bear ; for time presses on all sides and the needs of the world of men grow more urgent each day. How good it is to feel that, as time advances, more and more are coming forward prepared consciously to share the burden, and that to every one of us, in his own measure and in his own place, is given the privilege of knowing something of the scheme of things, and therefore of having it as his particular incumbent duty to fill that place loyally and worthily ! As the time draws near, as the preparation grows, we see souls drawn from here, there and everywhere, apparently by chance, regardless of age and condition, into groupings round this or that

person. We see the army of helpers defining themselves into categories of usefulness, entrusted with this or that other piece of work. The world is the field, and those who to-day are close to our leaders to-morrow are far; but what are these limitations of distance but illusions? All work in the great work; each has his place, his karma to bear, his duty to fulfil, and his particular relation to the Masters of the Wisdom. It is They who guide; let us see that we accomplish as far as in each of us lies. The Thirty-seventh Convention is over, and we go back to live and labour in our several ways. Let us joyfully face the future and find our place and our work in the great Plan, remembering that:

All roads that lead to God are good,
What matters it, your faith or mine?
Both centre at the goal divine
Of love's eternal Brotherhood.

William H. Kirby

THE SECRET OF A STAR

By EVA M. MARTIN, F. T. S.

(Continued from p. 597)

VI.

Each sun is a thought of God and each planet a mode of that thought. To know divine thought, O souls, you descend and painfully ascend the path of the seven planets and of their seven heavens. What do the Constellations? What say the Numbers? What revolve the Spheres? O lost or saved souls, they speak, they sing, they roll . . . your destinies!

Fragment (from Hermes)

God made the whole.

He set the sun in heaven, and round it there
Wrought the huge orbs that sail the sea of air:
In these He locked Himself, in each a part,
His power, His knowledge, His all-loving heart.
And lo, at length He saw set forth in space
The flawless mirrored likeness of His face.

Clifford Bax

IT was very quiet in the book-lined library at Sellwood Manor. Outside the open windows the trees were standing motionless in the summer heat, and in the room itself there was no sound save the occasional turning of pages.

Humphrey Peterson sat at his desk, with a pile of books before and around him. Each one lay open at some particular page, or contained a slip of paper, evidently as a marker of some special passage. He took up, apparently at random, one volume after another,

reading a line here and a paragraph there, with an expression of the most intent interest on his keenly intellectual old face.

These were a few of the passages that held his attention :

Hermes is a generic name, like Manu and Buddha. It means, at the same time, a man, a caste, and a God. As man, Hermes is the first, the mighty Initiator of Egypt ; as caste, it is the priesthood, guardian of occult traditions ; whilst as God, it is the planet Mercury, assimilated to a whole category of Spirits, divine Initiators ; in a word, Hermes presides over the supraterrrestrial region of the celestial Initiation. In the spiritual economy of the world, all these things are bound together by secret affinities as by an invisible thread. The name of Hermes is a talisman which sums them all up, a magic sound evoking them into existence. Hence the prestige it possessed. The doctrine of the Fire-Principle and of the Word-Light, contained in the *Vision of Hermes*, will remain the summit and centre of Egyptian Initiation.¹

He turned over the pages to a later part of the book and read again :

The seven spheres attached to the seven planets symbolise seven principles, seven different states of matter and spirit, seven different worlds which each man and each humanity are forced to pass through in their evolution across a solar system. The seven Genii or the seven cosmogonic Gods signify the superior, directing Spirits of all spheres, the offspring themselves of inevitable evolution. The great septenary which enfolds the universe does not vibrate in the seven colours of the rainbow and the seven notes of the scale, only ; it also manifests itself in the constitution of man, which is triple in essence, but sevenfold in its evolution.²

Another was taken up :

The grandiose conception of Thoth as the inspirer of all sacred writings and the teacher of all religion and philosophy was Egyptian and not Greek ; and it was but a sorry equivalent that the Greeks could find in their own pantheon when, in the change of God-names, they were forced to translate 'Thoth' by 'Hermes'. Thoth was thus the Oversoul of all priests ; and when some of the Greeks came to know better what the inner discipline of the true priestly mysteries connoted, they so felt the inadequacy of plain

¹ *Hermes and Plato*, by Edouard Schure.

² *Ibid.*

Hermes as a suitable equivalent for the Egyptian name which designated this great ideal, that they qualified 'Egyptian Hermes' with the honorific epithet 'Thrice-greatest'.¹

He next read the passage which is printed at the beginning of this story, and another from the same source :

I behold thee, Hermes, Son of God, slayer of Argus, Archangel, who bearest the rod of knowledge, by which all things in heaven or on earth are measured.

Double serpents entwine it, because as serpents they must be wise who desire God.

And upon thy feet are living wings, bearing thee fearless through space and over the abyss of darkness; because they must be without dread to dare the void and the deep, who desire to attain and to achieve.

Upon thy side thou wearest a sword of a single stone, two-edged, whose temper resisteth all things.

For they who would slay or save must be armed with a strong and perfect will, defying and penetrating with no uncertain force. . . . Nor is this all thy equipment, Son of God; the covering of darkness is upon thine head, and none is able to strike thee.

This is the magic hat, brought from Hades, the region of silence, where they are who speak not.

He who bears the world on his shoulders shall give it to thee, lest the world fall on thee, and thou be ground into powder.

For he who has perfect wisdom and knowledge, he whose steps are without fear, and whose will is single and all-pervading;

Even he must also know how to keep the divine secret, and not to expose the holy mysteries of God to the sense of the wicked.

He turned rapidly to the appendix at the end of the book, and read :

As is well-known to students of occult science, the name of Hermes has from pre-historic times been for the western world the synonym at once for profound problems and for interpretative insight, his claim to have possessed "the three parts of the knowledge of the whole cosmos"—science, philosophy, and religion—having always been recognised. . . . It is sufficient to know, as an indubitable historical fact, that some of the profoundest of the sages of old claimed Hermes *the Divinity* as the source of their knowledge. . . . It was as the

¹ *The Hymns of Hermes*, by G. R. S. Mead.

Divine Principle itself of Understanding that he was recognised by the Hermetists in the saying: "Est in Mercurio quicquid quaerunt sapientes," as also by the famous Neoplatonist, Proklos, when he thus wrote: "Hermes, as the Messenger of God, reveals to us His paternal Will, and—developing in us the intuition—imparts to us knowledge. The knowledge which descends into the soul from above excels any that can be attained by the mere exercise of the intellect. Intuition is the operation of the soul. The knowledge received through it from above, descending into the soul, fills it with the perception of the interior causes of things. The Gods announce it by their presence, and by illumination, and enable us to discern the universal order."

For "in the Celestial, all things are Persons"; and it is as Persons that the Divine Principles manifest themselves in and to the soul, being seen and heard of it, when duly receptive and percipient. . . . Now of all those who have been enlightened by Hermes, the doctrine is identical, and it is the basic doctrine of all sacred scriptures.

"Truly a deeper and more sublime conception than that of the Greeks," murmured the old man, and taking up another volume he read:

In the myths of the wind, Mercury (or Hermes) was one of the principal personifications. According to the ancients, he was born of the sky (Jupiter) and the plains (Maia), and after a very few hours' existence assumed gigantic proportions, stole away the cattle of the Sun (the clouds) and, after fanning up a great fire in which he consumed some of the herd, glided back into his cradle at dawn. With a low, mocking chuckle at the recollection of the pranks he had played, he sank finally into rest. His name, derived from the Samskr̥ṭ *Sarameias*, means "the breeze of a summer morning"; and it is in his capacity of God of the Wind that he is supposed to waft away the souls of the dead; for "the ancients held that in the wind were the souls of the dead". Mercury is the "lying, tricksome Wind-God who invented music," for his music is but "the melody of the winds, which can awaken feelings of joy and sorrow, of regret and yearning, of fear and hope, of vehement gladness and utter despair".¹

And another:

In the Assyrian religion, Nebo, the last of the five planetary deities, presided over Mercury. It was his special function to have under his charge learning and knowledge. He is called "the God who possesses intelligence," "he who hears from afar," "he who teaches and instructs". The tablets

¹ *The Myths of Greece and Rome*, by H. A. Guerber.

of the royal library at Nineveh are said to contain the "wisdom of Nebo". He is also, like Mercury, the minister of the Gods, but scarcely their messenger. . . . He has a number of general titles, implying divine power. . . 'the sustainer,' 'the supporter,' 'the ever-ready,' 'the guardian of heaven and earth,' 'the lord of the constellations,' etc.¹

The Mithraic Christians actually continued to celebrate Christmas Day as the birthday of the Sun, despite the censures of the Pope. When they listened to the Roman litany of the holy name of Jesus, they knew they were listening to the very epithets of the Sun-God—God of the skies, Purity of the eternal light, King of glory, Sun of justice, strong God, Father of the ages to come, Angel of great counsel. . . . They knew that the Good Shepherd was a name of Apollo; that Mithra, like Hermes and Jesus, carried the lamb on his shoulders; that both were mediators, both creators, both judges of the dead; that the chief mysteries of the two cults were the same. . . . It is now generally admitted that the Christian figure of the lamb-bearing Good Shepherd is taken from the statue of Hermes Kriophorus, the Ram-bearer (*Pausanias*, vi, 33).²

Peterson laid down the book, and stood for a few moments in deep thought.

"How far back the belief stretches!" he said aloud. "And under how many different names does it appear! Mithra, Nebo, Sarameias, Thoth, Hermes, Mercury, Raphael. . . ah! may it not be possible that this thrice-greatest One—he who can be traced back into the dimmest ages of the world's religions, he who has been known by all races and in all lands in different forms—is it not possible that even in these modern days he may bring into closer touch with himself a few rare, outstanding souls, here and there existing, who have been subjected to his influence in some intense degree throughout their earthly evolution, and are thus especially fitted to receive from him some portion of that eternal and secret Wisdom whose guardian and interpreter he is? If it be true, as the Occultists say, that his planet, the

¹ *Religious Systems of the World.* (Swan, Sonnenschein)

² *Ibid.*

planet Mercury, is to be the next scene of humanity's progress when, long hence, all the earth-lessons have been learned, all the more reason why he—or Pan and he, the God of this planet and the God of the next—should be the only two of all the old Greek hierarchy of whose presence the souls of men are sometimes still aware. The 'pipes of Pan' have been heard by many, even in these latter days. I could name at random a dozen books—and more than a dozen poems—in which there figures that great Nature-God, glad-eyed and simple-hearted, yet wrapped in some mysterious awfulness so great that to see him is to die. Indeed, all the present-day 'nature-books,' books on gardening, the 'Simple Life,' the 'Call of the Wild,' the 'Back to the Land' movement, and all that ilk, are obvious survivals—possibly revivals—of the influence of the God Pan. What is it Blackwood says in *The Centaur*, that last extraordinary book of his? Ah, here it is!

Worship, he now understood, of course invited 'the Gods,' and was the channel through which their manifestation became possible to the soul. All the Gods, then, were accessible in this interior way, but Pan especially—in desolate places and secret corners of a wood . . . He remembered dimly the Greek idea of worship in the Mysteries: that the worshipper knew actual temporary union with his deity in ecstasy, and at death went permanently into his sphere of being.

“And yet I do not fancy that man will ever again come into touch with the Earth-Spirit as in the early days, though much of what he learnt then has been forgotten, and must be—is being, I believe—revived. Nevertheless, that lesson, that experience, is of the past. There are new influences at work now, and it seems not unreasonable to suppose that one of the most powerful is the influence of Mercury, or Hermes. Not the old Hermes, as pictured by the Greeks, for that God

was only a dim reflection, a mere shadow of the reality—but a new and vaster Hermes, a Being greater than the mind of man as yet can conceive . . .”

He picked up Lord Lytton's *Zanoni* and read :

Life is the one pervading principle, and even the thing that seems to die and putrify, but engenders new life, and changes to fresh forms of matter. Reasoning then by evident analogy—if not a leaf, if not a drop of water, but is no less than yonder star, a habitable and breathing world . . . common sense would suffice to teach that the circumfluent Infinite, which you call space—the boundless Impalpable which divides the earth from the moon and stars—is filled also with its correspondent and appropriate life.

“ And William James makes the same suggestion. Where's that passage in which Blackwood quotes him? What an extraordinary unity of thought there is on these subjects, when one comes to look into them ! ”

The old man's eyes were shining with excitement, and he seized the other book again with the zest of an ardent hunter following a trail.

Every element has its own living denizens. Ether, then, also has hers—the globes. “ The ocean of ether, whose waves are light, has also her denizens—higher by as much as their element is higher, swimming without fins, flying without wings, moving, immense and tranquil, as by a half-spiritual force through the half-spiritual sea which they inhabit”—sensitive to the slightest pull of one another's attraction: beings in every way superior to us.

“ Life everywhere ! ” Peterson murmured. “ Spirit everywhere ! ‘ God is seen : God in the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul, in the clod.’ Browning knew it—and Wordsworth, and Shelley, who saw ‘ the one Spirit's plastic stress sweep through the dull, dense world,’ and Emerson—who spoke of ‘ the primal mind, that flows in streams, that breathes in wind ’. All the poets knew it ! Carpenter knows it, too—that modern poet the boy is so fond of quoting :

And a voice came to me, saying :

In every creature, in forest and ocean, in leaf and tree and bird and beast and man, there moves a spirit other than its mortal own,

Pure, fluid, as air—intense as fire,
Which looks abroad and passes along the spirits of all
other creatures, drawing them close to itself,
Nor dreams of other law than that of perfect equality;
And this is the spirit of immortality and peace.
And whatsoever creature hath this spirit, to it no harm
may befall:

No harm can befall, for wherever it goes it has its nested
home, and to it every loss comes charged with an equal gain:
It gives—but to receive a thousand-fold;
It yields its life—but at the hands of love;
And death is the law of its eternal growth
And it seemed to me, as I looked, that it penetrated all
things, suffusing them.

And wherever it penetrated, behold! there was nothing
left down to the smallest atom which was not a winged spirit
instinct with life.

“William Blake, poet and mystic, gives the same
identical teaching—he who could see a small bright
spirit sitting in every blossom of a cherry tree! And
Shakspere knew all about it as well as any of them:

There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls.”

He began to pace up and down the room, still lost
in deep thought.

“And the seven spheres—the seven planets. . .
Magnificent indeed is that conception of the guardian
Angel of each planet, ‘the seven great Spirits before
the throne’—Raphael, the angel of Mercury, Zadkiel,
the angel of Jupiter, Azrael, the angel of Venus, and
all the rest. And between us and them a hierarchy of
lesser Spirits, leading upwards step by step, rank by
rank, to those great Ones, beyond whom remains only
the triple Manifestation—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

in terms of Christianity—of the Logos Himself. Each planet, as it were, the body of the Spirit that animates it, even as our bodies are animated by our Spirits—but the nature of that Spirit differing from and transcending ours even as our bodies differ from the planetary bodies. What a task has the New Astrology taken upon itself in endeavouring to interpret these influences upon the souls of men—not upon their outward lives, as the old Astrology did, but upon the inner Spirit, that which is the man himself!

“To grasp the scheme at all—this enormous scheme of the development of human souls along the seven planetary rays—one has to think of it in symbols. First to picture the still, clear, central Light, existing, pure and alive, ‘before all worlds’—and floating in it untold millions of colourless motes—sparks of divinity—monads—potential human beings—potential souls. One has to see this central Light enclosed in a vast transparent lamp, through each of whose windows flows forth a great ray, carrying with it a vast stream of these as yet undeveloped monads. And each window is of a different colour, so that the ray passing through each vibrates at a different rate and corresponds to a different note in the cosmic scale of harmony. So it comes that every monad which is carried out into manifestation by those great Light-streams is dyed once and for all by the colour of the window through which it passes, responds evermore to that particular vibration, to that particular note. The other notes will be sounded in its subsequent development; it will be tinged by the other colours, moulded by the other vibrations; but the first primary impress will never be lost, will always be the key-note of that particular individual soul. And

back through the window by means of which it came forth will the soul, perfected and full-grown, return finally to unity with the One who is the Upholder and Creator of souls and planets alike—the central Life-source of the whole vast system. One has only to change the metaphor, to think of the seven windows as the seven planets, and the central Light as the life-giving sun, and there one has an explanation of the planetary influences as revealed by Astrology, and of the different types of men evolving on earth to-day. Complex beings though men are, moulded by many influences counteracting and overlapping one another, yet each is in his deepest essence an expression of one planetary ‘type,’ an expression of the one ‘ray’ along which he first came forth into manifested being.”

He picked up a sheet of paper upon which a circular figure was drawn.

“The boy’s horoscope bears it all out. Mercury in the mid-heaven, lord of the ascendant, sextile with Neptune in the House of Dreams and of the Higher Mind, and in close conjunction with Venus—Mercury, the Thinker, ‘transforming the essence of all thought into Memory’ . . . Mercury, the Bird of God, interpreter and mediator betwixt the inner and the outer. . . . ‘Raphael, the physician of souls’ . . . And then Uranus rising, and in trine aspect to Neptune—the two planets of Mysticism in close harmony! Uranus, they tell us, is the octave, so to speak, of Mercury, and few souls are as yet capable of answering to his vibrations—none indeed, save those whose Spirits have forged ahead, and who are not bound and limited by conventional ways of thought. It is an influence that brings strange things into the life—sudden events, uncommon interests, and

strange, difficult tasks. But the strong position of Mercury is the most interesting point. Elevated in Gemini, its own airy positive sign, it gives much mental strength, power of clear thinking, love of fun and humour, and above all, desire for knowledge! As some old writer has said: 'Mercury in the heavens representeth the subtile vital Spirit, and is therefore seldom separated from the Sun any great distance, keeping always in his beams, even as the vital Spirit accompanieth the soul.' And with regard to the conjunction with Venus, we are told that this shows 'the heaven-born mind,' and is indeed 'the only aspect or position of Mercury which leaves it absolutely free to rise into the heaven-world—the Deva-kingdom, the land of the Shining Ones.'... It has been so in the boy's case—absolutely free, in spite of every earthly obstacle."

He laid down the sheet of paper, and once more began to pace the room, following out his train of thought.

"In the far distant future when mankind migrates to the planet Mercury, there to continue under new conditions that æonian progress whose first stages only are begun on earth, those who even here and now have been in touch (consciously or unconsciously) with that mighty planetary influence will doubtless be the leaders and the teachers of the race in its new home. They will be able to point the way to the rest. Like their great prototype, they, in their turn, will be guides, messengers, interpreters. Having long known and worshipped the God Mercury in their hearts, they will at last have passed permanently 'into his sphere of being,' and through him will be brought into ever closer touch with the One God who

is the God of all the planets, whose Body and Symbol is the Sun. Mercury, the Angel-messenger, will bring them close to Him in the Spirit, even as Mercury the planet brings them close to the Sun in the physical universe. They will 'dwell in' the Spirit of Mercury, and be one with him, just as in primæval days men were one with the Earth-Spirit, loved her, worshipped her, and trusted her—that great Spirit whose body is this physical globe on and by which we live, whose consciousness was partially manifested in the old Nature-Gods, the Gods of the sea, the sky, the winds, the trees, and the fountains—all now forgotten, all withdrawn from the knowledge of sceptical, civilised man It seems that Mercury, in his earth-manifestation, becomes an Earth-God, the God of wind and rain. Otherwise he could, perhaps, never have touched the hearts of those old-time Nature-worshippers. By means of their Nature-love he influenced them, expressing himself, for the time being, through a part of the great Earth-consciousness. For no doubt the planetary Beings merge into one another, even as we humans meet and merge and express ourselves through one another . . . *when our love is great enough*. But when the old understanding of Nature and her secrets withered and died in the hearts of men, Mercury perforce must try new and subtler ways of influencing them—ways in which he could touch as before, but more deeply, more intimately and more successfully the souls of those who are evolving along the Ray of Spiritual Knowledge, Memory, and Sight—the Ray of Hermes.”

The old man stood still in the centre of the room, lost to all things save the mental worlds that he so eagerly explored.

“Am I mad? or dreaming?” he asked himself with a grim little smile. “Or can it really be possible that this boy Lucien has actually known close companionship with one of those stupendously great and wonderful Beings? Not actually, indeed, with the Angel Raphael himself, but with a manifestation of some fragment of that vast Personality—a fragment which has been in touch with our earth ever since the earliest days, under different names, of which Hermes and Mercury are the best known. That fragment perhaps expresses the real Raphael, the real Spirit of the planet Mercury, in about the same degree as the Earth-Spirit was expressed by the God Pan; sometimes in a lesser degree, as the Earth-Spirit was expressed by the fauns and dryads; and sometimes, I verily believe, in a degree infinitely greater than any of these. The full revelation, of course, has not been given—in this life probably can never be given—but in some distant future that full and complete revelation will be made, and the soul of Lucien, I cannot but believe, is one of the first of those destined to receive it.”

As he stood there, enthralled, and yet almost aghast at the blaze of his thoughts, the sound of a boy's clear, soft singing approached the window. It came nearer and nearer, under the trees, a strange, old-world song of worship and praise, sung to a slow melody of indescribable freshness and beauty. It broke in upon the old man's mind, cooling his mental fire, like a gentle influx of pellucid, crystal air.

VII

I have felt

A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
 A lover of the meadows and the woods,
 And mountains; and of all that we behold
 From this green earth.

Wordsworth

For several minutes Peterson stood with raised head, listening intently. The song drew nearer, and then ceased, and Lucien appeared at the window. He vaulted on to the sill, and as he sat there Peterson was struck anew by the vivid beauty of his face, outlined against a dark group of trees not far away.

“I have been lying under the trees,” said Lucien, “remembering. And at last I remembered one of the old, old tunes that we used to sing in the white temple. I remembered it all as I lay there, and even some of the words, but most of it slipped back again, and I have only been able to keep a little part of the whole. Did you hear it?”

“I heard,” said the old man, gravely. “It sounded very beautiful.” Then, taking a step forward, he broke out enthusiastically: “Ah Lucien, I have seen light this afternoon! I begin now to realise—not only to believe—some of the things that you have told me, to fit them into their places in the universal scheme. See, I have been looking up references to the God Mercury. I want to collate them all, and to make a full and complete list, and, though I have scarcely started

yet, I am amazed—amazed!—at the widespread, ancient belief in him. Far, far back he figures, in many different religions, under varying names, but possessing always the same attributes. Students have frequently and firmly insisted on the fact that such beliefs as this were not borrowed, but sprang up spontaneously in different lands and among different peoples; but somehow, until now, the reality of it, the true meaning, never came home to me. Lucien, you have put life into these dry bones of learning. All my knowledge, before you came, was as dust, which the breath of your living experience has vivified.”

The boy smiled, and listened with a kind of detached interest. All this studying of books, searching for references, comparing, criticising, and analysing, seemed to him a vain and unreal way of trying to show forth truths which he, in his deepest heart, *knew* to be unassailable. For him no such proofs as these were needed, because he knew. Yet, since coming to live with this eager, ardent scholar, young in mind and heart though old in body, he began to understand that for others who lacked his own close, personal knowledge, these things must be a help in pointing out the way.

The constant intercourse with so keen and penetrating a mind as Peterson's had developed the boy's own faculties to an astonishing extent. He was now able to carry on with ease conversations and arguments which some months back would have been utterly beyond him. For all practical purposes, his mental powers had been let lie fallow during his life at the Red Farm; now they were responding to stimulus in a way that showed them to be full of vitality, and of no mean order.

“How strange it seems”, the old man went on, “—and yet how fated!—that in these last years my thoughts should have turned so much in the direction of the occult sciences and the esoteric teachings of religion. These studies have not, so far, much influenced my published writings, for they were merely tentative and experimental; but more and more have I been fascinated and overwhelmed by the immense amount of research which remains to be done in these regions—and especially by the vast field of revelation and suggestion opened up by the study of Astrology. Ah, if only I could recapture some of the knowledge possessed by those old priests of Egypt and Chaldæa! If only I could unearth some of those ancient secrets! But with your help, Lucien, I shall accomplish something. My time on earth cannot be long now, but it is never too late to begin. In a year, even in six months, much can be done towards opening up the way for others, at least. Yet how tantalising it is to think that perhaps even I, long ago, actually dwelt in the body of one of those ancient priests, actually was taught those star-secrets, those deep religious mysteries, that I now so long to understand! But I have no power of remembering. I have lost the faculty, if ever I had it, of bridging over the mysterious gaps which separate one earth-life from another.”

“I think your horoscope suggests that it has only been lost for a time,” said the boy, gently. “You know we found that Saturn had been your ruling influence throughout this life—wise old Saturn, who gives, before all things, the knowledge that is concrete, profound, and scientific. Mercury, although well-placed, was retrograde, and afflicted from the ninth House. May not

that explain the delay, and the long years that passed before you began to feel any interest in the inner things, in the true Wisdom that Mercury guards?"

"I believe you are right! The desire for true knowledge has been always there, but there have been many hindrances and limitations. Now at last the higher influence is beginning to make itself felt! Mercury, the divine mediator, the 'angel of the two-fold states,' is reconciling the intellect with the intuition, so that the two may work together in harmony."

"And when that is done, the power of memory may return," said Lucien. "I mean the individual, not the personal, memory—the memory of that immortal, reincarnating part of us which Mercury symbolises. That memory is one of his special gifts—that and the power of inner sight. It does not come easily to me yet to remember or to see the past—generally when I am out-of-doors, very quiet and alone . . . or in music . . . or sometimes a line of poetry may bring it . . . but so often some of it is lost before my earth-brain has had time to grasp it. The brain is such a slow old machine!"

He laughed, and sang again, half to himself, a few bars of the old Greek melody.

"But generally it comes out-of-doors?" questioned Peterson, eagerly. "Ah Lucien, I believe that is half the secret! If only we could get back into closer touch with the Earth, the great Mother of men, that wider knowledge would reach us far, far more easily than in our present separated state. Long ago men lived in close communion with the Earth-Spirit, and that communion has left a deep impress upon men's hearts, one that can never be effaced; but though I

think we are not meant to return to that early state in all its fulness, it seems that we have lost much of the beauty and vitality of the experience, and before we go much further we shall have to recover it. Some are recovering it already, rapidly, easily, as a child re-learns a lesson that has only been temporarily forgotten, and they are the ones who are ready for the next great step in evolution. In fact, I believe that some few have already succeeded in taking it, far in advance of the rest of mankind."

Lucien's face grew thoughtful.

"I wonder if that was what my mother meant," he said. "I remember so well her telling me never to be afraid of outside things, of dark or lonely places, or of anything that was a part of the Earth-Spirit. Perhaps she knew that if I loved the Earth, it would make it easier for Hermes to be my friend—for he himself comes sometimes in part of the Earth-Spirit's dress, the dress of the wind and the rain—so he must love her, too."

"Your mother knew that 'Nature never did betray the heart that loved her,'" quoted Peterson, softly. "What else did she tell you? Can you remember much?"

The boy shook his head.

"I was so little," he said. "I remembered many things she had told me when I heard them again from Hermes afterwards—but best of all I remember her telling me never to be afraid."

"A fearless spirit she had," the old man murmured. "I shall never forget my first sight of her in a crowded London drawing-room. Someone was singing—a song about larks and the sunrise, I remember vaguely—and,

as she listened, her face shone with a most gracious radiance, and all around her there seemed to be the faint fragrance of wide meadows and cowslip-scented winds. I was not imaginative in those days—books and old dead languages meant more to me than anything else in the world—but there must have been some germ in me even then that could feebly respond to and appreciate so fresh and joyful an influence as hers. We talked together for a little time, and I brought away with me an ineffaceable impression of a radiant, fearless spirit, eager, ardent, aflame, one might almost say, with love of Beauty and with desire for Truth. Nothing would have daunted her, no task would have been too hard, no danger too appalling, in her quest for the Truth and Beauty that her Spirit craved . . . When I saw her again, she had found both. Her quest was ended. Her eyes shone with the light of a great satisfaction. That was after her marriage—indeed, soon after you were born—and her husband died a few months later. But her satisfaction lay in no earthly things, and within no material boundaries. No worldly experiences could add to it, or take away from it, and I am quite sure that no loss or sorrow could shake its foundations. To look into her face was enough to tell one that: so glorious a certainty! so bright a joy! O Lucien, you are very like her sometimes!”

The boy's gaze was fixed far away, where the leafy tree-tops merged into the burning blueness of the August sky.

“And my father?” he asked, half under his breath.

“Him I never saw. He was a distant cousin, as you know, of the people at the Red Farm, and in much the same rank of life. He held the position of head

gardener at a big country place where your mother often stayed. They met, fell in love, and married—all within a few weeks. Scandal, of course, gossip, talk of all kinds! But what would she care? From the little I have heard of your father, I gather that he was one of Nature's gentlemen, as the saying is, and remarkably handsome; also that he had a great fund of nature-lore, an extraordinarily intimate knowledge of plants and birds, and of all the things in close contact with which his life was lived. No doubt that formed a bond between them, and there may have been other things, too. I know no more, but I am very sure that to no ordinary man, plain or handsome, rough or cultured, would the love of such a woman as your mother have been given."

"She spoke of him sometimes," said Lucien, "but not often. I remember very well one day when a robin, which had come close to us in the garden, flew away because I made a sudden movement, and I cried, she told me I must learn to be like my father, because all wild things loved him, and were never afraid."

Peterson nodded.

"I remember hearing that he could get rare flowers and plants to grow that would flourish in no other part of England. Roses blossomed under his care in a way that was said to be almost uncanny. I think the powers who arranged your heredity managed it very cleverly, Lucien," he added, half mischievously, "very cleverly indeed! . . . But whether those two were happy, in the ordinary sense of the word, is a problem I have often wished to solve. Not that it really matters, for your mother had that fundamental happiness of soul which no external forces can stir, or even ruffle. She aroused an extraordinary interest in me."

Lucien did not reply for a moment. He appeared to be meditating deeply, and scarcely to have heard his friend's last words.

"I think they were happy in more than the ordinary sense of the word," he said at length. "They loved each other . . . they loved the same things. But my mother knew more . . . saw further . . . and deeper. In spite of all my father's nature-knowledge, in spite of all his nature-love, her eyes were opened more than his."

"And her child's more than either," murmured the old man to himself.

No more was said, and as the golden splendour of the evening slowly invaded the quiet room, they still sat silent, old heart and young wrapped in a mystical cloud of memories and dreams.

(To be concluded)

Eva M. Martin

CHRISTMAS EVE, ADYAR

By M.

SOFTLY the silvery haze of the moonlight enwraps
silent forms.

It is the mysterious night of Christmas when Nature pauses in wonder, because the Divine Birth is at hand. In many a clime I have seen the Christmas Night. Always, everywhere, it has had this same solemnity, this same pathetic stillness that fills my heart with awe and my eyes with tears.

I do not know what is the mystic Presence that spreads this sweetness o'er the world.

I felt it on the plains of heather of my land, whilst in far distant villages, church-bells were chiming, and under my feet the frosty earth was white. There the plain was as wide as the sea, and the starlit sky above was vast and deep. In the immensity around me the winds were hushed and all stood still.

I have felt it in the country in England, where the moon shone on quiet hills and trees full of damp fragrance. In the distance rang children's voices singing carols. The same silence, the same pathetic beauty.

I felt it in a big city. This time the moonlight shone on bustling crowds, hurrying to unholy pleasures. But for the soul that only lingered for a while listening to the Voices of the Sacred Night, there again was the same solemnity that reigned on the lonely plains. 'Venite Adoremus'—that anthem, breathed from the recesses of cathedrals and chapels, seemed to swell in the Night outside in spite of the restless crowds.

This year the moon shines once more on the Christmas Eve. Not on frosty plains of heather but on still drooping palm-leaves, not on bustling crowds but on the desolate billows of the Ocean. No church-bells are heard, no voices of children, no cathedral organs; and yet, stronger than ever the anthem, 'Venite Adoremus,' fills the dim scented magic Night. The tropical silence whispers it as did the northern plains, and the breezes here are hushed as they were there. Here too the trees stand motionless and light grey mists rest on the quiet earth. Once more the wondrous glory of the Christmas Night causes all nature to pause in silence, because the Divine Birth is at hand.

O Human Children—yet Divine—could you but see the true scene of Christmas Night? The painters who, above the cradle of the Child, figured angels dancing and embracing each other, had a glimpse of it. The composer of the 'Gloria in Excelsis' heard faint echoes of its music.

Human Souls—yet Divine—it is in your depths that reigns, serene, the Christmas Night. There, the winds are hushed and in the dusk all stands motionless. Glorious stars watch over your slumbers and the cry, 'Venite Adoremus,' rises up. Angels embrace each other singing 'Gloria in Excelsis'. The pathos that fills you here below is the echo of their song in your own Heaven, and the wonder in your eyes, the faint vision of their love.

Human Soul! watch and listen,
 The Divine Voice speaks unto you.
 It breathes the simple words that, in ancient days,
 the Master breathed to one of His disciples:
 "Lovest thou Me?"
 In this night of wondrous Peace, canst thou
 answer: "I love Thee" ?
 Then silently bow down, because in thee the
 Divine Birth is at hand.

M.

REVIEWS

The Hidden Side of Things, by C. W. Leadbeater, Two volumes. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar Madras, India. Price Rs. 9 or 12s. or \$3.)

In a very brief foreword the author tells us that this book has been in preparation for the last twelve years; some of it has been published in periodicals in the form of articles, but even these have been revised and additions made.

The volumes are of the deepest interest, unveiling those invisible things which are so much more real to the author than the visible things around him, the invisible things which make the visible world an unreal dream, and leave him unaffected by the thoughts and opinions of this dream-world that men call real.

The First Section is introductory, and explains the nature of the limitations amid which men live, and sketches the plan of the book—"how we are influenced, how we influence ourselves, and how we influence others". Then a man must realise that there is a wider world around him, a higher world above him, than the visible, and that life has a purpose, that there is a Divine Plan.

After this introduction, comes the Second Section, which deals with 'How We are Influenced'. We are influenced by the planets, the sun, by our natural surroundings, by nature-spirits, by centres of magnetism such as cathedrals and temples, by ceremonies, sounds, public opinion, occasional events, and unseen beings. All these are dealt with from their hidden side. Thus, under the influence of the sun, we have a description of the 'vitality globule' which renders at once intelligible H. P. B.'s 'fiery lives'—the puzzle of many a student of *The Secret Doctrine*. Under natural surroundings, taking water, we have "the life of the water itself, the elemental essence pervading it, and the type of nature-spirits associated

with it". Nature-spirits form a most fascinating subject—fascinating first the author, it is evident, and then the reader. The effect of the devotion of the old craftsman on the cathedrals he built or decorated is very beautifully put, but justice is not done to the feeling which lay behind the destruction wrought by the Puritans.

The second volume contains the third, fourth and fifth Sections. The ways in which we influence ourselves by our habits, our physical surroundings, our mental conditions and our amusements are all dealt with in Section III. The chapter on physical environment is particularly good, and deals with the furnishing and adornment of houses, the choice of books, jewellery, talismans, clothing, and the like. Students should consider earnestly all that is said of thought, especially in its influence on others, in the fourth Section.

Needless to say that we heartily commend these valuable volumes to our readers, and we congratulate them and ourselves that we have such a writer and teacher in our midst.

A. B.

Gitanjali, by Rabindra Nath Tagore. (The Chiswick Press, London, for the India Society. Price 10s. 6d. net.)

This short collection of exquisite prose poems is pure worship. A single quotation will illustrate the daring simplicity of these 'song offerings' better than any words of ours, but even then it is hard to choose from so wide a range of exalted thought. Listen to this :

You came down from your throne and stood at my cottage door.

I was singing all alone in a corner, and the melody caught your ear.
You came down and stood at my cottage door.

Masters are many in your hall, and songs are sung there at all hours.
But the simple carol of this novice struck at your love. One plaintive little strain mingled with the great music of the world, and with a flower for a prize you came down and stopped at my cottage door.

Here and there a sterner call is heard, but never a discord or cry of despair. To this poet mystic there is music in the lightning flash as in the stars of an eastern sky.

It quivers like the one last response of life in ecstasy of pain at the final stroke of death; it shines like the pure flame of being burning up earthly sense with one fierce flash.

Beautiful is thy wristlet, decked with starry gems; but thy sword, O lord of thunder, is wrought with uttermost beauty, terrible to behold or to think of.

One leaves such pages under the spell of a soul at one with nature and near to her lord. A characteristic introduction has been written by W. B. Yeats. Our one regret is that the present price must debar many from a source of great joy.

W. D. S. B.

Myths and Legends of Japan, by F. Hadland Davis.
(George Harrap & Co. London. Price 7s. 6d. net.)

In this delightful book, Mr. Davis has collected together a number of Japanese myths and legends, representative of the folk-lore of the country. They are accompanied by a series of most enchanting coloured illustrations by Evelyn Paul—so enchanting are they, that one hesitates to say how much the original MSS. may owe to their charm. The *Kojiki* and the *Nihongi* are the sources from which the early legends and myths of Japan are drawn, and their stories show a curious mixture of the poetical and the quaint, with the grotesque and the horrible. Early heroes and warriors are regarded as minor Divinities, and to them many a fascinating legend owes its source. The Japanese hero is refined by an innate love of poetry and of the beautiful, and his strength is combined with gentleness; all this is shown forth in the folk-tales of the country. What could exceed the tenderness of Benkei, when his master's wife gave birth to a child? What surpass the heroism of his death, standing before the bodies of the loved master and mistress, upright, yet pierced with a thousand arrows? Devils and goblins play a great part in these legends of the Far East, as does also Nature and her attendant sprites. Other nations have deified the Sun, the Moon, the Stars, and the greatest works of the Universal Mother: it is left for Japan to describe the red blossoms of the azaleas, as the 'fires of God,' and the white snows of Fuji as the garments of Divine Beings. The smallest of insects are made the subjects of ghostly tales; nothing is too insignificant to have a poetical explanation attached to it. We find ourselves laughing in one story over the antics of a kettle; in another, almost moved to tears when we read about a little Japanese quilt, that murmured: "Elder Brother probably is cold? Nay, thou probably art cold?" It is a truly delightful collection of fairy lore, and brings the sunshine and child-likeness of the Far East

before the eyes of the reader. And again, a word of high praise must be given to the coloured plates adorning it, which display such an artistic combination of rich eastern colouring with the daintiness and delicacy of the West. It is difficult to applaud sufficiently such illustrations as 'The Moon-Folk and the Lady Kaguya' or 'Hoori, and the Sea-God's Daughter'—and why should two only be selected, when all are of almost equal distinction? The final chapter of 'Myths and Legends of Japan' deals with the poetry of the nation. The 'tanka' a poem of five lines or phrases and thirty-one syllables, seems most typical of the charm of Japan's Muse. Though even more limited than the English Sonnet, the Japanese artist frequently succeeds in suggesting in the brief fragment that the poem has no end, and the imagination seizes it and turns it into a thousand, thousand lines. A play upon words is often indulged in, and this is practised not with the idea of provoking laughter, but of winning admiration for a clever and subtle verbal ornament. Charming as are many of the love poems, with their delicacy and absence of all sensuous feeling, it is the Nature poems of the country that are most supremely beautiful, and two or three exquisite examples by Chomei are given.

A book to be read by all those to whom the beauty, charm and subtlety of Far-Eastern Lands appeal.

K.

The Ethical and Religious Value of the Novel, by Ramsden Balmforth. (George Allen and Co., Ltd. London.)

"The various chapters in this little book were originally given as Sunday evening discourses to my congregation in Cape Town," begins the author in his preface. We congratulate this particular church on the happiness of possessing a minister of so wide and sympathetic an outlook on life. With Mr. Balmforth, as with a steadily increasing number of modern clergymen, the spiritual needs of man are no longer divorced from the needs of our common life. To him belongs that sane and true sight which ever sees "sermons in stones and good in everything". The book is a series of fascinating studies in some great novels of our age. "The novelist," says Mr. Balmforth, "is a critic and interpreter of life." He shows that

the aim, unconscious or otherwise, of the great novelists is fundamentally the same as that of the preacher—"to give us deeper insight, and with deeper insight, greater courage and strength of will and more abundant life". The great story-teller mirrors the minds and hearts of men, and by sympathy and imagination lifts us into a larger world than that wherein run the little grooves of the daily round of life. He is inclined to the opinion that the novel, being more universal in effect, exercises a wider influence than the sermons delivered in our churches, and proceeds with much insight and a most attractive lucidity of style, to 'point the moral' in a very real sense in such works as George Eliot's *Adam Bede*, Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter*, Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*, and others. Perhaps the quotation of the title of a single chapter or so will show the plan of this charming book better than anything else. Thus the first chapter deals with George Eliot's *Adam Bede* and the Supreme Moral Law, and the last with James Lane Allen's *The Increasing Purpose* and the Law of Development. Scattered through the book are many sayings of deep and tender wisdom; as when the author says: "Every nurse and every teacher of the young ought to pass an examination, not only of the head, but of the heart." And again: "Retribution itself is part of the law of Love—it is the means of purification."

C. M. C.

Star Lore of all Ages, by William Tyler Olcott.
(G. P. Putnam & Sons, London.)

A most interesting collection of legends and traditions regarding the Constellations, and of great value to the student of stellar lore. We know of no other book which contains so much information on the subject. It deals with what is perhaps the most popularly interesting branch of Astronomy, not only in an interesting way, but in a way that must infallibly lead the reader on to a desire for further knowledge of this most fascinating science. It is well illustrated both with diagrams and with photographs of many famous pictures and statues illustrating ancient legends, and whoever reads it will never lack for interesting companions on a star-lit night.

A. M.

A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil, by Jane Addams, Hull House, Chicago. (The Macmillan Co., New York. Price 4s. 6d. net.)

This interesting book should prove most useful in spreading knowledge on a subject so painful that many otherwise conscientious women shrink from its closer acquaintance, fearing the emotional consequences. It can also be recommended for study to those who are engaged in combating the social evil of which it treats. The disclosure the book makes of the widespread business organisation which is the foundation of much modern evil is appalling—for no attempt is made by either art of words or emotional colouring to heighten the sense of the horrors it records. With the plain disclosure of facts and methods of social amelioration Miss Addams contents herself, and her style of dealing with her material is simple and restrained almost to austerity. She divides her subject under various headings very systematically. It is a common saying that you cannot make a nation moral by Act of Parliament; but you can make by Act of Parliament the way of the evil-doer more difficult. The result produced by the State of Illinois, which “passed the first pandering law in this country, changing the offence from disorderly conduct to a misdemeanour and greatly increasing the penalty,” is encouraging to all social reformers. For the result was that “the white slave traders in Chicago have become so frightened that the foreign importation of girls to Chicago has markedly declined. It is stated that since 1909 about 1,000 white slave traders, of whom some thirty or forty were importers of foreign girls have been driven from the city.” This is at least something to the good, and Miss Addams is right when she remarks: “If political rights were once given to women, one cannot imagine that the existence of the social evil would remain unchallenged in its semi-legal position.” The desire to save humanity from hideous lives of suffering, disease and vice, to make the world a purer and a safer place to live in, is at the root of that fiery spirit of self-sacrifice to the cause of Women’s Suffrage which is its distinguishing mark. The book ends with a note of hope. A new conscience, slowly, very slowly, with regard to this and other evils of the past and present is coming to the birth amongst us, as facts related in this book show and recent Acts of legislation testify. May that ‘gallant correction’ which

Miss Addams predicts soon blossom into strong maturity and full power!
E. S.

Individuality and Art, by Hubert E. A. Furst. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd. Price 3s. 6d. net).

The thesis maintained by the author of this essay is that the individuality of Turner was the least important factor in the production of his Art. Outside influences, ranging from artistic forerunners, down to Charles I and the peculiar character of his mother's insanity, are cited as more potent in the matter than the artist himself. Mr. Furst writes with great gusto, if little grace, but whether his arguments will interest his readers to an equal extent must depend on the further question whether their minds are attuned to 19th century or 20th century thought. The student of the Ancient Wisdom will find his reasoning unconvincing.

Incidentally one finds interesting information about a number of painters, while a suggestion of considerable value is thrown out as to the probable connection between the discoveries of Galileo and the rise of the *Chiaroscuro* School of Painting. While the whole of intellectual Europe was engaged on the question of the heliocentric as opposed to the geocentric theory of our universe, the Painters, it is suggested, were led, as a direct result, to turn their attention to the solution of problems of Light and Shade, and we have Caravaggio and his group of *Tenebrosi* working in Rome, leading up at a later day to Rembrandt van Rhyn. On the whole, however, we cannot consider this little book as a very serious contribution to Art criticism.
H. R.

Darneley Place, by Richard Bagot. (Methuen & Co., Ltd. London.)

This is an interesting novel with an occult setting. Mr. Bagot writes with his customary familiarity and charm of Italian life and character. He should, however, guard against a growing tendency to redundancy in words and repetition of matter. The incidents of the plot are rather scanty in comparison with the bulk of the book, which would have gained by compression. The main thought of the book is that the living can be influenced in their thoughts and actions by the dead.
E. S.

The Times and the Teaching of Jesus the Christ, by the Author of *The Great Law*. (Longmans Green & Co., London. Price 12s. 6d. net.)

The author's previous volume, *The Great Law*, will be familiar to most of our readers as a valuable contribution to the literature of religion. The present volume is a worthy successor. It is an attempt to portray the life and teaching of Jesus in the light of the results of critical investigation up to date—its ultimate purpose, however, being not merely scholarly but religious, *viz.*, "to trace the relationship between God and man, and to indicate the path by which He is to be reached".

The book is divided into three distinct parts. Using the work of some of the best authorities, the author sketches in Part I the 'Historical and Political Background,' giving a very condensed summary of contemporary Jewish history. In Part II, he wisely adds to his historico-political background an outline of the social and religious situation of the period, treating not only of the 'three great sects,' the Pharisees, Sadducees and Essenes (with a chapter on 'The Messianic Hope'), but also of the Therapeutae, the Neoplatonists, and, above all, the Gnostics. Then in Part III he enters upon the subject proper—the life and teaching.

The sketch of the actual life of Jesus—though claiming no occult origin—very closely corresponds with that which our readers have long had before them in Mrs. Besant's *Esoteric Christianity*. This is followed by a capable summary of the mystical interpretation of the Gospel story, the life-record being explained as representing "the progress of the Initiate . . . from the grade of the neophyte to that of an Adept".

In considering the recorded teachings of the Christ, a long chapter is devoted to the 'Words and Acts,' giving "in parallel columns where parallels exist, and as isolated texts where this is not the case, such extracts from the four Gospels as would appear, not only from the internal evidence of their probability, but partly also from the results of recent Biblical research, to have been some, at least, of the real Words and Acts". The author then discusses the teachings that are merely hinted at in the Gospels, and the resulting chapter is entitled—"The Doctrine of Re-birth"—for he regards reincarnation as

occupying the most important place among such teachings; he not only claims to find traces of it in the Gospels, but proceeds to vindicate the doctrine by appeal to modern scholarship; he then points out its "necessary complement and corollary"—the doctrine of the immanence of God, which he considers the very kernel of Christ's teaching. The book concludes with a fine chapter on 'Union with God,' in which an endeavour is made to suggest the nature of the teachings delivered by Jesus to chosen disciples, between the times of the Resurrection and the Ascension—teachings which, though unrecorded, the author estimates as the most important of all. With the help of mystics of many different lands and different ages, he treats here of "the path of initiation which leads at first to temporary, and finally to absolute, union with God".

Very striking is the catholicity of the author's selection of quotations: they range, as regards date, from the Upanishats to Sir Oliver Lodge, and, as regards the temperament of their writers, from the Christian Fathers to the poet Swinburne. Theosophical literature is well represented.

The volume is unindexed. A book so full of information and containing so many valuable quotations is worthy of a copious index, and we hope that in a later edition the deficiency will be remedied.

It is especially to the thoughtful among the adherents of conventional Christianity, now in the midst of tumults which threaten to wreck the very bases of exoteric faith, that we commend *The Times and the Teaching of Jesus the Christ*. May many find in it a guide that shall conduct them, by paths not uncongenial to the modern mind, out of the strife of "things seen and temporal" into the peace of "things unseen and eternal"!

R. W. E.

Spiritism and Psychology, by Theodore Flournoy, translated, abridged and with an introduction by Hereward Carrington. (Harper Bros., London. Price 7s. 6d. net).

As a valuable contribution to modern psychological literature, we welcome the appearance of *Spiritism and Psychology*, and commend it to the attention of those of our readers who

hold, with the present writer, that no one is entitled to an opinion upon a disputed point until he has mastered all that can be said on the other side. Professor Flournoy, widely known not only as an author and public lecturer, but also as a psychic investigator, remains strongly of opinion that adequate explanations of all the phenomena of Spiritism—automatic writing, trance utterance, and even a materialisation, the bones of which could be handled by an investigator—do not necessarily involve the presence of the discarnate entity, but may be satisfactorily accounted for by the mysterious activities of the several subliminal consciousnesses of the sitters taking part in the sitting. Thus in Chapter VI on ‘Spirits and Mediums,’ we find him making the uncompromising statement :

The facts of mediumship, either mental or physical, have not furnished me with any certain proof of the intervention of the discarnate, they have always appeared to me explicable by ordinary psychological processes within ourselves.

The author’s position is however, not that of the materialist, for, as he is careful to explain, “while disputing the fact that any communication with a spirit world has been *yet established*,” he believes that such a spiritual world does exist, and that “we live after the dissolution of the body, and apparent destruction of the human spirit at Death”. This passage may be taken as indicating the general purport of *Spiritism and Psychology*, and, although we do not at all agree with the author’s conclusions, we are ready to admit that by means of such working hypotheses as ‘latent incubation,’ ‘cryptomnesia,’ and ‘telepathy a trois,’ he has succeeded in making out a strong case. In an interesting passage in support of this view he points out that mediums are not in the habit of telling their sitters what occupies their minds at the moment, but rather that which lies hidden in the recesses of their sub-consciousness; hence it is not to the umbra but to “the penumbra of consciousness, that we must look for the power of radiation to other brains”.

This has frequently been observed by the present writer with regard to attempted telepathic communications, the message received not being that consciously projected by the transmitter, but some stray fragment of thought from a lower stratum of his mental consciousness.

With regard to the objection of the author that spirit messages are often trivial and even absurdly foolish, there is

nothing in mere death to transform all the departed into saints and sages. It would indeed be rather remarkable if that species of shallow and talkative individual we characterise here as a 'bore' were never to be encountered in the Beyond.

In this connection too the appalling difficulties of communication should never be overlooked. The author himself admits this, and tells us: "Hodgson compared the communications that he held with the deceased (Myers), through the channel of the medium (Mrs. Piper), to the conversation that might take place in this world between two persons, widely separated from each other, who were compelled to exchange their messages by means of two messengers, both of them drunk."

The translator in a note explains the drunken persons in this analogy to be the medium on this side and the intermediary on the other—both presumably in a trance-like condition. But if this be so, comments our Author, "in the case of the most powerful medium of our generation and of a deceased person, who had given his life to the solution of this problem, and had resolved to do everything after his death to manifest himself to us, what must be the difficulties in the ordinary case?"

Most of our readers will be familiar with that interesting development of modern Spiritism the cross-correspondences.

"On April 8, 1907, in London Mrs. Piper pronounced in trance the words 'Light in the West', the same day three hours later, Mrs. Verrall at Cambridge, wrote automatically a message containing these words: 'Rosy is the East, and so on. You will find that you have written a message for Mr. Piddington, which you did not understand but he did.' The same day, a little later Mrs. Holland then in Calcutta, received through her pencil a communication: 'Do you remember that exquisite sky, when the afterglow made the East as beautiful and as richly coloured as the West—Martha became as Mary, Leah as Rachel?'"

No thoughtful person can deny that these cross-correspondences constitute an important factor in the problem that remains to be solved. But whether this unknown factor be indeed the activities of the late F. W. Myers, or whether

according to Professor Flournoy it be the collective product of the sub-consciousnesses of all the mediums or the special creation of one of them cannot yet be clearly demonstrated, however much it may be affirmed.

It must therefore be left to the individual reader to determine whether the canopy of Professor Flournoy's theory is sufficiently extensive to cover the frame-work of his well authenticated facts, or whether indeed as the present writer cannot help suspecting, there are more things in Heaven and Earth, than are dreamed of in his philosophy.

K. F. S.

The Troubadours, by Rev. H. J. Chaytor, M. A. (Cambridge University Press, London. Price 1s. net.)

This is one of the series of handbooks of literature and science issued by the Cambridge University Press. The author scrupulously avoids all the fascinating by-paths of romance and mysticism which the mere name of troubadour suggests, and confines himself within the strict boundaries of historical facts and literary criticism. From its origin in Provence he follows the history of this poetic impulse as it spreads over the whole of France, over Spain, Italy, Germany and England, and finds its inspiration lasting in our own times. Short biographical sketches are given of the more distinguished of these lyric poets, and differences of style are commented upon. Due attention is given to their position as recorders of the customs and manners of their times, as well as to the influence they exerted as social critics and religious reformers.

Bibliography and notes complete this small volume which will prove a useful addition to the library of those who are especially interested in this subject.

A. E. A.

Omens and Superstitions of Southern India, by Edgar Thurston, C.I.E. (T. Fisher Unwin, London. Price 12s. 6d. net.)

Very few, if any, are better fitted than Edgar Thurston to write on the customs, omens, etc., of Southern India, and his most recent work is a valuable addition to his *Castes and Tribes of Southern India*, showing, as it does, the similarity in many instances between the practices of the people of Southern India

and those of Voodooism, etc., as formerly carried out in America and the islands of the Pacific Ocean. Undoubtedly many of the rites and practices described by Mr. Thurston are extinct: one, however, as shown in the illustration facing p. 119, is frequently to be seen in the villages of the Madras Presidency and Ceylon, while the cruder figures of elephants, pigs, etc., shown on p. 162, are to be found, beautifully reproduced in gold, in the jewellers' shops of Regent Street and the Avenue de l'Opera, the society women who wear them as 'lucky' little dreaming that they are copying an ancient custom of the 'poor ignorant heathen'. The student of Occultism will find much of interest in the symbols on p. 124; in fact the whole work is well worth perusing, filling in, as it does, many of the missing links in the study of symbolism, omens and superstitions.

H. R. M. M.

The Jewel of Seven Stars, by Bram Stoker. (William Rider and Son, London. Price 1s. net.)

This is rather a disappointing story, when read by one who has made previous acquaintance with the same author's *Dracula*. Starting, in thrilling fashion, with an attack on an elderly collector of antiquities by an Egyptian mummy—or by its Familiar, the book gradually loses in interest, and at the close the reader is left in a pleasing state of uncertainty as to whether Queen Tera has succeeded in her attempt at resurrection, or if not—as to what fate has overtaken her! After indulging in several expeditions in her 'astral body' she attempts to unlock a safe, so that she may see and remove, an article that is inside it. There is a suggestion of an effort to obsess the heroine of the tale, a Miss Trelawny, who goes about in a 'dazed and dreamy' condition for some days; but nothing apparently comes of it, and at the end, a little heap of ashes is left for one to speculate upon—and nothing else. Nevertheless, to one reading in uncritical fashion, and who enjoys what is popularly known as 'having one's flesh creep,' the book may be recommended for passing quite pleasantly a couple of hours, for it is exciting, and written with a considerable sense of the uncanny.

K.

A Layman's Philosophy, by Alexander Davis. (Kegan, Paul Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

This work is claimed to be "one of practical and philosophic communings on the two forces, Religion and Ethics, as they affect or manifest themselves in the ego". The standpoint proves a decidedly materialistic one, the ground taken being that "religion, as it is presented to us in outward form, dogma or creed, merely seems to veil the importance and value of Ethics, and that Ethics might be preached and practised in all purity without a spiritual framing or by medium of priestcraft". Granted, theoretically; but unfortunately theory and practice have a habit of not squaring. Experience shows that for the average man, and still more for the great mass of mankind below the average, "a spiritual framing and the mediumship of priestcraft"—which generally means the introduction of the personal element—are necessary adjuncts to enforce Ethics and to give moral considerations any inspiring power. A Layman forgets that mankind stands on many different moral and spiritual levels, and also varies in temperament, and that to many a 'spiritual framing' for their souls' nourishment is an imperative necessity.

His philosophy seems to be neither original nor profound nor in accordance with the facts of nature, of life, and of man, as viewed from the idealistic standpoint. He seems almost ignorant of the vast literature of Spiritualism, Theosophy and Psychical Research, which throws light on the subjects of the immortality of the soul, and the after-death life which, he says, are unknowable. All philosophers are not of A Layman's mind, for in ancient India, in Greece and in the more recent days of Eucken, James and Bergson, many of them have, as a dry matter of fact, thought it profitable to discuss the subjects of man's immortality and the conditions of his life after death. All religions have also their philosophical presentment, and all religions teach the immortality of the soul, and give some information as to its future after death, and the teachers and vast masses of believers in these religions are not all fools. But it is only fair to say that if the author had come across the theory of reincarnation and some of the other Theosophical teachings some of his difficulties, with regard to the equality of soul, for example, might have been removed. One can only hope that a more extended scope of study and deeper thought

will in time bring to our author a philosophy of a more helpful and therefore truer nature. E. S.

Personal Power, by Keith J. Thomas. (Cassell & Co., Ltd. London. Price 6s.)

This is a decidedly interesting book, written in a pleasantly simple and concise style, full of pithy sayings and of most practical hints and suggestions. It represents the author's own philosophy of life, so is not written in the interests of any particular school of thought, with the welcome result that we are spared the repetition of certain catchwords, usually employed on this and kindred subjects. The mental power, the result of concentration and determination, of which the book treats, is mainly, not entirely, to be employed on success in the affairs of life. "The force which drives a man to any goal he has before him is personal power. It is the Divine part of man that gives him dominion over the earth and over himself." The doctrine in brief is: "I believe in myself"; and it is dealt with in three parts: Power in the Making; Power in Use; and Pleasures of Power. It may be objected that the result, mental merely, of gaining and using this power may make the selfish man more selfish, and better able to exploit his neighbour; and that it would develop individualism to a dangerous extent. But "if you live for the perfecting of yourself you live for all others," and the weak are almost helpless to aid the world, whereas the strong man is an asset of enormous importance to any righteous cause. The Theosophist who believes that in time all men will weary of self-seeking, will welcome the teaching that develops self-reliance, strength, ability. This book has, underlying its practical insistence on the necessity of self-culture for success in occupation, a strongly moral tone, and its spirit of optimistic sturdy common-sense is a valuable agent in promoting that human evolution in which Mr. Thomas is an ardent believer. Most people would probably gain if they acted on the author's sane and sensible credo: "I claim the right to think for myself and act for myself, in accordance with those laws which I feel to be true. If I misuse my gifts, if I fail in my duty, if I make mistakes, I will accept the consequences; but being here and alive, I will be thankful that I am alive, and I will enjoy my life within the limits which my mind prescribes." E. S.

CHRISTMAS AMONG OUR PARIAH CHILDREN

By HENRY HOTCHNER

How bright were their upturned faces, and how joy and hope, too, gleamed out as our beloved President went with food and toys to each one of them—these four hundred children, outcasts in India. All students of the Panchama Schools, one of Colonel Olcott's many benefactions, which, under the guidance of Mrs. Besant, has continued and enlarged its usefulness, the children were gathered under the great banyan-tree where, only a few days before, thousands of people had listened to the President's inspiring Convention lectures.

It was quite dark when the children came and sat in several long rows to await the gifts which were to come. The great tree was brilliantly illumined by hundreds of tiny carbide jets, cleverly arranged by Mr. G. Soobhiah Chetty, and here and there the letters "T. S." also shone out.

The President then went among the children and gave to each of them three kinds of food and three toys, which they took with the utmost glee. Each had previously received a cloth, and each seemed overflowing with happiness. All of these gifts had been provided by our ever-generous donor, Mr. C. R. Harvey.

What a curious study in contrasts this scene—these several hundred outcasts, learning the rudiments of life, and the surrounding Theosophical delegates from all over the world, representing the highest hopes and ideals of the new race to come!

When the work of distribution was over, the children gave three rousing cheers for the King, then for the Viceroy, then for Mr. Harvey, then for the President, then for Mr. Leadbeater, then for Mr. G. Soobhiah Chetty, and finally for Miss Kofel, the Superintendent of their Schools.



Moung Aung Baw, the remarkable Burman child.

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

INFORMATION as to the most important event of February, 1913, has only reached me by cable, and the cable is not from an official source. It is to the effect that the German Section in Convention assembled expelled the members of the Order of the Star in the East, thus confirming the unconstitutional action of their Executive; that my letter to Dr. Steiner—published in the Supplement of the present issue of THE THEOSOPHIST—was read; and that the Section seceded from the T. S. I shall, of course, wait for some official notice up to the end of February, *i.e.*, giving a fortnight after the return post from the date of the arrival of my letter in Germany. On receipt of the notice, or at the expiration of the period of grace, I shall transfer the Charter of the National Society to the fourteen loyal Lodges in Germany, according to Rule 44 of the 'Rules and Regulations' of the incorporated T. S.; this Rule was drafted by the late President-Founder, in the light of the secession of the American Section under Mr. Judge.

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Foreseeing the likelihood of this action on the part of the German Section, I wrote some weeks ago to Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden, our oldest member in Germany, notifying him that, if the German Section seceded, I should, under Rule 18, appoint him temporarily as General Secretary for Germany, to call as quickly as possible a Convention of the loyal German Lodges—to whom the Charter would be transferred—to elect a General Secretary. I further told him that I should cable him as soon as such action became necessary. There will therefore be no break in the existence of the T. S. in Germany, and all will go quietly on in regular order.

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I presume that Dr. Steiner's followers are now the Anthroposophical—the Human Wisdom—Society, and that this organisation will carry on the 'Rosicrucian-Christianity' propaganda as an international body. Doubtless the new Society will do good work on its own lines, and will give to Dr. Rudolf Steiner the necessary platform for the utterance of his very interesting ideas. It is far better for all of us that the Theosophical Society should not be compromised by unconstitutional action on the part of one of its Sections, but that those who wish to have a sectarian organisation should have it openly and honourably, like any other association holding definite opinions. The T. S. in Germany will now again be an open body, as is the T. S. in every other country in the world, into which can come men and women of all religions or of none, as students of the WISDOM, of Āṭmavidyā, of Theosophy, pledged to nothing but to form a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood, and absolutely free to accept, or to reject, any view, any opinion. The Society, represented by

its President and its General Council, was bound to uphold its absolute liberty of opinion. But it can have nothing but good-will for a sister-organisation, seeking knowledge along a more restricted path.

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One very earnest request I make to all my friends. The love and devotion felt towards Dr. Steiner by his followers are worthy of all respect. Their abuse of myself and their use of insulting language is the expression of their love to him, showing as hatred of myself. It is not, of course, desirable that love should be thus inverted, and that we should see the black shadow of hate as the representative of the white body of love ; but this inversion should be met with compassion, not with anger. Do not, I pray you who love me, pollute your love with hatred. Do not return railing for railing, nor reviling for reviling. Show to these intolerant ones the tolerance which is one of the 'Six Jewels' of the 'Qualifications'. If they hate, do you send out more love. If they insult, do you pardon. If they revile, do you bless.

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Many of you, like myself, are not Christians, but we all bow the knee before the Christ, the Boḍhisattva, and—far-off, most imperfectly and feebly—we strive to follow in His holy steps. Of Him it is written: "When He was reviled, He reviled not again ; when He suffered, He threatened not ; but committed Himself to Him who judgeth righteously." Let us try to imitate Him. And this is the more necessary because I, as your President, am striving to defend Theosophy and the Theosophical Society against the imputations made in Madras. Because here I must fight in defence of our cause, the greater the obligation that I should not fight

to defend myself. You who are my friends may, of course, correct misstatements made publicly or privately; my letters to Dr. Steiner and the T. S. Council may be circulated everywhere; but in such generous defence of me, do not attack those who have assailed me. Speak truth, but speak it in love, and give to those who strike at me full credit for good motive in ill deed.

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The T. S. in America is going forward with unexampled energy. The enlarged form of its magazine, *The American Theosophist*, is worthy of the highest praise; the cover bears the portrait of our beloved Alcyone, and there is a charming article on him by Mr. I. S. Cooper. *Theosophy in India* comes out in a much improved form; it is rather a Convention number, so has more of me in it than will, I hope, generally be the case! A good staff of writers has been secured, and, from the literary standpoint, it promises to take a very high place this year among sectional magazines. *The Vahan* is also becoming a quite important magazine. The Order of the Star in the East is blossoming into many magazines; the Danish one, just received from Miss Diderichsen (the Danish sculptor), the National Representative in Denmark, is a very handsome production; unfortunately for me, I cannot read it. The new magazine for young folk, *The Young Citizen*, is going well, and I bespeak for it subscribers among all English-knowing people. The *C. H. C. Magazine* is issuing a series of most beautiful pictures of the 'Holy Places of the Hindūs,' and, as this series is unique, it is likely that very many people outside our ranks would be glad to secure it, if they knew of its existence.

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Speaking of magazines, I should like to draw the attention of friends to the new features in *The Adyar Bulletin*. It will contain a series of lectures by myself, commenced in the February number with one on 'Psychic and Spiritual Development'. Next comes a series of articles, 'From Twilight to Dawn,' written by various people, each telling the way in which he found Theosophy. 'When Friends Meet' is the title of conversations, a symposium for discussion. 'Students in Council' consists of questions and answers, and any one may contribute either. The answerers in the February number are Mr. Leadbeater and myself. There will be other articles—as in the February number we have 'Sight and Insight,' by K. F. Stuart, and 'Saint Laldas,' by C. L. M.—and, on the whole, I think that *The Adyar Bulletin* should rise largely in circulation during 1913.

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A good deal has been said by our critics as to the dangers of what is invidiously called 'person-cult'—hero-worship—in the C. H. C., Benares. It may be interesting, in this connection, to quote the following from an article by Lord Haldane on 'The Civic University' in *The Hibbert Journal* for January, 1913.

A University is a place where the most valuable advantage a student has is contact with an inspiring personality. That is why nothing short of the best level among the professors is enough for success. The professor must inspire. His labour must be one of love if he is to succeed. And if he is a great teacher he will have moulded the lives and tastes of the best of his students for the rest of their existence.

Here we have the secret of the success of Mr. Arundale and his splendid band of voluntary workers. We have all recognised the above truth, and from the very beginning of the C. H. C. we have all tried to

inspire the students with great ideals *embodied in persons*. The heart of the young cannot be touched in any other way. Now an attempt is being made by a few influential members of the governing bodies to destroy this spirit, and to substitute for it dry metaphysical ideas and the cult of the Impersonal, which may suit Sages, but not boys. The situation is imperilling the stability of this much loved Institution, and my own difficult position, owing to the suit brought against me in the High Court, Madras, makes it impossible for me to be much in Benares; were I there, none of these difficulties would arise. Still, I hope to arrange matters before I leave, so that Mr. Arundale's relinquishment of the Principalship may cause the least possible disturbance in the College. But it will be very difficult to find any one to replace him who will not be conspicuously his inferior, and the grief of the staff and the students over his departure will be difficult to soothe. He is emphatically a 'great teacher,' as described by Mr. Haldane.

* * *

Lieut.-Colonel Kinell, General Secretary of the Scandinavian Section, has resigned office, and we have again as General Secretary Mr. Kños, the strong, quiet, balanced man who guided the Section before. This is most satisfactory, and secures the success of the International Congress at Stockholm. It could not be in better hands.

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Here is an admirable suggestion, clipped from *The Daily Mail* of January 11, 1913.

The Bishop of Southwell, addressing 900 teachers at Nottingham, said it would be an excellent idea if preachers gave out a text and then said: "Dear people, we will sit perfectly still for a quarter of an hour and think about that text." He

thought many would feel "they had drunk in a tremendous amount of knowledge".

That is a true word. Knowledge comes in the silence more than in the most eloquent speech.

* * *

In the issue of *The Hibbert Journal* mentioned above there is an interesting article on 'Marriage and Divorce' by the Lord Bishop of Carlisle; the Bishop is the Mr. Diggle who was Chairman of the London School Board when I represented East London on that hard-working body, and he much disapproved of my efforts to gain free meals for the unhappy children, on whose brains, in those days, we forced education while leaving their poor little stomachs empty; the Rev. Mr. Stewart Headlam and myself fought hard for our tiny clients—a battle long since ended in their favour. I find myself much in sympathy with the Bishop in the ideal of marriage which he upholds: he calls it, naturally, 'Christian marriage,' but it is held far more generally by Hindūs than by Christians. The Bishop says:

Ideas of marriage and of the duties attached to those ideas supply a very true and clear standard by which to gauge the moral level of any people at any time. The thermometer is not a more accurate measure of the heat, or the barometer of the weight of the surrounding atmosphere, than marriage is of the lowness or the height of the contemporary moral condition both of individuals and communities. As a man's view of marriage is, and a woman's, so also is their general moral condition. Where low views of marriage are prevalent, the collective state of morals is low and tends to fall; where high views prevail, morals are high and tend to mount.

The generalisation as to communities is, I think, true, but it seems to me too sweeping as regards individuals. Many individuals to-day, of spotless personal character, regard marriage as a civil contract, voidable for various causes. Those who look at it from

a religious standpoint cannot thus regard it, but it is not just to ascribe *moral* obliquity to those who see marriage as a matter for the State rather than for Religion. It is for religious communities to uphold the high ideal of indissoluble marriage; we ought not to stigmatise as *immoral* those who consider it as a civil contract only. The Bishop says that the Jews had "a most ennobling ideal of marriage; an ideal unknown to savage tribes, or any other early civilisations besides themselves"! Surely this is a little preposterous, when we remember Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, David, and many more; where is the ideal? On the other hand, the Hindūs really had such an ideal, and their great Law-giver laid down the ideal of marriage: "Let there be faithfulness to each other until death; this, in short, should be known as the highest duty of husband and wife." Listen to the ancient marriage service, the words addressed to the bride: "Go to the house as the house's mistress; as ruler speak thou to the household folk. Here be thou beloved with thy children; in this house be vigilant to rule thy household. With this man, thy husband, be productive; speak ye to your household-folk full of years." The bridegroom speaks: "I take thy hand for good fortune; mayst thou grow old with me, thy husband." She prays: "May my husband live long; may my kinsfolk increase." As they go home: "Here dwell ye, be not parted; enjoy full age. Play and rejoice with sons and grandsons in your own house." Where can that be matched in the Hebrew Scriptures? And that which is striking is that, among the Hindūs, there is no divorce, down to the present day. But the subject is too large for a Watch-Tower note.



MAN'S WAKING CONSCIOUSNESS

By G. S. ARUNDALE, M.A., LL.B., F.T.S.

A Lecture in a Course on Consciousness

IF I were to endeavour to trace in detail all the stages through which the evolving life of the LOGOS moves onwards to its destiny, I should not only need many more lectures than the one allotted to me, but also a keener vision than that which at present I possess. Within the limits of one short hour the survey must necessarily be broad, and much knowledge must already be assumed. I shall, however, try to put my subject as simply as possible—confining myself to broad statements which I believe to be of general application,

though often requiring modification as regards details and special conditions.

To recapitulate briefly the processes by which man acquires what is known as his waking consciousness, let us think for a moment of the LOGOS as an immense Flame of light, one great all-embracing Consciousness, existing, perhaps, as a spark in some still more vivid light, but in itself complete, cognising its own perfection on its own plane. Living in itself as an undivided whole, this Flame wills to live consciously in all its innumerable parts; for there is no ultimate perfection of a whole until each smallest part attains the stature of the whole of which it has been a part. And so this Flame—existing in its own Divinity, or dwelling (as Theosophists might say) on the divine plane of nature—begins to throw out its consciousness, to evolve from itself the planes of its nature, on each of which its constituent parts shall evolve as the Flame itself has evolved in the dim and distant past. The Flame reproduces the conditions of its own evolution, conditions which it has built up into its own nature, and spreads them outwards—through an act of will spoken of in Theosophical literature as the Third Life-Wave—as the various planes of nature, in some of which we are living consciously. Out rushes the life of the Flame, joyous in the task it is destined to accomplish; and the busy activity, sending out the parts on this journey towards self-conscious Divinity, is seen in the myriad sparks scintillating and shining in their unconscious splendour. These sparks, Monads, consciousnesses individualised from the one divine Consciousness, are the future Flames destined to bring forth future universes; and you and I, sparks of our own Divinity,

are travelling on the path which, leading to our own perfection, shall bring forth many perfections in all the life which has gathered round us on our upward climb.

The Flame itself, living on the plane of Flame, in that region of nature where Divinity alone may dwell, sends down its life on to the plane of sparks—the monadic, separates itself into its constituent parts, each of which is a reflection at a lower level of itself on the higher. Just as the Flame itself has within it the three-fold aspect of its own development, the period of its creation, the period of its growth, the period of its accomplishment—*Saṭ*, *Chiṭ*, *Ānanda*—so the Monads, parts growing into the semblance of the whole from which they come, not only receive from the LOGOS the conditions of their growth, but reflect from Him His three-fold aspect as *Manas*, *Buddhi* and *Ātmā*, reflections which manifest as life on the mānasic, buddhic and ātmic, planes of nature. Thus consciousness, residing as to the part unconsciously on the plane of Divinity, feels its way outwards, first to the plane of nature in which the Divine is seen in its individualised aspect—the monadic—then ever onwards through the ātmic, buddhic and higher mānasic planes, the planes of pure Spirit (Will), Wisdom, or Intuition, in its highest form, and Mind in its aspect of Creative Activity. We must remember that all the while the divine Flame is behind the monadic spark, just as the Monad is behind the vestures of these three planes which it has assumed on its road towards the outermost circumference of manifestation drawn by its Divinity. The combined vesture of the ātmic, buddhic and higher mānasic planes is generally spoken of as the *jīvātmā*, or ego, for the life enshrouded in the matter of these three planes is the only reflection of the ultimate

Divinity which consciousness in the densest planes shall know for ages upon ages of slow though steady growth.

But the outpouring of life does not stop when the higher mānasic plane has been reached, for the divine Flame has made other manifestations of itself in which its consciousness is to function, that it may know of the entirety of its nature. And so the *jīvātmā*, working through the Second Life-Wave of the LOGOS, sends its consciousness outwards through the second division of the mānasic plane—the lower—through the astral, finally reaching the physical, which is the densest plane of nature, the outermost circle of the life of the LOGOS.

Thus the Flame, which is Divinity unmanifested, becomes Divinity in manifestation, stretching its consciousness to the extreme limits which its force can reach. But the consciousness living in the planes builded by one Life-Wave, and growing through the instrumentality of another, is not *self*-conscious save on the plane of its own Divinity, and then only as the undivided whole. Thus we might say that this Flame, or LOGOS, is Self-conscious in His own Divine Nature, and that His evolution consists in His becoming, in His aspect of separated units of consciousness (Monads), Self-conscious in each portion of His Being, so that the part may become as the whole already is, and may, in the fulness of its own time, send out its Life-Waves to multiply itself into many.

It would take too long, and would indeed be beyond my power, to trace the Life as it proceeds downwards, or rather outwards, in its descent into matter. Let us take it at its turning-point in the mineral kingdom, from which it proceeds upwards through the vegetable, into

the animal, and thence into the human, gaining self-consciousness on each plane as it ascends, or as it turns inwards reaping the harvest which the Third Life-Wave has provided for its garnering, finally meeting the last outpouring from the LOGOS, "Heaven kissing Earth," which welcomes back the wanderer to its newly-gained self-conscious Divinity. I have called the mineral kingdom the turning-point, because, while consciousness still sleeps in the bosom of its own infinity while living in its coarsest sheath, there is the faintest sign of the dawning of that self-consciousness for which it has made its long and weary pilgrimage. It sleeps, but it stirs uneasily, as a man may stir uneasily in some vivid, strange and fearful dream; and Professor Bose of Calcutta has shown in the mineral these stirrings, faint preludes as they are to the mighty stirrings of God awakened in man.

The earthquake, the storm, the rumblings of the volcano—these are the life-signs of the mineral, by which the Monads, in "the silence and the darkness" of their existence on their own plane, first hear of the approach of the messengers they have sent out to bring them knowledge of their surroundings. Busy indeed is the life as it feels itself in the kingdom of which it is the king, and as the forms heave and roll and clash, are rent asunder or crash together, consciousness stirs, little thrills begin to send their wavelets inwards, and the varieties of experiences begin to mark out consciousness, so that the Monads, silently watching the life as it grows, gradually feel their self-conscious way into separated forms. In this way does the consciousness within respond to the impacts upon its vehicles, and as the response begins to grow more articulate, more coherent, the mineral form breaks up, so that the wanderer from his divine home

may gain more experience than the fetters of the mineral kingdom permit—having experienced the fetters, having lived self-consciously within their narrow limits.

A very poor self-consciousness, you will say. Yes, but it was the beginning without which the physical consciousness Professor Trilokekar described to you, in the first lecture of this course, could not have come ; without which the circulation of our blood, the beatings of the heart, the automatic birth and decay of cells—now all sub-conscious, but, under other conditions, within what may be called the then ‘ waking ’ consciousness—would claim an attention which now we may concentrate on an inner plane of consciousness. In the mineral kingdom physical consciousness reigns supreme, and there are only the very slightest evidences that the consciousness is being pushed inwards to the astral plane and coming thence as a reflection into the physical. But even these slightest tremors imperatively demand a finer vehicle, and the call of the life, which is the master of its mineral form, is for some more separated existence than the mineral kingdom affords.

Then it is that the life flows into the vegetable world on its upward path, and the consciousness, hitherto sleeping, begins to dream the dreams that precede waking, and the stirring of the consciousness on the astral plane, while unconscious in its own plane, sends out small pleasure-pain judgments to which the finer matter of the vegetable forms more readily responds. But the seat of consciousness, the dwelling-place of its waking state, is still the physical plane and the physical plane alone, and indeed its waking condition is rather that of an awareness, a growing awareness, than that of the perception of the animal and of the human being.

Passing through the experiences appropriate to the vegetable kingdom, the life presses itself still more self-consciously to the inner plane—the astral—receiving, as a result of its increased pressure, more decided impacts on its physical form, more definite repulsions and attractions. Then comes a further step upwards into the animal kingdom, in which the channels, open between the astral and the physical worlds, give the animals not merely astral counterparts to their physical bodies, but astral bodies, in some of which, as regards the highest animals, self-consciousness has at last found its dwelling-place. Here in the animal world memory is the stirring of the mental permanent atom, around which a body is gradually being built as the life presses ever inwards.

Memory below the animal need not be considered from the standpoint of our present subject, but in the animal it begins to provide the mental consciousness which man will need to use. In the case of the animal world the waking consciousness, while in the physical brain, is made up not only of the ordinary physical-plane impacts, but also of the workings of the life on the astral plane in its physical manifestation. We shall not speak of the animal being self-conscious on the astral plane, for that would mean that it is as conscious of the astral world as it is of the physical world. But it may safely be said that in its waking physical state, it lives to a large extent under the sway of the impacts of its astral body translated into physical terms, such impacts being either from the surrounding astral world or reactions from physical-plane conditions.

The same remarks apply to any mental impressions to which it may be able to respond. Still less has it any

self-consciousness on the mental plane of the mental world around it, but it has faint stirrings in the mental permanent atom, due either to impacts from its own sphere or to those from the plane next below. In the case of the animal, the earthquakes and the shocks which were referred to in connection with the mineral kingdom, are represented in the passions and emotions which come from the awakening of its astral consciousness. And some day, when a portion of the consciousness which has been sent down into manifestation has gained sufficient experience, has become strong and comparatively self-conscious, it reaches upwards through some great and unexampled stirring to the Third Great Force, or Life-Wave, on which the Monad comes to assume more definite and complete control of its lower vehicles through itself as the *jīvātmā*, in its manifestation on the three higher planes of nature—the higher *mānasic*, the *buddhic*, and the *ātmic*. On the plane of *Mānas* does this great meeting take place, the individualisation of consciousness, so that the Monad, through its ego, abides in its own separated form, the first clear image which has up to this time existed of its future vehicle. The Monad assumes charge of its own separated portion of consciousness, and evolves through it into a Flame which is the likeness of the whole from which it sprang.

Thus does the animal become man, and thus do we see that man's waking consciousness is composed of his astral and mental consciousness working in the physical brain, leaving in a sub-conscious condition that physical consciousness which only emerges above the line of unconsciousness when its harmony is disturbed—with the result that it ceases to function automatically—or

when through certain practices of Yoga it is deliberately brought within the region of the waking consciousness.

I have already suggested that it is necessary to discriminate between consciousness functioning self-consciously on any plane, and the reflection of the stirrings of consciousness from the higher to the lower, or from the lower to the higher. Each plane of nature, as we have already been told in previous lectures, consists of seven sub-planes, each sub-plane increasing in density and coarseness as there is approach to the plane below. The result is that the upward-pressing life has first to make its way through the denser regions of a plane before it may reach the finer levels. So the primeval man, the savage, receives the impacts which give him the astral portion of his own individual waking consciousness from the lower divisions of the astral plane; for the life, though it has just penetrated into the mental world above, has not yet made the channels which shall convey the conscious message from the higher regions of the astral. When living in the physical body, when the seat of consciousness is normally in the physical brain, the ordinary savage is hardly awake at all in his astral vehicle, even during the sleep condition; and it is not until death comes that he may be said to live, and then only for a short time, self-consciously on the astral plane. The man who is more highly evolved, however, has represented in his normal waking consciousness not only the higher regions of the astral plane, but also the lower regions of the mental plane. And as he gains mastery over these lower regions, through asserting the dominance of the higher, his waking consciousness gradually begins to

include a knowledge of the world of these two planes, as he already has a knowledge of the world of the physical plane.

In the ordinary waking consciousness of the average man, he *is* his feelings, he *is* his thoughts, for the Self in these regions has not yet been distinguished from the Not-Self ; but as the consciousness retires inwards it is seen apart from its vehicles, and so man becomes the master of his mind, the master of his desires ; for he sees that these are but his bodies which, in the infinite future, when themselves ideal and perfect, he will use as planes of nature, in which will function his unity in its separated aspects—his divinity in its resultant sparks.

The activity, the stirring, of the astral and mental consciousness depends ultimately, of course, upon the great upward sweep towards the goal of unity. But the struggle of the stirring is of interest, in that we clearly see how, as Professor Wodehouse said, the qualities of the downward stretching into matter differ in quality from those appropriate to the tending upwards towards Spirit. The astral constituents, for example, emotions of all kinds—moral, æsthetic, personal—work through the nervous system, into the brain-cells of the physical vehicle ; and their effect is either to press the life backwards (at least to keep the life from flowing upwards) or to push it upwards until it reaches Buddhi. Thus the mind, which works through the astral on to the physical brain, is, if the emotions are good, pressed forward so that it touches the buddhic level of consciousness through the causal plane (the higher mānasic), while, if the emotions are of what we call the passionate variety, the mind is drawn

downwards and becomes entangled with the body, thus producing a condition which is often dangerous.

It must also be noticed that the activities of the mental body especially, caused by changes in the mental-plane consciousness, depend for their reproduction in the physical brain upon the actual physical development of the brain itself. Before the age of seven years, for example, there is comparatively little inter-communication between the large nucleated cells of the brain; and though the activities of the mental body may be quite considerable, they will not enter what is called the waking consciousness, which has its seat in the physical brain, because the brain has not yet grown so as to provide a vehicle of sufficient delicacy. Hence there is little in the way of reasoning before the age of seven, so far as the waking consciousness is concerned, though the power of observation will be well-marked and the senses of considerable acuteness.

We see, therefore, that the waking consciousness depends to a very considerable extent, I might almost say entirely, upon the development and condition of the physical brain. The astral constituents are those first brought clearly through, because these have been longer under control, or at least within the waking consciousness; and it is for this reason that the education of a child begins with observation and perception, and with training the sense of pleasure-pain, along the line of education, before the faculty of reasoning is sought to be established. As the child grows older, more and more constituents enter into the waking consciousness, as the brain learns to respond more clearly and gains in complexity in order to meet the ever-increasing demands of the stirrings of consciousness in the inner planes.

The physical brain, in fact, is like a musical instrument on which the *jīvātmā* plays, and the music he is able to make depends to a considerable degree upon the power of the instrument to respond accurately to his intentions. Thus, within the waking consciousness, a disordered brain may distort the impressions from the inner planes, just as a piano which is out of tune will distort the music which it is desired to produce. The disorder of the brain may work in either of two ways. It may produce unrecognisable travesties of the realities beneath, or it may for the time—especially if overstrained—bring through visions of the inner glories which shall be a revelation to the outer world. But the disorder remains, and the risk of madness in either case is great, *i.e.*, the risk of the brain being to so great an extent disordered that the waking consciousness consists only of distorted impressions from within and from without.

Let us now turn to the consideration of the abnormal conditions of the waking consciousness which are classified, in the programme of the present lecture, under the heading 'Genius'. We may roughly distinguish three very distinct types of genius, each having its own special source of manifestation, but all depending upon some special upward stirring, calling down from some finer plane of matter a response in terms of an infinitely wider consciousness. The genius proper, for example, he who from time to time possesses sudden and far-reaching ideas, or who receives inspirations in the shape of creative forces showing themselves in invention, obtains his illumination from the higher *mānasic* plane, and is reproducing the activity of the ego on the plane of its activity—the causal. A

flash of the causal-body consciousness comes down and vivifies the whole mental process in a most extraordinary way, and we call this vivification or illumination genius.

It must be noticed, however, that a very highly organised brain is an indispensable preliminary to genius, for there must be the strong upward striving ere the downward response will be possible. And the fact that at our present stage of evolution the various brain-processes are by no means so completely developed as to provide a normal means of communication with the finer planes, has the effect of causing genius to be unstable, because the brain itself is in a state of unstable equilibrium—now making its connection with the inner worlds, now losing it. The preliminary sparks and flashes, before the two poles of an electric magnet are carefully adjusted, will give us an idea of the way in which genius acts.

If the brain be very delicately organised, the pressure from within, while producing flashes of genius, may at times cause the vagaries of genius which are so familiar to us, and may give rise to certain aberrations or fixed ideas, which often seem so incongruous in the man of genius. The brain has not as yet become the perfect mechanism which will afford a perfect means of communication between the higher and the lower, and the aberrations, vagaries and flashes of genius are the signs of the struggle of the soul towards a self-consciousness wider than those it has hitherto known. Perhaps we may even think that they are the counterparts on the higher levels of the violent physical upheavals of which I spoke in connection with the mineral kingdom.

The second aspect of genius to which I would draw attention is that of the saint, he who lives from time to time in those raptures and ecstasies described in Professor James' *Varieties of Religious Experience*. In this case, it is not the causal consciousness which is brought down, but the consciousness working on the buddhic plane. The higher emotions working in the higher levels of the astral plane send out their call to the consciousness stirring on the buddhic plane, and the result is an outpouring of buddhic consciousness, which still further stimulates the highest sub-planes of the astral and causes a rapture, the reflection of that aspect of the unity which is the dominating influence of buddhic plane life. Here, as in the former case, the delicately balanced brain will not permit of the communication being complete and continuous, and so in this case also there are the same aberrations and vagaries referred to in the former condition of genius.

The third aspect is that of the hero, he who appeals to the ātmic consciousness, with the result that a flash of ātmic consciousness enters the physical brain itself and causes the heroic action. Here also the brain must have considerable development, the result of action of a noble character in past lives. In this way the brain becomes specially sensitive to vibrations from the ātmic plane, and, in times of stress and of emergency, the appeal, ringing out with the force of many lives of action behind it, imperatively commands the flash of \bar{A} tmā to direct into what the world calls heroism the action which has to be performed. It is obvious in this case also that the aberrations referred to above must similarly be present, and the hero of the moment is by no means necessarily the hero in his every-day life. At his existing stage of

evolution the appeal cannot be made continuously, and so the heroic stage can be reached but fitfully. With the seat of physical action, the brain proper, so inadequately developed, we must not imagine that the astral or mental consciousnesses themselves are deficient. These too must have reached a certain level, or the action could not be heroic, for astral and mental constituents enter into heroism, just as astral and mental constituents enter into the being of the saint. But the dominant factor in each case determines the mode of the expression of the genius, of that higher condition of the waking consciousness which with us can be but fitful and spasmodic.

It now becomes increasingly apparent why, from one standpoint, the *jīvātma*, the ego, the representation of the Monad, contains within itself the triple aspect of *Ātmā*, *Buddhi*, *Manas*. Each of these vehicles will respond, when the time comes, to the special direction given by the spark of the divine Flame to its growing self-consciousness, and each vehicle is itself a reflection of that triple aspect of the great Flame itself—*Sat*, *Chit*, *Ānanda*, or whatever other designations may be appropriate, under varying conditions of manifestation. We see, therefore, that the triplicity of manifested consciousness enters into the life-stream flowing upwards to bring self-consciousness to its own Divinity, and that the triplicity, with one special branch dominant, is within the waking consciousness of the growing spark in an ever-increasing degree. From this we may conclude that, even at its earliest outpouring or manifestation, each Monad was born under some special aspect of the Divinity, as a man is born under a special star; and we may expect that

the full glory of the Flame in all its Self-conscious Divinity contains within itself a dominant sound, the sound of its own birth-aspects.

It is not within my province to deal with the waking consciousness of man beyond the mortal bodies. Others will speak of the beauties of that waking consciousness which is the glorious possession of the soul which is nearing its perfection, of the waking consciousness which embraces the causal, or the buddhic, or the ātmic planes. These are of the immortal Individual, and we of this first portion of the series are confined within the limits of the mortal person.

Let me, therefore, in conclusion, endeavour to begin the bridge which shall span the gulf between the mortal person and the immortal Individual, by making a few suggestions as to the control and preliminary development of that part of the waking consciousness which includes the astral and the mental consciousness.

We are concerned with three great departments in our ordinary waking consciousness: the mind, the emotions, the physical body. Most people, as I have already said, *are* their minds, *are* their emotions, *are* their bodies. But, as has been said in *At the Feet of the Master*, the body is our horse; and we may imagine ourselves as driving a team of three—the horse of the body, the horse of the emotions, and the horse of the mind. The 'we' is each individual jīvātmā or ego, which is the reflection of the divine Flame, the 'will' to manifest and to multiply. But *we* must drive, or we shall be dragged; and the science of growing life consists in the making of deliberate effort to hold and to control the forces of Nature, for such holding and controlling is the acquiring of self-consciousness. This effort is

the science of Yoga, Hatha Yoga when begun from below, Rāja Yoga when begun from above, and in ordinary English we may speak of it as meditation.

Meditation may be said to consist in growing accustomed to the instrument in connection with which the meditation takes place, in gradually learning how to draw out from the instrument its various capacities and possibilities. And meditation therefore means deliberately and intelligently exercised attention from the higher to the lower. Creative attention is that which renders the various vehicles more sensitive to the finer vibrations from the less dense planes of nature; and it is this kind of attention through which our will must work, rather than through that form of attention which seeks to retard the process of self-consciousness by maintaining the coarser, denser forms of manifestation. It is our business, therefore, to direct the waking consciousness towards the higher, and not towards the lower, by being alert in all our daily occupations whatever they may be, and in spending a certain amount of time each day in arousing the mind and the emotions at the command of the will. We do this by *directing* the thought and the feeling towards certain definite objects, through certain definite channels, and in this way the waking consciousness grows more alert, more *self-conscious*, and in its growth expands.

Meditation affects the mind by gradually endowing it with (i) one pointedness, (ii) flexibility, (iii) obedience. Meditation affects the emotions by endowing them with serenity, by cultivating the higher emotions and by eradicating the lower. And the result of such a meditation, sedulously performed, is to give an alertness to the

physical brain, and consequently a promptitude of action which is ever the mark of growing self-consciousness.

Thus does consciousness work its way through sheath after sheath, first of matter of ever-increasing density, then of matter of ever-decreasing density, from the unconscious to the increasingly self-conscious. And as the Self becomes conscious on the various planes of manifestation, he withdraws inwards, leaving below the level of waking consciousness all that he has learned to master and to control. Inwards he retires, realising himself in plane after plane of finer and finer matter, until the spark has become a Flame, which finally shines in all its glory on its own plane, as did the Flame from which it came. Then comes its turn to send out its waves of growth and power, that all the life within its nature, all the life below the level of its waking consciousness (which is the plane of its Divinity) may grow as the Flame itself has grown. So does the unconscious part, without whose presence the whole would not have become a whole, receive the reward of its service, blossoming out into a self-sufficient unity as the bud expands into the full-blown flower.

G. S. Arundale

AND EVER SHALL BE

By A. J. WILLSON, F. T. S.

As it was in the beginning,
Is now, and ever shall be,
World without end. *Amen*

PEOPLE who belong to the Church of England well know the above phrase. Thus are they assured many times each Sunday, and on any other day when they are able to go and listen to the service. It would seem that the declaration concisely puts the position of general thought at the time the Theosophical Society came into existence in the seventies of last century; indeed the Society itself adopted as its symbol of the world-process a serpent with its tail in its mouth.

A month or two ago we noticed that, on the cover of one of the leading and oldest of Theosophical journals, the serpent had removed its tail from its mouth and was distinctly moving onwards; the circle now being merely a fold of its active body. The change seemed to us significant of the present day position of thought within the band of students who form our advance-guard. And what the Society thinks to-day the world will think to-morrow.

Men have thought hard and fast during the last decades. They have not merely repeated the words parrot-wise, as we did quite comfortably in our youth,

but they have tried in some measure, however slight, to understand their meaning and to find out what is really signified by the symbol of the closed serpent and of "ever shall be". The parts that make up the circle and its contents have been roughly tabulated, and ideas are clarifying about much that used to be vague, thanks to the illuminative ideas gained from the pupils of Those who represent the fruitage of our humanity.

What is the origin of all things? Why are we here? What is the ultimate end of existence? How can we prove a thing to be true?

It has not been merely one person here and there of great learning and intellect who has probed into these questions; but men and women like ourselves have puzzled over them and have tried to realise their beliefs—or non-beliefs—about that shadowy future which includes the shadowy past, and the present of man and of all around him.

When we first begin to think of these deep things our utter ignorance appals us, and for a time we often make ourselves a nuisance—nay, perchance even a butt for the jokes of our friends who are not yet troubled by such constant questionings. 'Darum,' is an easy answer to 'warum?' and usually satisfies. Further questioning seems senseless, or at any rate out of place and wearying to those who are in the full rush and enjoyment of delightful existence itself, full of youth and love and health and hope. It is only those who over and over again have found the end of such things, who have tasted equally the opposites and who are now beginning to put in order the accumulated mental results of sensation, who cannot escape such questionings and have to face them fully before they can settle down to

profitable work. The haunting of such questions un-faced leads to madness.

Different kinds of people face these questions in different ways. Men who have not come across Theosophical explanations dub themselves agnostic or gnostic, theist or atheist, or employ the name of one of the numerous schools of philosophy to label their mental position. If they prefer to take a sweeping bird's eye view, they call themselves metaphysicians; if they incline to detail, they express themselves through terms of science. The same vital questions engage the attention of all, and most of them, pushed to their ultimate conclusions, however subtly enwrapped in high-sounding phrases, express various stages of hope or of hopelessness about the future of man. "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be" tolls its note of solemn finality over all.

It was the fashion last century to declare quite frankly that man in the flesh cannot know the things of the Spirit, that only God knows all and it is waste of time, and impious besides, to try, like Satan, to equal God in that knowledge which is power. The oldest religion, Hindūism, deep in its touch with human nature, gives images to the unevolved mind to play with and adore; while to the full-grown man it offers the profound conceptions and intricate reasonings of its Sacred Books—equally to play with, though the man may realise it not—until body and emotions are so trained and rightly directed as to be ready for wider conceptions of things—new dimensions of thought, so to say.

Some of us still definitely take the same position with all these and declare that man with his present brain and language is incapable of realising and

expressing what evolution ultimately points to, and the truth about the final 'how' and 'why' of things; but we add that it is our duty to try to know, because only by mastering all within our grasp do we grow. Hence we are deeply grateful to all trained pupils of our Masters who explore parts of the unknown, and report to us their observations in the best symbols at their command. Is not Truth the Will of the Ultimate, and does not that Will manifest here only through Laws of Nature and the will of man? Do we not see that the man with the strongest will imposes his aspect of truth upon those who are weaker, and that becomes truth for them until they grow beyond it? Do we not daily see how one man's truth is the untruth of another, so that only those on the same step of evolution see the same truth? Verily we must dive beneath the deep well-waters of illusion before we can test even one small portion of the truth.

Since 1875 people of a certain class have been studying and investigating and thinking along the lines indicated by H. P. Blavatsky and her successor, Annie Besant. They have begun to examine the content of the circle which typified the 'ring-pass-not' of our system, and have made bold analogies regarding larger circles composed of many smaller ones—whole universes in fact. They have followed the Hindū as he referred the all-including Brahm back to Para-Brahm and further still to Mahā-Para-Brahm, with still definite ideas—false or true—about the meaning of the words they used. And the result, as we have said, of these long years of patient thought, and daily practice of thought, is that the students are beginning to be no longer content to speak of a closed circle, but they

write of and imagine a spiral ; though conscious that the spiral, like the circle, is quite inadequate to express what we shall some day be and know.

As it is by research and examination and strenuous living that we evolve and grow, we would ever deprecate a laugh at the honest enquirer, however far-fetched and senseless his queries are, for at any rate they show that he is not stagnant ; and who can tell into what new realms of thought his questions may lead us ?

On the other side we would not venture to criticise those minds, often far above our own in book-learning, which find satisfaction in the contemplation of mokṣha attained but to re-become of the earth, earthy ; of breath out-breathed only to be inhaled, with small hint of that still deep-breathing which is a doorway to so much ; of expansion only to contract ; of sainthood won to reappear in after cycles as sinner once again.

We grant that all things may appear to return into themselves, but we hold that the appearance is but one more illusion—although an illusion that very readily flatters our vanity, and makes us feel that the human intellect can grasp the be-all and end-all of life. The great fallacy upon which such ideas are built is that the human brain, as it now is in man, is capable of comprehending things beyond a certain point—that the human can comprehend the divine. Can my dog understand why I leave him at home on certain days and take him out on others ? Can he get into touch with the workings of my brain when I listen to a scientific lecture that throws vivid side-lights on certain problems that have confronted me in the machine I am constructing—problems that threatened to make void and null years of patient labour ? To Ponto I am merely sitting

still in a place where he may not enter, and all the hopes and fears, and the intricate pieces of machinery I have put together to do certain work do not exist for him. Let us not forget that equally—nay far more—non-conceivable by our present brain are the workings of the laws that rule the Universe; whatever the idea of laws may imply behind the maze of illusion which we have woven around them. The oft-quoted comparison between a beetle and ourselves, and ourselves and a higher intelligence, is feeble, we believe, we hope, when placed beside the immensities, the inconceivable heights and breadths, which the future will reveal to us in the All which is the Self—that Darkness which is Light too brilliant for our weak eyes of to-day to respond to.

For this is the hope of some of us. We hope, with all the earnestness of which we are capable, that we cannot in this our present physical brain understand the workings even of this earth. Could we begin to feel sure that we *could* do this—so conscious of and dissatisfied with our present limitation are we—extinction would be the one boon to crave after; and utter despair might unite us with the desperate, who obey no law because they know the law-maker to be no wiser than themselves. Those of us who hold such views are doubtless often looked upon as unable to comprehend metaphysical ideas and therefore are not regarded as deep thinkers. This may be true, but it is certain that we have had to meet and do our best to solve that ever recurrent question of the ultimate truth, until it threatened to become a nightmare of despair and to undermine our whole nervous system. No solution seemed possible. The answer

to one question only led to a deeper question still, for "veil after veil uplifts" only to show "veil after veil behind".

If, at last, day by day the ground seems firmer under our feet and hope walks beside us, it is because our struggles led us to review our physical and emotional and mental make-up in order to realise how far we are capable of expanding. How far can we comprehend the work of great thinkers, artists, architects, inventors, poets, and mathematicians? If we find ourselves capable of seizing the broad outlines of such men's work by turning our careful attention upon it, we may presumably take it for granted that their details also can be mastered, given sufficient time and care. And this brings us to recognise that one life has only enough force for us to master one subject in its fulness; and we can provisionally accept the hypothesis (if inner conviction does not proclaim it true to us) of the many re-births of the same ever-continuing entity as a good one to work upon. Good enough in fact for us to risk one life in the attempt to prove its truth.

With this resolve, we review the teachings of Theosophy and trace, link after link, the expanding chain of consciousness as therein described. From the possible attraction of one metal for another, up to all we are told of the One that embraces the all, the vision, whether revealed by the "still small voice" or in the all-containing imagery of the *Bhagavad-Gīta*, extends as far as our thought can now reach. In all the words used we see that the seers are using the limited to describe the indescribable and limitless, for their words are but weariness or bathos when taken literally; and we begin to realise the limitations of language, even in

those most skilled in word-combinations. It is only by 'not this,' 'not this,' that we can arrive at some idea of what higher conditions are *not*—never at what they are. To know things as they are we must become them is an axiom which we find literally applies. Analogies are helpful, but must not be carried too far. "As above, so below" is probably true, but our conception of what the phrase means changes as we evolve.

We all at times find it easy to grasp deep teachings and to know them true. It is in the everyday life that their reality vanishes; and, as we are in earnest about finding an answer to our 'whys,' we have seized a moment of inspiration to dedicate our lives to the search, fully conscious that we risk nothing, because all is valueless without that answer.

So we decide, and turn our will to know—to follow the path pointed out as leading to the next stage, that of conscious co-operation with the pioneers and leaders of our race. At first we spend our time in jumping. We think so much about our goal that we miss the step nearest to us and make futile efforts to pass, by one bound, from the depths to the heights of thought. But many falls and severe bruises and a growing conviction that we are involving others in our tumbles gradually steadies us down, and we begin to search for the next step. It is so lowly and so covered with the common-place, it has so often been pointed out to us, that we are apt to overlook it as unworthy the attention of one who aims so high. We have heard of it at our mother's knee, from masters and pastors, in books, in talks: "Be good." First come the homely virtues, then the heroic ones, and after them flock the clevernesses and powers. And he who scorns the first,

finds in the end that the knowledge he desires will have nothing to do with him.

And then begins the slow descent into the valley of humiliation. For we have first to make acquaintance with our faults, before we can learn how to transform them and make of them our virtues. And such demoniacal and clever imps are our dear vices and pet failings that we become a horror to ourselves and a scarecrow to those about us. So dark is this valley that only the Ariadne-clue of our fixed will guides us finally to where one ray can break the gloom. But light once glimpsed, all gradually becomes clearer. We cease in time to fear our faults and learn to dodge them; and finally to overcome them by their opposite virtues, and our weaknesses are found to be stepping-stones to strengths.

And so, year after year, ever more and more does our understanding of the magnitude of the work increase. Lifetimes are now seen as possibly required, where we thought of years when we began our task. The work becomes more difficult, but the growing comprehension compensates for that; and new vistas constantly open before us of possibilities in nature and in man undreamed of hitherto. We perceive that literally we have to *be* the 'why' in order to understand it, and at times we begin to sense the 'why' in the present. Those who have solved more problems than ourselves become our guides and helpers; those who are still at the initial 'why' become those whom we can help, whose way we may perchance lighten through the dark valley. And so on, and on. . . .

A. J. Willson

THE PLACE OF BEAUTY IN HUMAN LIFE

By LILY NIGHTINGALE DUDDINGTON, F. T. S.

Beauty : the Vision whereunto,
In joy, with pantings, from afar,
Through sound and odour, form and hue,
And mind and clay, and worm and star—
Now touching goal, now backward hurled—
Toils the indomitable world.

William Watson

THE apex of materialism has been reached. Materialists themselves, weary of earth subdued, fawning at their feet, sigh for new worlds to conquer, and turn to the air. An aerial 'reign of terror' now threatens man. Metamorphosis of the Motor. As we gaze, it becomes Pegasus. Transmutation in the world of Mechanical Force, the steel and iron of commerce crying out. Yet, as in all transition times, a new impetus makes itself felt, another impulse stirs cosmic and national pulses.

Man turns again to Nature, in the hope that, resting against her mighty heart, he may feel once more the beating of his own. Garden cities and villages, the new civic art of town-planning, all point in the same direction. Once again, history repeats itself, and we stand on the threshold of a new Renaissance: Beauty shall be re-incarnated in daily life—a hope and a prophecy. Beauty, a spiritual dynamic force. Personified in the soul of

the people, a necessity, neither an 'extra' nor a luxury, if the nation is to be composed of human beings, not machines—this, and nothing less, is the place of Beauty in human life. Mrs. Besant says: "Ugliness is not natural to us; it is artificial. Beauty is the natural expression when you live near to Nature. . . Human life needs beauty in order that it may be great."¹ What is this but the exaltation of Beauty as a spiritual force?

Beauty is beyond all pairs of opposites; the vehicle of Perfection, the last stage on the form-side of evolution, sharing with Religion the divine re-creative faculty of man the thinker—symbol and shadow of the holiest, in the height and in the abysmal depth.

It follows, then, that the typical artist is Beauty's high-priest. To him who elevates the Host of Beauty, it were desecration to exalt any elements save that bread of thought, that wine of love, which, mingled, make the mystic communion of transubstantiation. And yet how often, still, do we hear such phrases as "O yes! Very beautiful, no doubt, for those who have time for such things, but I must give *my* attention to what is necessary," thus degrading Beauty to the level of an 'accomplishment'. In the life of the Cosmos—whose Breath is that Being whose artistry is Creation, whose craft is Manifestation—Beauty is the typical law, the vital necessity. We see splendour in the Cosmos viewed as a whole, perfection in the "separate delight" of the part. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork"; there is "one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon," yet are they not different glories, but the same Glory. The

¹ *Buddhist Popular Lectures.*

perfection of titan and fairy are both unique, according to their own genus, and we have no right to limit or confine perfection within petty bounds of mere personal predilection. But, on the other hand, Beauty-lovers may (indeed, must) raise protestant voice against all that is ugly, that is false, pretentious, shallow and aimless, in life; for the warrior-artist "goes forth to war" against the destructive forces of Philistia; for sincerity, depth, expression, are among the immortal canons of Beauty.

Auguste Rodin, sculptor-philosopher, one of the few great living artists, speaks with no uncertain voice on the subject. He declares that whatsoever has true individual character, reality and sincerity of being, constitutes Beauty, when seen through the artist's eye, envisaged by his consciousness. Indeed, Rodin's definition of an artist as "he who sees" with eyes, heart and brain, is a definition at once mystical and intellectual. No vision less than this three-fold beholding is pure artistic vision; therefore is the vocation of an artist a votive life—life dedicated to the service of Beauty; and there is room for the warrior-priest within her ranks—one who not only feeds his own fire of inspiration with the transmuted essence of every power and faculty, but who also goes forth to war against the foes of ugliness, falseness and impurity. The bounds of Beauty are catholic and universal, they are no "narrowing nunnery walls" of particular forms, styles, and cliques. There is no mode in Beauty but the universal manner, no conventions save the ancient codes of harmony and proportion. Whoever seeks to limit and constrain Beauty is no true artist. Yet there are certain structural limitations, wide and universal;

according to these measures the cosmic architecture is formed and framed: *is*, because though they are ever-ancient, yet they are of perpetual recurrence. The pride of the past, the glory of the future, are written in the same runic tongue; it is only that we are thrown upon an age of analysis and dissection, the era of the engineer. Yet, amid the crowd of desert-wanderers, some there are who have climbed the mountain of promise, whose eyes shine with prophetic fire, who know that earth shall once again enshrine the King in His Beauty. Listen once more to the master-sculptor:

To the artist, nothing is ugly except that which is false and artificial, which seeks prettiness instead of expression, which is mincing or affected, smiles without meaning, struts and preens itself aimlessly, all that has neither soul nor truth, every empty appearance and parade of beauty and grace—in short, all that lies.¹

This gift of true vision can be cultivated by all who will take the trouble to think for themselves, instead of feeding their mental bodies on stale remnants of other people's thoughts. Nothing original can draw nourishment from by-products: yet what is there, among a world of men, rarer than the man who sees, thinks, feels, from his own centre of the wheel of life? For the exercise of creative power, the creator must arouse and energise those hidden fires whose furnaces abide within the depths of being.

No man wins immortality until he becomes a creator. "In the Image of God made He man," and not until man reflects that Image does he realise his true birthright—man, son of God, with feet to spurn the mire and tread the fire, wings to raise himself to the clear air of thought. First he learns to

¹ Auguste Rodin. *Discourses on Art*.

walk, and then (when his feet have taken him as far as feet can go) is the psychological moment for the discovery that he has wings. Beauty gives this power of flight: the most perfect beauty is that which 'stirs' or 'moves' the beholder or the hearer. When we perceive beauty we draw nigh to those occult currents which emanate from the vortices of the Creative Mind. Plato says somewhere: "When we approach Beauty we become conscious of shuddering vibrations within." They do but convulse these mortal frames in response to that divine anguish of travail which is at the heart of all birth-processes. Beauty exalts man, by reason of this motive-power. He is "taken out of the *selves* into the Self," which is the occult significance of the phrase 'taken out of himself'. Beauty is thus the Way of Ecstasy, yet she has her Stations of the Cross, and all the paths are One.

Where many ways meet and part, bends down the consecration-star, whose beams are illumined with a ray of "the All-Radiant," whose Face is veiled from mortality, lest Its Light should blind; that star whose beams take the form of a cross. This is another of Urania's mysteries; she holds in her hand a crown of roses, and hidden beneath their colour-fragrance lurk thorns, which shall bring rose-red blood, "roses of blood," to whomsoever shall be found worthy to wear her crimson coronet. Roses and Thorns—Crosses and Star-beams, Gethsemane and Parnassus—Valley of Shadows, Summit of Heart's Desire. Who shall say that Beauty is not Muse and Mother to the pilgrims of light and night, the Beloved of both votaries? For, behold the beauty of earth! Beauty's essence hides within the wine pressed from the wild grapes on the hill-side, and in the chalice

wherefrom the Master of the Feast bade His disciples drink the "new wine of the Kingdom". The fairest earthly beauty is that which sets the soul on fire. Her priests know the full meaning of that state known as 'divine discontent'. For, as in the spiritual myth of Dionysos, wherever the God drew nigh "laughing, with fire, spear, and flowers" in his wake, there life re-awakened, spiritual life, which brings so-called death and destruction in its train; so wherever Beauty calls to the spirit, mortal life will be more of a tragedy than a comedy. A joyous tragedy, and let none question the truth of this phrase 'a joyous tragedy,' for all Dionysian Spirits are witnesses and living instances thereto. If the dross be not burnt away, how shall the gold shine forth? Gold is the mystic alchemical element of all Dionysian Spirits, votaries of Beauty.

To the over-fed (in every department of life) Urania makes no appeal—to him who is stuffed with the upholsteries of life, gorged with sumptuous viands. These have sold their birthright for a mess of pottage. Neither does Beauty's call reach those whose hearing is dulled, whose eyes are shadowed by blinkers. Most people wear blinkers, though only a few know that they wear them. How few dare to live! Life, unexpurgated, unadulterated, is too formidable for the majority. They prefer blinkers, disguises, pretences, or, at the worst, anæsthetics. Existence takes the 'place of Life, and is spent on the banks of its river. There is much talk, in certain circles, of "killing out emotion". Few persons now-a-days are capable of one great emotion; lust and selfishness stalk rampant, as ever, but love, great and pure, with the greatness of fire and the purity of dew, is conspicuous by its absence from the world to-day. A

great love means a great life, and to-day is, above all, an epoch of little lives and myriad undertakings. Men do so much, there is no time for thought or love—haste is inimical to both. How many among us respond to one pulse-thrill of that Cosmic Being who holds the keys of spiritual passion, that ardour to whose threshold a great passion alone can lead man? Men go, blind, halt and lame, through many a life. Fear is the tyrant who cripples the Soul.

He who has not been on fire with Beauty has never lived, he has only existed. It matters not into what form may flow the divine passion of the finite for infinity, it is a ray from the Rapture of the Whole. It may shine forth in the beauty of an idea, or an ideal—a human being, or the love of humanity as one great Soul to be redeemed by the power of love; or it may be the passionate adoration of that Being whom we invoke as the Spirit of Nature; or of Love Universal both cosmic and human.

A thousand shrines in every temple burn,
And at each shrine I bend my knee in turn.¹

But until the agony of that burning has been undergone, 'the ordeal by fire,' no worshipper of Urania is received into the Temple, even as humblest Server. There is the whiteness of fire, and the whiteness of snow: Beauty's votary must *become* both.

Occultism tells us that, from the fiery triplicity of the Zodiac, all life on every plane is lit, fed, sustained, and ultimately undergoes the life-metamorphosis known as death. Fire is the source of all—the three, seven, and forty-nine fires.

Fire of the Mind. The sacred illumination of Wisdom, born of the passion to know; the fire of the Gnostic.

¹ W. S. Lander.

Fire of the Heart. The ever-burning white flame of spiritual ardour; the life of the Bhakṭa, Devotee.

Fire of Motive-Power. The flame of the Server and Warrior; that which makes of life's 'great adventurers' torches, flashing through the dim shadow-land of earth, crying in answer to the call to high emprise, "Here am I, send me."

Astrological students will readily correlate these fires with the currents flowing from the æthers of Jupiter, the Sun, and Mars respectively. The arcanum shrines of Life are thus ringed round with fire-circles, flames of inhibition to all who shun those barriers between seen and unseen that can only be burned away. The seer of old came down from the Sacred Mount, his face aglow with the reflection of that fire which seers, poets and lovers behold and feel unscathed—the Glory of the Lord.

The Fire of Beauty follows the law of all fire—the "fiercest heat is born of whitest flame". Bhakṭa-flames burn on many an altar, in varying degrees of heat and purity, yet how often is lukewarmness, falsely called temperance, exalted as the beginning and end of virtue and wisdom. Great minds have thought otherwise. Leonardo Da Vinci, who in his devouring passion for knowledge gave himself, his whole life, as an offering on its altar; Dante in the divine descent of his votive passion for Beatrice, symbol of Heavenly Beauty Giordano Bruno, who gave his body to be burned for the truth of his vision of that Unity of All Things which was vouchsafed to his great mind—these three men yet live, though they died many deaths for love.

Beauty, then, is both the Sun of Life, the Law of Manifestation, and a two-edged sword, whether its light

be that described in the phrase, "our God is a Consuming Fire," or that ever-burning splendour whose outer name is Beauty of Woman—set within such symbol-vessels as Helen of Troy :

The face that launched a thousand ships
And burnt whole kingdoms.

The fire-potency of Beauty burns faintly in these latter days, though soon to be re-kindled by the breath of a Renaissance already at its dawn. Self-Righteousness, the creed of all smug pharisees and self-contented prigs, is one of the curses of our land, and one of Beauty's direst foes. The parable of hypocrisy and humility is as relevant to-day as in those far-off times wherein the Master Jesus used for two of his sublimest spiritual poems the mediums of a man who was a publican, and a woman who was a sinner. On the Cross, one of his sublimest promises was to an outcast: "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." It may be that to-day the Master shall reveal Himself to many a branded shape of shame. "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance."

Let man, then, never waste force in fearing lest he should love too well, for that were an impossibility. Wisely he may love, for wisdom will not quench the torch of inspiration, nor cool the ardour of pure poetic passion. From Love's diamond-soul shine forth prismatic rays of selflessness, fidelity and purity. In the privations and profanations of Urania lurk selfishness, satiety, impurity, mocking apes simulating her holy image. No word is more profaned, disdained to-day than this of Love.

Disciples of Truth, Holiness, Beauty—by them is known the cipher-language whose key is *Selflessness*.

True Love doth traffic not, nor barter for return,
It doth but shine and burn.

The shapes and forms of Love are multitudinous as the various types of men ; each has its corresponding discipline. There is the love of Pan, of Prometheus, of Psyche and of Urania, respectively, with ritual graduated in steps that shall lead the learners onward from the pastoral forms of shepherd-worship, to the adoration of the Magi. Yet both shepherds and Magi alike adored the Christ. The same potencies are at work in the world to-day, sleepless ministers of Urania, Apollo, Dionysos, Aphrodite :

Needs only mystic eye and ear, to see and hear.

These are some of the fiery paths which wind through and out of the world: *Service-Love*—human torches, whose fire ignites the sanctuary-lamps; *Votive-Love*, that keeps the fire on the altar of life ever-burning; *Sacrificial Love*—the rite of the Redeemer, who descends to perform the most sacred ceremonial act, the Communion of Mingling, wherein the greater makes himself one with the lesser, the Feast of Union.

So, from these forms and modes of Love, proceed those potencies of Beauty, whose "light perpetual" illumines the Eye of the Universe.

In the water of human passion, bitter and turbid though it may be, on some calm eve is mirrored the form of Apollo, sweet-sleeping on that dark breast. Thus the Divine Incarnation is enacted in perpetual recurrence of the masque of the elements, and in the cosmic symbolism are written the Poetry of the Universe and the Music of the Spheres.

What is man, then, that he should draw a dividing line between sacred and profane? Yet he must pierce

through the crusts and skins of dissection and analysis, ere he is permitted to approach the art of arts, the science of sciences—constructive synthesis, the co-ordination of the whole through organisation of the parts. “Through the grave and gate of death” winds the ascent of Life Immortal: in the humiliation of failure, in the swamp of despair, in the mire of foul experience, amid wreckage of defeat and the blinding fog of fear—from each of these springs a power born from weakness subdued, temptation overcome, a strength invulnerable, a force impregnable because its “towers of dread foundation” are “laid under the grave of things”. By the lightnings that fall from heaven and strike all that is mortal, by the fire of that glance, the immortal wakes to birth, the Son of God awakes and shouts for joy: the individual is “saved so as by fire”.

This, then, is the place of Beauty in human life—its sublimation, the hope of its calling, the promise and prophecy of fulfilment.

“On earth the broken arc”—struggle, failure, defeat. “In heaven the perfect round”—the world of aspiration, and true reality: in that kingdom shines and glows, entire, the Orb of Beauty.

Lily Nightingale Duddington

LOST OPPORTUNITIES

By SUSAN E. GAY, F. T. S.

IN that ancient story preserved in the Christian Gospels, the drama of the brief life-work of Jesus of Nazareth, called the Christ, aspects of human nature are given as in a mirror—a picture of life as it is rather than as it should be ; and, sad and regrettable as that must always be, it is powerful in its truth. Doubtless those books present a drama of Initiation ; doubtless at some period of our planetary life One appears who lives out the immemorial legend of the Sun-God ; doubtless there are passages which can only be interpreted by the illumined eye, and, without doubt also, is given a series of incidents which might have happened, and which did and do occur in human life, wherever a great cause is in the balance, and human beings are drawn within its influence. Hence the value of these books : the instructed recognise the eternal truths ; others may grasp the human realities which may be met with here and now.

One of the most striking episodes—perhaps the most striking of all, since it occurs at the tragic close of a life which had been one long battle with ignorance, pride, bigotry, and exclusive sacerdotal authority—is the story of the attitude of the immediate followers of Jesus of Nazareth at His trial. Those few had seemed to understand Him, to be willing to share His outward life

and to range themselves on His side. But their eyes were fixed, not on the intervening sorrows but on the remote triumph which it seemed to them that they would share. In other words, they forgot that the true worker counts on *no* personal triumph, but is content to work for one thing only, sure that this being a blessed thing shall prevail—the Truth. That hours of agony, of utmost hatred, would assail their beloved Teacher, and involve them also in the deepest sorrow, seemed as naught.

But the hour came ; and, as it drew near, it brought such severe and personal searching to each of them, that not one of those called and apparently devoted disciples could stand the test. He whom they thought was indeed the Messiah—who had spoken as had no other man ; who was to found a kingdom wherein truth and righteousness should dwell, and into which they should enter—was arrested as a common criminal, a breaker of the law, a man whose varying tides of popularity with the multitude had receded into universal condemnation. On His pure head was hurled the accusation of guilt. They could not face it ; they could not share the disgrace of being followers of a man so discredited ; they could not pass the test ; and they did what human nature generally does in such circumstances—they “forsook Him and fled”. Probably nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand readers of that story—who go to church to commemorate the crucifixion, and hear devout sermons upon it, sitting comfortably in cushioned seats the while—would have done just the same. Persons have small pity when their own reputations for respectability are at stake, and it is no easy thing to avow oneself a friend of ‘the accused’.

One indeed, called Peter, followed the Master afar off, loath to withdraw entirely from Him after declaring that he would die with Him. But he, too, was overcome by the power of the terrible scene; and when he heard one and another accuse him of having been one of the associates of 'the Nazarene'—one of the same sort, and just as guilty—he burst into a passionate denial, and with all his force uttered the lie: "I know not the man!" That denial, thrice repeated, had been foretold by the Master, and there is the record that He turned and looked upon Peter. What a look must those eyes have held—no need for words—when they spoke in a silent glance that which was beyond all speech! Overcome with sorrow and remorse, Peter "went out," it is said, "and wept bitterly".

I the Inheritor of Holiness,
 The Knighted Guardian of the Mystic Grail,
 Lo! I am lost in deep and dire distress
 For I have loved the best, and yet could fail!

He had lost not only the beloved Master—for He was doomed—but his own self-respect. His was the lost opportunity. Never might such a one come to him again, for it was no common episode. Rarely do the great Teachers, the Messiahs, appear, and to him had been given the power to help through constancy. It had come—that opportunity for fidelity, for heroism, for sacrifice, for self utterly laid at the feet of Him who was facing the world's scorn to redeem it—and it had gone out of his reach for evermore during the ages, beyond his power to change or to withdraw. To be born at such periods, to welcome them, to prepare for them—what a privilege! And if called upon to sacrifice something on behalf of one of those great events, what an opportunity! "Weighed in the balances and found

wanting” is all that can be said or thought concerning that pathetic and most human story. Whether this man wrote one or other of the Gospels, whether the closing scene was a tumult or a solemn trial as penned, I care not; for ever do they convey deep lessons to those who understand, for ever are they true.

Let us turn now to these days of ours, and ask ourselves whether out of the long past we have won intuition enough, experience enough, to grasp the opportunities that are ours to-day. There are pathways before us that are being missed, and missed by many whose eyes might have been open to see more clearly. The signs are all around us that a great and marked change is imminent, that our world is ripe for the coming of One who shall so appeal to the heart, instruct the mind, and fill the soul, that help and comfort will be held out to all. To “save to the uttermost” needs that the heart shall feel, as well as that the soul shall be uplifted. Small wonder is it that the blessed Messenger, the Christ, is about to return to finish that all too brief work of the past; to explain it as no other can; and to link it to those other great religions that all may become a harmonious whole, and that which divides may be changed into that which unites, as all true religion should. Surely it is the one thing of all others that the Founder of the last great religion would do, the conditions having become in every respect ripe for such a manifestation. And not alone this time does He come. A great Society, a special Order, certain disciples, all have been and are being prepared beforehand, and a wonderful silent power is going forth influencing all who are receptive among many peoples and in many lands. Lack of observation, of intuition,

alone will shut this out ; a lack of the discernment which perceives the plan. The world-wide intercourse of land with land ; the knowledge that has been so fully gathered on the outer plane ; the partial and partly ignorant acquaintance with psychic conditions ; the failure of the current religious teachings ; the ignorance of those laws of life which are vital to further progress : all these have created a crisis which asks for an enlightening voice, to which in the future there can be no reply, which can never again be misunderstood or wrested to evil ends.

Surely the opportunity to help forward this great work is one which none should cast away. Those who are satisfied with the aspect of truth which suits themselves forget the multitude. One with the power of love in him must reach it. And the foundation-stone of the Coming Era is Love. Happy are we who have the privilege of doing anything, however small, to prepare for this coming of Him who is called the Lord Christ. To stand aside in cold indifference when it is ours to welcome and to help, surely this would again be a lost opportunity, and one which may never return. Especially is it sad to reflect that those special messages which have been sent to that great Society—which in itself was a preparation—from the Masters who know, through H. P. B. who gave us *The Secret Doctrine*, through Mrs. Besant who perceives, awaken no response in some of us. We shall not be called twice.

True—only the few possess that assurance before which all doubt dies. The certainty of those who know, however, makes it hard for them when the wondrous joy of the Seer is met with coldness—believed in so many things, distrusted only in this!

Oh could I tell ye surely would believe it!
Oh could I only say what I have seen!
How should I tell or how can ye receive it,
How, till He bringeth you where I have been?

To turn, then, to events within our Society, that is and has been destined to train for understanding and strength, and calls also for reflection. Trials come, inevitably, since the occult law that darkness is arrayed against light is true now as it was of yore. But they are all tests—tests, which no mere cold logic and intellectual ability can hope to stand, to be faced only by the strong intuition, the spirit of love and brotherhood and the unshaken strength of inmost conviction, which knows, and cannot fail. If the spirit of love is violated for no just cause, for no cause that penetrates beyond the surface, then the burden on those who lead becomes a heavy one; and those are made sorrowful, who see and know more than others possibly can, who carry the flag.

Here again are lost opportunities, which pass down the tide of time and never return.

To pass on : an opportunity now faces those who lead in the Church of Rome, Church of many saints, of prayers for the departed, of experiences of spiritual presences, the still half-conscious guardian of some occult teaching, all of which of late have been more understood, more appreciated by a sister Church and many outside. Now is her hour, if she but knew it. She strives to 'convert' and to hold to her past, but that is not the way. Useless the weak apologies for the 'holy' Inquisition, the *autos-da-fé*, the massacres, the persecutions of centuries, all begun under her auspices, by her initiated in the search for power, during that fatal because unripe union of Church and State. They will influence none who

remember unbiassed history, and know the records existing yet, which tell the tale. The facts are damning. What, then, is the one thing to be done to win that stern and restricted Protestantism—through which nevertheless liberty of thought, in repudiation and fierce reprisal, was so dearly bought—to the understanding which will make concord? To cast out for ever the cursings of the past, the idea of heresy and the desire to slay the ‘heretic’; to acknowledge that the love of power and force and cruelty *were* blunders and crimes such as no true religion can endorse; to realise that even if karma brought some to the dungeon and to the stake, the last to have been the agent of it should have been any religious institution which called itself the Church of God. Nor can we forget that there were countless martyrs, those whose consciences were among the holiest things they possessed, who suffered because they would not acknowledge aught that to them was false or wrong, who stood for freedom, for larger truth, for purity, or for the facts of science. Surely they followed the footsteps of the Master, and wrung by their untimely fate that heart of Love which so few seemed to understand! Of many of these it was sublimely true:

These were Thy Church, Thine inmost shrine,
 Thy saints, Thy sacrament,
 Because they shared Thy cross, and knew
 The glory that it meant.

Useless the belief which is forced; futile the creed which is a chain.

Greater than creeds, greater than rites, greater than inspirations, than seership, is the spirit of Love. It is the divine quality. Without it not an atom could exist, not a world be built, not a Saviour could appear to teach

mankind. It is the crown of Buddhism that it was never stained by persecution.

So long as the priest of any Church justifies bloodshed, whether in past or present, so long does he help his Church to lose her opportunity—so long must that Church be blind to the coming Messenger, coming neither for this creed nor that, but for all the world, and bearing the heart, the spirit, of all the faiths!

To each of us comes the day and hour of choice. To look back—whether we do so as an institution, or a society, or an individual—and to perceive that the hour passed by, and the right choice was not made, the choice that was vital, that was fraught with far-reaching issues—ah! that is the saddest of all things, the blunder that can never be repaired, because that hour returns not and never again is ours. The pang of remorse makes itself felt, it may be here, and very certainly on ‘the other side’; for knowledge comes at last and awakens, although for one divine deed it comes too late.

To draw near to something infinitely beautiful and sacred, and to turn from it to the momentary expediencies and common interests of earth is to cast away our best. From that fate may Love for ever guard us!

Susan E. Gay

THE ROAD MAKER

By H. J. GILLESPIE

Editor of *The Smart Set*

“To Fabrius Penatius Ulpian ; a centurion of the Twentieth,
the victorious, the faithful ; a builder of the Road.”

Roman Inscription.

Let other men be Consul twice
Or dream of triumphs down at Rome ;
I offer thanks and sacrifice
That I have made the Road my home.

The Eagles scream before the storm,
They strike—and think the work is done ;
What they throw down we must reform,
We know the task is scarce begun.

The “ Lex Romana ” cannot take
The swift red way the Eagles go.
With pick and shovel, stone and stake,
We make the Roman borders grow.

Dawn follows dawn across the waste,
The stars swing down unalterably ;
So without turn or halt or haste,
We take the Road from sea to sea.

We build not for to-morrow’s strife,
Nor is *our* battle ever won.
The Road goes on from life to life,
And we work on from sun to sun.

Cæsars may rise and Cæsars fall,
Imperial Rome herself decay—
But while the Road endures, not all
The work of Rome shall pass away.

The armies of the after-days
Must march along the roads we made ;
Who would another Empire raise
Must build upon the stones we laid.

On Baiae's shore the greybeards fight
About the cause and end of things ;
But which is wrong and which is right
Is naught to him who builds and sings.

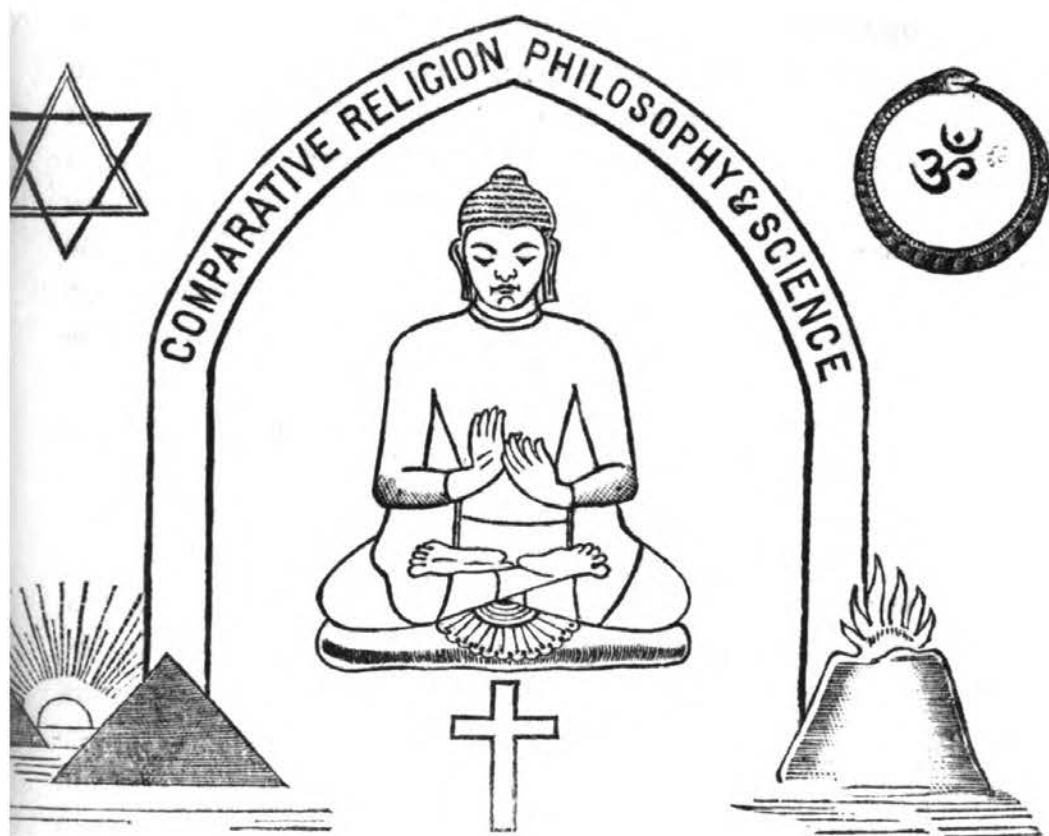
He knows that, whether right or wrong,
No thought can ripen into deed,
Or help the rough, untutored throng,
Without *some* Road to serve its need.

Therefore I take the ruder task,
Nor seek for the Eternal "Why,"
And for my recompense I ask
The wide dawn and the wind-swept sky.

So may I pass from ridge to ridge,
Until I reach that silent stream,
Which even Romans cannot bridge,
Which gives *no* torch an answering gleam.

And when that stream, by Charon stirred,
Shall bear me to the shades' abode ;
Write on a milestone just the word :
"Penatius—builder of the Road."

H. J. Gillespie



A BUDDHIST SABBATH IN CEYLON

By F. L. WOODWARD, M.A., F. T. S.

THE light is breaking in the east. Already in the gloom of the tall trees the squirrel's strange chirping bark is heard, and the hoarse grating cough of the monkey mingles with the coppersmith's metallic note and the 'earliest pipe of half-awakened bird'. Dawn is at hand. Already *ka-ka*, the black crow, is impudently demanding his early meal. Yet a few moments

and the sun will strike the brass pinnacle of the temple, and we must offer flowers as he rises, so let us hasten onwards.

It is a Buddhist holy day, New Moon or Full Moon in the dry season, or maybe Wesak Day, the day of days, in Lanka-*Ḍīpa*, the land beloved of the children of the Lord, the fairest isle on earth, where the yellow robe still studs the palm-groves, and the white dome of the *dāgaba* gleams beyond the nameless blue-green of the tracts of paddy-fields. So we bathe and don the simple garb of the *upāsaka*—lay-devotee—a vest and two white cloths, upper and lower. Thus clad, bare head and foot, like Roman senators in city garb, we join the little groups silently making their way to the temple on the hill. At the foot of the long stone stairs leading to the sacred place are women and children, also clad in white, bearing flat baskets of flowers, the fragrant *nāmal*, arlia and white jasmine, or lotus, pink and blue and white, blood-red hibiscus and golden sun-flowers, and the huge sheath of areca blossom. Here, too, is a small band of youths, white-robed, about to take with us the eightfold vows or *aṭṭha-sīla* for the first time in this life. There is just a touch of chill in the air, and some have drawn their upper robe over the head, and at a distance look like hooded nuns. This is for them a solemn day, marking the desire to be also of those who have set their faces towards the stream, a mark of admission to the outer court of the true community of *Buddha-puttā*, sons of the Buddha.

On this holy day, when especial influences are shed upon the earth, especial merit may be gained by those who keep the eight vows, the layman's five of every day and the extra three and perfected third

precept kept by those who wish to take a further step. By taking the full ten vows one is, as it were, an ordained monk or bhikkhu. For said the Buddha:

He who would be like me should truly keep
The eight vows on the eighth and fourteenth day
And fifteenth of the half-month of the moon,
As well as in the monk's retreat.¹

For beneath the shadow of such an one, living the righteous life, as beneath the shadow of a mighty tree, his wife and children, relatives and friends, and all dependent on him will assuredly prosper. Thus, again, in a stanza are set forth the duties of the day:

He who has taken all the Precepts Eight
Kills not, nor steals, nor speaketh words untrue,
Nor dulls the brain with drugs, and from all deeds
Of lust abstains; nor does he eat at night
Or at forbidden seasons; nor with flowers
Adorn his body, nor use scents, but sleeps
On a mat spread on the ground. This is the Fast
With the observance of the Precepts Eight.
Thus by the Buddha, the Enlightened One,
Who hath all sorrow ended, as the Path
To end all sorrow, this hath been declared.²

“Punnāni katvāna, (by working merit)”, say the stanzas, “great fruits are gained for this life and the lives to come, whether in this world, or in other worlds unborn”. And it is by this acceptance of the Dhamma, the Law of Life, by working in harmony with it, that the Buddhist hopes to attain the perfect harmony, one touch of which will liberate him for ever from the ceaselessly-revolving wheel of samsāra, evolution. All the wealth of oriental imagery is employed to add lustre to the merit thus acquired. Listen again to the Buddha's words:

The sun and moon, the sight of which is sweet,
Move to and fro, and in fixed bounds give light,
Dispelling gloom and shining in the skies.

¹ *Anguttara-Nikaya*, iii, 37.

² *Ibid.* iii, 70.

Within this Cakkavāla¹ these are pearls,
 Gems, cats'-eyes, Singi gold, Kancana² gold,
 Kātaka and Jāta gold—yet all of these
 One quarter of a quarter are not worth
 Of merit gained, resulting from the Fast
 With the observance of the Precepts Eight,
 Just as the light of multitudes of stars
 One quarter of a quarter is not worth
 Of all the light shed by the moon alone.
 Therefore the man of virtue and the woman
 Who keep the Fast and keep the Precepts Eight,
 Performing merit fruitful of results,
 In the heaven-world are born without reproach.

While such thoughts as these have been passing through our mind, we have already climbed the long flight of steps and reached the sand-strewn court whose central figure is the skyward-tapering dāgaba, the dome-shaped relic shrine, whose blue-white graceful cupola pierces the dark green of the surrounding jak trees, and the sacred bo-tree, where already the squirrels are busy at their morning meal. Here, awaiting the coming of the officiating monk, stand in little groups some fifty men and women, white-robed and silent, each carrying on his arm a white cloth or towel, which will be used to spread upon the sandy ground during the act of worship. A subdued but joyous crowd. Glancing over the faces, one finds no trace of that pessimistic resignation which the ignorant always attribute to the followers of the Buddha. Sorrow there may be in the world. True, this is the note of all religions; but to meet it with joyful hearts, with confidence of ultimate success, because the lives are many, to be as merry as one may, that is the keynote of the Buddhist life. Here is not ignorant idolatry, but devotion to One who has attained; and on this day we mean to tune up the strings of our whole being, if

¹ World-system.

² *Id. loc.*

only for this single day, and we purpose to be *Buddha-puttā*, sons of the *Buddha*, and like unto Him and His perfected monks. That is enough, not to fail or come short for this brief space, from now till to-morrow's dawn, this brings peace for the now, and merit, we think, which shall support our footsteps in troublous times, and lead us along the Path of Him who hath thus come and gone, *Ṭaṭhagaṭo*, to the lotus feet of the Lord *Meṭṭeyya*, who is yet to come.

First we must take *sil*. This means asking the monk, who has just come out of his *vihāra*, or dwelling, in the temple-court, to say for us the Pāli ritual, which we repeat after him, phrase by phrase. We gather round the big *dāgaba* or relic-chamber, against which stands the monk, facing outwards; spread our cloths and kneel, thrice bowing with the five-fold prostration of head and folded hands, body, knees and feet. There is a moment's silence. Then all repeat the triple invocation, words of power, the *nāmaskāra* to the *Buddha*.

Glory to Him, the Blessed Saint, the All-enlightened One.

Now the clear tones of the monk sound forth the *Tisaranam*, the Three-fold Refuge, which is repeated by the prostrate throng.

To the *Buddha* for refuge I go.
 To the Law for refuge I go.
 To the Brotherhood for refuge I go.

This three times. Then follow the vows, repeated as before alternately.

From killing to abstain—the vow I take.
 From stealing to abstain—the vow I take.
 From lustful deeds to abstain—the vow I take.
 From lying to abstain—the vow I take.
 From drink and sloth-producing drugs to abstain—the
 vow I take.
 From food at times unseasonable to abstain—the vow
 I take.

From dancing, singing, music, worldly shows,
 From flowers, scents and unguents, and from wearing
 Adornments and from beautifying this body,
 From all these to abstain—the vow I take,
 From couches high and broad to abstain—the vow I
 take.

Then follows silence. The devotees remain prostrate, meditating on the vows and repeating in a low voice certain stanzas composed by the Buddha Himself, in praise of the Triple Gem—the Master, the Teaching, the Brethren—commencing: “*Iṭi pi so bhagava, sammāsambuddho*”. After some moments, one by one we rise and turn to the huge stone slab, now a mass of flowers. We fill our hands with these, first holding them out while a brother pours water, first on them, then on the flowers. Then with folded palms containing the flowers we offer some at each of the four little shrines surrounding the dāgaba, walking clockwise, till the circuit is complete. Then to the Buddha-ge or image-house, where the huge stone Rūpa sits cross-legged in the silence, with downcast meditative eyes and lips of compassion. A flower or two yet remains, and these we offer to the bo-tree, in honour of the sacred tree sitting under which the Lord attained enlightenment. And now that we have retired, other relays of aspirants are arriving, and the same ceremony is gone through, and continues at intervals throughout the early morning.

It is now past six o'clock, and we proceed to the great hall close by, where the early morning meal is served to the devotees, who, for this one day, be it remembered, are as bhikkhus and are venerated by the other laymen who have taken only the five ordinary vows, and by them waited on with great respect. Mats and cushions are spread all along three sides of

the hall, and the preaching platform occupies the upper end. Here we sit while the attendants bring us cups of tea or coffee, rice-cakes and plantains. This done we sit cross-legged upon the floor and meditate upon the vows and duties of the day, or on the Dhamma; no thought of business or the outside world should intrude. Some chant stanzas quietly, others read the sacred books, and this goes on till perhaps eight o'clock, when a monk arrives and silently takes his place upon the preaching chair. He delivers us a sermon on the merits to be acquired by this day's devotion. This is done in the Sinhalese tongue, the points of doctrine being driven home by quotations from the Pāli canon. From time to time a layman puts a question on some knotty point, to which the monk replies by quoting the Buddha's words. There is no speculation. The canon is final. It is enough. You must not venture to add your *diṭṭhi*, (view), to swell the sacred texts. It is this intense conservatism that has kept the Pāli text so well these two thousand years: but it must be admitted that often a solver of the knot is to be desired. No mere quotation of authority will satisfy this age of swelling knowledge, and very aptly does Mrs. C. Rhys Davids, one of the ablest of our western Buddhist scholars, remark:

And when we watch the way in which Goṭama Buddha and his followers met the errors and the problems of their own day, recasting, it may be, a yet more ancient body of doctrine to cope with present needs, can we doubt that, if a *Metṭeyya* Buddha arose here and now, he would recast their Dhamma, and, instead of making 'converts' to a Norm adapted to bygone conditions, would evolve, with travail of soul, a gospel and a philosophy built out of the knowledge and the needs of to-day?¹

So may it be.

¹ *Buddhism*, p. 247. Home University Library.

This preaching and discussion may continue till about eleven o'clock. Meanwhile the women and boys are bringing in the single meal. Each one is given a plate, as he sits upon the floor, and on it are heaped rice and curries of different sorts, and then sweetmeats and fruit. All this must be finished before the hour of noon, for to eat after the shadow has moved beyond the dial-plate's centre is a breach of the sixth precept. There will be no more solid food after this till to-morrow's breakfast. Now all is cleared away and baskets of betel-leaves and areca-nut and condiments are brought for the customary chew so dear to the Sinhalese. Meanwhile an elder delivers a short speech on behalf of the rest, returning thanks to those who have supplied the food and maintenance this day, and waited on us so carefully, for we are this day as beggars, and dependent on other's help, even for a glass of water. All must be given. After this comes the slack hour of the day. Some take a turn up and down the hall or corridor, others peacefully ruminate or snatch forty winks, nature and age compelling. Then, as the afternoon draws on, someone will read aloud an article on Dhamma, or a passage from the sacred books, or discuss with the rest some point of difficulty. And so through the long afternoon till tea is served, tea without milk, for milk is animal food, or coriander water. So to our reading and thinking or discussion again, while some few meditate, and "so fleets the time as in the golden age".

Now it is drawing towards sunset, and, as the sun drops behind the trees, we are again to gather at the temple for the evening offerings of flowers, and to renew our morning's vows. Sometimes it is customary to visit a neighbouring temple, if not too far away, and

swell the crowd already gathering there. So off we go, each one carrying a lighted candle in his hand, and, as the long procession winds along the village path, lighting up the trees with flickering points of fire, at intervals we raise the cry of "Sādhu! Sādhu! Buddha-parihāra!" "Glory! Glory! a Buddha-procession!" The whole temple is lit up with tiny lamps, oil-bowls with floating wicks, outlining the dome of the dāgaba, while paper lanterns cast a subdued glow upon the walls and trees. Circling thrice clockwise round the stupa, we finally fix our candles on the cornice, and await the monk who will administer once more the eightfold vow, after which the 'five-fold' devotees in relays take their vows as in the morning; such are the labours of the day. So numerous are those requiring the help of the monks, that the youthful novices take their place, and their shrill voices ring out in the still air, followed by the bass rumble of the men, and women's high-pitched tones. After once more offering flowers and countless sticks of incense, till the whole court and shrine-room smoke again, we gather in a body and sit cross-legged while the aged high priest comes forth to give us a special address on this solemn occasion. He unfolds the course of life leading to the Noble Eightfold Path, and points out how the keeping of these vows now will be to us as stepping-stones across samsāra's stream, on the other side of which is the amaṭapādam, the immortal state of Nibbāna.

It is a beautiful scene that meets the eye. The ancient trees, hung with coloured lamps, the soft outline of the dome thrown against the velvet blackness of the star-spangled sky, the wreathing incense-smoke, the flickering candles, the hushed silence of the pauses in

the monk's address, and, now and again, a quick patter of bo-leaves overhead, as a breeze arises and dies away again, the white-robed crowd covering the sandy court, while on the ear falls the ceaseless trill of crickets from all sides—all makes an impression of peace and beauty that will never fade from the memory.

Leaving the illuminated temple-grounds, we return to our preaching-hall, and prepare for the third act of our drama, the passing of the night in listening to Bana, or preaching of the Law. The lamps have been lit, and one is placed on the preacher's table, where he will sit till sunrise, expounding the Law. Towards eight o'clock the monk who has been selected to preach, generally a scholar of some attainments, enters the hall and takes his seat. The 'musicians' now enter to do their service to the Buddha-Dhamma-Saṅgha, and commence a terrific salvo of tom-toms and ear-splitting pipes. To stand this needs all our stock of vairāgya, indifference. After this 'voluntary,' the audience, who have been silently gathering, prepare themselves for a full night's exposition of the Law. The monk, after a preliminary clearing of the throat, commences his adoration to the Buddha, in high-toned nasal Pāli verse, then gives out his text, "Evam me suṭam," "thus have I heard," the commencement of a section of the canon. At the preacher's right hand, seated on the floor, is an elder who acts as 'parish-clerk,' responding to each pause of the preacher with "Ehe, svāmi!" "'Tis so, your reverence!" and it is to this temporary official that the monk's remarks are really addressed. It sometimes happens that, as it draws towards the still small hours of the morning, this good man is caught nodding, and is reprimanded for his negligence.

And now the preacher is fully launched upon his discourse. A pariah dog strolls in, sniffs round the room and sits calmly in the midst, assiduously attending to his skin. Now and again, a child's shrill voice arises, and his mother takes him out. The audience rise and go in and out at will, for a large part only intend 'keeping up' till midnight, when the first discourse will end. Those who have taken the eight-fold vow will carry on till dawn. The preacher's theme is the familiar one of the evolutionary scheme of the universe, as set forth by the Buddha. It is the Paṭiccasamuppādo, the origination of cause from cause, the fundamentals of Buddhist doctrine. He tells how from ignorance, avijjā (unconsciousness, rather), arise aggregations, saṅkhārā, the first vibrations in ākāsa; from saṅkhārā comes consciousness of externals, vinnāna; and from this is formed nāmarūpa, name and form, subject and object, and this develops the six centres of sense, salāyaṭana; then comes contact with externals, phasso, resulting in sensation, vedanā. Sensation causes desire for more violent sensation, ṭanhā, longing; thus arises upādāna, clinging to existence, and this gives bhava, conception in the womb. Then follows jāti, birth into the outer world, with all its attendant sorrows, dukkha, pain, mental pain caused by the impermanence of all things, jarāmaranam, decay and death, sokapariḍeva-ḍukkhadomanassa-upāyāsā, lamentation, woe, grief and despair. And so the wheel rolls on.

One by one, the audience begin to nod. Here and there a lamp has flickered out. It is nearly midnight, for our discourse has taken long expounding. Outside, utter silence reigns. A few of the faithful remain alert and attentive, but many have succumbed and lie in blissful

slumbers, buddhi, lulled to rest. The sermon closes and attendants bring water, or coffee to rouse the attention of the devotees, and nerve them for a second spell of preaching.

The new preacher has a hard task, for he has to wrestle with the powers of sleep, and by hook or by crook so fix the attention of his hearers that they may watch with him until the dawn. His text is the story of the Great Decease, the passing of the Buddha, from *Mahā-parinibbānam Sutta*, and he teaches how, though the Buddha has passed away, He has left us the Dhamma as our Comforter, and the promise of a Great One to come. Then quoting the sonorous Pāli, he describes the kindly words of the great Teacher, His last utterance to His beloved disciple Ānanda. One passage will suffice for our quotation.

Then said the Blessed One to Saint Ānanda, sitting by his side: "Hush! Ānanda! Let not your heart be troubled. Weep not. Have I not ere now told you that all dear, delightful things have the nature of differentiation, separation, otherness (*nānābhāvo vinābhāvo annaṭṭhāvo*)? How can it be then, Ananda, that what is born, brought forth and composite, of nature to dissolve, can fail to be dissolved? It cannot be. Long, indeed, Ananda, hast thou waited on the Tathagato with kindly acts, pleasant and sweet, invariable, unstinted; long hast thou waited on me with kindly words, pleasant and sweet, invariable, unstinted: long hast thou served me with loving thoughts, pleasant and sweet, invariably kind, immeasurable. Right well hast thou done, Ananda. Persevere with earnestness, and thou shalt attain to utter purity!"¹

This sermon has lasted some four or five hours. The lamps are fading in the strengthening light of dawn. The chill clean-scented air that marks the coming day blows in through the open windows. An elder rises and with folded palms offers to the preacher a cloth or shawl, or coverlet for rainy nights, as a small return for

¹ MPS. § 14.

his careful exposition of the Law, and as a means, too, of acquiring merit. The audience now prostrate themselves, as a mark of reverence to the Order, as the monk leaves the preaching-hall. The sluggards awake, and we all go out to bathe face, hands and feet, and brace ourselves for the completion of our long spell of duties, 'lowering the lodge' from the state of eightfold-precept-devotees to that of fivefold-precept-laymen. This done, once more we gather round the dāgaba, whose sandy court one of us has already swept before the dawn; once more the aged high-priest blesses us, this time with the fivefold precept, and for the last time we offer flowers to the relics, the Buddha-image and the tree. Yet one more thing remains, the mutual bestowal, one on another, of the fruits of merit gained by the day's devotion. "Brother! may you share in the merit I have acquired, by taking sil, by offering flowers, by listening to the Dhamma, by meditation and by perseverance." "Brother! I thank you and accept."

"What means all this idolatrous ceremony?" the ignorant may ask. "This is not Buddhism!" "Pure Devotion" we make reply. "Love for the Brother of mankind, whose strong presence, like the subtle fragrance of a long-closed jar of scent, now opened, suffuses the world, after so many hundred years, a presence that still may help in need whosoever thirsteth, 'yo koci sikkhākāmo hoti,' though He has for ever passed away." "Brothers! (His dying words) I leave you the Dhamma. In it shall I live with you for ever!" Enough! This day has marked another mile-stone on our long pilgrimage, and it may be that here and there, by one or two, the Path is nearly reached and knowledge has come in the twinkling of an eye; just as

when, after long pondering on some deep problem, hard, profound, not to be solved by mere intellect, suddenly, the changing views of the kaleidoscopic brain crystallise into one-pointedness, and the long-sought clue is found, and the kernel of the matter is displayed; so now in a flash comes vipassanā, insight, the goal is nearly won, and all life henceforth takes on a meaning that before was shrouded from our eyes.

F. L. Woodward

Distrust that man who tells you to distrust ;
 He takes the measure of his own small soul,
 And thinks the world no larger. He who prates
 Of human nature's baseness and deceit
 Looks in the mirror of his heart, and sees
 His kind therein reflected.

* * * * *

Look through true eyes—you will discover truth ;
 Suspect suspicion, and doubt only doubt.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

LEO TOLSTOI

IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY

By HELENE PISSAREFF, F.T.S.

Tolstoi's greatness consists in his ideals not being enshrined in the material outward life, but having their source in the human soul.

Dr. Rudolph Steiner

IN order to consider the work of Leo Tolstoi, it is indispensable to define the epoch we are living in from the point of view of the Science of the Soul—as Theosophy may in full justice be termed—which deals with the inner side of outward phenomena. From this point of view the process of human evolution advances slowly, but infallibly, towards perfection, towards the divine state of man; and the means to reach this hidden goal—of which the soul has but rare fore-shadowings—is the gradual awakening of consciousness. The whole historical process may be defined as a gradual passing of human consciousness from the lowest state to the highest, the development of all its numerous facets, beginning with the consciousness of primitive man and ending with the divine consciousness of the far-off future, to which humanity is tending. The development of a clear individual consciousness carried to its full perfection—there lies the hidden meaning of human experiences, of all the tragedies of life, of individuals, as well as of whole nations. Consciousness grows and develops from collision

with the outer world, from the impacts which our conscious I receives from the world outside us.

If it were not for this outward world and its phenomena ; if it were not for this constant friction between the ' I ' and the ' not-I ' ; there would be no activity, no consciousness, and consequently no life. But the purpose and goal of life are not in this friction, not in this resistance, not in the play of all the numerous forces which, by their different effects upon our consciousness, foster its growth and rouse its different properties and abilities. If this were so, and all this ' play of life ' were an aimless, objectless kaleidoscope, turned by a blind force, the life of a conscious being would indeed be a frightful tragedy, senseless and cruel. But this is not and cannot be. It cannot be, because in every living soul there exists an aspiration towards order, beauty and harmony ; and this aspiration arouses an entire confidence in the Source of the world's life, and the certainty that all is leading us to the great aim, which, though hidden from us, is doubtless worth all the heavy trials through which generations upon generations pass upon our earth.

Spiritual science, which seemingly tears us away from reality by raising our consciousness into the world of ideas, can alone bring us nearer to the essence of all phenomena. The historian who is only interested in outward events will see nothing but movement in the historical process ; but *why* the movement is thus and not otherwise, and whither it leads, that will be hidden from him. But if we try to penetrate into the history of humanity with the intention of discovering whither it is leading us, it is possible—even from the fragment revealed in historical documents—to catch its general meaning.

If we cast a general glance over the past history of the Āryan race from its very beginning to our days, we can perceive the gradual evolution of different states of consciousness, perfectly analogous to the different states of consciousness of a separate human being in the course of his normal development. In detail these degrees naturally blend with each other, as does the *leit-motiv* in a large and complex orchestra; those who remember separate fragments will have an impression of the variety and complexity of sounds, and will not be able to catch the fundamental musical thought of the author. The same can be said concerning the historical symphony, if I may use this expression. To catch its fundamental idea and understand it is of most vital importance; because it alone can give the proof of the *unity* of all humanity, the proof that the whole of it, in its completeness, is working towards one and the same end—is accomplishing one and the same wise plan of life. It is important to remember that the life of every man is not an ‘accidental gift,’ but a participation in the general creative activity, which will be the more perfect, the better each small part of this activity is fulfilled. We do not live for ourselves alone, but for all the world.

It must be remembered that the different states of consciousness disclose themselves in immense historical periods, and that the development of our complicated human nature proceeds gradually, those sides of it for which the greater part of humanity is fitted at any given time appearing one after the other. The order in which they proceed corresponds to ordinary human growth; because all humanity is an indivisible whole, and each human soul bears in itself its entire completeness in embryo.

But 'consciousness' must here be understood in its widest sense, including intellect, abstract mind and moral consciousness which manifest through the heart, the conscience and the will. When we observe the development of a separate person, we know that in his childhood his impressions are vague, his conscience speaks indistinctly, his will is not at all developed; that in his youth his critical mind and his self-assertion are the most developed; that in his maturity his moral consciousness and will become his dominant quality; and that, towards the end of his life—if only the man has not lived it in vain—all life's experience is summed up and the man shows tolerance and sympathy to all that lives.

The same way is trodden by the whole of humanity and what we term its civilisations serve to express the degree of consciousness evolved at the time. The nations in which the qualities of this new degree are the most vividly expressed are put at the head of the historical process and take the leadership in the world.

The most ancient civilisation of the Āryan race was distinguished by its intuitional character; its consciousness was directed to the 'great Whole,' it blended with the universe and God. The religious conception of the ancient Hindūs had *unity* as the highest law of the world, for its foundation. The link uniting the Hindūs, Egyptians and Persians with the new era were the Semites, who brought a distinctly expressed *personal principle* into the world. The next degree, which can be termed the blossoming youth of humanity, is brilliantly represented by the Greek and Latin nations. This is the epoch of rich arts, when all the freshness and all the enthusiasm of humanity's young

vigour incarnated in its earthly creations. The worship of beauty by the Greeks; their titanic battles with the Gods, in which the awakening daring of personal will is expressed; and, later on, the development of civil law among the ancient Romans, which aimed at the protection of personality in the new conditions of governmental life—all raise the *personal principle*, preparing the nations for the Christian era. "Christ revealed the value of each separate human soul, and nobody can any more destroy the importance of this discovery." These words of Harnack (*Wesen des Christentums*) give a very good definition of the essential meaning of the Christian culture in which we are now living.

Its problem—worked out by the nations of western Europe—is to make personality, individual development, the central point. From the vast but undefined consciousness, which encompasses the entire 'great Whole,' possessed by the Āryan nations at the dawn of their life, consciousness—defining itself more and more—passes on to lucidity, to subtle analysis, to precise scientific methods; its chief work is to bring the whole of humanity's spiritual riches into a material culture. All the attention of the European nations is directed towards all that is earthly—towards technology, towards trade; it is the epoch of machinery, and spirituality sinks deeply into physical matter.

Men of genius are always the bearers of the ideas which are due at a given moment; they give their epoch the precise impulse which is needed.

If we unite all the activities of western Europe into one whole, we shall see that the pioneers of civilisation who gave a definite colouring to their epoch

all accomplished the same mission : the rooting of man's consciousness in the entirely earthly, the tearing it away from the unseen worlds, the incarnating of abstract ideas in the most concrete forms. Kant effects a decisive rupture between the Spirit and the intellect, by declaring that the *essence of things is unknowable*, and he allots it to the region of faith. The rupture between science and religion, life and form, physical and super-physical, becomes complete. Humanity enters into maturity. What are the new problems that lie before it? What will be the new state of consciousness into which it will pass? Only by penetrating into the general import of the historical process can we hope to be able to understand the true problem of our epoch, and the part played in it by contemporary nations ; thus only shall we be able to give the proper answer to this question. All the effort of the west-European civilisation was directed towards the bringing of the materialistic consciousness and the personal elements to their fullest expression, in order to bring them to the inner necessity of turning towards the ascending line, on which the personal has to unfold into the *super-personal*, as Dr. Steiner says in one of his lectures.

At the present moment, western culture has reached its culminating point ; there is no further progress possible along its present lines. These words must not be taken as an accusation. This culture was indispensable in order that man might pass into a higher state of inner freedom and moral consciousness ; and it has acted its part to perfection, having developed the analytical intellect, refined the nervous system, assured mental independence, and enriched human life with the great discoveries and important victories gained in the regions

of nature. Without this training, the onward movement of humanity would have been impossible; and, without the eager diversity of west-European physical activity with all its trials and tossings, we could not have hoped to gain so soon that maturity of Spirit which is indispensable for the realisation of the higher laws of life. And yet, if the former tendency of western activity persists longer than is necessary for development, if efforts are made to detain the upward movement of life on its former level, the very culture which helped our evolution will become a drag upon it.

Human life is like a torrent: it must flow on freely, and if it be artificially checked, the result will inevitably be stagnation and consequent corruption.

The foremost wave of humanity, whose consciousness is always in advance of that of all the rest, feels this very definitely; and we can see the new breath everywhere—in literature, in the drama, in science, in art, and especially in the anxious seeking for new foundations for life. This anxiety is the herald of a new state of consciousness which will replace that which belonged to the now dying materialistic culture. This new stage will be a *spiritual consciousness* guided by the law of love; it will bring spiritual teaching into science, freedom into religion, mutual help and brotherhood into social life, universal disarmament and a union of nations. The time for its coming does not depend on outward events, but on the consciousness of those who create earthly life; and the nation which will walk at the head of all the other nations will be the one in which this spiritual consciousness shall awaken first.

At an epoch of inner crisis, such as ours, when the state in which we are has outlasted its time and no longer

satisfies the public conscience, there always appears a man of genius, who incarnates in himself, as in a glowing focus, the still dim but germinating ideas of contemporary humanity. For our epoch, Leo Tolstoi is that man. The festivities held in honour of his birthday proved that he does not belong exclusively to us, but to all the world. There is no land in all the world where he is not known, and where his words are not listened to.

What is the reason of the charm he exercises over the best people of all lands and all nations ?

Humanity has had many men of genius ; they glowed as bright stars on the public horizon, some of them uniting into a harmonious system all the scientific work of their century, others giving a vigorous touch to human consciousness, and yet others bringing new elements into science and art. The genius of Leo Tolstoi is of a quite different character ; from it is drawn all the strength of his spiritual activity ; in it lay the source of his extraordinary life and his unprecedented influence upon the world. We might call him 'the genius of conscience,' defining by one word the influence which his work has effected upon the consciousness of his contemporaries. He unceasingly worked at the awakening of conscience with a startling sincerity, consenting to no compromises, never giving up a single iota of his faith, never stopping before the possibility of any consequences. The extraordinary influence of Leo Tolstoi proceeds from his having centred all the life of his Spirit in pure faith, disregarding the questions and currents of his time, leaving aside conventional truths to appeal to Eternal Truth ; his faith in Eternal Truth was so intense, that this intensity

stirred up all those who listened to him, raising them above the darkness and sin of our current life. His words sound as a mighty ringing of the bells of faith in the undying beauty of man. "If people only acted as heart and mind require, all the misfortunes which cause so much suffering to humanity all over the world would find their ending." This capacity—even amid darkness—to look unwaveringly at the light shining before him, and relentlessly calling others to this light, this absorption of his entire soul by the one great idea is precisely what gives him such a power over the soul of man.

It does not matter that this completeness renders him indifferent to the Spirit of the Age, though from the point of view of the ordinary man this is a deficiency.

But a master of life, a clairvoyant of the new state of consciousness, has his own psychology, and he cannot be measured according to the common measure. He must be taken as a whole, as a collective spiritual phenomenon; and it must not be forgotten that a great faith of this kind gives such a vivid light that all temporary phenomena turn pale before it, however acute may be the suffering which they cause. In this lay the reason of his being so uncompromising towards the Spirit of the Age, and of his composure before the clouds of misunderstanding which seemed to be rushing upon him. When he spoke of "the religious consciousness," people began to recall the religion which brought the Inquisition, the fettering of thought and conscience; or when he said: "Do not resist evil," the perplexed mind conjured up phantoms of weak compliance and submission, notwithstanding the fact that all his life was

an unceasing battle against the ruling evil, a courageous and indefatigable battle. If people will persist in measuring moral phenomena by logic only, then an insurmountable gulf must yawn between the great conscience of Leo Tolstoi and his contemporaries. But man does not comprehend with his limited mind alone, but also with his higher mind and his heart; and this is the understanding which makes Leo Tolstoi dear and indispensable to us, and makes the whole world love and revere this untiring awakener of conscience.

He cannot stand on a level with contemporary ideas for the simple reason that *his* consciousness is above that of the world and all his attention is drawn to that which is still invisible to others. He already sees that "the new idea of life consists in the submission of everyone to the one higher Law of Love, which gives the highest good to each separate person, as well as to the whole of humanity. Only as people recognise in themselves their higher spiritual origin and the true human dignity which derives from it, does it become possible for them to liberate themselves from the subjection of the one by the other. And this consciousness is already growing in humanity, and is ready to manifest itself at every minute."

During a time like ours, when what is old is already outlived, and what is forthcoming is not yet clearly visible, we need an entire faith, an unflickering light the pure strength of which will kindle the very best that is already lit in the depth of human conscience, and which will raise men's consciousness to a higher level.

H. Pissareff

NOTES ON THE PHYSICAL ATOM

By CAPTAIN A. E. POWELL, R. E., F. T. S.

A STUDY of the physical atom, as described in *Occult Chemistry*, gives rise to many interesting thoughts and speculations. Readers of the work mentioned will recollect that what is termed the ultimate physical atom is the unit out of which all matter on the physical plane is constructed, the unit which cannot be split up or divided without ceasing to be what we call physical ; if a physical atom is disintegrated, the parts of which it is composed re-form themselves as other combinations, and *ipso facto* pass out of the physical plane altogether and become astral. Our readers will further recollect that clairvoyant vision of a magnificatory character discloses the fact that the physical atom is in shape not unlike a heart, the wall of the atom being formed of convolutions or lines known as spirals, of which there are ten in number. Of these ten spirals, three appear to form one group and seven a second group, the former being somewhat larger than the latter and differing slightly also in other respects. The difference between these two sets of spirals is comparatively so small that in the following remarks the ten spirals will be considered as identical for our present purposes.

Further magnification discloses the fact that each spiral itself consists of another and smaller spiral known as a spirilla of the first order : in each of the ten spirals

there are 1680 turns of the first order spirillæ. Higher magnificatory power shows that the first order spirillæ are also composed of still finer spirillæ, known as spirillæ of the second order: this process is repeated until we eventually arrive at the smallest and last spirillæ, of the seventh order. This spirilla is made up of bubbles in koilon, for an explanation of which term the reader must be referred to *Occult Chemistry*, Appendix. In each turn of the seventh order spirillæ there are seven bubbles in koilon.

We may now tabulate the results we have so far arrived at as follows:

1 atom has 10 spirals.

1 spiral has 1680 turns of spirillæ of the first order

or $1680 \times 7 = 11,760$	„	„	second „
or $1680 \times 7^2 = 82,320$	„	„	third „
or $1680 \times 7^3 = 576,240$	„	„	fourth „
or $1680 \times 7^4 = 4,033,680$	„	„	fifth „
or $1680 \times 7^5 = 28,235,760$	„	„	sixth „
or $1680 \times 7^6 = 197,650,320$	„	„	seventh „

Therefore one atom has $10 \times 1680 \times 7^6 = 1,976,503,200$ or approximately two thousand million turns of spirillæ of the seventh order. Also one atom has $10 \times 1680 \times 7^7 = 13,835,522,400$ or approximately fourteen thousand million bubbles.

These large figures do not, unfortunately, convey much meaning to the average mind; there are, however, methods of aiding the imagination in its attempts to grasp their magnitude; and, this being so, it is as well to use such means in order to enable us to appreciate in some sense, if only dimly, the beauty which resides in numbers the size of which appears to our limited comprehension as colossal. The following are a few suggestions to this end.

If the bubbles, fourteen thousand million in number, contained in one single ultimate physical atom were laid in a row, packed so closely that in one inch there were a million of them, then they would extend for nearly 400 yards, or rather more than a fifth of a mile. If we spaced them at only 1000 to the inch, then the row would reach to about 220 miles. The earth's circumference is 24,875, or nearly 25,000 miles; if, therefore, we travelled right round the earth, and dropped the bubbles of one atom as we went, we should have sufficient of them to place 9 in every inch of our journey.

Suppose that we wished to count the bubbles in an atom, one by one, that we could count at the rate of 2 per second, or 120 per minute—a rate of counting which is a very reasonable one—and further that we could devote the whole of our time to the counting process, requiring none for rest, sleep, eating, and so forth. Counting at this rate, day and night without ceasing, the task would occupy us for two hundred and twenty-two years, or nearly two and a quarter centuries.

Once again, if the bubbles of one atom were seeds, and if we wished to plant them on the whole of the 263 acres of the Adyar estate, we should have to sow about 9 bubbles to every square inch in order to utilise the full number.

The suggestion has sometimes been made of constructing a model of the physical atom, representing the spirals and spirillæ by means of wire. We believe that those who have made such suggestions have sometimes scarcely appreciated the magnitude of the task. Thus suppose that D represents the diameter of the finest or seventh spirillæ; for practical reasons we could

scarcely make our wire model with the diameter of the next larger or sixth order spirillæ less than $4D$, the remaining spirillæ larger again in the same proportion. The first order spirillæ would thus have a diameter of 4^6D or $4096D$. Now we could scarcely make the smallest or seventh order spirillæ much less than say $\frac{1}{50}$ th of an inch in diameter; but to be on the safe side let us put it at half this, at say $\frac{1}{100}$ th of an inch. The diameter of our largest or first order spirillæ would thus need to be 41 inches or nearly $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter; that is to say, referring to the drawing of the atom facing p. 5 of *Occult Chemistry*, the lines which indicate the spirals would be nearly $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet thick in our wire model. A consideration of the drawing further shows us that we ought to leave in the clear spacing between two adjacent spirals, where they are nearest together, *i.e.*, in the coils up the centre of the atom, at least say 3 diameters of the largest spirillæ; the spacing between the spirals on the outer wall of the atom would therefore be, centre to centre, probably at least double this, *i.e.*, at least six diameters of the largest spirillæ. The height of our atom would again, from a consideration of the drawing, be about 25 times the spacing between the spirals on the outer wall, or $25 \times 6 = 150$ times the diameter of the largest spirillæ, or about 525, or say in round numbers 500 feet. That is to say that if one set about to construct a model of a physical atom, employing wires of various thicknesses to represent the spirals and the seven orders of spirillæ, the model would need to be at the very least 500 feet high and about as much in diameter. The length of wire which would be required, the time necessary to wind the spirillæ, we leave to our readers to calculate. We would suggest that the time would be more profitably

employed in setting about to develop the powers necessary to see clairvoyantly the physical atom as it is in nature for oneself.

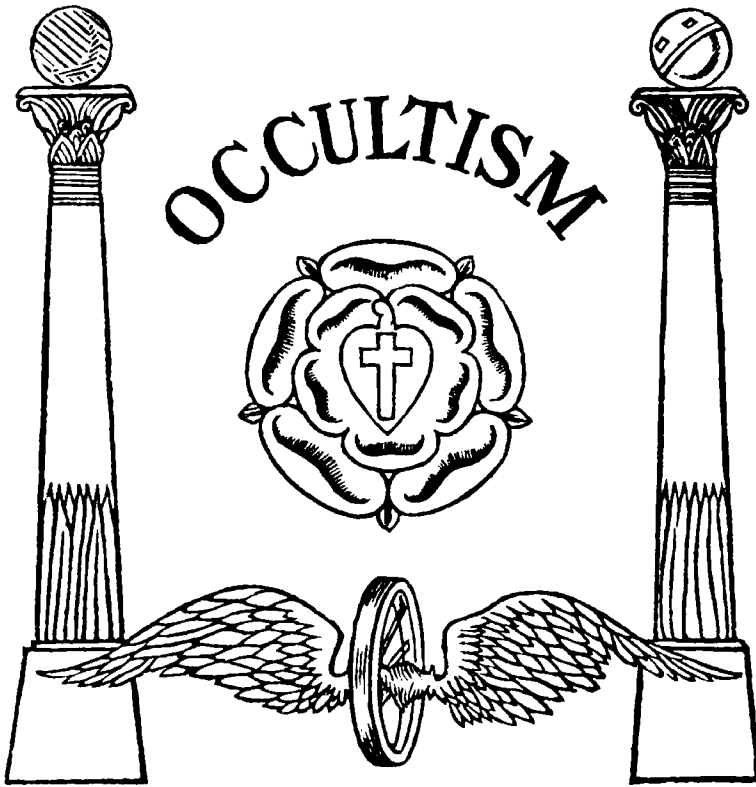
We do not, however, mean to imply that all models of the atom are out of the question. On the contrary, the structure of the atom can be understood and taught much more easily with the help of partial models than without them. Thus, for example, a figure with plain wires, or with perhaps one or two orders of spirillæ only, similar to the drawing facing p. 5 of *Occult Chemistry*, would not be very difficult to construct, and would prove most useful for instructional purposes; while small models of wire of various thicknesses, showing 3, 4, or possibly 5 sets of spirillæ are again quite easy to make.

There are many questions which a study of the structure of the physical atom will suggest to the student: but unfortunately there does not appear at present to be any means of answering such questions unless and until further clairvoyant investigations are set on foot. Thus, to mention a few queries which have suggested themselves to the present writer: What are the bubbles in the atom doing? Are they spinning, revolving, vibrating, or moving in any way, and if so in what way? How are the currents of electricity, prāṇa, etc., transmitted in the various parts of the atom, and what is their *modus operandi* generally? If koilon is such an exceedingly 'dense' substance, how can bubbles or holes in it be moved through it? How are the atoms of the astral, mental and other planes constructed? Of what nature are the vibratory powers which are said to be stored up in a human permanent atom, and in what way are they stored in the atom?

It is a familiar saying that the infinitely small is as wonderful as the infinitely large, and it is a pleasing mental exercise to transfer the mind, from a consideration of the exceeding minuteness and enormous numbers of the atom and its component parts, to the vastnesses of space, with their equally colossal numbers. In measuring astronomical space it will be recollected that the unit of measurement is the light-year, or the distance which light, travelling at the speed of 186,000 miles a second, traverses in one of our years. Between the minuteness of the koilon bubble and the vastness of the light-year there is a great gulf fixed, at least according to our conceptions of that most elusive abstraction, space; and it is almost past the mind of man to form any picture of the variety, number and complexity of materials and combinations which exist between these two distant extremes.

The physical atom is only the unit out of which physical matter is constructed; a single chemist's atom of, say, aluminium contains nearly 500 of these units. This chemist's atom again is only a minute fragment of matter, almost certainly far beyond the power of any microscope; and in a small piece of gold such as a ring there are probably many millions of such fragments. There are probably few, if any, human minds which can carry the figures further than this point, and conceive the numbers of atoms or of bubbles which there must be in a continent or in a planet. How much more inconceivable still is the thought of the mind which conceived all this, and of the law and order which our studies of science show us underlie and permeate the whole!

Arthur E. Powell



HIGHER CONSCIOUSNESS

By C. W. LEADBEATER, F. T. S.

STUDENTS who have not yet experienced what used to be called the buddhic consciousness—consciousness in the intuitional world—frequently ask us to describe it. Efforts have been made in this direction, and many references to this consciousness and its characteristics are to be found scattered through our literature; yet the seeker after knowledge finds these unsatisfactory, and we cannot wonder at it.

The truth is that all description is necessarily and essentially defective ; it is impossible in physical words to give more than the merest hint of what this higher consciousness is, for the physical brain is incapable of grasping the reality. Those who have read Mr. Hinton's remarkable books on the fourth dimension will remember how he tries to explain to us our own limitations with regard to higher dimensions, by picturing for us with much careful detail the position of an entity whose senses could work in two dimensions only. He proves that to such a being the simplest actions of our world must be incomprehensible. A creature who has no sense of what we call depth or thickness could never see any terrestrial object as it really is ; he could observe only a section of it, and would therefore obtain absolutely wrong impressions about even the commonest objects of every-day life, while our powers of motion and of action would be utterly incomprehensible to him.

The difficulties which we encounter in trying to understand the phenomena even of the astral world are precisely similar to those which Mr. Hinton supposes to be experienced by his two-dimensional entity ; but when we try to raise our thoughts to the intuitional world we have to face a state of existence which is lived in no less than six dimensions, if we are to continue at that level to employ the same nomenclature. So I fear we must admit from the outset that any attempt to comprehend this higher consciousness is foredoomed to failure ; yet, as is but natural, the desire to try again and again to grasp something of it arises perennially in the mind of the student. I do not venture to think that I can say anything to satisfy this

craving; the utmost that one can hope is to suggest a few new considerations, and perhaps to approach the subject from a somewhat different point of view.

The Monad in its own world is practically without limitations, at least as far as our solar system is concerned. But at every stage of its descent into matter it not only veils itself more and more deeply in illusion, but it actually loses its powers. If in the beginning of its evolution it may be supposed to be able to move and to see in an infinite number of these directions in space which we call dimensions, at each downward step it cuts off one of these, until for the consciousness of the physical brain only three of them are left. It will thus be seen that by this involution into matter we are cut off from the knowledge of all but a minute part of the worlds which surround us; and furthermore, even what is left to us is but imperfectly seen. Let us make an effort to realise what the higher consciousness may be by gradually supposing away some of our limitations; and although we are labouring under them even while we are thus supposing, the effort may possibly suggest to us some faint adumbration of the reality.

Let us begin with the physical world. The first thing that strikes us is that our consciousness even of that world is curiously imperfect. The student need feel no surprise at this, for he knows that we are at present only just beyond the middle of the fourth round, and that the perfection of consciousness of any plane will not be attained by normal humanity until the seventh round. The truth is that our whole life is imprisoned within limitations which we do not realise only because we have always endured them, and because the ordinary man has no conception of a

condition in which they do not exist. Let us take three examples ; let us see how we are limited in our senses, our powers and our intellect respectively.

First, as to our senses. Let us take the sense of sight for an example, and see how remarkably imperfect it is. Our physical world consists of seven sub-planes or degrees of density of matter, but our sight enables us to perceive only two of these with anything approaching perfection. We can usually see solid matter, if it is not too finely subdivided ; we can see a liquid that is not absolutely clear ; but we cannot see gaseous matter at all under ordinary conditions, except in the rare instances in which it has an especially brilliant colour (as in the case of chlorine) or when it happens to be dense, to be much compressed, and to be moving in a particular way—as in the case of the air which may sometimes be seen rising from a heated road. Of the four etheric subdivisions of physical matter we remain absolutely unconscious so far as sight is concerned, although it is by means of the vibration of some of these ethers that what we call light is conveyed to the eye.

Let us then commence the imaginary process of removing our limitations by considering what would be the effect if we really possessed fully the sight of the physical world. I am not taking into consideration the possibility of any increase in the *power* of our sight, though no doubt that also will come in due course, so that we shall be able so to alter the focus of the eye as to make it practically a telescope or a microscope at will. I am thinking for the moment only of the additional objects that would come into our view if our sight were perfected.

Nothing would any longer be opaque to us, so that we could see through a wall almost as though it were not there, and could examine the contents of a closed room or of a locked box with the greatest ease. I do not mean that by etheric sight a man could see through a mountain, or look straight through the earth to the other side of it; but he could see a good way into the rock, and he could see down to a considerable depth in the earth, much as we can now see through many feet of water to the bottom of a clear pool.

One can readily see a score of ways in which the possession of such a faculty would be practically valuable, and it would manifestly add to our knowledge in many directions. All surgical work could be performed with an ease and certainty of which at present we have no conception, and there would be fewer cases of inaccurate diagnosis. We could see the etheric bodies of our friends, and so we should be able to indicate unfailingly the source and cause of any nervous affection. A whole fresh world would come under the observation of the chemist, for he would then be able to deal with ethers as he now deals with gases. Our sight would instantly inform us as to the healthiness or otherwise of our surroundings, just as even now our noses warn us of the presence of certain forms of putrefaction. We could see at once when we were in the presence of undesirable germs or impurities of any kind, and could take our precautions accordingly. We could study the great hosts of the fairies, of the gnomes and the water-spirits, as readily as now we can study natural history or entomology; the world would be far fuller and far more interesting with even this slight augmentation of our sense.

But remember that even this would not take us beyond the physical world ; it would simply enable us to see that world more fully. We should still be liable to deception, we should still be capable of error with regard to the thoughts and feelings of others. We should still be blind to all the most beautiful part of the life which surrounds us, even though we should see so much more of it than we do now. But even with the fullest physical sight we could see nothing as it really is, but only, at most, what corresponds to a looking-glass reflection of it. The two-dimensional entity could never see a cube ; he would be quite incapable of imagining such a thing as a cube, and the nearest he could come to its comprehension would be to see a section of it as a square. However difficult it may be for us to grasp such an idea, we are at the present moment seeing only a section of everything that surrounds us ; and because that is so, we think many things to be alike which are in reality quite different—just as to the two-dimensional creature the thinnest sheet of metal would appear precisely the same as a heavy block of it, the base of which had the same shape and area.

Then as to our powers. Here also we are strangely limited. However strong a man may be, however clever he may be at his speciality, whether that speciality be physical or mental, he can never work at it beyond a certain strictly limited extent without beginning to suffer from fatigue. Most people do not realise that this fatigue is always and entirely a physical disability. We speak of the mind as tired ; but the mind cannot be tired ; it is only the physical brain through which that mind has to express itself, that,

is capable of fatigue. And even when the man is fresh and strong, how great are the difficulties in the way of a full expression of his thought! He has to try to put it into words; but words are feeble things at best, and can never really convey what the man feels or thinks; they are often misinterpreted, and the impression that they give is generally not at all what the speaker or writer originally intended.

The physical body is a serious obstacle in the way of rapid locomotion. Wherever we wish to go we have to carry with us this dense vehicle, this heavy lump of clay, that weighs the man down and checks his progress. At great expense and discomfort we must convey it by train or by steamer; and even with all our latest inventions, and with the wonderful progress that has been made with regard to all means of transportation, what a difficulty is this question of physical distance! How it stands in the way of the acquisition of knowledge; how it troubles the heart and lacerates the feelings of separated friends! The moment that we are able to raise our consciousness into a higher world all these difficulties are transcended.

Then as to our intellect. We are in the habit of boasting of it as some great thing. We speak of the march of intellect, of its great development, and generally speaking regard it as something of which we may reasonably be proud. Yet the truth is that it is nothing but a ridiculous fragment of what it presently will be—a fact which is abundantly clear to those of us who have had the privilege of coming into contact with some of the Masters of the Wisdom, and seeing in Them what a fully developed intellect really is. Here again our studies ought to save us from the common error,

for we know that it is the fifth round in each chain which is specially devoted to the development of the intellectual faculties; and as we are still in the fourth we naturally cannot expect that they should as yet be at all fully unfolded. In fact, at this stage they would be scarcely unfolded at all, if it were not for the stupendous stimulus that was given to the evolution of humanity by the descent of the Lords of the Flame from Venus in the middle of the Third Root Race.

All this is true; the physical consciousness is sadly limited; but how are we to transcend it? It might seem that in the ordinary process of evolution we ought to perfect the physical senses before we acquire those of the astral world; but our powers do not unfold themselves exactly in that way. In order that the man shall be able to function in his physical body at all, there must be an uninterrupted connection between the ego and that vehicle; and this involves the existence of the mental and astral bodies. At first they are employed chiefly as bridges across which communication passes; and it is only as our development progresses that they come into use as separate vehicles. But inevitably while the consciousness is sending down messages through them, and receiving in return impressions through them, they become to a certain small extent awakened; so that even in a savage, who cannot be said to have any consciousness worth speaking of outside of the physical vehicle, there is yet a faint dawning of intellect and often a considerable amount of emotion. At the stage where the ordinary man of civilised countries stands at the present moment, his consciousness is on the whole more centred in his astral body than in the physical, even though it is true that the powers of the

physical are as yet by no means fully unfolded. Their stage of unfoldment corresponds to the round in which we are now engaged; at this period only a partial development can be expected, but that partial development shows itself to some extent in the mental and astral bodies as well as in the purely physical.

A good deal can be done even with the physical body by careful training, but much more can be done in proportion with the astral and mental bodies, the reason being that they are built of finer matter and so are much more readily amenable to the action of thought. Even the physical body may be greatly affected by that action, as is shown by the remarkable performances of faith-healers and Christian scientists, and also by the well-authenticated examples of the appearance of the stigmata upon the bodies of some of those who have meditated strongly upon the alleged crucifixion of the Christ. But while only the few by determined exercise of thought-power can succeed in thus moulding the physical vehicle, anyone may learn how to control both the astral and the mental bodies by this power.

This is one of the objects which we seek to gain by the practice of meditation, which is the easiest and safest method of unfolding the higher consciousness. A man works steadily at his meditation year in and year out, and for a long time it seems to him that he is making no headway; yet all the while in his steady upward striving he is wearing the veil between the planes thinner and thinner, and at last one day there comes the moment when he breaks through and finds himself in another world. So wondrous, so transcendent, is that experience that he exclaims with startled delight:

“Now for the first time I really live ; now at last I know what life means ! I have thought before that life on the physical plane could sometimes be fairly keen and brilliant—yes, even vivid and full of bliss ; but now I realise that all that was the merest child’s play—that even in my most exalted moments I had no comprehension, no faintest suspicion of the glorious reality.”

And yet all this, which the man feels so intensely when for the first time he touches the astral world, will be repeated with still stronger force of contrast when he transcends that world in turn and opens himself out to the influences of the mental level. Then again he will feel that this is his first glimpse of actuality, and that even the most wonderful incidents of his astral life were to this but “as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine”. Again and again this happens to him as he climbs the ladder of evolution and comes nearer and nearer to reality ; for verily it is true, as the old books have said, that “Brahman is bliss,” and ever as one approaches the realisation of Him that bliss increases.

But the higher the joy the greater the contrast between that inner life and the life of the physical world ; so that to return from that to this seems like sinking into a profound abyss of darkness and despair. The contrast is indeed great ; so great that one cannot wonder that many of the saints of old, having once tasted this higher bliss, forsook all in order to follow it, and retired to cave or to jungle that there they might devote themselves to this higher life, in comparison with which all else that men hold valuable seems but as dust before the wind. I remember how in the early days of this Society we were told in one of the letters which came

through Madame Blavatsky that when an adept had spent a long time in the nirvāṇic consciousness, leaving his body in a trance for weeks together—when he came back again into physical life he found the contrast so severe that he fell into a black depression which lasted for many days. Our terms were used very loosely in those days, and in this case the word adept must have referred to someone in the early stages of occult development—an adept merely in the sense that he was sufficiently accustomed to occult gymnastics to be able to leave his body and reside for a time upon a somewhat higher level—not what we now mean by nirvāṇa, for only a real Adept (in the sense in which we *now* use the word) could repose long upon the nirvāṇic level, and He is far too highly evolved and far too unselfish to allow Himself to indulge in depression, however intensely He may feel the change when He returns to this grey, dull earth from worlds of unimagined splendour. Nevertheless the contrast is severe, and one who has found his true home in those higher worlds cannot but feel something of nostalgia while his duty compels him to dwell at the lower levels of ordinary life.

This has been spoken of as the great renunciation, and no doubt it is so ; it would indeed be infinitely great if one who has reached that point did not retain the powers of the higher consciousness even while still functioning in the physical body. One who has reached the Asekha stage habitually carries His consciousness on the nirvāṇic level, even though He still possesses a physical body. I do not mean that He can be fully conscious on both the planes simultaneously. When He is actually writing a letter or conducting a conversation on the physical plane, His consciousness is centred

there, just like that of the ordinary man, though the spiritual splendour is still present in the background ; but the moment that His physical work is over, the consciousness naturally springs back again to its accustomed condition, and though He still sits in the same physical chair, though He is fully alive and alert to all that is going on around Him, He is in reality living on that higher level, and earthly objects, though still present to Him, are slightly out of focus. This being His condition, the retaining of the physical body is only a modified sacrifice, although it involves a good deal of annoyance in the way of waste of time in eating, dressing, and so on.

When a man definitely attains the astral consciousness he finds himself much less hampered along all the three lines which we have instanced. In the astral body he has no longer sense-organs, but he does not need them, for what in that world corresponds to our senses works without needing a specialised organ. Strictly speaking, the word sight is hardly applicable to the perception of things in the astral world ; but that knowledge of surrounding objects which we gain by seeing them is as readily and much more perfectly acquired in that higher vehicle. Every particle of the astral body is responsive, though only to vibrations of its own sub-level ; thus in that higher life we get the effect of seeing all round us simultaneously, instead of only in one direction.

Since, as has frequently been explained, all solid physical objects have counterparts of that lowest type of astral matter which corresponds on that plane to a solid, we see practically the same world around us when utilising the astral senses. But it is a far more

populous world, for now we are able to see the millions of the sylphs or air-spirits, and also the hosts of the dead who have not yet risen above the astral level. Higher beings also are now within our purview, for we can see that lowest order of the angel evolution which we have frequently called the desire-angels. All our friends who still have physical bodies remain just as visible to us as before, although we see only their astral vehicles; but now all their emotions and passions lie open before us, and it is no longer possible for the conventionalist to deceive us as to the real state of his feelings on any point. His thoughts, however, are still veiled, except in so far as they affect his feelings, and so show themselves through them.

The limitation of space has not yet disappeared, but its inconveniences are reduced to a minimum. We no longer need the clumsy methods of transportation with which we are familiar down here; the finer matter of this higher world responds so readily to the action of thought that merely to wish to be at any place is at once to begin to journey towards it. The journey still takes an appreciable time, even though the amount is small and we can reach the other side of the world in a few minutes. But the few minutes are necessary, and we still have the sensation of passing through space, and can check ourselves at any moment of our journey, so as to visit the intermediate countries.

The intellect is far freer here than in the lower world, as it has no longer to exhaust most of its strength in setting in motion the heavy and sluggish particles of the physical brain. We gain greatly also from the fact that fatigue has disappeared, so that we are able to work steadily and continuously. Another advantage is

that we are far less hampered at this level by pain and suffering. I do not mean that there is no suffering in the astral world; on the contrary, it may be in many ways more acute than it can be down here, but on the other hand it can much more readily be controlled. The astral world is the very home of passion and emotion, and therefore those who yield themselves to an emotion can experience it with a vigour and a keenness mercifully unknown on earth. Just as we have said that most of the strength of thought is spent in setting in motion the brain-particles, so most of the efficiency of any emotion is exhausted in transmission to the physical plane, so that all that we ever see down here is the remnant which is left of the real feeling, after all this work has been done by it. The whole of that force is available in its own world, and so it is possible there to feel a far more intense affection or devotion than we can ever gain amid the mists of earth. Naturally, the same thing is true with regard to the less pleasant emotions; accessions of hatred and envy, or waves of misery or fear, are a hundred times more formidable on that plane than on this. So that the man who has no self-control is liable to experience an intensity of suffering which is unimaginable amidst the benignantly-imposed restrictions of common life.

The advantage is that, little as most people realise it, in the astral world all pain and suffering is in reality voluntary and absolutely under control, and that is why life at that level is so much easier for the man who understands. No doubt the power of mind over matter is wonderful in all the worlds, and even down here it frequently produces marvellous and unexpected results. But it is exceedingly difficult to control by the mind

acute physical pain. I know that it can often be done from outside by mesmerism, or even by determined exertion along the lines of Christian Science, and that it is frequently done in India and elsewhere by yogīs who have made a speciality of it; but the power so to control severe pain is not yet in the hands of most people, and even where it is possible, such an effort absorbs so much of the energy of the man as to leave him capable of little else for the time but holding the pain at bay.

The reason of this difficulty lies in the density of the matter; it is so far removed in level from the controlling forces that their hold on it is by no means secure, and great practice is required before definite results can be produced. The far finer astral matter responds immediately to an exertion of the will, so that while only the few can perfectly and instantly banish severe physical pain, everyone can in a moment drive away the suffering caused by a strong emotion. The man has only to exert his will, and the passion straightway disappears. This assertion will sound startling to many; but a little thought will show that no man *need* be angry or jealous or envious; no man *need* allow himself to feel depression or fear; all these emotions are invariably the result of ignorance, and any man who chooses to make the effort can forthwith put them to flight.

In the physical world fear may sometimes have a certain amount of excuse, for it is undoubtedly possible for one who is more powerful than we to injure our physical bodies. But on the astral plane no one can do hurt to another, except indeed by employing methods congruous to the plane, which are always gradual in their operation and easy to be avoided. In this world a

sudden blow may actually injure the texture of the physical body; but in the astral world all vehicles are fluidic, and a blow, a cut, or a perforation can produce no effect whatever, since the vehicle would close up again immediately, precisely as does water when a sword has passed through it.

It is the world of passions and emotions, and only through his passions and emotions can man be injured. A man may be corrupted, and persuaded to harbour evil passions, unworthy emotions; but these after all can be induced only slowly, and any man who wishes to resist them can do so with perfect ease. Therefore there is no reason whatever for fear upon the astral plane, and where it exists it is only through ignorance—ignorance which can be dispelled by a few moments' instruction and a little practice. Also, most of the reasons which cause suffering amid terrestrial surroundings are quite unrepresented. When we lay aside this body, there is no longer hunger or thirst, cold or heat, fatigue or sickness, poverty or riches; what room is there then for pain and suffering? One sees at a glance that that less material world cannot but be a happier one, for in that, far more than even in this, a man makes his own surroundings and can vary them at his will.

One of the greatest causes of suffering in our present life is what we are in the habit of calling our separation from those whom we love, when they leave their physical bodies behind them. Having only his physical consciousness, the uninstructed man supposes himself to have 'lost' his departed friend; but this is really an illusion, for the departed friend stands beside him all the time, and watches the variations of feeling expressed in his astral body. It will at once be seen that it is

impossible for the departed friend to be under any delusion that he has 'lost' the loved ones who still retain physical vehicles, for since they must also possess astral bodies (or those physical vehicles could not live) the 'dead' man has the living fully in sight all the time, though the consciousness of his living friend is available for the interchange of thought and sentiment only during the sleep of that friend's physical body. But at least the 'dead' man has no sense of loneliness or separation, but has simply exchanged the day for the night as his time of companionship with those whom he loves who still belong to the lower world.

This most fertile source of sorrow is therefore entirely removed from one who possesses the astral consciousness. The man who has evolved to the point at which he is able to use fully both the astral and physical consciousness while still awake can naturally never be separated from his departed friend, but has him present and fully available until the end of the latter's astral life, when that body in turn is dropped, and he enters upon his sojourn in the heaven-world. Then indeed an apparent separation does take place, though even then it can never be at all the same thing as what we call loss down here; for a man who has already fully realised the existence of two of the planes has thoroughly convinced himself of the plan of Nature's arrangements, and has a certainty with regard to them and a confidence in them which puts him in an altogether different position from the ignorance of the man who knows only one plane and cannot imagine anything beyond it.

In addition to this, a man who possesses astral consciousness has broken through the first and densest

of the veils, and will find it no great effort to penetrate that which divides him from the mental world, so that it frequently happens that before the so-called 'dead' person is ready to leave the astral plane, his friend has already opened the door of a yet higher consciousness, and is therefore able to accompany his 'dead' associate in the next stage of his progress. Under any and all circumstances, and whether the man who is still in physical life is or is not conscious of what takes place, the apparent separation is never more than an illusion, for in the heaven-world the 'dead' man makes for himself a thought-image of his friend, which is instantly observed and utilised by the ego of that friend; and in that way they are closer together than ever before.

(To be concluded)

C. W. Leadbeater

O God within my breast,
Almighty ever-present Deity!
Life—that in me has rest,
As I—undying Life—have power in Thee!

Though earth and man were gone
And suns and universes cease to be,
And Thou were left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void;
Thou—Thou art Being and Breath,
And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

Emily Bronte

INVISIBLE HELPERS AND OUR SOUL-CULTURE

By A THEOSOPHIST

II

IN Soul-culture, as in all other pursuits earnestly conducted, there come times when a departure on new lines becomes inevitable if further progress is to be made. By my inability to fulfil certain ever-growing obligations to a group of fellow-students in spiritual subjects, the fact was gradually forced upon my attention that if I was ever to be of any real help to others, my mind would have to pass through a course of training as drastic as the one I was endeavouring to carry out with regard to my character. Close observation revealed to me how very little I was capable of sustained thought, or indeed of reasoning on any subject. Finding that my efforts in this latter direction were less disappointing if I attempted to write them down, I gathered that the only course open to me was to inaugurate my mental discipline by selecting a sympathetic subject, requiring deep thought, and writing an article upon it. Such discipline does not sound very severe to most people of any literary training, but to me—whose school education had been trivial in the extreme, and whose ideal of life's duties was an untiring activity in response to calls of home and household—it meant almost a complete reversal of the training of a life-time.

For the first few days of this new departure, enthusiasm carried all before it; the thought-scheme for my article grew apace and filled me with the deepest interest. But gradually the sustained effort on such unusual lines began to slacken. I became possessed with the idea that the most perfect and complete fulfilment of my normal obligations had the prior claim upon my time and unselfishness. So the days flew by, and, sad to relate, little or no progress was made with my new undertaking. It seemed, indeed, as if my conscience would soon become unwillingly convinced that established duties forbade the carrying-out of my attempted efforts at mental training.

One morning, when matters had been in this stage for a week or so, I partially aroused myself from sleep, and in my consciousness seemed to be busily engaged in fulfilling an endless number of small unimportant duties. I was taking the most elaborate pains with these little tasks, but at the same time I was deeply impressed with the idea that I must hasten and get free to spend the evening with some intimate friend whose spiritual counsel I intensely desired. At last I thought everything was done; no one had any further service to ask of me, and I was free to follow my own inclinations.

Hurriedly dressing for my expedition, I found when I opened the outer door that it was far later than I had imagined. Dark night had descended and, moreover, it was blowing hard and raining heavily. I followed a narrow lane with high hedges on either hand which wound, spiral-fashion, up a very steep hill. The way seemed terribly long and exhausting. The rough and stony road hurt my feet cruelly, for my shoes were much too thin for such severe travelling. Nevertheless

I pressed on and on, indifferent to the pitiless wind and driving rain, only conscious of one all-absorbing fear that, in spite of all my efforts, I should be too late.

At last I reached the end of my journey. On the summit of the hill that I had climbed with such effort stood a house, at the door of which I knocked for admission. Even when my friend opened the door, it seemed to me as if the driving storm strove to prevent my entrance; but, once within the sheltering walls, the exquisite sense of peace and rest almost overwhelmed me. The friend whom I had come through such difficulties to visit I recognised as one who on several similar occasions had already filled the *rôle* of guide and intimate counsellor to me. She was always presented to my consciousness as robed and veiled in black after the style of a Sister of Mercy; the veil was always thrown back from the face, but where the face should have been portrayed was only a blank, or, rather, a void.

On the present occasion, she led me into a rather small but well-lit and well-furnished apartment, and assigned to me a place by the fire. As she did so, she expressed profound regret that I had arrived so late, for now we should have little or no opportunity for converse, because her mother was momentarily expected for their evening devotions. Even as she ceased speaking, the door opened full and wide, apparently of itself, and there appeared in the portal a radiant being robed in soft white translucent raiment. The face, of exquisite classic beauty, was fair and illuminated beyond all description. The hair, like spun gold, was parted in the middle, and fell like a glorious veil of fire, enveloping her figure and reaching down to the level of the knees. Poised in the air an inch or

two above her head, and directly over the centre of her forehead, was a star of vivid bright light. The right hand supported a crucifix of great size, so large that it reached from her shoulder to the ground, and she used it as a staff when moving rapidly forward into the room with a harmonious and rhythmic step. Observing that my faceless companion received the celestial visitor with a deep obeisance, I tried to do the same, but felt greatly oppressed with my ignorance. When the tones of their voices chanting the evening worship fell upon my ears, I perceived that they were using a language so totally unfamiliar to me that I was quite incapable of taking any part in their devotions other than that of adopting a reverent attitude. The orisons concluded, the door re-opened of itself and the radiant mother passed from my sight, again making use of the staff, and again walking with the same rhythmic step as she had used on her arrival.

During the whole scene my mind was deeply impressed and my heart perhaps a trifle chilled that this glorious being was so absolutely absorbed in her *one* purpose, that at no time did she take the very faintest notice of either my companion or myself. Except that due pause was made for the responses uttered by my guide and hostess, it was as if we were not there, so completely were we ignored.

My friend now approached and bade me a most tender farewell; and once more I found myself out in the buffeting storm, treading my painful path along the narrow roadway. Imperceptibly I passed into physical consciousness, and immediately exclaimed to myself: "Oh, what can be the meaning of that?" Instantly came a clear and decided answer to my question.

Uttered in a voice so stern and commanding that it filled me with dismay, I heard the following three strange words, "Cease your pottering!"

Though I promptly set myself to search honestly and carefully through all my recent mode of life for the necessity for such an uncompromising reproof, I was totally at a loss to discover anything 'pottering' in the behaviour of such an industrious and hardworking person as I knew myself to be. It was not until the hour approached that had been originally set apart for my mental training, that my mentor's meaning was made clear to me. The words "Cease your pottering!" rang out forcibly once again and made me realise how under the specious excuse of perfectly fulfilling my home duties I was travelling along the line of least resistance, pandering to my mental laziness, and, worse than all, practising a self-deception so complete that I was hoodwinked into believing that by shirking self-discipline I was being more dutiful and unselfish.

Though this little lesson was practically all that I was able thoroughly to assimilate at the time, a few years later, when some knowledge of Theosophy began to illuminate my understanding, this dream served me as an inspiration in countless ways.

Being told one day by our beloved President of the deep necessity of becoming one-pointed, her words vividly recalled to my mind the radiant star-lit being whom I had seen so completely absorbed in divine service, and who used a symbol of the Crucified Man as her staff.

"When I awake after Thy likeness, I shall be satisfied with it."

A Theosophist

“ WORSHIP AND BREAKING OF
BREAD—11 A.M. ”

By HOPE REA

In an unkempt lane, off the wide High Street,
At a garden's corner, poorly placed,
Stands an iron shed, unadorned, unmeet
For aught that were fit should be richly graced.

'Mong ancestral elms, and in honour set,
Rise the holy walls of the church of God,
With wealth of column, and window's fret,
And aisles that for ages hushed feet have trod.

Here daily is dressed the Lord's own meal,
With the solemn Spell Himself had taught ;
While people and priest in order kneel,
And in hallowed speech array their thought.

By the iron shed stands a weathered board,
That a legend bears in letters dim ;
An iron shed, for the Church's Lord ?
Yet surely the legend speaks of Him !

By its bidding called, on Sunday's morn
A humble folk o'er its threshold tread,
With hearts uplift, from their homes forlorn,
Being bidden for “ worship and breaking of bread ”.

For “ worship and breaking of bread ” they come,
To the iron room their pence have raised ;
To rite and ritual wholly dumb,
Yet in way of their own the Lord is praised.

* * *

When the Christ shall come in the nearing Day,
And His feet shall enter house and fane,
Which of the folk will best homage pay ?
To these, or those, be the Vision plain ?

When He comes to His own, whose eyes will be holden ?
We dream, and remember how it is said
Of two, by the way, in the parable olden,
That by them He was known in the breaking of bread.

THE SECRET OF A STAR

By EVA M. MARTIN, F. T. S.

(Concluded from p. 788)

VIII

From God
Down to the lowest spirit ministrant
Intelligence exists which casts our mind
Into immeasurable shade.

Browning

But come up, ye
Who adore in any way
Our God by His wide-honoured Name of YEA. . .
And on the ladder hierarchical
Have seen the order'd Angels to and fro
Descending with the pride of service sweet,
Ascending with the rapture of receipt!

Coventry Patmore

SWIFTLY and peacefully the days went by. The old scholar was absorbed by the thought of the great book by means of which he was going to convey his newly crystallised convictions, the ripe convictions of his serene old age, to the world at large. He talked much of it to Lucien, wandering out over vast stretches of philosophical speculation whither the boy could scarcely follow him.

“The Phallicists are wrong,” he would often declare emphatically. “Completely and fatally wrong Oh, I mean to show them! You shall see, Lucien. I may.

be called a crank, and a deluded old madman, and anything else you like, but there are men who know me well, and who cannot deny that my brain is as keen now as ever it was, and my faculties as alert and as reliable as those of any younger man, even though I *am* white-haired and getting a bit stiff in the joints." But interesting and fascinating though Lucien found their long talks together—which sometimes took the form of discussion as between equals, and sometimes that of monologues on the part of Peterson—he enjoyed still more the pure mental atmosphere of the quiet old house, and the happy solitary hours spent in wandering through the woods that flanked it on two sides, or in exploring the broad, undulating downs not far away, whose green expanses lay ever gloriously open to the sunshine and the winds.

Sometimes grave learned men would come to the Manor, divines and scholars from all parts of the world, attracted by the fame of this thin old man who had lived so long alone with his books, and whose name was yet known far and wide as one of the greatest living authorities on the world-old history of religions. Then indeed the library resounded to a flow of words, words which seemed to Lucien to fill it from floor to ceiling, and to reverberate meaninglessly in its deepest and duskiest recesses. At such times as these he generally kept out of the way, for his presence was apt to lead to embarrassing questions, and he divined that the conversation flowed more easily when he was not there.

Now and then Peterson would let some glimmering of the new ideas which possessed him appear in his remarks to these strangers, and gloat in secret over the mystification they caused; although in some of his

visitors he rejoiced to find a spirit which met more than half-way the tentative hints he ventured to throw out. Still, on the whole, he was guarded and careful. He wanted the book to be a surprise, a totally unexpected revelation, and, in any case, his views were not yet sufficiently ordered and tabulated for coherent expression. So he discussed shades of meaning in syllables and words of languages scarcely known, even by name, to the ordinary intelligent mortal ; likenesses and discrepancies in old-time mythological conceptions ; doubtful dates in ancient historical records ; possible motives for far-distant acts ; origins of strange forms of ritual ; and a thousand other details—all with that school-boy zest which was one of his most prominent and most attractive characteristics.

When there were none of these cosmopolitan visitors in the house—and their visits, as a rule, were short and unexpected—he and Lucien spent much time together, and under his guidance the boy's education progressed rapidly. He had the gift of languages in a remarkable degree, and after a time it delighted him to spell out for himself verses from the ancient sacred books, or directions for strange mystical ceremonials, such as were to be found in some of the rare volumes in Peterson's comprehensive library. But what delighted him most of all was when they read together accounts of what certain contemporaries were doing with regard to the occult investigation of ancient religious problems and beliefs. Here Peterson, from his extraordinary fund of erudition, could often adduce new proofs, or at any rate strong presumptions, in favour of the correctness of the results thus obtained ; and it was a great joy to both of them to find that other minds were working,

methodically and steadily, although along lines unrecognised by the ordinary scholar, in the same direction as their own. The unity of all religions, the tremendous Divine Truths shadowed forth in the ancient mythologies, the vast hierarchy of spiritual Beings stretching between man and God, linking the microcosm—struggling, limited, suffering all the pains of growth—to its Source in the great creative Perfection which lies at the core of the Universe—these were some of the things they studied together, the old learned mind and the young intuitive one, helping and complementing one another in perfect sympathy and understanding.

The free open-air life which Lucien lived, side by side with this enthralling life of the mind, saved him from consequences which might otherwise have ensued from such sudden and tremendous mental stimulus. As he grew nearer to manhood his physical form increased in beauty and strength equally with the spiritual self within; and of the radiant growth of that, nobody who looked into his eyes could fail to be aware.

There were times when the child and the mystic in him took the upper hand, when nothing could keep him in the house or induce him to open a book. These moods generally culminated in some spiritual experience, some vision, of a wonder and beauty so surpassing that nothing but his deep and tender love for Peterson could have persuaded him to try to speak of it in words. Human speech was hopelessly inadequate for dealing with such things, but the old man's humble eager interest, his intense unsatisfied desire to participate consciously in some such experience himself, melted the boy's otherwise impenetrable reserve. So it came that there were evenings when that quiet room, lined

on all sides with the printed thoughts of men, heard a young, awed voice—now low and hesitating because of the limitations and shortcomings of the only possible medium of expression, now eloquent and impassioned, thrilled with the memory of an indescribable splendour—recounting things so pure, so vital, so simple and so great, that to Peterson there seemed to gather all around the walls bright, winged presences so thinly veiled from sight that he felt as if each word that fell from the boy's lips must draw some fold of the covering away, as if every moment they must break in visible beauty upon his longing eyes.

But he did not waste time in seeking this desired revelation which came not. There was other work for him to do.

“You are the seer,” he sometimes said to Lucien ; “I must be, as far as I can, the interpreter. The things you tell me all have a deep and vital influence upon the spirit of my book. They are a tremendous help to me in making my ideas clear. They throw light on the dark places, and the dark places grow steadily fewer, so that in the end I believe I shall be able to clear them all away. Then it will only remain for men to read with the seeing eye and with the understanding heart. To such my message will bring joy that all can share—Christian, Jew, Muhammadan, Buddhist, all alike. To the rest it will seem mere visionary ravings. But that there are some—perhaps even many—who will understand it and accept it, I have no doubt, no doubt at all.”

Never had he thrown himself so whole-heartedly into the writing of any book before. His unequalled stores of deep and precious knowledge poured themselves

out into it with a lavishness and an ease that astonished even himself, while he brought to their expression the force of an ardent and poetic simplicity, a clarity of style, such as had indeed distinguished many of his former writings, but never to the same extent, or in the same rare quality. All his life long the history of *religions* had been the supreme, unchallenged interest that occupied his mind, almost to the complete exclusion of the ordinary interests of the world. But, as he now saw, largely because he knew so much about them, he had known, really . . . nothing! The mysterious story, unrivalled in its fascination, of the origin and meaning of *Religion* was what held him now. All his vast and detailed knowledge of separate religious systems, their creeds, dogmas and practices, seemed to have united into one magnificent whole in his mind, a whole which, since his association with Lucien, had become gloriously illuminated as by some light of splendid inspiration. With heart aflame and soul uplifted he flung himself into the work of expression, and when Lucien begged him to take longer pauses of rest and relaxation, the answer was always the same:

“There is no time to rest. That will come later. I am old, Lucien, but I know that I shall not die before the book is finished. Only, I must not waste time. I must go straight ahead, without pause or hesitation, while the desire for work is on me.”

And to that the boy could say nothing, although his heart was often heavy within him.

Things came about much as he had feared. Scarcely was the last chapter brought to a close when the old man's frail body collapsed through the long strain of nearly a year's unceasing toil.

“It doesn’t matter now,” he said to Lucien. “The book is finished. It needs carefully reading through, a few passages amplifying, a few quotations verifying, but nothing that I cannot leave quite safely in your hands.”

And then for days he lay in a state of peaceful lethargy, utterly satisfied and content, until, on one mellow summer evening when the sun was bathing all the landscape in a liquid flood of gold, the dim life-flame in him flickered and burnt up suddenly with a flash of its old brilliance.

He sat up in bed and talked with energy and animation, as had ever been his wont, of the matters his mind so loved to dwell upon.

“Death is far from being a wholly physical thing,” he remarked suddenly, after a little while. “Every particle in the body is renewed every seven years. How then can it grow old? or how wear out? No, it is the Spirit that tires of its earthly habitation, that wearies of the cramping limitations of its house of flesh; and in proportion as it struggles to draw itself away, the vital forces of the body are weakened, the sub-consciousness that guides its myriad functions is affected and disturbed, until at last the final separation takes place, and the body is cast off, its purpose accomplished—even as the serpent casts his worn-out skin. My Spirit, Lucien, has long been weary of the prison-house, but until its work was finished it could not escape. Now, that is done at last, and the way of freedom opens rapidly. Your work yet remains to be begun, and I have felt of late as if the beginning were not far off.”

A faint sigh escaped the boy.

“I have been so happy!” he exclaimed. “And in these years with you I have learnt so much. What a

friend you have been to me ! Indeed, I am sure that our friendship dates back into lives long before these present ones, and that it will be renewed again. But my heart is heavy at the thought of making a fresh start—without your help.”

“ You will not need my help,” the old man said gently, “ though doubtless the task before you is a great one. Not for nothing were you born of such parents. Not for nothing were you and I brought together just at the time when you needed the teaching that I could give you. All that you have learnt has been learnt, I feel sure, with some purpose, some great end in view. Your life was not meant all to be passed in the lonely isolation which has marked the greater part of your childhood. Spiritual loneliness you will ever know, as all pure Spirits caged in flesh must know it; but your outer life will be led among men and in crowded cities; and I feel, in some dim way, that you are destined to influence the world.”

Lucien’s young face grew very sad.

“ I have been so happy !” he said again. “ But I feel that you are right. There is some work waiting for me. I do not know yet what it is, but when the time comes I shall know. Hermes will tell me.”

“ I have no doubt,” the old man answered gravely; and then his voice fell to a whisper.

“ Do you think, Lucien, do you think, that I shall be able to see him now, before I die ? ”

“ I think that he is very near to you,” said the boy, steadily. “ I know that he is waiting to help and guide you, and to show you splendid things.”

“ Would that he might unseal my eyes before I die !” the old man murmured. “ Saturn’s restraining,

limiting power has lasted long enough. O Mercury, thou who holdest the gift of vision, grant it to me, I pray thee, in some measure, even before my spirit tasteth the liberty of those spiritual worlds wherein thou dwellest! Bestow upon me even one single ray of that Light and Beauty which are thine! All my knowledge, all my worldly learning, so hardly acquired, and at the sacrifice of much that other men find good and pleasant, all have I now dedicated to thee—all have I poured forth in the hope that through them other souls may be led to perceive some gleam of the dawning of thy Wisdom. Though these things are as nothing in thy sight, I offer them, O Messenger of Heaven! for they are all that I have to offer—and I ask nothing in return save the satisfaction of beholding thee once, once only, with these mortal eyes.”

“O, but you will, you will behold him!” cried Lucien, indescribably stirred and troubled. “He is very near. What matter if your bodily eyes see him not, when the eyes of the Spirit will so soon be opened? Oh, be not anxious or doubtful! Entreat him not, for it may be that he cannot come to you in visible form, even though he would. But you are his child—children of Mercury are we both; my Spirit knows it!—though for some reason, perhaps through some separating, disharmonising trend of thought or action in the past, he has not been able to come close to your waking consciousness in this life. Next time it will be different, for of late the old bond has been renewed and strengthened, and even now he is waiting for you somewhere, quite near by. He will take you close, close to himself, and through him you will be led ever closer to the One whose servant he is—and we—and all that lives. It is he

who points the way for us, and for all his many children. Others may travel along different roads and follow different leaders, but all will reach the same goal in the end. All will rest in the same Heart and dwell in the same Spirit. Oh, do not doubt him, even though you see him not now! When he can come, he comes—when he can help, he helps—there is no need to pray him. Entreat him no more; rather trust him. Trust him ‘to the last point of vision and beyond!’”

He knelt down by the bed, looking into the old man’s tired blue eyes.

“Listen to these lines,” he said. “I read them only the other day, and took them straight to my heart:

“I am a tool in mighty hands;
 Though of myself no strength have I
 Yet, if He strike with me, the lands
 Shall reel and the great mountains cry.

“And if He use me as His torch,
 My heat shall drink the eternal waves,
 And the hot tongue of flame shall scorch
 The hidden depths of ocean caves.

“If as a lamp He make me shine,
 My glow shall pale each fire afar,
 Irradiate with light divine
 The space beyond the utmost star.

“And if, when He His power has shown,
 He lay me by, as is most meet,
 I take the place that is my own
 Among the dust beneath His feet.”

He recited the words with a passion of humility in his voice; and as he finished, the old man sighed, and smiled.

“So be it! You and your poet are right, my wise-hearted little friend. I will demand nothing, nothing, of him. I give myself to him, happy if I have been,

even in some infinitesimal degree, his instrument. I will not again entreat him, Lucien, for I know that you have spoken the truth—‘when he can come, he comes’. Let that suffice me.”

The room grew dim and quiet after that. Outside, a happy thrush sang melodious farewells to the fading day. The roses breathed out all the sweetness of their hearts in the golden light that filled the garden. The trees stood with dark branches uplifted against the sky, as if in silent ecstasy of prayer and adoration.

And suddenly Lucien’s heart gave a great leap, for he felt that, very gradually, the room was being swept by that cool, clean air, bearing its pure and unmistakable fragrance of downs and woodlands, that heralded the near approach of the one whom his Spirit loved.

The old man moved his head restlessly on the pillow.

“What is that, Lucien? What is that I feel? . . . Listen, Lucien!”

Even as he spoke a low chord of music sounded in the air. It seemed to be all around them, and its tone was soft and fairy-like as that of a wind-blown lyre. It hung there for an instant, delicately thrilling, and before it died away the boy’s eyes were fixed adoringly upon the radiant vision of peace and beauty whose advent it had foretold. But the old man, though alert and listening, saw nothing.

“O Hermes! Hermes! if he might only see thee!” Lucien breathed in his inmost heart, for he knew that it was lawful to entreat for others, though not always for oneself. “Could I not lend him my sight for a little space? His soul hath such a longing. Let him see instead of me, this once!”

“There is no need for that, my son,” said the lovely voice, always suggesting the musical rhythm of running waters and of blowing winds, “though it was well that thou shouldest offer. Lay thy hand upon his. His eyes are all but opened now, and with thy help he will see.”

Lucien stretched out his hand, and clasped the thin, tired fingers of the dying man. Almost at once they closed upon his with a grip that spoke of astonishment and joy.

 IX

If I stoop
 Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
 It is but for a time ; I press God's lamp
 Close to my breast ; its splendour, soon or late,
 Will pierce the gloom : I shall emerge one day.

Browning

Ay, and when Prophecy her tale hath finished,
 Knowledge hath withered from the trembling tongue,
 Love shall survive and Love be undiminished,
 Love be imperishable, Love be young.

F. W. H. Myers

“O most perfect Angel!” came in a low, sighing breath from the old man's lips. “Thou Bird of God! Thou brightest of the Sons of Heaven! I thank thee. Now am I ready to follow thee wheresoever thou wilt, O Psychopompus, guide and leader of souls!”

Lucien started at hearing almost the self-same words that his mother had spoken on that stormy May-night, years ago. Then he saw Hermes move forward with glorious recognition in his eyes, and a gladness on his

brow as of one who welcomes home a dear friend from a long and weary sojourn in a distant land.

A strong, sweet wind sang through the room, and on its fragrance-bearing wings two shadowy figures were uplifted and swept away in a whirl and glory of magnificent escape. So great was the speed, the rush, the sweep of their going, that Lucien himself, oblivious of all save this transcendent opportunity for freedom, seemed to be carried with them—literally swept along, as a man “in the flying wake of the luminous water-snake”—towards regions of spaciousness and wonder, towards lucid realms of blessedness and peace.

But very soon he became subtly aware that the others were outstripping him. Hasten as he might, they sped ever on in front and he could not overtake them.

Hand-in-hand across wide spaces they fled, and vanished like shooting stars down vistas of translucent glory whither he could not follow. Between him and them a veil fell. Their swift going was blotted out from him. Despairing and amazed, he found himself surrounded by nethermost darkness . . . and alone.

There came over him the sure and bitter conviction that he must return. Not yet for him that radiant and star-swift flight. Not yet those bright, ethereal worlds of joy that called his Spirit, and had almost held it. He must return . . . to earth . . . to his body . . . to life in the world of men. His being was swept by a flood of passionate rebellion and of fear. Fear of the old dim way of life, that in reality was worse than death. Fear of those blind, cruel souls of men that would bruise and crush his own, mocking at its brightness, hating it for its pure beauty which they vaguely sensed but could not see. Rebellion against the fate that drove him back to

them, shutting him out from that fair spiritual haven which he knew to be his rightful resting-place. He sent out a wild prayer for release from the bonds which held him and had called him back when freedom was so nearly won. But the shadows gathered more thickly around him, his fear increased, and the horror of his Spirit was intensified . . . until from very far away there came to him an echo of infinite sadness: "Never be afraid, Lucien. . . . Burn bright, my little lamp, burn bright."

And at that tears overcame him; the darkness lifted somewhat and it was borne in upon him that through this mad launching-forth in search of release from the bonds of matter, the light of his earthly life had been almost quenched. His desire had carried him so far away from earth that the flame of the lamp had sunk low and was like to be extinguished. But still he wandered, lost in this place of darkness and of terror, and could find no way by which he might return to his deserted body before it was too late to re-kindle the light within it. Once more he sent forth the voice of his Spirit in a passionate desire for guidance, and this time it was answered by the presence of him who was, he felt, the only one with the power to reach him in this dark and desolate wilderness which belonged neither to heaven nor to earth.

"My son, my son! How camest thou here? Thou shouldest not have followed me, for I called thee not."

"I was caught away. . . . I longed so to escape . . . and to be with thee, Hermes. But I have lost the way. I would return, ere the silver cord be broken. Show me the way, I pray thee, for now I see that it is too soon for my Spirit to win freedom. My work is not

yet done; my light is needed in the world. I long to stay, Hermes! My Spirit fears and loathes the moment of return. But it is time. I must go back."

"Thy right desire hath already guided thee towards the way of return, my son, but the choice is open to thee still. None can decide the issue but thyself. Even I cannot aid or counsel thee. Having escaped so far, wilt thou resume the way of joy and light, which leads, as thou well knowest, to the consummation of thy Spirit's dear desire, or wilt thou take the way of sacrifice, back to the world, back to thy bodily prison-house, and to the work which yet remains for thee to do? This is thy final choice, and from it there is no appeal."

Lucien was aware of a tense listening all around him.

"I will go back," he said, and immediately the words were spoken his whole being was rent with anguish, and he knew that he was enclosed once more in earthly limitations.

But he found to his amazement that Hermes now was spiritually nearer to him than had ever been the case before. They seemed both to be enveloped in some luminous radiancy of joy that flowed around them like a river of spiritual light.

"O well, well for thee, that thou hast chosen thus!" cried the God, and his voice seemed to echo the singing of the stars. "Now, O my son, thou hast indeed won freedom, for because of the great anguish of thy choice—thy soul having long since overcome the hot desires which draw souls forth to manifest in lower spheres—because of this, I say, thou shalt never again be driven to return to earth, never again be forced to suffer the

dark imprisonment of the flesh. Hadst thou chosen to complete thy escape for the sake of thine own immediate and temporary satisfaction, thou wouldst have had to return to earth later, and perhaps many times. But now the last debt is settled; no jot or tittle remains now to be paid; and when this earth-life is over, thou wilt indeed be free at last!—free to enjoy an age-long bliss before thou comest forth again, still under the shadow of my sheltering wing, to learn and grow, to work and help, in new forms, under new conditions, and in a new star-world.”

Lucien bowed his head in humility and awe.

“And the work that I have to do first? May I know now what it is?” Silence fell for a moment, and once again he was aware of invisible Spirits all around, who listened with a deep intentness.

“Yes, it is time for thee to know,” Hermes answered, and his voice held a new note, a note of exultation. “Thou art now very near to manhood, and thy whole youth has been a preparation for this great work which is awaiting thee. . . . Lucien, there is a Mighty Elder Brother of Humanity, One who has suffered all the pains and sorrows of the human race, but who has long since broken every link that bound Him and been made free of all the worlds. He is both God and Man, both Lord and Servant, and because of His great and tender love for men He returns from time to time to bless the earth with His presence. Because of His knowledge, because He Himself has long ago passed through the stream of human evolution, there is none other that can bring such help and comfort to the toiling souls of men, none other that has such power to teach, to uplift, and to inspire. The time draws near for

Him to return once more. The sorrows of the world call to Him. The mistakes, the darknesses, the vain wild efforts in which men lose and spend themselves make a song of entreaty in His ears, so that He cannot rest even in those realms of joy and peace which are His Spirit's Home. His infinite love and compassion draw Him irresistibly back to the world of men. In visible tangible human form He will come, not as a Spirit, not as a vision. For there are many things which men have forgotten and which must be learnt afresh; and there are many new and difficult things which they can only learn from one who comes in human form like unto their own. He will come, this time, to bring no sword, but a great peace. He will come, above all, as the Eternal Reconciler, as the Symbol and the Herald of the ultimate At-one-ment between God and Man, between Spirit and Matter, between Heaven and Earth. . . . And here, Lucien, is where thy help is needed. All thy knowledge, thy strength, thy conviction and thy love shalt thou pour forth in these next years to make smooth, if it may be, the way that this Great One must tread. For this reason has my Wisdom been revealed to thee. For this purpose has the power of my caduceus been shown thee—the power to reconcile conflicting elements and to bring harmony where discord reigns. To this end have I given thee the gift of speech, which enables thee to fit the thought to the word, the spirit to the form, and to interpret and make clear the things which, otherwise, could never be brought home to the dull minds of men. All this will be thy task. The book which has been left in thy care will help thee, but apart from this thou wilt have none to depend on but thyself. This thing thou must

do alone. Thou must go forth among men—ah, thy Spirit shrinks from that! but fear not, for well thou knowest that love makes all things easy. All the energy that thou hast, physical, mental and spiritual, must be spent in this mighty task of preparing men's minds to receive the great universal teaching which so soon will be vouchsafed to them. All thy singleness of aim, thy simplicity of heart, thy sincerity, thy courage, and above all thy loving compassion—give all in this great service, without thought and without stint! Spare not thyself, and it may be that the Master, when He comes, finding that thou hast been so faithful a servant, will call upon thee for a final sacrifice, the consummation of thine earthly progress. For this new Coming of His is of deeper and greater meaning than words can convey. It shadows forth a cosmic Mystery—one of the secret, innermost Mysteries of the Creation—and all who take part in it, even down to the least degree, are sharers in its transcendent glory Now, Lucien—thou Light-bearer—thou whose very name is a symbol of thine office—now thou knowest how thou art called upon to spend the life to which thou returnest. Hard will be the struggle, bitter the resistance, full of pain and weariness the task. But fear not; faint not; let thy lamp burn bright! Remember that I am near thee, even though thou must henceforth stand alone in the eyes of men. Thou art my son I have given thee of my power and of my wisdom . . . and the stars in their courses are fighting on thy side!”

All the winds of the world leapt out from their hiding-places, and in the stillness which lay at the heart of them, as the stillness lies in the heart of a flame,

Lucien came back, untouched, unstirred, by all their rushing, singing and blowing.

In low sweet cadences the sound of them faded away into some remote and airy distance, and Lucien opened his eyes once more upon the familiar room.

The worn-out shell which had veiled the eager Spirit of his friend lay in utter stillness on the bed, and through the open window he could see in the clear dawn-sky, just above the horizon, the bright swift-moving planet nearest to the sun.

With parted lips and straining eyes he watched, until its shining grew dim and it vanished from his sight, drowned and overwhelmed in the still brighter glory of the rising day.

Then Lucien fell upon his knees, and offered up the pure incense of his Spirit in humble sacrifice to Him Who is the God of stars and flowers and men alike.

Eva M. Martin

STRANGE CHILDREN

By ANNIE BESANT

OUR Burman General Secretary sends the following deeply interesting account of a marvellous child of five-and-a-half years old. Moug Thain Moug is a reliable gentleman, and his statements are capable of verification. We give them in his own words :

On 3rd December, 1912, I was told that a young boy, Moug Aung Baw, a name which he fully deserves, five-and-a-half-years old, of marvellous memory, fair face, and smiling countenance, whose special characteristic is to look straight into everything that comes across his vision, came to Rangoon from Moulmein for the Pāli Examination, commencing on December 1st.

On the 3rd December, I went over to see how this young lad would fare in his ordeal, and I was careful to occupy the front seat, quite close to the boy. He was examined in all the Pāli Texts before an audience comprising from two to three thousand men, and all the High Priests and several monks were astounded at the boy's wonderful power of memory, with no hesitation whatsoever—a miracle for a boy of his tender age. I here give you a history of this young Brother, before I tell you what Buddhist Sacred Books he has studied. He was born to a Burmese mother and Chinese father, who both died within one year of the boy's birth. He was then adopted by U Po Toke and Mah Aye Me, Burman residents of Moulmein, who also shared the same fate within one year of adoption. Thirdly, this boy was again adopted by two Burmese parents, one of whom, the mother, died shortly. The father being afraid of keeping the boy under his protection, lest he also should breathe his last, made a present of the boy to Bhikkhu U Thatha Na, of Ye Kyoung Monastery, Moug Gan Quarter, Moulmein. The boy was a little over two years of age at this time.

It is said that when once, in the Kyoung Monastery, a gramophone record gave the text of a Phongyi's preaching through the gramophone, the boy at once learnt it by heart and repeated it to his mates ; and the teacher, coming to know of

this incident, thought it best to use his memory in the right direction, and wanted to teach him all the Pāli Texts, which he instantly began to do. The result of his doing so is what is above stated. Let me tell you his results in the examination that is now being conducted in Rangoon at Thayet-taw Kyoung Dike, Godwin Road. It is merely that he carried off the palm in every subject he took up. He was even tested by the Professor of Pāli in the local College, who was astonished at the boy's marvellous power in reciting clearly all the Pāli Texts. I also examined him, and found him to be one of those young Souls that are now born into this world for the good of humanity. Photographers are making money out of him, and several Burmans have come with offerings of gold and silver coins, not to speak of various sorts of eatables. The boy very carefully avoids all sorts of meat, the very sight of which is repulsive to him.

In the midst of the audience this young Brother was honoured with a seat on the Sangha's dais, with laymen offering homage to him, just like the incident that happened at Benares when our young Brother Alcyone presented us with diplomas of the Order of the Star in the East. No Buddhist will think it beneath his dignity to give due respect where respect is due; for it is clearly shown in the 'Three Raṭanas' of our daily prayer that to do homage to a Soul advanced in Dhamma, though encased in a young body, is but the duty of every follower of the Buddha. Theosophists, therefore, should not consider it a strange idea to respect such Souls, simply because they are young as far as the physical body is concerned. For the outside world, of course, it will take a long time to understand the poetry contained in this affair.

The list of books the boy has by heart :

1. Pali Tri-Pitakas (still a portion to be finished).
2. Eight Volumes of Pali Grammar.
3. Nine Volumes of Compendium of Philosophy and Metaphysics by Arhat Anurudha.
4. Right Revd. Ledi Sayadaw's (Buddhist High Priest) rhythmical Poems on Metaphysics.
5. Right Revd. Ledi Sayadaw's rhythmical Poems on Pali Grammar.
6. Several other Pali Texts.

In the THEOSOPHIST for September, 1912, p. 929, I gave some particulars about a small boy, who had had a dream about the Order of the Star in the East. The boy was then twelve years old, and thirteen years before that, at a Spiritualistic sitting, the manifesting entity had advised the sitters to prepare for the coming of the Christ by showing charity, for the Christ would, ere long,

return to the earth. Madame T. remarked that such an idea was quite inadmissible—a not unnatural view. The entity answered: “If I tell you that He is returning, it is to give you this first proof ; before a year I shall be your son, and you will be my mother, and before the Teacher comes a Society of the Star shall be founded to announce His coming, and shall spread all over the world ; and the day that my father returns home with a silver star on his breast, you shall know that the time of His coming is near.” (The father joined the Order when he heard of it.)

Quite lately the boy surprised a visitor by explaining to him very clearly re-incarnation and evolution ; and when asked: “From whom have you learned all this?” he answered: “From Krishnamurti.” It will be remembered that he recognised the portrait of Alcyone as that of “the beautiful boy I saw in my dream”. Our members, with the glad consent of his father, are doing all they can to help this child.

Annie Besant

H. P. B.'S OPINION OF H. S. O.
WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES
By DR. W. A. ENGLISH, F. T. S.

[This article is of perennial interest, and few of our present readers will have seen it—so we reprint.—ED.]

AMONG the various unpublished writings of H. P. Blavatsky which are preserved at the headquarters of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras, one that I had not previously read lately attracted my attention. It is her reply to a paper which had been drawn up by a couple of over-critical Theosophists in England, embodying many complaints relating to the management of the Theosophical Society. The earnestness and sincerity evinced in her reply to these accusations should carry great weight at present, and will be of special interest in America, where the many years of faithful labour for the Society by its executive Head have been so studiously ignored, and where such persistent and bitter attempts have been made by certain misguided people to traduce his character; also that of Mrs. Besant and others.

This, and many more writings of the sort, that fully vindicate the President-Founder's character and methods, have been left lying unused by him, in the archives at Headquarters—he disdaining to make any other defence than that which the growth, strength and prosperity of the Society furnish. There is among us no more absolute believer in karma than the President-Founder.

The following extracts are taken from H. P. B.'s reply :

“Truth does not depend on the show of hands ; but in the case of the much abused President-Founder it must depend on the show of facts. Thorny and full of pitfalls was the steep path he had to climb up, alone and unaided, for the first years. Terrible was the opposition outside the Society which he had

to build; sickening and disheartening the treachery he often encountered within the Headquarters; enemies gnashing their teeth in his face around; those whom he regarded as his strongest friends and co-workers betraying him and the cause on the slightest provocation. Still, where hundreds in his place would have collapsed and given up the whole undertaking in despair, he, unmoved and unmovable, went on, climbing up and toiling as before, unrelenting and undismayed, supported by that one thought and conviction that he was doing his duty towards Those he had promised to serve to the end of his life. There was but one beacon for him—the hand that had first pointed to him his way up, the hand of the Master he loves and reveres so well, and serves so devotedly.

“President, elected for life, he has nevertheless offered more than once to resign, in favour of anyone found worthier than he, but was never permitted to do so by the majority—not of ‘show of hands’ but show of hearts, literally—as few are more beloved than he is, even by most of those who may criticise, occasionally, his actions. And this is only natural; for cleverer in administrative capacities, more learned in philosophy, subtler in casuistry, in metaphysics or daily-life policy, there may be many around him; but the whole globe may be searched through and through, and no one found stauncher to his friends, truer to his word, or more devoted to real, practical Theosophy, than the President-Founder; and these are the chief requisites in a leader of such a movement—one that aims to become a Brotherhood of men. The Society needs no Loyolas; it has to shun anything approaching casuistry; nor ought we to tolerate too subtle casuists. There, where every individual has to work out his own karma, the judgment of a casuist who takes upon himself the duty of pronouncing upon the state of a brother’s soul, or guiding his conscience, is of no use, and may become positively injurious. The Founder claims no more rights than every one else in the Society: the right of private judgment—which, whenever it is found to disagree with branches or individuals, is quietly set aside and ignored, as shown by the complainants themselves—this, then, is the sole crime of the culprit, and no worse than this can be laid at his door.

“And yet what is the reward of that kind man? He who has never refused a service—outside what he considers his

official duties—to any living being; he who has redeemed dozens of men, young souls, from dissipated, often immoral lives, and saved others from terrible scrapes by giving them a safe refuge in the Society; he who has placed others again on the pinnacle of saintship through their status in that Society, when otherwise they would have indeed found themselves now in the meshes of worldliness and perhaps worse; he, that true friend of every Theosophist, and verily ‘the readiest to serve and as unconscious of the service’; he is now taken to task—for what? For insignificant blunders, for useless ‘special orders’.”

After alluding to the insignificance of the complaints made, she says: “Since the Society is the child, the beloved creation of the Founder, he may well be forgiven for this too exaggerated love for that for which he has suffered and toiled more than all other Theosophists put together. He is called ‘worldly,’ ‘ambitious of power,’ and ‘untheosophical’ for it. Very well. Let, then, any impartial judge compare the life of the Founder¹ with those of most of his critics, and see which has been the most Theosophical ever since the society sprung into existence. If no better results have been achieved, it is not the President who ought to be taken to task for it, but the members themselves; as he has been ever trying to promote its growth, and the majority of the ‘fellows’ have either done nothing, or created obstacles in the way of its progress, through sins of omission as of commission. Better unwise activity than an overdose of too wise inactivity, apathy, or indifference, which are always the death of an undertaking.

“Nevertheless, it is these members who now seek to sit in Solomon’s seat; and they tell us that the Society is useless, its President positively mischievous, and that the Headquarters ought to be done away with, as the organisation called Theosophical presents many features seriously obstructive to the progress of Theosophy. Trees, however, have to be judged by their fruits. It was just shown that no ‘special orders’ issuing from the ‘centre of power’ called Adyar, could affect in any way whatever either a branch or individual; and therefore any Theosophist bent on self-culture, self-involution, or any

¹ It may interest a certain class in America to note who, in the opinion of H. P. B., was the real Founder of the Theosophical Society. See also, above, where she speaks of the ‘Founder’.

kind of selfishness, is at liberty so to act; and if, instead of using his rights, he will apply his brain-power to criticise other people's actions, then it is he who becomes the obstructionist, and not at all the organisation called Theosophical. For if Theosophy is anywhere practised on this globe, it is at Adyar, at the Headquarters."

H. P. B. next alludes to the quarrelsome spirit so apparent in England, France and America, the "backbiting, slandering, scandal-mongering"; and says members have "disgraced themselves and their Society by trying to disgrace others," and speaks in scathing terms of their actions, saying: "They have actually become more like hyænas than human beings, by digging into the graves of the past in the hope of bringing forward old forgotten slanders and scandals."

She then takes up the watchword of these would-be reformers, "Theosophy first and organisation after," and says: "Golden words these. But where would Theosophy be heard of now, had not its Society been first organised? And would Vedānta and other Hindū philosophies have ever been taught and studied in England, outside the walls of Oxford and Cambridge, had it not been for that organisation that fished them, like forgotten pearls, out of the ocean of oblivion and ignorance, and brought them forward before the profane world?"

She then alludes to the frequent use of the words 'untheosophical' and 'unbrotherly' by these Theosophical critics and reprovers, and says: "Yet truly Theosophical acts and words are not to be found in too unreasonable a superabundance among those who use the reproof oftenest. However insignificant and however limited the line of good deeds, the latter will always have more weight than empty and vain-glorious talk, and will be Theosophy; whereas theories, without any practical efforts at realisation, are at best but philosophy." Her views are evidently at one with those of the noted American author, who said there were two classes of people in the world: those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit still and ask why it wasn't done some other way.

She next says: "Belief in the Masters was never made an article of faith in the T. S., but . . . the commands received from Them when it was established have ever been held sacred.

And this is what one of them wrote in a letter preserved to this day:

“Theosophy must not represent merely a collection of moral verities, a bundle of metaphysical ethics epitomised in theoretical dissertations. Theosophy must be more practical, and has, therefore, to be disencumbered of useless discussion. It has to find objective expression in an all-embracing code of life thoroughly impregnated with its spirit—the spirit of mutual tolerance, charity and love. Its followers have to set the example of a firmly outlined, and as firmly applied, morality, before they get the right to point out, even in a spirit of kindness, the absence of a like ethic unity and singleness of purpose in other associations and individuals. As said before, no Theosophist should blame a brother, whether within or outside of the association; throw a slur upon his actions or denounce him, lest he should himself lose the right of being considered a Theosophist. Ever turn away your gaze from the imperfections of your neighbour and centre rather your attentions upon your own shortcomings, in order to correct them and become wiser. Show not the disparity between claim and action in another man; but, whether he be brother or neighbour, rather help him in his arduous walk in life. The problem of true Theosophy and its great mission is the working out of clear, unequivocal conceptions of ethical ideas and duties, which would satisfy most and best the altruistic and right feeling in us, and the modelling of these conceptions for their adoption into such forms of daily life where they may be applied with most equitableness. Such is the common work in view for all who are willing to act on these principles. It is a laborious task, and will require strenuous and persevering exertion, but it must lead you insensibly to progress and leave no room for any selfish aspirations outside the limits traced.

“Do not indulge in unbrotherly comparisons between the task accomplished by yourself and the work left undone by your neighbour or brother in the field of Theosophy, *as none is held to weed out a larger plot of ground than his strength and capacity will permit him.* . . .

“Do not be too severe on the merits or demerits of one who seeks admission among your ranks, as the truth about the actual state of the inner man can only be known to, and dealt with justly by, karma alone. Even the simple presence amongst you of a well-intentioned and sympathising individual may help you magnetically . . . you are the free-workers on the domain of truth, and as such must leave no obstructions on the paths leading to it . . . (The letter closes with the following lines which have now become quite plain, as they give the key to the whole situation): No. 2. *The degrees of success or failure are the land-marks we shall have to follow, as they will constitute the barriers placed by your own hands between yourselves and Those whom you have asked to be your Teachers. The nearer your approach to the goal contemplated, the shorter the distance between the student and the Master.*

“A complete answer is thus found in the above lines to the papers framed by the two Theosophists. Those who are now inclined to repudiate the hand that traced it, and feel ready to turn their backs upon the whole past and the original programme of the T. S., are at liberty to do so. The Theosophical body is neither a church nor a sect, and every individual opinion is entitled to a hearing.”

After further alluding to those who change their opinions so “diametrically,” and shift their “devotional views from white to black,” the letter closes by wishing “peace and fraternal good-will to all.”

W. A. English

DOWN THE AGES

A London friend writes that she was present at a cinematograph performance at which a story was given under the above title. About seven hundred school-children were present in addition to the usual audience. The story was as follows:

A party, consisting of father and daughter, a German Count and a young Englishman, is sight-seeing in Egypt. The father is anxious that his daughter shall marry the Count, but she really loves the young Englishman, though she is to some extent attracted by the wealth and position of the Count.

The young Englishman is very unhappy at the turn of events, and rather keeps aloof; therefore he does not start out with the trio when they go to visit a famous temple, but follows later. While in the temple the girl begins to experience a strange feeling of familiarity with her surroundings—a feeling which intensifies when she seats herself on a particular stone. She asks her father and the Count to leave her for a time, and gradually the scene changes. Then one sees a poor beggar-girl seated at the door of a temple. She begs alms from a passing priest, but at first he pays no heed to her entreaties; the girl however continues to plead, and the priest, seeing how beautiful she is, offers to help her if she will come with him. The girl follows the priest, but when she finds he has only evil intentions she tries to escape, and is ultimately saved by a young priest who hears her cries for help.

It is the old, old story; the young priest and the beggar-maid fall in love; and the wicked priest, discovering their secret, tells the High Priest, who summons the young priest to his presence. Because, contrary to his vows, he loves a woman, the High Priest orders him to be banished for life to a lonely temple where he can atone for his sin. Before he sets out on his journey through the desert he meets the girl, who implores him to let her go also; but as they have no money, it is arranged that they shall find and remove a wonderful precious stone from the temple, and then go to a land where no one knows them. The wicked priest overhears this conversation; so the luckless pair are pursued, and just as they have found the stone the High Priest and the wicked priest rush in. The lovers are condemned to die, and the High Priest pronounces a curse upon them, that all down the ages love shall never come to them.

The English girl gradually comes back to the present time; she sees her father, the Count and the young Englishman standing beside her; and in a moment she knows that the young Englishman was her saviour of long ago, while the Count was the wicked priest; and she knows too that the curse is worked out, and that now she is free to pour out her soul in love.

REVIEWS

Man's Life in This and Other Worlds, by Annie Besant.
(THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.
Price Re. 1 or 1s. 6d. or 40c.)

This little book contains four lectures delivered by Mrs. Besant in Madras last year. The volume, though small, covers a wide field, and from man's life in the physical world we are led, stage by stage, to the consideration of the Spirit of man, and the spiritual life. Many of the thoughts will be familiar to Theosophists, but they are retold with that freshness which ever distinguishes Mrs. Besant's utterances and which makes the old seem ever new. The purpose of the lectures is to show the reality of the three worlds in which the soul lives; how these three worlds affect each other; what training is necessary to perfect our various vehicles; and, lastly, the power which lies in each one of us and enables us finally to overcome the lower part of our nature. Great stress is laid on the necessity of treating our bodies well; e.g., the physical body must not be used harshly, or injurious consequences will ensue: it must be gently led into the habits we would have it acquire. The condition of the soul after death, and its progress to the higher worlds, are described and explained. The doctrine of the 'Immanence of God' is treated in a passage of rare beauty, and the practical application of the doctrine forms the last few pages of the volume. Those who were privileged to hear the final lecture can never forget the wonderful beauty of the concluding portion; and the description of the ideal home life, and the plea for a better position for the women of India must ever live in their memory. It is impossible in these few lines to give any adequate idea of the enormous amount of information contained in the lectures, but the most learned will find something new in them, and all should catch something, a dim reflection, it may be, of the spirit which inspired the writing.

T. L. C.

In His Name, by C. Jinarajadasa. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Ans. 12 or 1s. or 25c.)

When one who knows the value of words dedicates his work "To the Master Koot Hoomi from His Loving Son," that work merits more than ordinary attention. It is also fully his due that the author of so exquisite a little volume as *Christ and Buddha* should meet with an eager wish on the part of his many readers for more of his thoughts and writings. Nor will anyone be disappointed in this, his last most valuable contribution to our more thoughtful literature. *In His Name* is one of those books that contain great truths and profound thoughts in the simplest of phrases. It is a book that reveals new beauties at each reading. All that is superfluous, all that is intermediate in reasoning has been eliminated, and only the basic statements, the ultimate residues of a quantity of deep and ripe thinking are left. Hence the apparent simplicity. All great things are really simple. And this, though of small dimensions, is a great book in its way; what one might call a 'bedside book'; one to keep by one, along with other favourites, to dream and ponder on and be helped by in moments of meditative and restful insight. The 'Foreword' states that the author felt he had a message to give; and the book is his message, or as he beautifully puts it: "Each human soul has some message to give to every other human soul, and what I write is my message to you just now. It is not mine in reality, for it came to me from other human souls, and I am giving to you as a brother what others as Brothers have given to me." The book consists of seven little chapters which logically develop one from the other, and on each of which, even in so limited a review of the book as this, it is necessary to pause. The author begins by giving what is the *leit-motiv* of the whole book—namely, that our world, our Universe "is one vast manifestation of the Logos," that, in one sense, there is "no such thing as the unreal; yet nevertheless the expressions of that Logos vary, and we pass from expression to expression as we grow". Phase succeeds phase, and, as new capacities develop, old forms are outgrown, new possibilities come into view. Thus "the real is this higher and the unreal that which we have outgrown". We ought to encourage idealism, for "idealism is the determination to identify yourself with the world above you and not with the world in which you

live". Ideas should become more important than 'facts'. For ideas "are units of Reality which connect the facts of a world in which we play out a drama of evolution". Again: "True ideas are not created out of 'facts'; they have an existence of their own, and possess their intrinsic standard of validity." Hence "while a fact is one expression of the Logos, the value you are to give to it belongs to a higher one; to you now a fact is of the unreal world, while its value is of the real". Then, after showing that every idealist "is a builder in the real world," and that imagination builds structures corresponding to realities, approaching the ideals, the archetypes, the whole thought is summed up in the phrase: "There is in the cosmos but One Person, and we live but to discover him."

The next chapter shows that the Master is he "who will guide you out of the unreal world into the real". Truly is it a comforting and a beautifully expressed thought that "Ages before you know your Master, he has known you, watched you, encouraged you. He has shone on you as the sun shines on flowers, and all unknown to you has helped you to grow." Ideals are first glimpses of the Master who guides you in your building and your climbing. He lives his larger life in the world of ideals, and to reach him and to "know him as he truly is you must rise to his world". The advice on this point given by the author's own Master was: "Do good works in his name and for the love of mankind." So it becomes the business of the aspirant to try "every day and every hour of the day" to "plan to make another's burden lighter for him to bear, and say softly to yourself 'In His Name'." It follows that to do this intelligently, to be of help, one must try to understand the work, the plan that is being followed; so "to co-operate with the Master you must know God's Plan."

This is the theme of the next chapter. "'God's Plan is Evolution'—thus spoke my Master." While science collects facts and details about evolution, its meaning depends on the recognition, according to the author, of three fundamental facts: "1. that life is everywhere; 2. that life never dies, and 3. that life evolves." Each of these three is considered in turn: There is one Life pervading all things not different in kind but in expression; Change and Death are inevitable wherever there is form, but this is only that life may live more fully than before; God reveals Himself more and more, unfolds ever more and

more of His Power, Beauty, Wisdom and Love through different stages in the growth of understanding and conscious realisation.

Then comes a chapter on 'Those Who Direct God's Plan,' which shows how God's Plan of evolution is effected, not mechanically but intelligently, at every grade and stage of the work. "At every step in the manifestation of life Intelligences are guiding the building of forms, to approximate them to the pattern before them." On this earth the Great White Brotherhood fulfils this function. "They work in ways visible and invisible," and as man treads the Path, the "road to Perfection, every soul passes through the stages of the savage, the civilised man, the idealist, the disciple of a Master, an Initiate of the Great White Brotherhood, to become a Master of the Wisdom". Under the supervision of the latter and their helpers and servants, the "world evolves, and humanity with it". By them are directed the laws of Nature, the rise and fall of civilisations and of continents, the destinies of individuals and of nations. Through them God's Will is worked. Who serves them, serves God.

The next chapter deals with the 'Plan of the Master'; and some well-chosen analogies render the nature of the Master's work as clear as we, down here, can grasp it. For, be it remembered, "The major part," as the author says, "of his (the Master's) work is in the invisible worlds". A Master inspires those down here, those who work for men, who help in the general plan. Moreover, not only in invisible ways: "In visible ways also the Master helps mankind. Sometimes, if it is next in the design woven on the loom, he moves as a man among men, giving them laws, teaching them and inspiring them. Thus did Manu and Buddha and Krishna in India; thus did Pythagoras in Greece and Christ in Palestine. Thus once more, in no long time, will many of the Masters of Wisdom, led by the Christ Himself, be with us to teach us and to guide us to salvation."

We next have a chapter on 'Discipleship', wherein are very clearly put the successive stages of definite discipleship to a Master, as described also in other books, such as *At the Feet of the Master*. One phrase, however, it is well for all of us to remember: "he has no special reason to select you as a disciple, unless you make the reason. That reason is the likelihood of your being of help to him in his work." And of that the Master is the best and the only judge.

In the last Chapter, entitled 'In His Name,' is summarised and moulded together all that has gone before. So the main theme is again reached, that the Universe consists and lives of the life of the LOGOS, and that all is in HIS vast being. The progress of the soul is spoken of as "the unending voyage of discovery which is the soul's existence". The earlier stages are beautifully touched upon, as when the "mainspring of life is a demand" when with outstretched hands men see Him "as through a glass, darkly". Then they enter on the later stage and then opens before them "the Narrow Way," which is "the path of the disciple. It leads to Salvation, or Liberation, or Fulfilment—call it what you will. It leads to Life Eternal, for it is only from the time a soul becomes a disciple that he discovers the true inwardness of life and sees fulfilment in sight. For the fulfilment of life is to bear the burden of others." The Lord Buddha taught cessation from evil as the first step to learning how to do good ; so "To learn how to bear the burden of others, learn first how not to add to their burden"—truly a thing most of us might ponder and act upon. "Let harmlessness in thought and word and deed be ever your longing as you go your daily way"; that unvarying sign of world-helpers, the gentleness that cannot hurt, for then "through innocency of hands shall you come to integrity of heart".

By sharing with all, by sympathy, by the Spiritual Alchemy that transforms, wisely and with knowledge, all evil into good, can others be helped onwards. "Better that you should be sullied by trying to help those in the mire than that you should stand aloof and remain clean." And then: "Soon shall you find your power to love grow greater and your power to feel beauty grow keener; slowly too will come to you a greater power to bear. From the small circle of loved ones you shall widen out till some day you at-one through joy all humanity." One last phrase of great and striking suggestiveness embodying a profound truth: "For the past"—when you in your turn have achieved the Goal of Evolution—"will be clay in your hands as is now the future; the pain of the present is but to learn the alphabet of life to write therewith in all time."

W. H. K.

The Message of Zoroaster, by A. S. N. Wadia (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., Price 5s.)

This is a somewhat unique production by a rising Pārsi author, who has a message to give, and frankly and vigorously gives it. The thoughtful among the educated Pārsis will recognise that the book is a herald and embodies what has been in the air. Orthodoxy permeated by superstition and bigotry, and the so-called spirit of reform engendered by shallow thought and limited knowledge, are the two currents which have been affecting the progress of the community in all directions for some time past. Its safe advancement lies in the guidance which will avoid these rocks and sand-banks and steer the ship to a haven of prosperity and success. A common-sense, rational, artistic and constructive presentation of Zoroastrianism has been essential for the future life of the community, and that the book has succeeded in giving. By temperament the author is poetic and artistic: he is a devotee of Ruskin, and therefore tries to understand and explain Zoroastrianism in the light of his master's teachings and ideals. The 'Epistle Dedicatory' is a human document of psychological interest, and brings us in touch with the personality of the writer. Three chapters follow: (1) Why do we hold Fire sacred? (2) The Philosophy of Zoroaster; (3) The Ethics of Zoroaster. In the first, a bold affirmation is made that Pārsis *are* Fire-worshippers, with which we wholly agree. A good and on the whole successful effort is made to explain rationally the true import and dignity of Fire-worship. Among the educated ardent lovers of the faith, Mr. Wadia is one of the earliest Pārsis who has shown the courage and good sense to uphold Fire-worship as a grand thing. The second chapter seems to be the weakest in the volume. A study of more modern philosophers would have enabled Mr. Wadia to interpret Zoroastrian philosophy in a better way. A sweeping examination of problems affecting human welfare and progress show the breadth of view of the author. The third chapter is very practical, and every Pārsi ought to study it. It is pleasant to note that the young author is familiar with our Theosophical literature, and in many places writes Theosophy in his own way. We wish him and his work all success, and recommend the book to our Pārsi readers and to all those who are interested in the community or the religion.

B. P. W.

Jewish Legends of the Middle Ages, by Wolff Paschelles translated by Claud Field. (Robert Scott, London. Price 2s. 6d.)

This entertaining book contains twelve legends illustrative of Jewish life and thought. The stories are well told and are full of human interest. They are distinctly religious in character: virtue is rewarded, wrong-doing meets with swift and somewhat crude retribution, and God is always the arbiter.

The entire absence of the gaiety and grace, the romance and colour which distinguish the legends of Japan, China, India and Mediæval Europe is very conspicuous. Most of them strike a minor chord and some are pure tragedy. In 'The Massacre at Prague' and 'The Prisoner of the Inquisition' we seem to plumb the depths and soar to the heights of human suffering and human achievement; for in them the supreme test of suffering is applied and love rises triumphant over pain and death. Amongst other stories the reader will discover the one which formed the framework of Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* and also a charming incident in the childhood of Maimonides, "after Moses the Lawgiver counted the greatest man among the Jews". A touch of things sub- or super-human is given in the quaint anecdote of a miser who is carried away by a spirit into a mysterious treasure house where he is shown the evil of his ways and thus admonished. "When a man orders a coffer, there are always two keys made: one is the man's, the other is God's. If God's key is not made use of, He delivers it over to us, and then the man is not himself master of his money, nor of his coffer. He can put in, but cannot take out; and at last his own soul is locked up therein. Remember this; and since thou hast gone through thy trial here, take God's key with thee, and try to make use of it, that thou mayest thyself be master of thy money." The book is well illustrated and should prove attractive to many people.

A. E. A.

Essentials of Psychology, by S. Radhakrishnan, M. A.

The student may find this handbook useful for reference, since the author has evidently made a scientific study of many theories, notably those of Professor James. It is intended as a text book for students, not as an addition to the large number of popular treatises on this subject found on our bookstalls.

K. F. S.

*The People's Books.*¹ (T. C. & E. C. Jack, London and Edinburgh. Price Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c. net.)

Eucken, by A. J. Jones, M.A., B.Sc, Ph.D.

Eucken has a message to give to our modern world. In the rough-and-tumble of life people have little time for fair philosophy and there is a continuous demand for 'philosophy in a nutshell'. Such a 'nutshell,' with very much of the nut and but little of the shell, is this booklet, which gives a very good idea of Eucken's teachings. Its one fault is that it prompts us to study more of this remarkable teacher !

B. P. W.

Inorganic Chemistry, by Prof. E. C. C. Baly, F. R. S.

This forms an excellent companion volume to that of the same series on *Organic Chemistry*, and explains the most important laws and methods with commendable simplicity and thoroughness. Being necessarily of the nature of an introduction, it is not overburdened with detailed descriptions, but deals mainly with typical examples and classifications. It is certain to find a wide sphere of usefulness.

W. D. S. B.

The Agate Lamp, by Eva Gore Booth. (Longmans, London. Price 2s. 6d.)

Here is a poetess who can give great pleasure to our readers, since she has made good use of much travel and is possessed of a sense of melody and rhythm. She has here, among other things, some fine lines on 'The Everlasting Heretic'; and a 'A Reincarnation Fantasy' should be of special interest to Theosophists. It seems ungracious to be critical of such a charming authoress, but we venture to suggest that to test the power of the poet's song we must ask ourselves not "Do we listen?" but "Do we remember?" These lines are somewhat lacking in that haunting quality which makes a stanza, a line, or even a phrase live on in the mind of a man either as a perpetual joy or as a help in his hour of need. It seems to us that to create even a single line that, by reason of its truth or its tenderness, *cannot be forgotten* is to have fulfilled the destiny of the poet.

K. F. S.

¹ This admirable and cheap popular series is obtainable at the THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

Love and Ethics, by Ellen Key. (Putnam's Sons, London.)

Sex and Sanctity, by Lucy Re-Bartlett. (Longmans, Green & Co., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

These two books treat of a similar theme, and may therefore be fitly placed together. They are essentially modern in tone, exhaling the atmosphere of the 'Futurist' in womanhood; and whilst we cannot fail to sympathise very deeply with the tremendous question which both essay to answer, we feel that a little more balance, not in thought but in feeling, would have made their appeal wider and more steadfast.

Books on this burning question of the day—the question of sincerity and fitness in the relations of the sexes—are ever-abounding. As all other questions at this crucial moment, it is in the throes of finding a newer and higher solution, and it is significant that the sex most pressingly touched by it should be coming to the front so bravely in the troublous hour of transition. Brave and true is the note sounded by both these writers; and whilst that spirit is overwhelmingly present, yet the reviewer cannot help (personally!) sighing a little with the thought that depth of feeling means sometimes loss in breadth. If only sex-consciousness could be put aside in all that concerns the world's work! If only this question could be solved not by a sex as such, but by humanity as such!

Of the two books under consideration, Ellen Key's seems to be mainly a refutation of erroneous conclusions drawn by some from her earlier book, *Love and Marriage*. She disclaims the argument that the happiness of the individual is subservient to the general good, stating that society should be so adjusted as to make the happiness of the individual subserve the betterment of the species. With insight she observes that ideals can never be *fixed*, but must be followed and died for if necessary by each for himself, and never forced on another for acceptance.

The writer of the second book is another famous Feminist author. Her charming and delicately intuitive style we have remarked upon in a former review of another of her works. For her—as also for Ellen Key—the great force which we need to bring into greater activity is the power of love; and she sees that woman—the freer and more spiritual woman of the future—will bring with her this divine gift to the world, won by the patience of her love-nature through the long past

of suffering and silence. "It is *Love* which parents require to teach their children, and much more definitely than in the vague moral way that it is taught to-day." Ellen Key also says: "The human race will become more closely welded together and ennobled in the degree in which the children inherit from their parents the great power to love."

The burden of both books is the same: a plea for the higher conception of the sex relation, and for the cultivation of love, love which sustains and permeates the world. Their principle is this; that the bodily function of the most solemn import to the race should again be universally regarded with the same reverence as it was in some noble and heroic ages gone by, an idea from which spring two laws:

1. That the sex-function should only be used for the sacred purpose of generation;

2. That this can only rightly and beautifully take place when love in its highest sense is present, that round the becoming of a man—divine in very truth in every child born of woman—should ever shine the glory of pure love, that his begetting may be holy and the child come blessed for the world's sake.

With the promulgation of principles so noble and so true, the Theosophical reviewer must needs be in full accord.

C. M. C.

The Transparent Jewel, by Mabel Collins. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 2s. net.)

Readers of eastern philosophy will recognise the quotation that is the title of this book, and know that its contents have to do with the science of the soul. It is of course the mind that is the transparent jewel. Patanjali, on whose aphorisms the book is based, explains Yoga to be "the suppression of the transformations of the thinking principle". The object of this suppression, as our author explains, is "so controlling the mind and gradually leading it to regard no object but the Supreme, that at last the transparent jewel is fixed in that which it perceives". The book consists of Patanjali's aphorisms with commentaries taken from the translation made by Dvivedi, and from the translation made by Tookaram Tatyā. It

should fulfil a useful purpose, now that so much interest is being taken in the West in all the eastern philosophies. With the exception of Mrs. Besant's book on Yoga, dealing with the subject from an entirely different point of view, I know of no book by a European writer which presents a very difficult subject so clearly and concisely. It is an extremely difficult task to make Patanjali's philosophy at all intelligible to the average westerner. He has entirely to re-shape his views of life and his attitude towards it before he can at all comprehend the eastern sage; and very few people are earnest enough in their study to undertake this. The eastern commentators have not been able to clear up the situation; their commentaries but repeat the initial difficulties in different phrases. Mabel Collins has succeeded in presenting a coherent and interesting summary of a very large subject. But in spite of all that can be done to make Patanjali intelligible, it still remains true, as this author writes:

The aphorisms are written for those who are really students. Even one who has intellectually mastered their meaning finds himself unable to pass on that meaning to another. To the ordinary reader some of the aphorisms which describe the advanced states of Yoga must of necessity remain unintelligible. The obscurity is intentional, there is no doubt of that, and the translator struggles in vain with language intended to veil and not unveil.

The aphorisms are short texts forming the subject of long discourses and much teaching, as here suggested. "It is clear that Patanjali formulated them in answers to questions from disciples. The reader is in the position of one reading the answers only in a cross-examination." To veil instead of revealing, when the teaching takes a written form, is a traditional practice in the East and in occultism; and as the practice of Yoga leads to very definite results it is as well that, unless the mind of the student becomes more or less transparent so that intuition may come to his aid, the secret of Patanjali remains untold in its entirety.

E. S.

The Open Secret, by C. J. Whitby, M. D. (William Rider & Son, London. Price 2s. 6d.)

'Intuitions of Life and Reality' is the sub-title of this book—a good one since 'the things that matter,' as the author calls them, are here treated in a brief and positive way. Time and

space, the relation of consciousness to the external world, the meaning of pain and evil, on these and other time-honoured problems Dr. Whitby gives his views. The philosophy he puts forward is a hopeful one. The general trend of his ideas may be gathered from the fact that he claims for himself intellectual kinship with Henri Bergson, on the ground that both are 'absolute meliorists'. He opposes the doctrine that "in Reality there can be no such thing as growth or progress," a point he specially emphasises in connection with the question of human suffering and imperfection. "No suffering whatever is *mere* suffering, *mere* fundamental evil," he says; through it, "Reality is ameliorated and *enriched*" and something "not otherwise attainable is thereby contributed to existence once for all". Theosophists will be interested in the chapter on 'Solidarity' as an example of the way in which some of the teachings given in our literature on the superphysical worlds are influencing the thought of writers outside our ranks.

A. de L.

What is Health? by Grace Dawson. (William Rider & Son, London. Price Ans. 12 or 1s.)

'Rider's Mind and Body Handbooks' is a popular series and the booklet under review is a worthy addition to it. The author's contention is that "health can only be realised in its entirety by the understanding and keeping of God's laws for body, mind and spirit: laws which are plainly written for all to read both in the Bible and in Nature". There is, however, an air of sentiment about this manual, and in questions of bodily health we prefer an altogether scientific attitude.

B. P. W.

John and Irene, by W. H. Beveridge. (Longmans & Co., London. Price 4s. 6d. net.)

This book consists of an introduction, a detailed table of contents, and three hundred odd pages devoted to quotations, from every age and language, on the subject of woman. The introduction must be read in order to find an explanation for the shower of quotations which will presently immerse the

reader. John and Irene appear to be a singularly modern couple with characters sufficiently complicated to suit the age in which they live. Their life and divergent points of view are briefly sketched; and the anthology which follows is supposed to act as an accompaniment, playing in their history the same part as did the chorus in Greek drama. The patient reader will probably find some sequence of ideas running through this mass of quotations, which are, in themselves, delightful. The printing is clear, but the spacing is sometimes eccentric (*vide* page 305). *John and Irene* may appeal to some as a brilliantly clever effort of a singularly modern mind, but the majority will probably give a different verdict, prejudiced with reason by the fact that the title of the volume led them to expect a romance, and gave them instead a 'book of quotations.'

T. L. C.

Triune Man. The message of Ka-Ra-Om. Recorded by Novus Homo. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London. Price 5s. net.)

Though this book is "sent forth in the devout belief that it will serve as a strong right hand, leading the honest inquirer into the path of mind-illuminating and soul-uplifting knowledge," it does not seem to the reviewer that the world would have lost much if the 'Brethren of the Order of the Sublime Silence,' who are responsible for its appearance, had preserved their sublime silence. Of the lithographic plates, produced by Spiritualistic methods, of which the illustrations are "faithful copies," from the standpoint of ordinary Art one can only wish that the psychic forces so engaged had been more usefully employed. The book discourses on various religious subjects with much dogmatism and little eloquence or wit. However, among much verbiage, occasional gleams of light appear, and it is at least satisfactory to find that Rabah, the Head of the Order, "whose transcendent virtues and stupendous psychical powers defy description," believes that "all men are brothers". The book is totally lacking in originality and dignity as the Revelation, or the "strong right hand", it claims to be. It cannot be taken seriously, from either the critical or literary standpoint, and will interest, perhaps, chiefly the few psychologists who have to include the idiosyncrasies of 'cranks' in their laborious researches.

E. S.

Ush : The Revelation of Bandobast Wilderness, by Adelphos.
(John Ouseley, Ltd. Price 2s. net.)

This curious title is given to the story of the adventures of a young English officer who puts himself under the tutelage of a fakir, renouncing all worldly interests when the latter recognises him as one marked out for high attainments spiritually. Many remarkable experiences are undergone in his progress towards the culmination in his acquirement of power "to penetrate into the unseen," (astral vision apparently in this instance) and the dramatic exit of the fakir from the physical plane. Teachings of karma and reincarnation are introduced; but the idea that wrong-doing which is merely the result of ignorance can send the soul back into an animal form would not be entertained by a Theosophist. Short descriptive paragraphs are given of various religious sects in India. The author has good material and, though often hampered by his unfamiliarity with the subtleties of a language foreign to him, shows considerable powers of expression. Several mis-spellings and quite transparent grammatical errors, however, are blemishes which might have been removed with advantage by a more rigorous use of the blue pencil before publication.

A. E. A.

Spiritual Prayers from Many Shrines. (The Power Book Co., London. Price 2s. 6d.)

Certain temperaments derive their inspiration at the fount of simple but heartfelt prayers. Some express themselves individually, in language suitable to their peculiar environment and dictated by the circumstances of their daily life; but there are many who have not the gift of voicing in fitting words their inner and sacred sentiments, and often lack of adequate knowledge makes people turn to prayers of certain religious thinkers and writers, published by them for the use of their fellows. The book under review is an effort in that direction. The result is not fruitless, and there are many short prayers which will appeal to devotional hearts. They are tolerant in spirit and rhythmic in character.

B. P. W.

Scenes from the Rāmāyaṇ.
Idylls from the Sanskrit.

By Ralph T. H. Griffith, M. A. (Pāṇini Office, Allahabad.)

In *Scenes from the Rāmāyaṇ* the well-known author endeavours to give to the public something like a connected story of the hero's adventures, from his birth to the loss of Sitā. The result is highly satisfactory; the life of Rāmā is rendered in simple yet melodious metre, and we rise from the perusal of the *Rāmāyaṇa* "with a loftier idea of all the virtues that can adorn man—of truth, of filial piety, of paternal love, of female chastity and devotion, of a husband's faithfulness and love, of fraternal affection, of meekness, of forgiveness, of fortitude, of universal benevolence".

The Idylls are beautiful, poetical translations of the best specimens of Samskr̥t poems, sacred and profane, epic and lyrical. To read a nation's literature and, above all, its poetry and folk-lore, in which is enshrined that which moves and inspires its heart and soul, with sympathy and an honest endeavour to understand and appreciate, inevitably brings men into closer relation with that nation's life and spirit and so helps to promote Brotherhood. This, one ventures to think, may have been one of the motives which prompted Mr. Griffith to devote so much of his valuable time to these translations—not the least of many services he rendered to India, causing friends and pupils to hold his memory in grateful veneration.

E. S.

The Sanctuary, by Maud Howard Peterson. (Lothrop Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. Price \$ 1. 25).

This novel has distinct charm, and the reader will peruse it from beginning to end with increasing satisfaction. *The Sanctuary* deals, first, with the bad conditions of labour which obtain even now-a-days, and the hero, a man of wealth and culture, works at the mills in order to have first-hand experience of the conditions under which his less fortunate brothers live. It is thus that the authoress introduces the theme of Brotherhood, which runs so markedly through the book. The religious element is also present. The hero draws his faith from both eastern and western creeds, and his conclusions will not be unfamiliar to Theosophical readers. A charming love story gives the strong touch of human interest

required. It seems rather ungenerous to find any fault with a book which has given the reader such pleasure, but a suggestion may be made that the writer has attempted too much. It is difficult to make out clearly which point, of the many she makes in her story, she wants the reader to take particularly to heart. One reader finds in it the record of the progress of two souls in their journey from the Unreal to the Real, and this is perhaps the mainspring of the book. A strangely mystic atmosphere surrounds the tale, and the character drawing is excellent.

T. L. C.

NOTICES

A Short Study of Ethics, by Charles F. D'Arcy, D. D. (Macmillan) has attested its popularity by reaching a second edition. It is well known as a scholarly production. An Index is an improvement on the first edition. *Panchadashi of Vidyaranya* (Sri Vāṇi Vilās Press, Srirangam) is a famous Samskr̥t book and in this volume its English translation with explanatory notes and summary of each chapter is given by M. S. Rau and K. A. Krishnaswami Aiyar. *Swedenborg: The Savant and the Seer*, by Prof. Sir W. F. Barrett is a reprint (Watkins) from the *Contemporary Review* and is full of interesting information. The January issue of *Orpheus* brings two very good illustrations, six charming poems, a dramatic piece entitled 'The Summit' and some excellent contributions including stories and reviews—an interesting number.

TRANSLATIONS

The Universal Text book of Religion and Morals, Part I, is translated into Tamil by our earnest friend Mr. P. Narayana Aiyer of Madura.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

FINANCIAL STATEMENT THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 11th November to 10th December, 1912, are acknowledged with thanks:—

	RS.	A.	P.
ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES			
Mr. J. H. Cordes, Germany, Charter fees, Entrance fees and Annual dues, £4-1-3	60	15	0
Australasian T. S., Balance of Annual dues for 1912, £9-1-4	134	14	9
Austrian T. S., Vienna, Charter fee and Annual dues, £3-2-0	46	8	0
Lagos Lodge, W. Africa, Annual dues for 1912-1913	67	2	0
South Africa, £7-2-8	107	0	0
Bohemian T. S., Annual dues for 1910-1911, £5-2-0	76	8	0
Mr. F. A. Belcher, Entrance fee and Annual dues for 1913	7	5	0
Dr. H. Schleiden, Charter fee and Annual dues for 1913	17	0	0
Presidential Agent, Spain, Madrid Lodge, for 1912 £4-9-1	66	1	6
Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, Mr. J. Krishnamurti and Mr. J. Nityananda, Annual dues for 1912 and 1913.	90	0	0
American T. S., £110-16-6	1,646	3	7
Presidential Agent, South America, £2-10-0 ...	36	14	2
Finland T. S., £18-10-0	274	11	0
Miss J. L. Guttman, Gottingen, £2-14-8 ...	41	0	0

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. W. H. Barzey, donation to Adyar Library ...	7	8	0
Mr. C. R. Harvey, donation for Besant Gardens...	7,500	0	0
	Rs. 10,179 11 0		

A. SCHWARZ

ADYAR, 11th December, 1912.

Treasurer, T. S.

OLCOTT PAÑCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS
FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th November to 10th December, 1912, are acknowledged with thanks:—

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Australian T. S., £2-7-0	34	14	6
“ A friend ”	1,700	0	0
Teachers of O. P. F. Schools	5	4	0
Mr. Frank Zossenheim, Harrogate, £2-0-0 ...	30	0	0
Mangalambal Ammal, wife of Mr. S. Bhasker Aiyar, Executive Engineer, for December 1912.	10	0	0
Donations under Rs. 5/	4	8	0
	Rs. 1,784 10 6		

A. SCHWARZ

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O. P. F. S.

ADYAR, 11th December, 1912.

NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Spreyton, Tasmania, Australia ...	Olcott Lodge, T. S. ...	5-8-12
Geneva, Switzerland ...	Alcyone Lodge, T. S. ...	19-10-12
Arkalgad, Mysore, India ...	Sri Luxmiurisimha Lodge, T. S. ...	7-11-12
Dusseldorf, Germany, attached to Adyar Headquarters ...	Alcyone Lodge, T. S. ...	12-11-12

Leipzig, Germany, attached
to Adyar Headquarters... Zum Heiligen Gral
Lodge, T. S. ... 14-11-12
Benares, U.P. India ... Arya Kumar Lodge, T.S. 22-11-12
ADYAR, J. R. ARIA
5th December, 1912. Recording Secretary, T. S.

ADYAR LIBRARY

During the last month again various much-valued dona-
tions were received.

Mrs. Besant and Mr. B. P. Wadia sent miscellaneous
works.

Mr. Sophronios Nickoff, Sophia, Bulgaria, sent Bulgarian
translations of three books by Annie Besant, and of one book
by H. P. B. (*Mysterious Tribes*).

The Hon. Justice Sir S. Subramania Iyer sent some fifteen
units, comprising Government Publications, printed works in
Tamil and Samskr̥t, and pamphlets.

Miss H. E. van Motman, Buitenzorg, Java, sent a collec-
tion of Dutch East Indian publications connected with the
Order of the Star in the East.

Mr. A. Schwarz, of Adyar, contributed a specially valu-
able gift consisting of, first, an almost complete duplicate series
of *Lucifer-Theosophical Review* (43 Vols.), and, second, an im-
portant collection of some forty works, amongst which are a
complete edition of Schopenhauer (in German); Deussen's
translation of sixty Upanishads (German); Paulsen's *Introduc-
tion to Philosophy* (English) and other important items.

Mr. A. Ostermann, Colmar, Alsace, sent a most welcome
present consisting of thirteen works, mostly by Dr. Steiner :
books, pamphlets and reports of lecture courses.

The Library expresses its heartiest thanks to these
generous donors.

JOHAN VAN MANEN

ADYAR, 1st October, 1912. Assistant Director, Adyar Library.

Annie Besant : Vasanta Press, Adyar, Madras.

Publishers : Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

LETTER TO MEMBERS

Adyar, Jan. 14, 1913

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

My loving thanks go out to you who, in every part of the world, have sent to me your sympathy and support. Thanks to the Lodges which have cabled and written; thanks to the Fellows who have individually done the same. There are too many to name, and in these days of crowded work I cannot write to each, so I take this way of sending to all a gratitude profound and true. I will try to work the harder for you who trust me in the days of storm.

Do not think of me as troubled or unhappy, I pray you, for well do I know Him in whom I believe. In His Hands are the issues of all events, and all must be woven into His Plan. What to us is success or failure, over whom the Star is ever shining and who are equally willing to ride, at His word, either to Victory or to Death? So think of me, please, as absolutely content with whatever may befall, and joyously ready to accept aught that may come—I, to whom no ill thing *can* come, since God is all and in all, and this world is His. We can echo Browning's ringing words :

God's in His heaven ;
All's right with the world.

And we, who walk not by faith but by sight, " beholding with open vision the glory of the Lord," surely we should be unworthy of our high calling if aught that men could do should render us afraid. Let us all then quit ourselves as men and be strong.

Your faithful and loving servant,

ANNIE BESANT

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE T. S.

I DO not propose to continue any personal controversy with Dr. Steiner, the General Secretary of the German Section. I merely draw your attention to two points, showing the clever way in which he misrepresents me. I wrote (the italicising was not made in the originals; I add it to draw attention to the important points) on May 8, 1912:

Some years ago the German Section expelled Dr. Vollrath, and the General Secretary reported the matter to me. *Expulsion from a Section does not carry with it expulsion from the Theosophical Society; I was not asked to ratify it, thus making it an expulsion from the T. S.; Dr. Vollrath made no appeal to me; hence I had no duty to look into the rights or wrongs of the matter; and to this day I do not know them.*

It is fairly obvious that the "it" which "I was not asked to ratify" was "expulsion from the T. S." Dr. Vollrath had appealed to me merely against *his expulsion from the German Section*, and his letters dealt with that only. I accordingly wrote to Dr. Steiner on January 7, 1909:

Dr. Vollrath is sending me various complaints; I enclose his letter. Kindly let me know whether you consider that there is anything in his case which should prevent his being a member-at-large? A man is sometimes troublesome in a Lodge or Section whose membership is harmless in the general T. S., and a Section can expel a man from itself but not from the T. S., as a Lodge can expel a man from its own body but not from the Section. I am not in favour of expelling a member from the general T. S., but I shall not answer Dr. Vollrath definitively till I hear from you.

Dr. Steiner replied objecting to Dr. Vollrath being a member of the T. S. at all, and saying that it would be very awkward for him if I allowed Dr. Vollrath to remain in the T. S. when expelled from the Section. The letters sent to me by Dr. Steiner and Dr. Vollrath showed a local quarrel, giving reason for a Sectional expulsion, perhaps, but no valid ground for expelling the latter from the T. S. Hence I wrote:

As regards Dr. Vollrath, I fully recognise that it is sometimes necessary to exclude a man from the smaller working areas of a Lodge or of a Section. As an appeal to me has been made, I, as President, confirm the action taken by the German Section, and enclose a note to that effect, which you can use or not in your official organ as you please. I also write by this mail to Dr. Vollrath, so informing him.

The appeal was from Dr. Steiner to confirm the local action of the Section and from Dr. Vollrath against that confirmation, and nothing more than this was then in question; this is plainly shown by my official letter:

To Dr. Rudolf Steiner, General Secretary of the German T. S. My Dear Colleague, Under Rule 36 of the General Constitution of the T. S. which vests in the President alone the power of issuing and cancelling Charters and Diplomas; and having in view Rule 37, which gives to each National Society the power of making its own Rules; I, as President of the T. S., having been appealed to by Dr. Vollrath, of Leipzig, *against his expulsion by the German T. S.*, and having heard all particulars thereof, decide that his *expulsion from the German T. S.* is valid, and that Dr. Vollrath has ceased to be a member of that body.

The letter is sufficiently careful, making it clear that all that was "valid" was "expulsion from the German T. S." The German Section was within its rights in expelling a member from its own body because of a local quarrel, and my confirmation was necessary to make that expulsion valid; I had no right to override the Section, but I never ratified any expulsion *from the T. S.*, as Dr. Steiner wished me to do—as is shown by my letter, confining my action to the German Section. Nothing more happened. I had expected an appeal from Dr. Vollrath to be inscribed on the Adyar roll of members-at-large; that appeal never came, and so he dropped out of the T. S.

As to the pamphlet, I had supposed that it contained something important, as Dr. Steiner was evidently very angry about it, saying that if its statements were true "a dog would not take food from us". If, as Dr. Steiner now says, it was merely a rehash of the original quarrels, stated in his letter to me, the language seems a little strong.

The second point is the omission of any reference to Professor Penzig's letter, completely clearing me from the charge made with regard to the Genoa Congress. Perhaps it had not reached Dr. Steiner.

This is my last word in this controversy.

Yours sincerely,

ANNIE BESANT

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 11th December 1912 to 10th January, 1913, are acknowledged with thanks:—

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
Major A. G. B. Turner, for 1913	15	0	0
Miss G. L. Guttman, Gottingen, £4-12-2, Branch			
Charter fees and Annual dues for 1913	69	2	0
Mr. Sydney Drayton, Granada, £1-5 for 1913	18	12	0
Mrs. Sydney Drayton do do	18	12	0
Mr. Bernard Drayton do do	18	12	0
Mr. Vivian Drayton do do	18	12	0
Mr. J. Arnold, Hankow, for 1913	15	0	0
Indian Section T. S., Benares, on account of dues, for 1912-13	25	4	0
Indian Section T. S., Benares, Balance of dues, for 1912...	8	12	0

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
A friend, Munich, 500 francs donation to Adyar Library in loving memory of H. S. Olcott ...	300	0	0
Captain Powell, for garden ...	100	0	0
Mrs. Gillespie, for Adyar Library ...	75	0	0
Mr. N. H. Cama, Secunderabad ...	10	0	0
	Rs. 693	2	0

A. SCHWARZ,

ADYAR, 11th January, 1913.

Treasurer, T. S.

OLCOTT PAÑCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th December 1912 to 10th January, 1913, are acknowledged with thanks:—

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. H. H. Master, Nandurbar ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Maud M. Foote, Cleveland ...	6	3	0
Lotus Circle, Melbourne, £1-9-6 ...	22	2	0
Colonel Cyril ...	15	0	0
Mr. Visvanath Kashinath Khote, Benares (Food Fund) ...	13	0	0
Mr. Kemchand Lalubhai, Bombay ...	5	0	0
Members of T. S., Java ...	100	0	0
Mr. Henry Hotchner (Food Fund) ...	45	0	0
A friend, Karachi (Food Fund) ...	25	0	0
Admirers and Well-wishers ...	47	0	0
Mrs. Clara Jerome Kochersperger, Chicago, £1-7-8.	20	9	0
Mangalambal Ammal, wife of Mr. S. Bhasker Aiyar, for January 1913 ...	10	0	0
Mr. V. Ramchandra Naidu, Enangudi ...	10	0	0
A friend, through Miss Banks ...	30	0	0
From Australia through Mrs. Ransom, £8-7-6 ...	124	6	6
Donations under Rs. 5 ...	3	0	0
	Rs. 481	10	6

A. SCHWARZ,

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O. P. F. S.

ADYAR, 11th January, 1913.

Annie Besant: Vasanta Press, Adyar, Madras.

Publishers: Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

LETTER TO THE GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE
GERMAN SECTION

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, T. S.,

Adyar, Madras, S.,

January 14, 1913

DEAR DR. STEINER,

Enclosed explains itself.

The General Council of the T. S., having considered the whole attitude of the German Section to the Theosophical Society and its Constitution, as shown in your letters and mine, the correspondence on the Swiss-German Lodges, and the telegram from your Executive, has asked me to cancel the Charter of the German Section, and to issue in place thereof a Charter to the German Lodges willing to work within the Constitution of the T. S.

Before complying with this request, I beg to ask you—in view of the gravity of the situation—if you wish to offer any explanation on the following matters, which will, in default of a satisfactory explanation, form the grounds of the cancelment of the Charter:

(a) Your refusal, in your letter of October 15, 1912, to issue a Charter for a Lodge in Gottingen, asked for by Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden and six other members of the German Section, the ground of refusal being that Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden

represented Theosophy in a way opposed and even hostile to the views (Intentionen) of the German Section, and that the proposed Lodge included members who followed such a method of work.

(b) Your refusal in another letter of October 15, 1912, to issue a Charter for a Lodge in Leipzig, on the application of Herr C. Schumann, on the (second) ground that the persons signing the application worked in a way opposed to the views (Intentionen) of the German Section, the method of work being one which the German Section could not permit to its members.

(c) The resolution excluding members of the Order of the Star in the East, who were Fellows of the German Section, from the meetings of the Section to which all other Fellows had the right of entry, thus illegitimately depriving them of their status as Fellows of the T. S.

(d) The silence of the General Secretary in face of letters from the President, informing him of applications under Rule 31, and asking for the Rules of the Section, this silence making it impossible to carry on business under the Rules.

I will await your answer to this, or, failing an answer, I will wait for a fortnight after the return mail from Germany, before carrying out the advice of the General Council, conveyed to me as President in Council. I deeply regret that you have forced the General Council to give this advice by an attitude which sets the German Section against the Constitution of the Theosophical Society, and which, unless put an end to by authority, imperils the liberty of every Fellow of the T. S.; and I venture to express the hope that, even at this late hour, the German Section will, through you, retrace its steps, submit to the Constitution under which it was founded, and continue to work within the Society.

If not, we can still wish it all good in the path it selects, and trust that its future, as a separate Society, may prove its usefulness to the world.

Sincerely yours,

ANNIE BESANT

THE ORDER OF THE STAR IN THE EAST

Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden sends me the official letter addressed to all members of the Order by the German Executive Council, and sent by Dr. Steiner with an invitation to the German Convention to himself. It will be seen that my cautious statement on the subject was much within the truth. After stating that the Order of the Star is not dealt with for its opinions but for its attitude—which has always been most pacific!—the official letter proceeds: “The above-mentioned resolution is: The Committee of the German Section of the Theosophical Society regards the belonging to the Order of the Star in the East as incompatible with membership in the Theosophical Society, and requests the members of the Star in the East to go out of the Theosophical Society. The Committee of the German Section, if this request is not complied with, will find itself compelled to shut them out from the German Section.”

Dr. Ahnen, who wished to be present at the German Convention above-named to move important resolutions, was obliged to resign from the Order of the Star before he could be admitted to the Convention. Comment is needless.

I am awaiting Dr. Steiner's reply to my official letter, due on the 15th.

February, 13th 1913.

ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

PRESIDENT'S TRAVELLING FUND (BIRTHDAY GIFT)

						Rs.	A.	P.
England	834	5	0
Scotland	270	0	0
Holland	134	7	3
France	330	0	0
Belgium	164	0	0
Italy	103	0	0
Switzerland	29	12	2
Australia	618	10	3
Burmah	300	0	0
India	512	4	0
Adyar	537	14	9
						Rs. 3,834 5 5		

A. SCHWARZ

Treasurer, T. S.

ADYAR, 10th February, 1913.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 11th January to 10th February, 1913, are acknowledged with thanks:—

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
Miss N. Archinard, Lausanne, £1-1-9	16	5	0
Mr. Felix A. Belcher, Toronto Lodge, Ontario ...	33	9	0
Mr. W. F. Barzay, Sierra Leone, £1-0-0	15	0	0
Miss L. Guttman, Gottingen, Germany, £1-3-4			
Charter fee and Annual dues for 1913	17	8	0
Mr. Skiold S. Bielke, Argentine Republic, £1-0-0...	14	12	2

DONATIONS

Mr. Van Gelder, donation to Adyar Library ...	75	0	0
"A friend," donation to Theosophical Society ...	500	0	0
	Rs. 672	2	2

OLCOTT PAÑCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

The following receipts from 11th January to 10th February, 1913, are acknowledged with thanks:

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. B. Runga Row, Hyderabad (Deccan) ...	10	0	0
Ahmednagar Lodge T. S., for Food Fund ...	5	0	0
"Anon"	10	0	0
Mr. M. N. Ramaswamy Aiyar, Asst. Director of Survey, Kadiri	30	0	0
Mangalambal Ammal, wife of Mr. S. Bhasker Aiyar, Executive Engineer, for February 1913..	10	0	0
Blavatsky Lodge T. S., Chicago, £1-10-7... ..	22	8	11
"A friend," Adyar	500	0	0
Donations under Rs. 5	3	0	0
	Rs. 590	8	11

A. SCHWARZ

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O. P. F. S.

ADYAR, 10th February, 1913.

NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Minneapolis, Minnesota, U. S. A. ...	Alcyone Lodge, T. S. ...	20-10-12
Bahia, Brazil, S. America Attached to Adyar Head- quarters ...	Alcyone Lodge, T. S. ...	1-11-12
Timaru, New Zealand ...	Timaru Lodge, T. S. ...	8-11-12
New York City, U. S. A. ...	Upasika Lodge, T. S. ...	14-11-12
Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A. ...	Akbar Lodge, T. S. ...	14-11-12
Evanston, Illinois, U.S.A....	Evanston Lodge, T.S....	14-11-12
Reykjavik Iceland, Scan- dinavia ...	Reykjavik Lodge, T. S... 17-11-12	
Asuncion (Paraguay), ... S. America, Attached ... to Adyar Headquarters...	D'Estellos de Oriente Lodge, T. S. ...	28-11-12
Nancy (Meurthe et Moselle), France ...	Lorraine Lodge, T. S. ...	30-11-12
Bergen, Norway ...	Laboramus Lodge, T. S.	2-12-12
Alger, France ...	"Fraternite Lodge," T.S.	16-1-13
Dresden, Germany, Attached to Adyar Headquarters ...	Parsival Lodge, T. S. ...	7-2-13
Dresden, Germany, Attached to Adyar Headquarters ...	Lohengrin Lodge, T.S....	7-2-13
Breslau, Germany, Attached to Adyar ... Headquarters ...	"Loge der Wanderer zu Breslau" T. S. ...	7-2-13
Plauen, Germany, Attached to Adyar Headquarters ...	Plauen Lodge, T. S. ...	7-2-13

LODGE DISSOLVED

The Kansas City Lodge, T. S., Kansas, U. S. A. returned its Charter on 11th April, 1912.

ADYAR,
10th February, 1913.

J. R. ARIA,
Recording Secretary, T. S.

IMPORTANT NOTE

At the Royal Institution of London, Sir J. J. Thomson, the foremost living authority on the structure of the atom, announced on January 17 the discovery of two new Chemical Elements. The first is one which is heavier than Hydrogen but lighter than Helium, and has an atomic weight 3. This is evidently the element which was christened by us 'Occultum' in 1907, and described in *Occult Chemistry* on p. 21.

The second new element Sir J. J. Thomson described as a gas of the Neon and Argon type, near to Neon in atomic weight, but having no place in Mendeleef's Periodic Table of the Elements. This must be our Meta-Neon with weight 22.33. Our occult investigations show that these neutral gases Neon, Argon, Krypton, etc., exist in pairs. Evidently it will not be long before physicists turn to our researches in Chemistry to find the solutions to some of the puzzles that confront them as they theorise over the structure of atoms and elements.

C. J.

Annie Besant: Vasanta Press, Adyar, Madras.

Publishers: Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India.

**THE THEOSOPHICAL CONVENTION
ADYAR 1912**

THE PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS

THE Convention met for business in the large Hall of the Headquarters at 12 noon on December 27th. The President said :

BRETHREN : Once more it is my happy privilege to bid you welcome here for our Anniversary Meeting, the Thirty-seventh of the present incarnation of the Theosophical Society. May its true Parents, the Guardians of Humanity, bless this Their Child, and guide it along the Path of Sacrifice, of Wisdom, and of Devotion.

In last year's Address I referred to the difficulties which had arisen in India, and had caused some retardation in the progress of our movement in this sacred land, the Motherland of the true Founders of the Society. Those difficulties have been accentuated during the past year, and as some members of the Society have taken part in the accentuation, we cannot expect here the joyous report of progress which comes from other lands. There has been a certain discouragement felt, which has been shown by the falling into dormancy of an exceptionally large number of members. Nor must we readily blame these weaker brethren. It is hard to stand firmly and quietly against continued defamation, especially when libels printed here are reprinted in America, and circulated in many languages over the whole of the civilised world. The tireless malignity which has its centre at Point Loma has been exceptionally active, and has deluged every country with articles so unclean and so mendacious that one stands amazed at the spectacle. As you know, I have uttered

no word against Mrs. Tingley, the head of Point Loma, during the seven years of her ceaseless attacks. Although the filthy literature written by her secretary, and circulated from her centre, was sent to every city in which I lectured in America, and was placed in the Reading Room of every hotel I stayed at, and though I was urged by the Press to answer, I never spoke a single word against her. European Consuls, Government officials, clergymen, teachers, in every part of Europe, have been circularised by her agents in many languages. Indian officials from the highest to the lowest have received her pamphlets. From European countries, from Java, Hongkong, Shanghai, from the cities of Australasia and New Zealand, reprints of foully worded articles without printers' names and with mendacious headings have been sent to me, all from the same source. Gross misrepresentations of my teaching, made by printing a part of a sentence and suppressing the context, have been circulated. Mrs. Tingley has been asked to finance a suit against me in England, so that the present opportunity may be seized to ruin me. Through all this I have kept silence, hoping that patience and forgiveness would conquer this most cruel and wicked persecution. My hope has not been realised. In her own country, her misrepresentations have over-reached themselves, and no one now pays any attention to her. But where she is less well known, the falsehoods gain credence. Why she is animated by this malignant hatred, I have often wondered; lately I have found that she is only a tool.

Since her emissary—a well-known supporter of the anarchistic movement connected with India House in New York, whence *Free Hindustan* was issued—came to Madras, the special Indian campaign has been started. This also I met with silence, the silence that I have lately been compelled to break. On what is passing in the law-courts my lips are at present sealed. I notice that at least three Indians desire that I should be left to fight out this battle

unassisted and alone, as a personal matter. I have naught to say against that policy, if it be the will of the Theosophical Society. I have never found in the past, when I won credit and wrought successfully in public work, that the T. S. was anxious to dissociate itself from that credit and success, and to proclaim that these were personal matters; and there is perhaps something a little less than generous in the wish to leave me alone when danger threatens. But I am the first to desire that any crown I win may be given to the Society, and that any stones flung at me may strike myself alone. So I thank the three Indian members who take this line. Moreover, I agree with them that Mr. Naraniah's suit against myself *is* a personal matter, although his counsel gave as a reason for the transfer of the suit from Chingleput to Madras High Court, that "the tenets of the T. S." would come into the suit. The T. S. has no tenets, and I shall take care that its absolute neutrality in all matters of opinion shall be scrupulously guarded. I am, however, most grateful for the love and sympathy expressed by officials of the T. S., by Lodges and Fellows, in this connection, for these are indeed, a real help, and a time of trial shows one's true friends. The T. S., with very few individual exceptions, shows itself to be such a friend.

While Mr. Naraniah's suit is a personal matter, the action taken by me in defence of the Headquarters and the T. S. concerns the Society itself. And wherever its honour and good name are attacked, I shall in future, as President, defend that honour and good name in the Press and in the law-courts, wherever the assailant is worth noticing; I will no longer silently permit mud to be thrown on the Society, but will use such honourable means of defence as are available, for to the level of the traducers I cannot stoop. I have hitherto followed, as President, the practice I followed as teacher, bearing silently all slander and insult. This I shall continue to do where these are directed only against myself personally. But I think it has been a mistake

to show this forbearance in the office of President, and where the T. S., which is placed in my charge, is concerned, I shall henceforth play the part of the warrior who protects. If the T. S. disapproves of this policy, it can very easily show its disapproval by instructing its General Council during the coming year not to propose my name for re-election as President in 1914.¹

In one Section, out of twenty-two, there is trouble—the German. I say in one Section only, because the trouble in India is not from the Section, but from a handful only of individuals. The German General Secretary, educated by the Jesuits, has not been able to shake himself sufficiently clear of that fatal influence to allow liberty of opinion within his Section. His repeated refusals to authorise admissions of individuals and of Lodges, on the definitely stated ground that they did not work in the method of the German Section, have been laid by me before the General Council. A telegram, demanding my resignation and couched in insulting language for the benefit of the public—as people of a certain type write insults on post cards—has been sent here by his Executive Council; three unsigned ones, purporting to be from six German Lodges in Switzerland, from some German Lodges in Austria, and from some Italian groups—whose action has been repudiated indignantly by the Italian Executive—have also come, but none of these can be regarded as official communications, since they were not sent through the General Secretary, the only channel recognised by the Constitution. They are merely negligible personal insults. The latest unconstitutional action of the German Executive is to expel from the National Society all members of the Order of the Star in the East. The expulsion is, of course, invalid, as no member can be expelled from a Section for his

¹ I took the approval of the Executive Committee on the actions taken against Dr. Nair and Dr. Rama Rao by myself, and against the *Hindu* by Mr. Schwarz. The plaint in the civil libel suit is ready but has not yet been filed against the *Hindu* and Dr. Nanjunda Rao, and the General Council has warmly approved my proceedings.—A. B.

opinions, but the action shows that liberty of thought is not permitted in the German Section. There are, in Germany, 540 members of the Order, but I do not know how many of these are also members of the T. S. Whether they be many or few, they have the same right to their membership in the German Section as any Lutheran or Roman Catholic. The only thing left for me to do, as President, in face of this unprecedented outrage on liberty of opinion within the T. S., is to cancel the Charter of the National Society in Germany, and then to revive it in favour of the seventeen Lodges willing to work within the Constitution of the T. S.¹

We must not think of this tyrannical and unconstitutional action of Dr. Steiner's followers as German, for it is totally alien from the free German spirit, and has raised revolt in Germany. Germany has been, and is a leader in independence of thought, and can never deny herself. May the new National Society follow the old German path.

Apart from the passing troubles in India—where the overwhelming majority of the Lodges and members are heart and soul with their President—and the serious breach of our Constitution in Germany, everything is very well with the work all the world over. I have put the two unpleasant features first, and there are none others of that nature. All else is marvellously prosperous.

NEW NATIONAL SOCIETIES

Three National Societies have been added to our roll during the year: Dutch-India, Burma and Austria. These raise the number to twenty-two, and we give them hearty welcome. Poland has separated itself from Russia, but has not organised itself nor sent any report, so that we lose temporarily from our records the members transferred to it by Russia.

¹ The General Council has requested me to take this course, since the above was written. A. B.

GROWTH OF THE SOCIETY
REVISED LIST OF CHARTERS ISSUED TO THE CLOSE OF 1911

1878	1	1890	234	1902	704
1879	2	1891	271	1903	750
1880	11	1892	298	1904	800
1881	19	1893	344	1905	860
1882	42	1894	362	1906	900
1883	88	1895	401	1907	958
1884	99	1896	425	1908	1032
1885	117	1897	487	1909	1125
1886	128	1898	526	1910	1223
1887	156	1899	558	1911	1329
1888	169	1900	595	1912	1405
1889	199	1901	647		

As the National Societies do not make up their registers at the same time, the following list is, as usual, not up-to-date, but shows the general progress.

No.	Name of the Society	No. of Lodges	No. of Active Members	No. of New Members admitted during the year
1	T.S. in America ...	129	3,368	684
2	" England and Wales ...	67	2,023	506
3	" India ...	338	5,170 ¹	416
		plus 95 dormant }		
4	" Australasia ...	20	1,135	176
5	" Scandinavia ...	36	1,101	196
6	" New Zealand ...	19	801	157
7	" Netherlands ...	16	1,198	200
8	" France ...	37	1,232	204
		plus 2 dormant }		
9	" Italy ...	23	354	46
10	" Germany ...	55 ²	2,447 ²	293 ¹
11	" Cuba ...	41	722	140
12	" Hungary ...	10	133	54
13	" Finland ...	23	556	91
14	" Russia ...	11	225	30
15	" Bohemia ...	7	152	31
16	" South Africa ...	8	214	51
17	" Scotland ...	14	406	119
18	" Switzerland ...	10	162	52
19	" Belgium ...	11	203	26
20	" Netherlands Indies ...	10	516	89
21	" Burma ...	8	126	33
22	" Austria ...	7	77	62
	Non-Sectionalised ...	50	839	193
	Grand Total ...	950 plus 97 dormant }	23,140	3,525

¹ India has also a 'dormant list' of 5,079 members, i.e., of members two years in arrear with their dues.

² These numbers are given under reserve, until the General Council decides on the position of the Non-German Lodges.

Eighty-three Lodges have been added to our strength, and 9 more are awaiting their Charters, which will bring our total of new Lodges to 92 for the year. England heads the list with 16; India treads closely on her heels with 14; then comes Germany with 10; Austria starts on her way with 7. America has added most new members—684; England has done well with 506, and the sister Section of Scotland adds 119, making 625 within the little island home. India has admitted 416; Germany with its outlying Lodges 293. Eight National Societies run into four figures, India being still easily first with its 5,170; but the non-paying members make an additional 5,079, so that a little effort would raise its roll to 10,249. Cannot that effort be made during the coming year to turn the passive members into active ones?

In America, the long-hoped-for Krotona has been started, and the Sectional Headquarters have been fixed there. Hearty congratulations are due to Mr. Warrington, the new General Secretary, who took Dr. Weller Van Hook's place—when the latter was compelled to take up again his profession in consequence of seriously straitened resources—and who was re-elected unanimously at the September Convention. Mr. Warrington's report shows the splendid work which is in progress in America. Especially noticeable is the admirable organisation of the whole work. My dear friend, Mrs. Russak, has carried thither her power of work and her inspiring enthusiasm, after unremitting toil in Europe, where she has won many hearts; the promise of 1906 is being amply fulfilled.

The T. S. in England and Wales, under the leadership of Mr. Wedgwood, is making wonderful progress. Mr. Sinnett, the Vice-President of the T. S., is a constant spring of help, and his thoroughly independent views are a stimulus to individual thought. I feel most grateful to the Master K. H. for the expression of the wish that restored the veteran Theosophist to his place among us. Among the many helpers, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Whyte, Lady Emily Lutyens and Dr. Guest stand out very prominently. The

At Homes at Headquarters given by the Viscountess Churchill and Mrs. Kerr were most pleasant functions. The Annual Convention was held in Portland Rooms, and a delightful tea-party, held on the site of the Headquarters, amid yawning foundation-ditches, brought about another purchase of land on each side of the original plot, so making the place perfect by providing for a surrounding garden. Mr. Lutyens has made a splendid plan, and money has come in well. Bath has just secured a fine house in an admirable situation for its Lodge.

There has been much building in India; Gayā Lodge has erected the finest public building in the town. Cocanada has built and opened its Lodge. Bellary, Bangalore City and Trichinopoly, mentioned last year, are ready. Mysore has obtained a building plot. Chittoor has laid its Lodge foundation. Bowringpet is ready for opening. Tirupur is just beginning its building. Calcutta has opened a fine Hall on College Green, and is building over it a second storey. Shri Kṛṣṇa Lodge, Bombay, is enlarging its building, and Mr. Justice Sadashiva Iyer lately opened a Lodge building at Chicacole. There may be more of which no report has reached me.

Scotland is building a good Hall at the back of its Headquarters, all the necessary money being given. Belgium has taken fine rooms. The plans for the French Headquarters have been completed, and show a handsome building. Costa Rica has finished its Lodge, and in Cuba two buildings are being erected for Lodges.

A noticeable movement in Java is the Wiḍya Poestaka, a League of the Order of Service, which collects, translates and publishes old MSS., palm-leaf, tree-bark, etc., and which received a gold medal for its exhibits at the Brussels Exhibition of 1910.

Summer Schools have become increasingly popular, Krotona easily leading the way with its immense programme of 144 lectures. Three Summer Schools were successfully carried on in England. Finland was so successful in its

first attempt that it proposes to hold a Summer School every year. These gatherings give a good opportunity for making new friendships and cementing old ones. Mr. D. N. Dunlop was the pioneer in this work, and must be pleased to find others treading in his steps.

Hungary has now its Theosophical Magazine, and the Swiss Section has begun the issue of a monthly *Bulletin. Le Théosophe*, admirably edited by M. Gaston Revel, has a child, *Le jeune Théosophe*.

The T. S. in Bohemia is working very hard and well, and stands firmly for liberty of thought. Australasia and New Zealand go steadily on, the rate of their progress increasing year by year. The Netherlands has sent off a daughter Section, that in the Dutch Indies. Italy is marked by its vigorous literary propaganda. Russia had the happiness of seeing the full acquittal of its noble General Secretary on a charge of blasphemy, brought because a writer in her review had remarked that Constantine was not morally a success. South Africa is ploughing a not very fertile soil with much devotion and steady industry. Switzerland has a very difficult field of work, but is hopeful for the future. Our young Burmese Society is making a great success, and is winning several Bhikkhus into Theosophical work. It is sending to the Adyar Library the Burmese version of the Pāli Piṭakas, a very welcome gift, and its representatives have brought with them a beautiful brass Buddha as a gift to Adyar.

UNSECTIONALISED COUNTRIES, AND LODGES ATTACHED TO ADYAR

In South America Bro. Adrian A. Madril has fully justified his selection as Presidential Agent, while his predecessor continues his valuable literary work.

We have not heard from Spain, up to the time of writing, but know that all is going on well there. Our earnest Fellow, Bro. Nikoff, wrote saying that he was going to the front with the troops in the Balkan War, and we

have had no further news of him, nor, naturally, of his Lodge. Some sixteen Lodges in Germany have been chartered or are awaiting Charters from Adyar, leagued together in defence of freedom of opinion, and some are in the Undogmatic Federation, so wisely started by our learned brother Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden.

LECTURERS AND WORKERS

We have already mentioned Mrs. Russak's fine work, and the names of others occur above. I must further make special mention of Mrs. Cooper-Oakley's work in Hungary, her indomitable spirit and deep devotion driving to successful toil a suffering body; she has worked in Budapest, and has visited various castles and important country-houses. Mrs. Sidney Ransom made a long and most important tour in Australia, gathering golden opinions. Madame de Manziarly has worked admirably in Germany, Austria and France. Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden, despite his age, has laboured nobly under most difficult circumstances. Herr John Cordes, after working under Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden for the Order of the Star in the East, threw himself energetically into propaganda work, and has succeeded in creating an Austrian National Society, for which he has gained the authorisation of the Austrian Government, thanks to the powerful influences which he was able to enlist. In India, our veteran worker Mr. T. Ramachandra Rao has toiled unceasingly, and Mr. Wadia—despite his incessant labours in the publishing department—has proved himself a splendid propagandist, speaking with an eloquence and fire which have fairly astonished his hearers. The venerable Joint General Secretary has been incapacitated for part of the year by illness, but has, as ever, worked hard during the remainder. Miss Codd has proved an acceptable lecturer, and Messrs Hawthorne and Prime have made some tours. Mr. Ernest Wood was on a long lecturing tour when he was laid up by a most serious illness, and for some months

to come he should be careful of his health. Mr. Panday has replaced Miss Browning at Lahore, when she was compelled to leave India by ill-health; he is doing fine work in a difficult place. Many others are working hard and well, and to all these faithful servants the T. S. is debtor.

FINANCE

The Treasurer's Report is, once more, very satisfactory, and Mr. Schwarz is, as ever, a tower of strength, consecrating his fine business ability to the service of the Masters.

The purchase of Shānti Kuñja and Gñāna Geha, spoken of last year, was made, thanks to generous donors, at a cost of Rs. 50,000. Another Rs. 4,000 odd have been spent in laying on water, repairs, etc. The whole has been handed over to the Indian Section, which will receive Rs. 250 a month in rent.

We have also to thank Mr. Charles R. Harvey for his generous gift of Rs. 15,000 towards the purchase of Besant Gardens, thus increasing his already large benefactions.

THE HEADQUARTERS

The students living on the estate have become very numerous, and every room in Leadbeater Chambers and all the bungalows is filled. The electrical installation, under the care of Mr. Ransom, now ably seconded by Mr. Brown, is working admirably and is a source of great comfort. Mr. Best most kindly took charge during Mr. Ransom's well-earned holiday in the hills. The grounds are very much improved, thanks to Mr. Huidekoper's skilful care, and are both beautiful now, and promising for the future.

Our buildings have been increased during the year without any cost—even with a little gain by ground-rent—to the Society. Quarters for Vaishyas have been built by a legacy of Rs. 2,000 from Mr. K. Subbarayadu and Rs. 1,000 from

a widow lady. Justices Sadashiva Iyer of the Madras High Court, and Chandrashekhara Iyer of the Mysore High Court, have nobly come forward at this time of attack on Adyar, and have built themselves houses here. Several additional houses have been built, or are building, by members. All these go to the Society on the death of their present owners.

For the work done in the Vasantā Press by Mr. A. K. Sitarama Shastri no words of praise can be too high; his bindery—built by himself—is a model, and the healthy happy faces of his men and boys show that printing, properly conducted, is a trade that none need dislike. The Publishing House, again, is all that it should be, and the extension, built by our chief architect, Mr. Ranga Reddy, gives room for both display and the despatch of business. Mr. B. P. Wadia is my right hand in all editing and publishing work, and the success of the business is wholly due to his management. His most efficient voluntary helpers—Mrs. Gagarin, Miss de Leeuw, Mrs. Adair, Mr. Dandekar, Mr. Hawthorne, Mr. Beer and Mr. Mehta—are as steady and industrious as if their livelihood depended on their work; Mr. Mettam has lifted from his shoulders the burden of book-keeping. The clerks do their part of the work satisfactorily. Miss Dixon has put in another year's good and useful work at the Chambers, and Mr. Shrinivasarao manages most admirably the Quadrangle and Bhojanashāla. Countesses Olga and Hertha Schack have taken care of us at Headquarters, and have seen to the Guest House; we shall miss them badly when they return to labour in Germany. Mr. Ranga Reddy has shown a genius for economical building, and Mr. Shah has set him free for this by taking over the dairy. Mrs. Van Hook has discovered and looks after a first-class baker, who makes the first good bread I have tasted in India. Mr. Aria keeps all in order in the increasing work of the Recording Secretary, and my good friend, Mr. Soobbiah Chetty finds time, in the midst of his heavy official work, to

smooth my path in countless little ways. Of my honoured colleague, Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, what can I say, save that we are all deeply grateful to him for the invaluable help he gives, and that our reverence for his serene and joyous patience under intolerable wrong increases with the years. Mr. Cooper and Mr. Cordes have left us for work in their respective countries, but Don Fabrizio Ruspoli continues ever to render help to Mr. Leadbeater and to Italy, while Dr. Rocke, Mr. Hubert Van Hook, Mr. Wood and others supply the empty places.

But there are two empty places that none may fill—those of our beloved Alcyone and Mizar. Alcyone's gracious presence and gentle saintliness are sorely missed, but we all rejoice that he is away from the present evil, and that round him and his brother all is bright and pure. May the Lords of Compassion guard the lads, and pardon those who know not what they do.

THE ADYAR LIBRARY

Our learned Librarian was away most of the year, and most efficiently represented the Society at the Oriental Congress in Athens. He has finished the first volume of his standard text of the Minor Upaniṣhats, a work which will bring him fame and reflect credit on the Theosophical Society. We offer him, as our little tribute, the Subba Rao gold medal. The Assistant Director is invaluable, the roundest of men in the roundest of holes. Mr. Ostermann has continued his generous help.

OUR LITERATURE

Mr. Leadbeater has given us this year two volumes on *The Hidden Side of Things*, and he and I together have published an account of our investigations during the summer of 1910, under the title of *Man: Whence, How and Whither*. We hope the book may be as useful as it

is bulky. My own further contributions are the Queen's Hall lectures, a little book, *Theosophy*, in Jack's People's books, and other small works. Mr. Jinarajadasa has published another exquisite little book, *In His Name*. Alcyone has written an admirable booklet on *Education as Service*, which is being translated into various languages; his first book, *At the Feet of the Master*, has just appeared in Esperanto, as well as in Sinhalese and Burmese, among others, and is being put into Braille for the helping of the blind. Mr. Cooper has added two more to his *Manuals of Occultism*. The great work of summarising the *Pranava-Vāda* has been completed by Mr. Bhagavan Das, and the third volume will be on sale in a few weeks. A new Magazine, *The Young Citizen*, begins its career on January 7, 1913.

GONE TO PEACE

India has lost for the time two very notable Theosophists—the Hon. Mr. Krshnasvami Iyer and Mr. Dharamsey Morarji Goculdas. Public life in Bombay and Madras is the poorer for their passing. We have lost the physical help of Mr. Dubrai M. Oza by the bursting of an oil-stove; his body was burned to death. He was an exceptionally useful worker. Dr. Appel has also left a much-suffering body; her last work was given to the School at Madanapalle, and she will be much missed in England, where she led a brave medical crusade against vaccination, vivisection and kindred evils. Peace be to them in their temporary rest.

SUBSIDIARY ACTIVITIES

The Order of Service has grown considerably during the year, and the Round Table, the Golden Chain, and the Lotus Circles all seem to be increasing. The Order of the Star in the East has now about 11,000 members, scattered

over twenty-three countries; it shows extraordinary activity and ever-growing enthusiasm.

The Sons and Daughters of India work steadily and usefully, and the idea of Service to the Empire through the Motherland promises to spread by similar organisations in the West.

The educational work fostered by the Society in India, Ceylon and Burma goes forward. The Central Hindū College and Girls' School flourish exceedingly, and future workers are growing up in both; Mr. Arundale's services have been priceless, and those of Miss Arundale to the education of Indian girls have made an ineffaceable mark. The Delhi Girls' School does well under self-sacrificing Misses Gmeiner and Priest, and the Madura and Vayalpad Schools are progressing. The Madanapalle School still needs outside help in funds, but has grown much in buildings. Mrs. Higgins' School for Buddhist Girls maintains its high level, and repays her years of strenuous toil. But the Buddhist work among boys and in village schools needs more help and thorough re-organisation. Mr. Woodward is successful in Galle, and Mr. Bilimoria in Kandy, but Mr. Moore's work is far too exacting for a single person, and there is imperative need for another European to assist him.

The Olcott Pañchama Schools remain models under the guidance of Miss Kofel, and it is impossible to measure the far-reaching value of these admirably organised institutions, and of the example of self-sacrifice set ever before their eyes in their Superintendent, who has relinquished even her small salary.

The foundation in London of the Temple of the Rosy Cross has begun a movement which is likely to go far. It has been enthusiastically taken up in England and Scotland, and a Temple has been founded in India. The Order is open only to members of the T. S. and is devoted to preparation for the coming of the Supreme Teacher.

THEOSOPHICAL SANNYĀSĪS

A new step has been taken, which has been under contemplation for a considerable time. Some of our Indian members who have passed through the household life, and are free from its obligations, desired to consecrate themselves wholly to the service of the T. S. and of India, renouncing all caste distinctions, property and family life. Seven persons, including a man and his wife, who had fulfilled all their worldly duties, were permitted to take the vows and the robe on December 25th, in the Shrine Room at Headquarters. They will be supported by voluntary hospitality and by the Sannyāsa Fund, of which Mr. B. P. Wadia is Secretary and Treasurer. Those of the above who had property have thrown it into the Fund, after providing for their families. Any who wish to help the movement may contribute to this Fund. Some extensions may later be made for the training of young celibate Theosophical workers under these elders, such Brahmachārīs being free to leave the Order and return to the worldly life; 'lay brethren' may also be attached, who are living in the world. May this effort to serve be blessed.

CONCLUSION

Brethren: You are given a great opportunity, which, rightly utilised, may carry you far. Learn through the present turmoil in India to distinguish the Real from the unreal, the underlying Truth from the veil of passing phenomena. The spiritual life is not disturbed by combat, if the combatant be free from hatred and anger, indifferent to success and failure, peaceful in the midst of strife, calm though surrounded by tumult, fighting for the Right, which is already conqueror in the higher world. Was not the great Scripture of the *Bhagavad-Gītā* given "in the midst between two armies"? Was it not given by the yellow-robed Yogī to His disciple,

and was He not in a high state of consciousness during the giving, while His strong hand was on the reins of the eager white war-horses, ready to plunge into the fray? Did He not utter as the refrain of His matchless discourse: "Therefore fight, O Arjuna"? Will any dare to call the Lord of Yoga unspiritual, because He bade His beloved disciple engage in the strife which had been forced upon him? Therefore stand up, O children of Manu, followers of our great Warrior Master, the Rājput Chief of the Morya clan, resolute to defend our righteous cause. "Taking as equal pleasure and pain, gain and loss, victory and defeat, gird yourselves for the battle; thus shall ye not incur sin." Ours in India is the glorious privilege of standing by our Masters, our true Leaders, in the day of reproach and imputed dishonour. I congratulate you, I congratulate myself, that we are found worthy to defend Their cause.

THE POLICY OF THE T. S.

A discussion on the above subject was held in the large Hall of the Headquarters on December 30, 1912, and proved to be very interesting. It was opened by two speakers who had very harshly criticised the President in the newspapers, and who very properly came forward to put their objections face to face with her. They were listened to respectfully by all, but the rest of the many speakers were all friendly. The points raised were: objection to the association of the E. S. with the T. S.; objection to the headship of the E. S. being held by the President of the T. S.; and the suggestion that she should hand over the first-named post to Mr. Leadbeater; objection to any legal actions connected with the E. S.; objection to bringing the T. S. into a personal suit against Mrs. Besant; objection to the Order of the Star in the East. The President said:—

I think you will agree with me that we have had a very interesting and, I hope, fruitful discussion. The first two speakers put what I might call—if I may be pardoned for saying so—the case against the line of work which I have followed. The remaining speakers have added one or two interesting points in the nature of questions rather than in the nature of opposition.

The first speaker objects to the union between the E. S. and the T. S. Now I would ask you to go back to the early days of the Society, and you will find that the constitution was quite different from the constitution of to-day. At that time the Society was made up of three Sections—the Third Section, the general membership; the Second Section, the pupils of H. P. B. and the pupils of the Masters; the First Section, the Masters Themselves. That is our original constitution. The Society was not ready

for that as it grew in size, and the result was that the Masters withdrew, the First Section was abolished, and the Society remained then with only the ordinary membership and the group of pupils of H. P. B., with one or two disciples of the Masters Themselves. Then, after a time, it was found that the Society was not flourishing, as it was severed from its real Founders.

You must remember that H. P. B. was sent to found the Society by her Master Morya. The head of the outer Society was H. S. Olcott, another disciple of that same Master, and it was by the Masters, through these two disciples, that the Society came to birth and the Colonel was appointed by Them President for life. When the Society, doubting the existence of the Masters, caused the destruction of the First Section of the Society and the withdrawal of the Masters, then H. P. B. and H. S. Olcott endeavoured to remedy the mischief which had been done and to rescue the Society from perishing.

In order to do that, in 1888, Colonel Olcott made the E. S. a definite part of the Society by an Executive Order, and recognised H. P. B. as its Head; she published the statement that the E. S. was intended for the salvation of the Theosophical Society, and to carry out the purpose for which the Theosophical Society was originally formed.

So far, then, as that is concerned, clearly this E. S. conception is older than the more democratic arrangement that we now have; and if there is to be any separation, it is rather the outer membership that should leave the name to the inner, than the inner that should go away and leave the Society to the outer.

But it was suggested by the second speaker: "Why should not Mrs. Besant resign in favour of Mr. Leadbeater?" Because Mrs. Besant was put at the head of the E. S. by H. P. B., its Founder under the Master, and by the Master Himself, who is its Head; and, while life remains to me, I will not resign that position, unless He who

gave it me bids me resign it, and then I will at once lay it down.

As regards the Theosophical Society, it has power in its own hands. I had been the Head of the E. S. since 1891 up to 1907, when the late President, on the order of his Master, nominated me, and the Society elected me. If the Society objected, it was quite easy not to elect me. It might have refused to give me a second office that I was by no means desirous to possess. Next year again the choice will be placed in its hands, and if the Society agrees with Professor Narasimha it has only to refuse to elect Mrs. Besant, and she will cease to be the President of the Theosophical Society. You have not, then, to be patient very long before you can get rid of the double headship if you please.

Then we come to another point, and I suppose I must allude to this in passing—the question of my defending a suit. As a dry matter of fact, the Society has nothing to do with the suit which I am defending. It is not my fault that the Counsel of the plaintiff declared that the question of the tenets of the Theosophical Society—the Theosophical Society having *no* tenets—being involved was a reason for removing the suit from Chingleput to the High Court of Madras. I could not help the plaintiff's Counsel making that statement, and, as I was not in Court, I could not prevent my own Counsel from very naturally accepting that as a reason for the change. The Society has absolutely nothing to do with that suit. I defend it, and I ask for no help. The very suggestion that I would try to take the money of the Society to defend the suit was a suggestion—well, that should never have been made.

Then we come to other actions, which do concern the Society, in which I am the plaintiff, which I am going to bring, or have brought, for the honour of the Society, to defend its Headquarters. On these, the General Council of the Society has approved of my action, and has endorsed what I have done.

Then we come to the suggestion that all who believe certain doctrines should be dissociated from the T. S. How far is that to go? Is every Hindū to leave it, because he holds doctrines the Theosophical Society does not hold? Every Christian, every Mussalmān, every Buddhist? Who is going to be left?

There are only two bases on which such a Society as ours can exist. One, utter liberty of opinion—and that includes everybody; or, a dogmatic basis—so that only those will be admitted who hold those particular views. But you cannot exclude only E. S. members, nor can you exclude only the members of the Order of the Star in the East. They have tried to exclude them in Germany by expelling them from the German Section; and the answer of our General Council to that outrageous proceeding is to request me to cancel the Charter of the German Section on the ground that it is going against the Constitution of the Society.

Then it is said we must not associate the Society with the E. S. or the O. S. E. Why not? Why not as much as you associate Hindūism or any other faith? There is no real association, but there is a common membership—a large common membership. But that exists with regard to every faith. Now the O. S. E. is not as yet a religion. Fifty or sixty years hence I think it may possibly grow into one; but that is only a guess of my own, and binds nobody else. Why then should we take any special action with regard to this single body, when every other religious body is welcomed within our ranks? The late Indian General Secretary, who objected to anything being said in favour of the O. S. E. within the Society, has himself chartered a Lodge of the Ārya Samāj. Surely that ought to be treated in the same way! If you may have Ārya Samāj Lodges, why not Lodges of the O. S. E.?—although we have never asked that such a Lodge should be formed. But, following out the policy of Mr. Bhagavan Das, you are bound to give Charters if any groups of the O. S. E.

should ask for them, for you have already given one to the Ārya Samāj, which is most distinctly a sectarian body.

The fact is, you cannot go against one opinion you dislike, without forcing yourself into going against all opinions. It was said quite truly that animosities arise from differences. I grant it. But I thought the Theosophical Society had partly as its work to teach people to discuss differences of opinion without showing the animosities that arise in the outer world. It seemed to me *that* was one of its aims—that as we saw the world torn by religious animosities, we came forward and said: “Belonging to many faiths, we join together to discuss our differences as brothers, instead of quarrelling over them as enemies.” Are we to give up that noble work, and bind ourselves down to a particular set of views?

But then we are told: “Oh, your O. S. E. is a personal cult.” What if it is? As a matter of fact, it is nothing of the kind. We have members in the Order who worship Shri Kṛṣṇa; we have others who worship Jesus; we have others who worship the Christ; we have others who simply think of a great Teacher, and do not give any special name to the Teacher. The O. S. E. does not say a particular Teacher is coming, but *a* Teacher, the coming World-Teacher; and people name Him according to their religious beliefs, and according to their personal prepossessions.

There is no one personal cult within the O. S. E., but, if there were, it would be within its right; for other members have personal cults. Why, I know quite well among you those who worship Viṣṇu, worship Shri Kṛṣṇa, worship Mahādev, worship Lakṣhmi, worship Sarasvatī. Are we to say that none who worship These are to belong to the Theosophical Society? Are we to say to the worshippers of Shri Kṛṣṇa: “You shall not speak about the divine Object in whom you believe, and against you the platform of the Theosophical Society is to be closed”?

What kind of bigotry is this, coming up in the thirty-eighth year of our life? We have been free until now, and some of us intend to remain free until the end. Tolerance does not mean tolerating the opinions you agree with: it means tolerating the opinions with which you disagree; and that is the point that one or two of our speakers and writers seem entirely to forget.

The brother who addressed us does not agree with certain views; but I don't want to compel him. I don't ask him to agree with me. I do not say *he* ought to go out of the Society because he holds those views, but he tells me that *I* ought because I hold mine. Why? Why should I leave the Society any more than he?

I can tell you, as a dry matter of fact, that if you thought of excluding from office all the members of the E. S., as Mr. Bhagavan Das demands, there would be little left of the Theosophical Society after you had done it. Such a proposition has been placed before the General Council—that no member of any such body should be allowed to take office in the Society, and that if any such member holds office, he should resign. The General Council has met that with a declaration that it would be an intolerable outrage upon individual liberty, that it would prevent the acceptance of office by any self-respecting man or woman. And certainly I believe that to be true.

Professor Narasimha says it is a hardship to the members of the Society to have the E. S. in it. Why? You need not come into it. No one is ever invited to enter it. It is a pure act of individual choice and inclination; and what right have people outside to dictate what we should believe, and what we should do, in matters of the spiritual life? We do not want to dictate to any other what God he shall worship, what Teacher he shall bow before, but we claim that in the inner sanctuary of our own experience we shall be allowed freedom without being insulted, as all others are allowed it within the limits of the Theosophical Society.

But it is said we are "students and not teachers". Then we ought not to issue any books; we ought not to give any lectures; we ought to do nothing but meet together to study, if this distinction is to be kept up. But where does the limit begin? May students become teachers who know very little, while those who know a great deal are forbidden to utter their teachings? That seems to be the only logical conclusion to which we can come; and you would have to draw your line very low, for a Master once said: "There is not one member of the Theosophical Society who cannot find someone more ignorant than himself, from whom he is able to remove part of that ignorance." But to do that is to be a teacher. Does it mean, then, that the moment a speaker gets beyond our own individual knowledge, that moment he must not be allowed to teach, or to lecture, or to write a book? If so, our progress will not be very rapid in the days to come, and we shall be tied down to what we already have.

Then comes up the question of Leagues. I am responsible for those, and I will tell you why I founded them. I had heard a great deal said during the life-time of Colonel Olcott about the Theosophical Society being a Buddhist organisation. He was himself a Buddhist; he had founded many Buddhist schools, and done much noble work in the Buddhist community. So the people said: "The Society is Buddhist." As Miss Severs mentioned, a large number of people come into the Society wanting to do some useful work. I could not at first see how these people could be prevented from dragging the Society with them into their various ideas and views, and so I finally said: "Let those who agree come together and work together on their special line, but without committing the Society, and without committing a Lodge, to any particular line of work." And that is what we have done.

We had a League against vivisection. Mrs. Charles was very angry. "You are spoiling the neutrality of the

Society," she said; "will you give me a League for vivisection?" (The other was *anti-vivisection*.) I wrote back in effect: "If you will send me an application saying that you regard vivisection as coming under the idea of Universal Brotherhood, I shall be ready to authorise the formation of your League." But we never got any further. I never had the application, and I imagine the request was only written in order that I might say "No," and that she might then say that I was against neutrality and favoured one view rather than another. As I said "Yes," nothing else happened.

Now, for the greatest part, the Leagues are composed of people who want to work. They used to come to us and say: "What shall I do?" Now when they come I say: "Go and work in one of the Leagues; find one of them that you agree with, and if you cannot find one make a new one and then we will authorise it." So no one is refused a good line of work along which he wishes to go. It seems to me that is far the better plan. We are not committed to any one of these Leagues. But, on the other hand, those of you who agree work together in them, and they very often draw non-Theosophists into their body and so gradually popularise Theosophy.

Now, deep as is my own belief in the existence of Masters, and utterly sure as I am that if that belief passes away from the hearts of the majority this Society will perish, I am the first to defend the right of any member not to believe, as I am the first to defend the right of other members to believe.

But what I stand against, and what makes a few people very angry with me, is that I claim the same liberty for the believer as for the non-believer; that while I defend the right of the sceptic to proclaim his scepticism, I also defend the right of the believer in the great Teachers to declare the fact of his belief. Is it not better so? If he is wrong, you will be able perhaps to convert him from his belief; while if he is right, he

may bring into your life a light that was never lighted in it before.

I am in favour of free speech, free opinion, free thought. I believe it is the condition of all growth in truth. But I am against the limiting of some people in order to suit a few other people in the Society who do not even agree among themselves as to how far the scepticism should go.

Mr. Bhagavan Das desires the teaching of the Impersonal; but the atheist would object even to that, and the atheist has as good a right in the Theosophical Society as I have. Where will you stop, if you begin to lay down belief and non-belief, worship or non-worship, as the condition of holding office?

Then it is suggested that it would be better, in order to avoid certain difficulties, that I should not sign as President. Well, I do not mind. I can do a great deal without adding P. T. S. to the bottom of any letter. But the way it arose was that I offered, in order to keep the Society more in touch with Headquarters, to write a quarterly letter. Well then, that was labelled the 'Presidential letter', not by me, but by the General Secretaries who received it. Frankly, I did not think that people were so fault-finding in petty matters. If members are to complain about my signing "Annie Besant, P. T. S." I am as willing to drop the letters as the office, the moment I am not wanted in it. So for the future I will write the letter without putting the initials P. T. S. after it. What does it matter, dear friends? You all know I am the President.

But I will tell you one thing that showed to me a great change in public opinion. In the West I hold a certain public position, and when I joined the Society they said the Society had made a great gain in converting Mrs. Besant. When I was elected as President of the Theosophical Society, the London newspapers remarked that Mrs. Besant had been honoured by being made

President of the Theosophical Society. That is to say, the position was reversed. Before, the Society gained by converting me; now, to be made President of the Society is regarded as an honour to myself. And so I hold. But it shows how much the Society has risen in public opinion; how it is now thought that it is an honour, in the face of the world, to be placed in the seat of the President.

And now there is one question I should like you to consider: are all 'subsidiary activities' to be rejected, as one speaker said? I feel rather responsible for these. The Colonel used to put all the things together in the *Annual Report*, so that the Buddhist Schools and the Central Hindū College, and a number of other things, all came in as part of the report of the Society, and I said to him one day: "Colonel, wouldn't it be better to put those in as 'subsidiary activities', because some of our members do not agree with them?" He thought it over, and adopted the idea; and under that name the whole of these movements now appear. I am not inclined, unless there is a strong expression of opinion, to cancel this. The Society has gained much credit from its Buddhist Schools, from the Central Hindū College at Benares, from its Pañchama Schools, and from many others of these activities. It gains from them, and unless I have a request from a majority of the Society, I shall keep those exactly as Colonel Olcott left them, and as they are; adding under that neutral title everything that is not purely Theosophical, so that the Society, as such, may not be held responsible for anything outside its own work.

There is another point that I think it might perhaps be well for you to consider, as the election of a President will soon be before you. The General Council next February twelve-month will have to nominate my successor. I go out in July, 1914. Make up your minds whether you want as President a nonentity, or a person of ability and weight in the world. There are plenty of nonentities

among you, whom you can choose. The only difficulty will be that you want a two-thirds' vote of the Society in order to elect a President, and a nonentity in one country is not likely to be known over the other countries; so that there is a certain practical difficulty in the way of carrying out that plan. But still I think that is what a few of you want; you want a President who will do nothing, and then he won't offend anybody. If you want a person who is known, who is of weight, who has formed opinions, then you must not try to gag that person's mouth and bind that person's limbs.

No one more than myself has declared the absolute liberty of thought within the Society. I have been defending within the last year or two the liberty of Dr. Steiner, the General Secretary of Germany, to the full statement of his own opinions, his right of publishing them, of declaring them, of sending about into other countries speakers who preach them. It is his right to do it. We print his views; we sell his books. But I am against him when he tries to make his opinions binding upon everyone who comes within the German Section of the Theosophical Society. That is where the difficulty arose. Freedom for each, compulsion for none—that is my platform, and so long as I am President, for that I stand.

And I will ask you, finally, not to make a mistake. There is no crisis in the Theosophical Society at the present time. The Society is not in the very slightest danger. We have twenty-two Sections. There is not a breath of trouble in twenty of these. The trouble here in India, in the twenty-first, is a very small one, made by two or three newspapers and by a number of people whom I could count on my two hands. The Society has more than 5,000 members in India. Less than a score of members cannot make a crisis in a great Society like ours. Why, there is not even a crisis in the Indian Section, let alone a crisis in the Theosophical Society! Nothing of the sort is known. You can see it from the election of your

General Council by the Indian Section; you can see it in the election of the new General Secretary, Pandit Iqbal Narain Gurtu; you can see it in this Convention. The vast majority of members of this Convention are members of the Indian Section. A thousand Indians are here, and where is the crisis? I have given this opportunity that criticism might be directed against me. I have thrown open this conference, in order that everything that could be said should be said, and you, who fill the hall, have listened with perfect patience and courtesy to *two* members who have expressed their adverse opinions! And less than that is the proportion of those who are discontented in the Indian Section.

If you want to break the Society, follow the advice given you in this by Mr. Bhagavan Das. He is very dear to me—although he loves me not. I honour him for his learning; I respect him for the purity of his life; I believe that in the whole of this his motive is pure and right and good; although I think that his eyes for the time are blinded by anger, and that his views are distorted by personal dislike, through which nothing can be clearly seen. And so I repeat to you what I said in closing your Sectional business yesterday. Do not let love for me be shown by animosity against those who oppose me. Let no angry word be spoken against him, or against those who think with him. They are only a handful, friends, but that gives them a right to the fuller freedom of speech; it is not well that a vast majority should do anything to hinder the liberty of a small minority who take other views. If they write against me in the papers, let them write; if they ascribe to me bad motives, leave it to my life to answer them, and not to the pens of my friends.

If the Society is attacked, defend it; if the Society is slandered, speak up for it. The Society is our spiritual Mother who has brought us into the world, into the spiritual life; so we must defend her and prevent insult

to her, for the Mother must not be insulted while the son has tongue with which he can speak in her defence.

But leave me to defend myself. I am strong enough to do it—so few the opponents, so many the lovers. Thousands in every land give me love and trust; shall I complain that some few look on me with dislike, with mistrust, with apprehension? It is said that you destroy an enemy only when you win him to be a friend. Leave me to try to win the friendship of these few good and earnest men, who only dislike me because they do not understand me; because, not really knowing me personally, they fancy that I have some terrible motives, which I know not why they should ascribe to me. If you speak against them, they will be driven further and further away. If you are unkind, there is less chance of winning them; and I do not despair of seeing these good brothers of ours, in a year or two, among my most affectionate friends, and that is the object I place before myself as the result of our discussion on the policy of the President.

Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, MARCH 1913

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With the opening of the year 1913, THE ADYAR BULLETIN is enlarged from 32 to 40 pages, and several interesting new features make their appearance. A section 'Students in Council' provides an open platform for the asking,

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This journal will contain regular contributions by the Editor, and frequent articles by Mr. C. W. Leadbeater and by others in the forefront of the Theosophical movement, making it of vital interest to every Theosophist who wishes to keep in touch with the latest pronouncements of the leaders.

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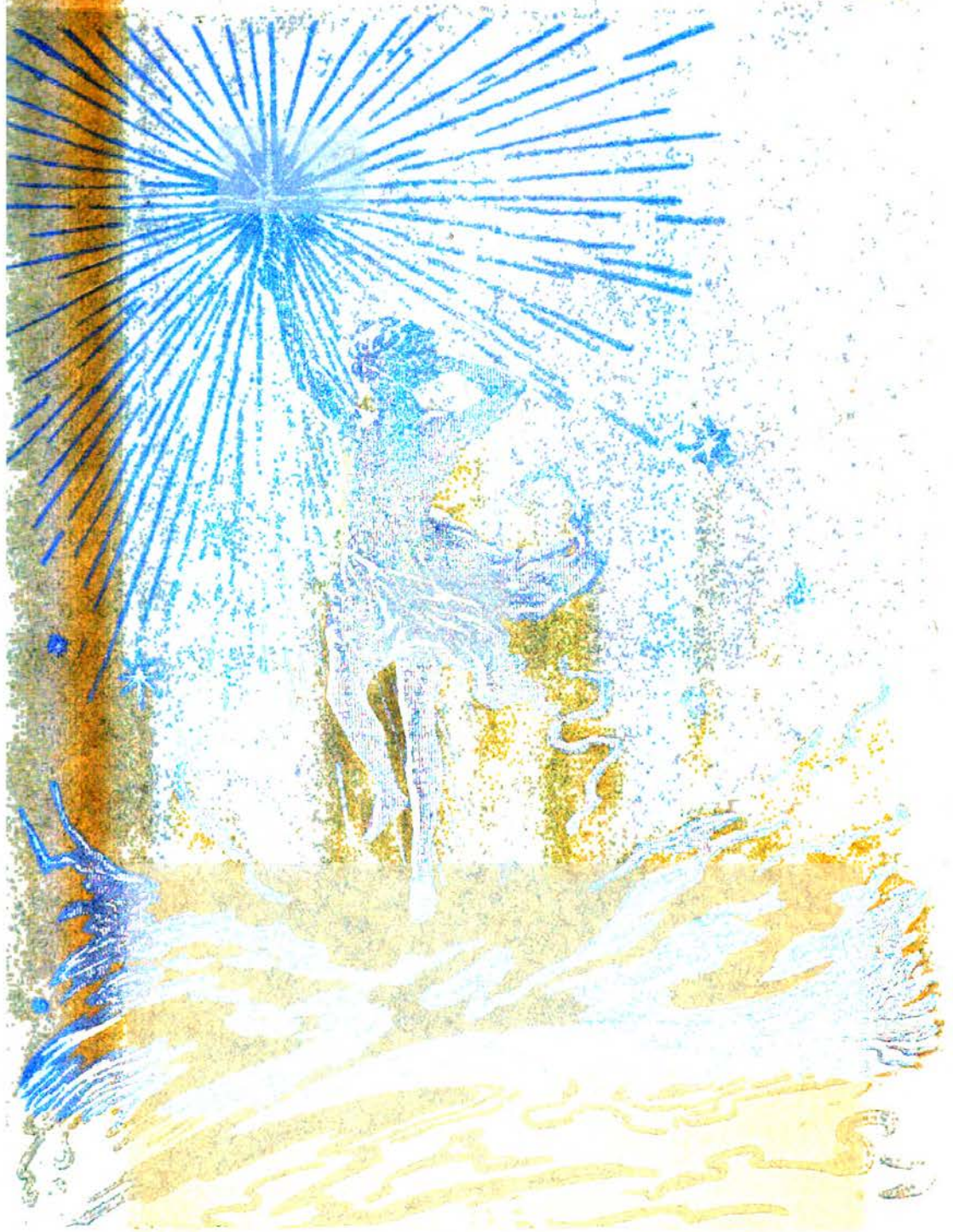
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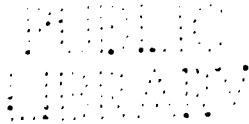
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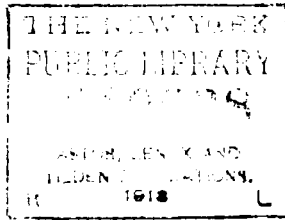
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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

QUITE the most astounding discovery of recent times —astounding less for the fact than for the allowance of its discovery—is the penetration into the Great Sphinx and the opening of the Temples hidden within it. Professor Reisner of Harvard University is the revealer, and he has uncovered a small temple in the head of the Sphinx from which a tunnel runs downwards to a large temple, which occupies the interior of the huge body. Below this again is a pyramidal tomb, thought to be that of Menes, the great King of Upper and Lower Egypt. What secrets of the past will be uncovered when the Sphinx at last speaks of that which it has guarded for so long?

* * *

Another wonderful discovery—which will revolutionise the future, as the preceding will throw light upon the past—has been made in chemistry. The newspapers call it ‘the birth of the atom,’ and truly it seems nothing less. In these rough notes, I can only

point to a subject that must be dealt with at length. Sir J. J. Thomson records the discovery of "very small particles, moving with prodigious velocity," very small compared with the mass of any known chemical atom, found everywhere, always identical, "the bricks of which the atom was built up". (See *Occult Chemistry*, published 1895.) Sir William Ramsay, Professor Collie and Mr. Patterson claim to have formed helium and neon from hydrogen, i.e., to have transmuted one element into two others—the old alchemical claim. The next step is that there is no 'matter,' but only electrical energy. Dr. C. W. Saleeby writes (*Daily Chronicle*, February 11, 1913):

Modern chemistry doubts whether there is any such thing as matter; it analyses the atom, and finds it to be a transient manifestation of energy, which has a birth, a 'life,' and a death, but a death which leaves no corpse to bury, for the energy that was the atom is restored to the general energy of the universe, as the melting iceberg is restored to the general waters of the ocean.

What is the energy? The Theosophists call it the Breath of the LOGOS, the Life which sustains the universe. (See THEOSOPHIST, June, 1908.) H. P. B. wrote in 1888:

Spirit is Matter on the seventh [highest] plane; Matter is Spirit at the lowest point of its cyclic activity. (*Secret Doctrine*, i, 693.)

Again:

In 1882, the President of the Theosophical Society, Colonel Olcott, was taken to task for asserting in one of his lectures that Electricity is matter. Such, nevertheless, is the teaching of the Occult Doctrine. (*Ibid*, 136.)

She goes on to say that it is atomic, and is therefore Matter. In truth Matter is only the lowest expression of the One Life. Lastly, it is stated that two new

elements have been found, one of them in the place where we have noted occultum (*Occult Chemistry*, 1908), and the other apparently our meta-neon. Certainly "the old order changeth, yielding place to new".

* * *

Politics move slowly in comparison with science. The Women's Rights Library has just re-issued my *Political Status of Women*. The *Christian Commonwealth* comments :

Many years ago, when Mrs. Besant was unknown to the world, she determined that her first public lecture should be on behalf of her own sex. The lecture was afterwards printed, and ran through three editions. With Mrs. Besant's permission it is now added to the series of reprints of early literature advocating women's suffrage. There is a pathos in reading the familiar arguments for the enfranchisement of women, put so ably in a document that is now thirty-eight years old. So little have all the labour, all the meetings, all the speaking, all the writing of the years that have intervened availed women. "Many women now, educated more highly than they used to be—women with strong brains and loving hearts—are being driven into bitterness and into angry opposition, because their ambition is thwarted at every step, and their eager longings for a fuller life are forced back and crushed," runs the discourse, and it was delivered in 1874.

* * *

A startling step forwards has been taken by a Russian Theosophist in the world of art. 'Theosophy in Music' is the head-line announcing it in the *London Daily Chronicle*. Sir Henry J. Wood, at one of his great Queen's Hall concerts, has introduced to the English public, Alexander Scriabine, through his *Prometheus*. It was performed twice at a single concert, and the musical world is up in arms, some extolling, some decrying, the new departure. Enough, for the moment, that it has been thought worth while to devote an elaborate programme to the analysis of the new music. It is interesting to note that the cover

of the score bears a striking design by a brother Theosophist, the great Belgian painter, M. Jean Delville. It is possible that M. Scriabine may come to spend some weeks at Adyar in the autumn of this year.

* * *

An International Woman's Suffrage Congress is to be held at Budapest from the 15th—20th of June, 1913, and promises to be very largely attended. I have been obliged to refuse the invitation sent to me, as the International Theosophical Congress at Stockholm has been fixed for that date, and it has obviously the first claim. The welcome change in the occupant of the office of Scandinavian General Secretary assures the success of the Congress, and it will be pleasant to greet our old and well-trying friend and worker, Arvid Knös, in his old post. Captain Kuylenstierne is appointed as his Assistant for the Congress work.

* * *

The Bishop of Durham spoke very well on the reflex value of prayer on the worshipper, and Theosophists will feel the truth of his statement. He advised his Church people :

Turn anxious thoughts into prayer, and the seriousness remains, but the poisonous 'worry' is exhaled into the Presence. Turn combative and contentious thoughts into prayer, and the convictions may be firm as ever, or firmer, but the soul will be calmer, sweeter, more able to allow and sympathise, more absolutely shy of the bad *spirit* of strife, less capable of the great sin of thinking and speaking evil. Turn devotion to the Church we love into prayer, and our loyalty will be lifted out of a partisanship which may be as secular in spirit as possible, and it will be inspired with the love of God and man. Turn political thoughts into prayer, and they too shall be changed and clarified into a large and Christian patriotism, with which the man can be as convinced and earnest as possible in favour of a policy, but always with an open outlook towards the will of God and the good of the whole realm. Turn fears for the world's imperilled peace into prayer, and the

powers of the world to come, whose mighty peace shall at last overwhelm the clamours of time, will come into the worshipper's soul, and his vision both for present and for future shall be all the clearer.

It is the opening of the windows of the soul to the gracious influences of love and strength which are ever playing upon it that permits the influx of the divine Presence. The sun is ever shining on us, but we shut it out and say that it is dark.

* * *

In the many Germanic and Czech countries that the globe-trotter thinks of vaguely as 'Germany,' there are several bands of deeply pious Mystics who work by meditation for their own spiritual growth, and for the good of the world. Inheritors of German Mysticism, they follow silently the 'Way of the Cross,' and few know of the subtle power which spreads from these holy centres. From one of these was lately sent a prayer, with the following dedication :

To those who devote their whole life and time to the inner development of humanity and to truth, the undersigned permits himself to dedicate this prayer, with deepest respect and true and most hearty love as a token of remembrance.

I do not add the name, for these circles are of those who pray when "the door is shut". Suffice it to say that the prayer is for the sending of a Teacher to guide the nations, and it was sent to a representative of the Order of the Star in the East. The soft notes in the hush before the Dawn are growing more numerous.

* * *

Dr. Horton, under missionary pressure in India, feels injured by the circulation of his sermon, which was published, with his permission, by the Order of the Star in the East. Dr. Rocke, to whom he gave the permission, has, of course, withdrawn the booklet. It

seems a pity that Dr. Horton could not summon up courage enough to speak the truth about his change of front, but he finds it easier to slander me ! He says in an article in the London *Daily Chronicle* that I have "even induced the temples of Benares to prohibit non-Hindūs from entering them" ! Why this gratuitous falsehood ? The prohibition was in force before I ever went to Benares, and I have always been shut out under it myself. It was brought about by the ill-manners of globe-trotters, who treated the holy places of the Hindūs with rude contempt. He further says in a letter, but the statement has not, so far as I know, been published, that I support animal sacrifice ! Everyone in India knows that I have spoken often and warmly against animal slaughter, both in the few Hindū temples now defiled with it, in the Pasteur Institutes, and in the numberless European slaughter-houses found all over India. It would be interesting to know whether Dr. Horton disapproves as much of the slaying of millions of creatures to gratify the palate of man as of the few thousands slain in mistaken devotion to God ; also, if he disapproves in India of that which he regards as God-ordained in Palestine ? Beef-eating by missionaries is, I may remark, one of the obstacles in the way of Christianity in India, and Dr. Horton would help it more by persuading his countrymen to give up this bad habit, than by telling falsehoods about myself. These are not even *ben trovato*. It is odd that an *orthodox* Christian should object to living creatures being offered as sacrifices to appease an angry God, when we think of the Jerusalem temple and the great "Sacrifice on Calvary".

* * *

The very Rev. Monsignor Benson is always interesting and the *Christian Commonwealth* of Dec. 25, 1912, gives two notices of him. Speaking about the New Theology, he gave it credit for its great teaching "that God is infinitely close to us, 'the soul of the world'". But he thought that, while urging the truth of God's immanence, it forgot the equally important truth of God's transcendence. Hindūism has summed up the whole truth in words that cannot be bettered: "I established this universe with a fragment of myself, and I remain." The second reference relates to his article on haunted houses in the January issue of the *Pall Mall Magazine*. Father Benson does not commit himself to any particular theory, but remarks that both laughter and accusations of fraud do not suffice to dispose of the phenomena he discusses. He mentions, as a possible explanation, the views held by many Theosophists:

These teach that human beings have in addition to soul and body a kind of semi-material envelope, which they name 'astral'. At death this 'astral body' is released; usually it corrupts and disintegrates; but in certain cases it retains, often for a considerable time, a kind of quasi-life. It is these astral bodies, therefore, operating under material conditions which, according to the Theosophists, form the substance of these apparitions, acting over and over again, until their energy is dissipated, the scene in which soul and body once took a part.

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In the life of the great mystical painter George F. Watts by his wife, the following interesting passage occurs:

I found that to 'Signor' (the name given to the husband, by his intimate friends) the idea of the rebirth of the soul—even many times—through the ages was one very acceptable to his mind. He thought it consonant with the highest conception of omnipotence, and a theory into which retribution following upon sin might fall, without imputing to the Almighty qualities which to human wisdom seem incompatible with the title of the all-loving. When speaking of this theory of rebirth

he often said that he had a dim intuitive feeling that in some former existence he had been a Greek.

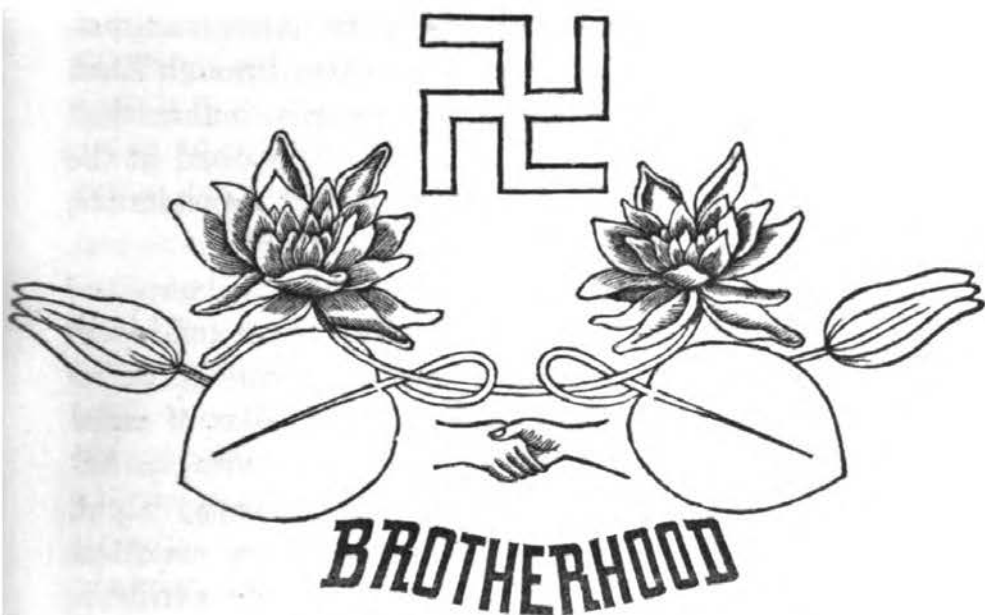
M. Maeterlinck, also, writing on Death, says that of all the theories of a future life, reincarnation seems to him to be the most plausible and the least irrational. He inclines somewhat to the hypothesis that the surviving consciousness is collective rather than individual. I have only seen a review of his book.

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Dr. Van Hook, in Chicago, is working very hard to spread among the masses of the American people a knowledge of this great doctrine, with its inevitable corollary, the law of karma. The good doctor has formed the Reincarnation and Karma Legion for the propaganda of these two important truths, and I earnestly hope that many will join it and strengthen his hands.

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My daughter, Mrs. Besant-Scott, writes me from England that the Art Circle of the H. P. B. Lodge has now expanded into the 'Brotherhood of Arts,' and a very strong council has been formed to utilise the ever-increasing number of artists in the T. S. Her own young daughter is making great progress as a violinist, and promises to make her mark in that most difficult branch of music. Mr. Shapiro is becoming well-known both as a composer and an orchestral conductor. I may say that, at Adyar, our students give us quite brilliant concerts from time to time.



THE SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE OF CREATIVE ART

By LILY NIGHTINGALE, F. T. S.

A BOLD subject of discourse! Hard to say whether Ajax defying the lightning were a feat more titanic than this attempt to discover, rather than defy, those alchemical processes of genius, whose methods are not of earth. However, if, as the Greek philosophy declares, man's greatness consists not so much in what he has done, as in that which he will do, i. e., the potency hidden in all great imagination, this is after all only to say that prophecy is a divine, retrospective human attribute.

Yet went the declaration forth to man from his Maker: "In the image of God created He them"; and

again: "I said: 'Ye are Gods'." What a battleground is man! Sport of Gods, experimenter, and himself the great experiment: trinity in unity, manifestation, through multitudinous separation, through films of matter ever denser as Spirit descends, outbreathed from Eternity into time and space, inbreathed at the consummation into man's most ancient inheritance, "the glorious liberty of the children of God".

But what of the journey through the wilderness? Aye, what of that? It is not all rough ways and bleeding feet; 'the steep ascent' has its beacon-lights, its resting-places. Is there not, also, the pillar of cloud by day, the supreme lure of endeavour, with its immemorial radiance? And the pillar of fire by night, vision, prophecy, genius; man has given countless names to that quest which alone has made earth-life endurable to many a banished wanderer. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." Eternal salutation of the finite to infinity! Thus has man the thinker ever raised himself beyond the valleys of thought to the mountains of aspiration. There are those who walk this earth proudly, yet with a lowliness profound as the humblest server's; robed, crowned, sceptred, theirs the divine right of Kings and priests, after the order of the nameless Star, under whose creative light they glow with fire that none can quench, for it is not of earth.

The symbols of cloud and fire pillars are of immemorial antiquity, as images of thought and inspiration. The joy of symbolism is that it knows no monotony, but changes with each rhythmic measure of the cosmic dance. Cloud and fire, thought and inspiration. Thought, the essentially human faculty, which changes its

fashion with the evolution of the brain (instrument of mind), that marvel of construction both in psychology and anatomy. Thought, the cloud veiling yet revealing the sun; cast into a thousand shapes of phantasmagoria, myriad semblances of ether, air, and water. Thought, slowly built up into forms which do their work, then disintegrate; yet from their disintegrated fragments a new world arises. Clouds of thought which go before us by day—each has his own pillar to form as he will, to break down, to build up, to unbuild again—“airy forms of flitting change”. But . . . there comes a time when the work of mind, even pure mind, ends; no further can it go: it has done all that can be performed by the human brain, instrument of mind. What then? darkness, nescience, or the pillar of fire by night? Fire, the potency of Deity, a spark from which ignites the heart of every human being; the spiritual centre in man, that which sets the starry seal of Godhead on the human brow. Fire, which works through alchemy on the materials hitherto subjected to the analytical processes in the laboratory of the brain, that which ignites the fuse of thought, which makes it creative rather than interpretive. Talent combines, compares, selects; then comes Genius, breathes upon it, and lo! it is one, one great Simplicity. Clouds close round the mountain's base; on the summit the sun strikes the dazzling snow into a thousand whirls of sparkling light. Thought is the prism, imagination the white light, broken up in the prism of thought.

Again we may take thought as the bridge from man to beyond man. Intuition and the treasures of self-revelation which we call Genius are not beneath, but beyond, thought. The Genius is more than the

scholar-savant ; the latter builds up, acquires by knowledge, the thoughts and dreams of many generations. Splendid, as well as necessary, is his work. Comes a Genius, a wild meteor with the brow of a seraph and the heart of an inspired child. His gaze pierces beyond the world of thought, up to the heights of inspiration. He ascends the Mount, and comes down, his soul aflame with the glory of the Vision. Then comes the translation, in music, marble, or song. And we, who hearken or behold, on us also falls a ray of divine revelation, and we see, for however brief a space of time, not as men, but as Gods. Well does Rodin define the true artist as "one who sees".

For this vision there is only requisite the rarest quality, purity of heart. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Purity of heart, to a creator, means what the 'single eye' means in the mental world. The creator's heart is dedicated to the creative fire ; the God of Genius brooks no rival, any more than did the jealous Jehovah. "Thou shalt have none other Gods but Me" is a necessary condition to artistic purity of heart. The seer looks for the vision—he must see nothing else and no less ; for thus and thus only shall the light of creation burn perpetually in the sanctuary of the heart. This may seem strange doctrine to those who have not considered the votive aspect of the creative artist. "In the heart is the temple of Deity." In the head is the connecting link between God and man. This is a literal truth, none the less scientifically correct because of its occult meaning. H. P. Blavatsky has given us more than a hint in the direction of this intimate correspondence between heart and brain. "It is the usurpation of the function of the intellect that

paralyses spiritual perception—intellect is its handmaid, not its lord. It is here that the strife arises—the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil grows from the roots of the Tree of Life.”¹

We may say, then, that the sign of intellect having overstepped the mark is when it desires power for itself, instead of accepting the function of light-bearer from the sun—an emissary of Apollo.

This brings us to the connection between Art and the ethics of the artist. We have no more right to demand of the artist, than of any other mortal as a man, a blameless moral life: but we have a right to demand that he be not a half-hearted artist. The light in the sanctuary must not burn dimly; the water of the emotional nature must not quench its flame, nor the earth—“contagion of the world’s slow stain” choke it, nor the air of the mental plane with its gales of doubts and sad questionings blow so fiercely that the holy flame be starved; that indeed is true elemental morality for the artist.

To the great belong great passions, great vices if you will: their ratio in morality is more often that of the titan than of the saint; yet their code of ethics is strict and stern as any puritanical doctrine, and the rigours for transgression are sore and hard, as every artist knows. It is useless to expect a great creative spirit to be average in anything, morals, habits, etc. Nay, worse than useless, it is absurd. He may be more or less law-abiding than his contemporaries; average he will not be. All laws of average belong to the avoirdupois scales of mediocrity. The great majority rise by this mechanical adjustment of laws of life and

¹ *The Secret Doctrine*, ii, 227.

conduct; for them are rules of thumb and ethics confined within bounds of red tape. But the Great have harder rules, sterner doctrines, and who are we to judge those who tower over us pigmies? "A lord may be judged only by his peers"—this was a canon of ancient English law. There is no more despicable and pernicious habit than that of peering into the frailties of the Great, of sitting in judgment on those whose horizons are those of the desert and the steppes, compared to ours of our neighbour's back garden, bounded by his bedroom window. It is as if we complained to the sun: "You burn"; to the frost: "You freeze"! When we see the spectacle of greatness becoming small and mean, descending to the level of vulgar vices, then indeed we may sorrow for its abasement; though even then, we may think of the parable of the prodigal son and conjecture that during the "ordeal by husks" the exile may catch manners and morals of his table-companions; but after the ordeal, what more bitter vengeance than the self-abasement of a great soul, when, the evil dream outworn, he awakens and finds himself one of a herd? The remorse of titans is out of all human power to conceive, far less to depict. But to reduce a principle to a formula: the moral standard of each artist is written on his heart; none but he knows the height of his ideals, the depth of his failures. We have no right to demand that he shall accept our standards, any more than to lay down laws for comets, meteors, and volcanoes, and complain because they do not conform to them. Giants can no more be measured against drawing-room doors, than the flight of a Spirit can be regulated by aviation conventions. The truth is too often ignored, that knowledge is

an analytic, wisdom a synthetic, process. Knowledge, the gradual apperception of wisdom. In the sanctuary of truth the only music is the voice of the Silence. "To see life steadily," the work of the mind—to reflect "the gathered rays which are reality". Then comes the realisation of Unity, "to see it whole".

Friedrich Nietzsche presents one of the most brilliant instances of a great mind so knit with complex strands of intellectuality that they actually got in the way of intuition, sometimes tripping it up and causing it to doubt its own vision of truth. Mark how the genius asserts its supremacy in such flashes as the definition of the faculty of logic as: "Our attempt at making the actual world more calculable and more susceptible to formulation, for our purposes".

One such definition as this is worth more than a thousand inverted and paradoxical declarations (though even these have their roots in abstract reality) such as of truth: "That kind of error without which a certain species of living being cannot exist" (from *the Will to Power*); or, again, as: "A form of faith which has become a condition of existence." On the whole the creative genius of the philosopher triumphed over all intellectual by-products in his conviction that the ultimate salvation, both for the race and the individual, lies in the strengthening of the *Will to live*. Nietzsche, the genius, grasped the profound and vital truth that all life-negating tendencies, on every plane, are so many proofs of decadence. Pessimism is shown to be a weakening of the life-instinct, and a symptom of degeneration—a wholesome, stimulating, and entirely desirable philosophical conclusion. Indeed, whereas Schopenhauer may leave the mind faint though pursuing, Nietzsche never

fails to stimulate, and his incongruities and mad sallies are easily decipherable from his priceless utterances by any one of average critical faculty. Nietzsche is both one of the greatest of modern rationalists (if the constructive working of the higher reason be accepted as a definition of rationalism) and one of the earliest of *modern* intuitive philosophers. It is probable that these two elements strove in him and ultimately produced that want of balance in the instrument of the mind, i.e., the brain, which is covered and explained (*sic*) by that word (almost as comforting as Mesopotamia) *Insanity*. The strife indeed was three-fold, God, dæmon, and precocious child. Many of his utterances were so far beyond the mental range of his own day that they are only now beginning to be understood. As a study of the spiritually significant in creative utterance and also an illustration of the processes of analytical thought, he is unique. He contradicts himself a thousand times with a Whitmanesque abandon. Consistency was so far from being a bane to his mind that he scorned relevancy. But what joy to decipher the arabesque symbolism! 'Mind the Gargoyles' is a useful sign-post when dealing with Nietzschean philosophy. The humour is that the creator thereof often mistakes his gargoyles for Greek Gods, and bids us admire them as ideal forms. Yet such sayings as: "There must be chaos within before the birth of a dancing star" repay us for thridding the mazes of a mixed sculpture gallery. Besides, there are some kinds of sense which can only be conveyed through the utterance of apparent nonsense. Lovers of intellectual beauty revel in the movements of a perfectly trained mental athlete, movements that escape all words but are a source of genuine delight.

Nietzsche is both prophet and gymnast ; it is our own lack of critical ability that cannot disentangle the two ; idle alike to deplore the combination or pronounce it impossible ; there it is ; here is the critical point between the mental process and the spiritual significance of creative Art. Spirituality has no direct connection with ethics *per se*. "Spiritual wickedness in high places" is a phrase that has puzzled pedagogues for long enough. Spirituality means the recognition of Unity, at once transcendent and immanent. This vision is beheld through the window of the mind, but with the eye of the soul. There are abundant evidences in our own western scriptures that a strict observance of the code of *current* ethics even was not indispensable for the favour of Jehovah—witness Noah and David. In the new dispensation we have Mary Magdalene—to whom much was forgiven because she loved much ; to many minds a scarifyingly unjust and immoral remark, had it emanated from other lips.

Here is the great paradox of intellectual life. Art is one, and the arts many. The mind is complex, the synthesis one ; the road to simplicity lies through a thousand complexities—not the simplicity of the ingénué but that of Apollo or Herakles. Genius is thus brought down from the empyrean to earth in spite of the Gods ! Simplicity is a thing to be achieved by man, one of the lost arts ; the last word in the spell which moves mountains, not an attribute of primitive man. Primitiveness is one end of the tunnel, simplicity the other. You must go through the tunnel, a labyrinth of sombre shadows and mysterious lights, colours, sounds, and all the paraphernalia of tunnels—*then*—out into the light again,

knowing more, but knowing it as one whole instead of in myriad scattered fragments. It is this passage through the tunnel of complexity which marks the intellectual man; the emergence therefrom is Genius. Only the Genius can know the horror of the process wherein the God sees, the man doubts, and the instrument vibrates with the tremors of the struggle. That is why the mortal lives of many Geniuses have been, and doubtless will be, infernos; for they live through many lives in one. The God trammelled by flesh, the man aspiring "up from the clay toward the seraphim". The fleshly dwelling, "our soul in its rose-mesh," pulling at the man; the Genius revolting from the sensual prison yet subjected to the discipline of the senses by necessity; the law which decrees that the God shall know the flesh ere the flesh know the God. Think of the cosmic struggles of the submergence and emergence of continents and oceans repeated in man, for we know that the laws of correspondence and reflection are infallible. What must this earth-life be to these banished Sons of God, exiles from a far country, votaries of Urania, to whom Aphrodite can never be more than a foster mother? This, then, the spiritual significance of creative Art. It brings us back again to the primordial. In the presence of a work of creative genius we dare not avow ourselves materialists, for the spiritual towers over us, enfolds us, and will not be denied. Thus great love is one of the greatest arts, the courage to live rather than die for love, the refusal to escape or quail when the wings of Eros closing round bruise the very soul with the ardour of the God. Every work of genius is a divine incarnation, for the supreme in all human achievement raises us out of ourselves; because in such a work, whatever

the medium, crucifixion, the waiting, the resurrection, have all been accomplished. The last great sacrifice has been made, two-fold in nature; the God descends, the man has emptied and cleansed the temple. "Bow the heavens, O Lord, and come down; touch the mountains and they shall smoke; cast forth Thy lightnings and tear them; shoot out Thine arrows and consume them." Creative workers know the inner meaning of this invocation. Art is the offering of the life of the artist on the altar of Beauty—the spirit of intellectual Beauty—that life of the mind which

Like a dome of many-coloured glass
Stains the white radiance of eternity
Until Death tramples it to fragments.

Lily Nightingale

PRALAYA

Into the deep abyss of years I pass
As century on century backward glides
On to that far dim distance that divides
Time from Eternity. The Age of Brass
Rolls back to gold; all fades; the world, a mass
Nebulous, glowing, for a longer space abides
Revolving thro' the heavens, then darkness hides
In blind forgetfulness the radiant gas.

The Earth's heart beats no more and Night again
Most ancient monarch has resumed his reign;
The music of the world has ceased; no sound
Rings thro' the æther to the ends of space.
The Spirit moves not on the water's face—
In lieu of the old order, rest profound.

Marguerite Pollard

THE BASES OF THEOSOPHY

A STUDY IN FUNDAMENTALS—PHILOSOPHICAL, PSYCHOLOGICAL,
PRACTICAL

By JAMES H. COUSINS, F. T. S.

CHAPTER I

The Need of the Age, and Its Supply

WE are told by those who study the starry heavens, that the relationship between the sun and its planets, and between one planet and another, is maintained by the operation of certain opposing forces. The planets, they tell us, in obedience to an incalculably remote and immeasurably powerful outgoing or centrifugal impulse, travel through space in what should be straight lines from the sun to infinity. But as the planets fly along their paths, they are drawn towards their centre; and the outward impulse, acted upon by the inward attraction, becomes an ellipse whose variations are due to forces exercised by its companion planets.

This statement of scientific inference with regard to the solar system, whether it be true or not, may well serve as a parable of the human system, whose origin, history and destiny are inextricably interwoven with it. To the eye close to any single life, it may appear that

that life is developing along its own straight line. But a wider view makes evident the fact that, whatever impulse may drive the life forward, whatever may be its own special character, its line of progress is subject to modifying impacts from other lives; and a still wider view—the view of the history of great masses of lives over great periods of time—discloses a concerted movement around some great centre of power which controls, directs and unifies that which, to the microscopic eye, may appear to be diverse and independent.

To understand the world on whose surface we physically dwell, it is necessary to take other worlds into account, and with them their central storehouse of life, the sun. By the aid of such knowledge men have bridged the abysses between continent and continent, and vastly increased the sum of human good. Through the observation of the phenomena of the heavens men built up theory upon theory, the ultimate effects of which are discoverable upon our breakfast tables and in the remotest details of our outer life. The theory of the rotundity of the earth drove Columbus westward against the continent of America in his search for the east of Asia, whence to bring gold for the pocket and spices for the palate.

So too in the endeavour to understand a single human life, we are compelled to give heed to all the ascertainable forces that have gone to its making; and, once entered upon, the pursuit of the knowledge of humanity will lead us to horizon beyond horizon. A single fact may turn our view of life to quite another view; and in the larger realm of thought, discovery after discovery in the dark places of human activity has led to numerous diverse efforts to construct a

view of life which will answer the greatest number of questions on the subject.

Under the influence of such systems of thought, idiosyncrasies have become customs, customs have become laws, and both in due time have become tyrannies, and later have been shattered by the impact of other systems. Thus the process goes on, and must go on; for as soon as one human consciousness comes in contact with another, the effort to explain their similarities and their divergencies results in some hypothesis, which is broken or altered when a third consciousness appears: and so *ad infinitum*.

To the extent that any body of human beings becomes possessed of a theory of the universe and humanity, it will seek, by virtue of a dim apprehension of the unity in which all things inhere, to make that theory applicable to all persons, in all places, at all times: hence the once widespread Buddhist missions to the West, and the equally widespread Christian missions to the East. But to the extent that masses of individuals are no less subject to the forward trend of things than are their units, the passing of years will witness the inevitable development of heresy and schism and the segregation of sects within the system, just as Christianity split into Catholicism and Protestantism, and each into a number of orders and sub-divisions. To oppose the missionary spirit is to swim against the stream: to pray against heresy and schism is to pray against the law of the universe.

The various systems by which mankind has sought to realise and explain itself may be grouped in three main classifications: religious, philosophical, scientific. We may, however, regard science as subsidiary to the

religious and philosophical, and included in the latter. Its field is the material universe ; its stuff the things that are perceptible to sense ; its objective is the discovery of the mechanics of the universe, as the object of philosophy is to apprehend the worker behind the machinery. It is with consciousness itself, rather than its vehicles, that we have to deal when we come to study humanity. Human hands groped towards the skies before the germ theory of disease was propounded: human minds sought for an explanation of life's anomalies before the discovery of radium blew the ultimate atom into still more ultimate atoms.

Two facts, therefore, stand in the front of all study of humanity: one, that it is an essential condition of human activity that mankind shall throw its ideas of itself and its surroundings into intelligible formulæ; the other, that it is an equally essential condition of human progress that such formulæ shall become insufficient to express what they were originally intended to express. The history of humanity is the history of these two processes. The rise and fall of religious creeds, the evolution and the decay of philosophical systems, are the commonplaces of the book of life, the testimony to the permanence of the religious instinct and the ratiocinative faculty in humanity, and to the transiency to their manifestations.

So far, our consideration of the conditions necessary to human activity and progress have touched only the horizontal or extensive phase of human life, the rise and fall of systems of thought in different places, at various times. Viewed thus, it might be taken for granted that the historical development of religion on the one hand and philosophy on the other will proceed

indefinitely, as the expression of humanity from two absolutely and eternally separate centres of its nature.

We are, however, compelled to take into account not merely the law of the continuity of life, but also the law of accumulation. The experiences of to-day are continued in the experiences of to-morrow; but the process is not one of simple addition. A added to B results not merely in A *plus* B, but in the influence which A exerts on B, and B on A, over and above their addition. The last link in the chain of human development hangs not only on the link to which it is immediately attached, but on all the preceding links: the view of the watcher on the loftiest peak of experience not only sweeps his own horizon, but encircles the horizon of every stage of the ascent. Our study of any phase of life must, therefore, if it is to be a true and efficient study, take into account the vertical or intensive tendency in human life, as well as the horizontal or extensive tendency.

It is in this intensive aspect of human activity that the secret of evolution is hidden. Development along the horizontal phase will add bit by bit to the sum of life's comfort; but it is in his vertical development that the human being realises himself. It is the altitude of his complex nature from which his consciousness operates that distinguishes the saint from the savage, whether they dwell in the African jungle or recline in a city hotel. In the savage there is the potentiality of sainthood; in the saint there is the reminiscence of savagery; they differ by virtue of the predominant characteristic which shines through their common humanity.

It is a fact noted by observers of human progress that, as humanity has developed and refined the material side of things, it has also, taken very generally, risen in consciousness *pari passu*. In the lowest degree of its life the expression of the Self was predominantly instinctive, and directed chiefly to the obtaining of the means of subsistence and continuity without regard to others. But the very exigencies of life led gradually to the development of associated activity, just as the rigours of winter throw beasts and birds into groups for mutual help. Then came the development of the affectional side of human nature, but still within the circle of self: the radiating point of the consciousness had risen from the loins and viscera to the heart: the horizon of its ray included an ever-widening circle of selves. Thus came the great nations. Thus came also the great national religions, embodying the family order, the family emotion, and the family exclusiveness.

But the Time-Spirit continued its work. The very exigencies which led to the primitive association of the units have slowly worn into national circumferences, and opened the way to the ultimate realisation of human unity. The radiating point has risen from the purely affectional degree to the intellectual; and the altruistic philosophy of human solidarity, based on the science of a common origin and a common evolution, begins to sway the mind of the western world.

We come therefore to the question as to how far we may look for the further historical and separate development of the two great divisions of human development, religion and philosophy. To-day they stand in mutual exclusiveness, if not in actual opposition, religion denying the operation of cold reason,

reason scorning the intrusion of emotion. From what has been already stated as to the gradual elevation of consciousness, it would appear that the tendency must be—as indeed it is even now observed to be—away from dogmatic theology. The human soul is finding refuge and expression in philosophy: the erudite and abstract thought of a few great minds is becoming common property: the man in the street is quoting Plato and Kant, Schopenhauer and Nietzsche.

The question as to whether a purely intellectual philosophy of life, be it ever so altruistic in its axioms and postulates, will satisfy humanity and find its ultimate justification in an enrichment of life will depend upon the extent to which one has looked into the realities of one's own nature, and found them paralleled in the mass of humanity. It appears to be quite certain that concentration on the bodily nature, to the exclusion of the mental, is not for the good of the whole man; neither is concentration on the mental side, to the exclusion of attention to the needs of the physical instrument. So will it be in the great generalisations of humanity. To the extent that dogmatic theology has separated itself from the practical business of life, from systematic and continuous and ardent labour for the body politic, it has failed. To the extent that it repels the exercise of free reason in respect of its dogma and ritual, it has severed the link between itself and the future, and has chosen to make itself a subject for antiquarian study rather than a means to soul-satisfaction.

And so with philosophy. If its objective is humanity as a whole, it must be the complete expression of a whole humanity; not of the brain of humanity only,

but also of the heart and of the body. The religious system which would live on into the intellectual era of human evolution, must find its basis in philosophy: it must be a philosophical religion. The philosophical system that would bear humanity onwards toward its unsearchable goal must be shot through with the colour and warmth of religion: it must be a religious philosophy. And either and both must find their test and realisation in a complete practical altruism.

To-day, perhaps more than at any other time in the history of western civilisation if not indeed of the world, we need to realise with utter fulness and clearness the necessity for the promulgation of a view of life which will fulfil the conditions of human progress. We stand in the presence of change. Scientific discovery has shaken the creeds to their foundation, though it has not and cannot shake the foundation itself, which is laid deep in the nature of humanity. Religious denominations, feeling blindly towards the justification of deeds, engage in a spasmodic, incoherent, and futile distribution of charities, and leave untouched the problems of social reform; and multitudes of inquisitive minds are turning away from crude anthropomorphism and unintelligent sentimentalism, in search of they know not what.

On the other hand, the widespread dissemination of an incomplete philosophic thought, based either on a purely materialistic conception of the universe or on a mechanical social morality, threatens a general fall in the tone of life, and a vulgarisation which is in many quarters erroneously confounded with the democratic ideal.

The need of the time, then, is a view of life which will be based on man's highest faculty of philosophical

reflection, inspired and sustained by his inherent religious necessity, and completed and justified in universal altruism. Nor shall these three essentials be only a temporary association of philosophy, religion and action: they must be inevitable and inseparable, the view of life compelling irresistibly to altruism, the altruistic effort being intelligible only in the light of the principles behind it.

It is evident at once that such a system, recognising the evolutionary necessity for crystallisation of thought in systematic form, and the equal necessity for the disruption of such form, cannot give its allegiance to any single creed, and cannot deny a place to any. It must, therefore, be less a system than an attitude. So much of its teaching as is explicit must be the outcome of wide experience, and must be, as far as is humanly possible, demonstrable. For the rest it will, with a wise eclecticism, gather out of all systems such teachings as will respond most fully to the highest requirements of the enlightened reason of mankind, and be capable of the widest and most beneficent application.

It is a manifest law of the universe that wherever a true necessity arises, the means to the fulfilment of such necessity will not be far to seek; and the present need for a new view of life, such as has been indicated, has brought forth a movement which, in its organisation and in its teachings, claims to provide the nearest approach to the fulfilment of the conditions which we have mentioned. That organisation is the Theosophical Society. Its teachings comprise the body of truths known as *Theo-sophia*, Theosophy, the Divine Wisdom.

The Theosophical Society—which was founded in New York in the year 1875 by Madame Helena Petrovna

Blavatsky and Colonel Henry Steele Olcott, and is at present, 1913, presided over by Mrs. Annie Besant, the elected successor to the President-Founder—is a body of persons held together by a single common bond for the purpose of attaining a common two-fold end. The bond is assent to the principle of Universal Brotherhood. The two-fold end is the elucidation of the fundamental and universal truth which lies at the root of all religion, philosophy and science, and the understanding and cultivation of the fullest powers of humanity.

The bond expresses the condition conceived by the founders of the Society to be absolutely essential to the attainment of the *Theo-sophia* which is the objective of the Society. The two-fold aim of the Society—the ascertainment and dissemination of wisdom *concerning the Divine*, and the development of humanity to the point of immediate *cognition of the Divine*—indicates a sagacious recognition of the dual aspects of human evolution to which we have referred: the historical, horizontal or extensive aspect, and the metaphysical, vertical or intensive aspect. And this tripartite constitution of the Society is based on a view of the universe which claims the sanction of antiquity and universality, and the corroboration of widespread contemporary experience.

What, then, are the main teachings denominated Theosophy?

James H. Cousins

(To be continued)

SOME REFLECTIONS, CORRESPONDENCES AND QUESTIONINGS

By MRS. HALLETT, F. T. S.

AT a time when a new sub-race is in process of formation and the polarity of the sexes is palpably reversing, students are naturally inclined to question how and why this reversal comes about.

Mrs. Besant has explained in her lectures that we are living in an age of transition ; that old conditions are passing and new ones appearing. We understand that some of these changes have to do with the birth of the new sub-race, and that others seem to be a kind of preparation towards helping the approach of the next Root Race. These Races are said to correspond with and to develop certain qualities which represent the different principles in man. The fourth Race, for instance, corresponds with the fourth principle, *kāma*, which is a reflection of *buḍḍhi*, the sixth ; and so on. To explain some of these similarities we are given the symbol of a mountain reflected in water, the summit, *ātmā*, corresponding to the deepest reflection, *sṭhūla*, and *buḍḍhi* corresponding to *kāma*. We realise that this is so, but there must be a reason for it ; and I want to arrive at this reason—from the Theosophical standpoint indeed, but more from what perhaps we may

call the scientific side, although still through reflection and correspondence.

In *Occult Chemistry*, speaking of the ultimate physical atom, we are told by the authors that two types have been observed:

They are alike in everything save the direction of their whorls and of the force which pours through them. In the one case force pours in from the 'outside' (from fourth-dimensional space) and passing through the atom pours into the physical world. In the second it pours in from the physical world and out through the atom into the 'outside' again, i.e., vanishes from the physical world. The one is like a spring, from which water bubbles out; the other is like a hole, into which water disappears. We call the atoms from which force comes out, positive, or male; those through which it disappears, negative or female.

This being so, the natural conclusion is (at the same time what I say is quite tentative) that as this force from the female atom flows *into* the astral, the corresponding atom is there active and not passive; and that the male atoms which correspond to active-physical are on the astral plane negative, as the force flows *from* the astral. On the next plane higher (the mental) the polarity would in the same way again be reversed, and the male atom become active and the female negative. On the buddhic another reversal would take place, and the male atoms be there passive and the female active. So that the buddhic and astral planes and principles would represent female and the mental and physical male.

This reversal is rather like reflections in a mirror, and reflections of those reflections. We must, however, regard them from above, because Reality is the highest and all below that are reflections and sub-reflections; but we being consciously on the lowest plane find it more easy to see things from this point of view.

of the men,¹ for with the birth of this new sub-race, which represents the feminine side, the forces are passing from the male into the female, and probably in a more marked degree than is usual, because out of this coming sub-race the future sixth Root Race is to be born.

The Atlantean, which typified the fourth principle in man, may be said to have been a female Root Race, and we read in Scott Elliot's *Atlantis* that the women were not regarded as inferiors, nor in the least oppressed.

Their position was quite equal to that of the men, while the aptitude many of them displayed in acquiring the viril-power made them fully the equals if not the superiors of the other sex . . . nor were women debarred from taking part in the government.

Surely something similar, but in a higher degree, will take place in the next Root Race, which is to represent a feminine principle in man two octaves higher. Sociologists tell us that in the early times before the man was recognised as having any part in reproduction, there existed a system called 'mother-right,' under which the mother was looked upon as the head of the family, and even the head of the clan. The family usually consisted of the mother, her female children and her children's children, the male having no place in this kinship. It was only when the father's part was recognised that the whole system was revolutionised and a system of 'father-right' sprang up. One wonders if this refers to a tribe of degraded descendants of an Atlantean sub-race, or whether it is a fallacious deduction on the part of the Sociologists.

¹ I say here *apparent*, because I think it is the women who are moving faster, rather than that there is a decline in the vitality of the men. If we are sitting in a train and moving parallel with but faster than another train, that other train will appear to us to stand still.

In diagram B the buddhic atoms are represented together in union, because the buddhic is said to be the plane of *union*, where the Paths of Love and Wisdom meet, the plane of man-woman ; and so by correspondence when the buddhic sixth Root Race will have reached the height of its power and glory, we may expect to see the sexes equal, neither being considered either superior or inferior, but a true co-operation existing between them.

Ātmā is not represented on the diagram at all. It belongs to the plane of *Unity*—one, not two. The seventh Root Race should correspond to Ātmā, and H. P. B. tells us the great Adepts and initiated ascetics of that Race will produce mind-born immaculate sons.

The buddhic and ātmic planes stand apart from those below them, probably because the matter of which they are composed responds to that which is beyond the normal human (?). We might think of the buddhic plane, where the personal cannot enter, as 'Balance'. And the ātmic? It is sometimes called the plane of Stillness, Rest, perhaps because everything to that consciousness is expressed by I AM. Is the relation between the *ṭaṭṭva* and *ṭanmātra* so close that there is hardly any veil between Spirit-consciousness and the relative matter of the plane?

Following up this idea of sex, or positive and negative in the principles and planes, we might carry up the correspondence to planetary Chains, if the figure represented by each one can be taken into account. We are at the present time in the fifth Root Race, but at every other point we belong to the fourth, our evolutionary scheme having arrived at the fourth Globe of the fourth Round of the fourth Chain ;

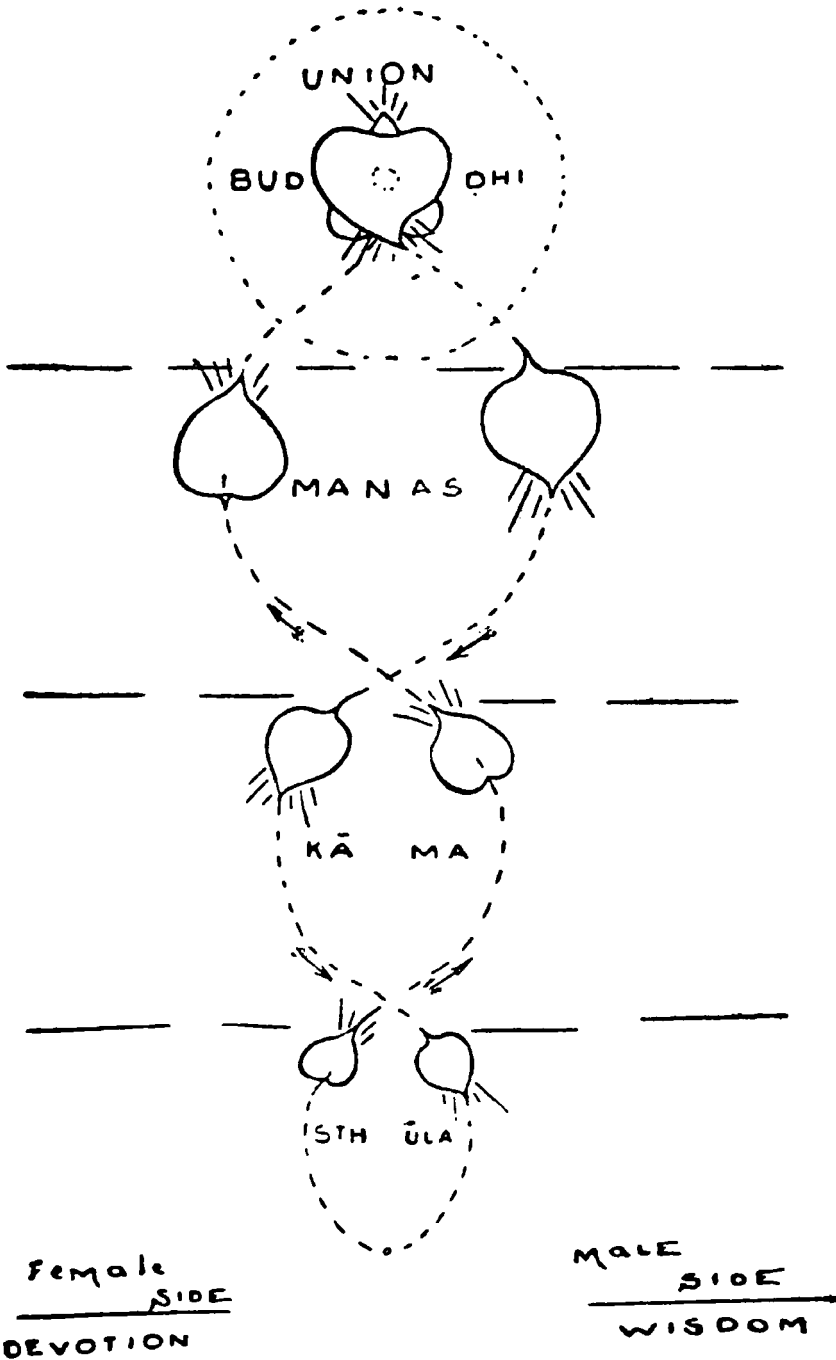
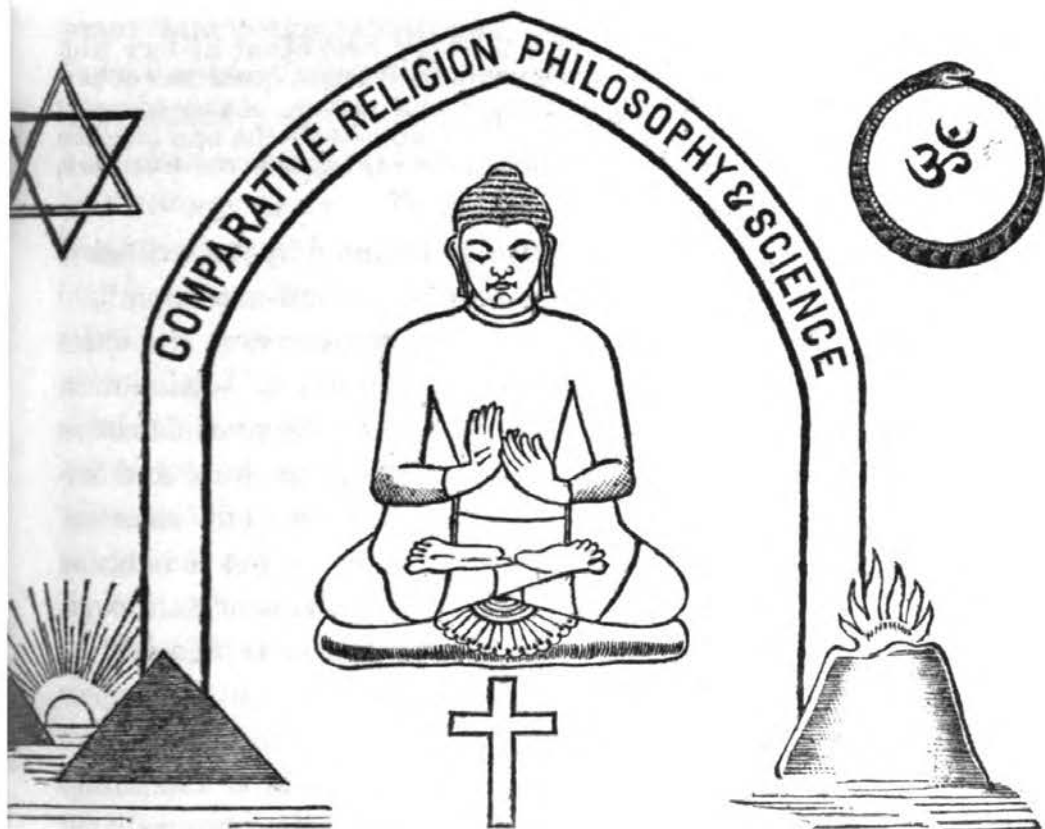


DIAGRAM B

and four represents kâma. We are told that "it was desire which first stirred the One when It willed to multiply". This is a feminine principle and represents the Path of Love, and so we say "God is Love". Is it irreverent to suggest that this fourth Round of our Chain might be thought of as negative or feminine, or rather as that which in the divine world would correspond to such an incarnation of the Planetary Logos? We are also in the fourth Chain of our Scheme; might this possibly in the same way represent a similar incarnation of the Logos? An atom is a planet in miniature; might a planetary scheme as a whole correspond with a single planet? In *The Pedigree of Man* we are told to think of the Rounds of a Chain as seven incarnations of the Planetary Logos, but the analogy is not carried as far as the Scheme as a whole, though apparently it might be. In fact I believe it might be carried very much further.

Perchance when this present Chain shall have passed away, and the fifth shall have come into being, the Planetary Logos of that Chain may in those millions of years hence be looked upon as WISDOM, rather than Love. The quality which represents five is Intellect only, but the Oversoul of Intellect is Wisdom, and towards this they would be striving in the lower but allied number: even as we now, in the lower number of Desire—four—are yet working, in desire of knowledge or desire of devotion, towards the great six—the Oversoul of Desire —Love.

F. Hallett



THE RUSSIAN IDEA

By ANNA KAMENSKY, F. T. S.

General Secretary for Russia

It is well for those of us who have realised that our duty towards the people consists in helping them to organise their *future spiritual liberty*.

'Following the Stars.'—*Ivanoff*

IN an ardent article, 'Following the Stars,' of V. Ivanoff, there are two thoughts which strike us particularly: the realisation of the importance of the

present moment and the realisation of the necessity of "undelayed synthesis". The author says :

Coming face to face at every turn of our history with our oldest and as it were essentially Russian questions of personality and society, of culture and nature, of the educated classes and the people, we solve successively the one question of our national destiny; *amid suffering we bear the final form of our national soul, the 'Russian idea'*.

All these sufferings are explained by the author to be caused by the "efforts to attain to self-assertion".

We recognise that in order to overcome the chaos of life, we need an "undelayed synthesis," which must bring us to a free and complete acceptance of Christ as the "only all-explaining origin of our spiritual and outward life". The author reminds us that any assertion of a national idea only becomes wrong when it is bound up with national egoism, or when the idea of nation and State are confounded. The true national idea is "the self-assertion of the collective national soul in connection with the universal process and *in the name of the fulfilment of universal self-assertion*, which establishes the historical realisations, and for that reason sets our energies in motion".

Imperial Rome, Holy Catholic Rome, and the "third Rome," the Rome of the Spirit, follow each other in the history of the world. This third Rome, as yet unborn but preparing for its appearance, is telling us: "You, Russians, remember one thing: *universal truth is your truth*; and if you want to save your soul, do not be afraid to lose it." "Godless culture is critical culture, the culture of Lucifer, of Cain—the culture of separateness. It must be replaced by religious culture, the culture of union, for both the educated classes and the people are longing for the New

Testament ideal; both the intellectual classes and the people are weary: the people are looking forward to resurrection, the intellectual classes are thirsting for unification. Unification is only to be attained by resurrection. We must seek God, but not among the people—as M. Gorki does—because the people themselves are in expectance of a new, a living New Testament, but God must be sought in our hearts.”

In all historical epochs, social groups, when they attain to a privileged position, carefully defend their values and pride themselves upon them; but the Russian intellectual classes have always found it burdensome to be a privileged class, and have shown the exceptional example in all history of a desire for impoverishment, for self-annihilation, a desire to return to former simplicity, to descend. “We, a self-consuming nation, represent in history that living element, which, according to Goethe, like the butterfly Psyche, is longing for a death by combustion.”

The author points out the danger of this passion, which leads to the annulling of values. The protest and the fear of everything which can give the impression of being artificial become “distrust of everything on which can have been imprinted some godliness in man, be it in the name of God or in nobody’s name; it leads to all the suicidal tendencies of the intoxicated soul, to all the different aspects of theoretical and practical nihilism”. The tendency to the lowering of oneself is the distinguishing particularity of our national psychology. This tendency is explained by the author as *the effect of love, and the sacrificial bringing down of divine light into the darkness of the lower sphere which is seeking illumination*. This disposition is caused by

the realisation of a duty towards those who have served us in our rising. It is so strong and awakens such a longing for union, that compassion with the fallen may even reach to the wish to be a sharer in the fall (*Darkness*, L. Andreeff); purity seems like treason towards our fallen brothers. This is the source of the thought of Ivan Karamazoff about the aristocratic teaching of the Christ, which is only calculated for the strength of the few.

“The law of the descent of light must be obeyed in harmony with the law of the preservation of light.” We must first of all strengthen this light in ourselves, purify ourselves, enlighten ourselves, become strong (the mystical phases: purification, illumination, strength), and only after that can we act. The awakening of the mystical life of the individual is the first and indispensable basis in the religious process realising itself in the ‘true descent,’ the descent of the light which cannot be swallowed up by darkness.

This awakened New Testament consciousness hearkens with the impatience of love to the Apocalyptic promises of the One who is the First and the Last: “Behold, I come quickly and my reward is with me. . . Blessed are they . . . that they may have a right to the tree of life and may enter in through the gates into the city.”

The subtle and deep analysis of the Russian soul, with all its rebellious impetuosity and its passion for devoted service, is a reminder of the prophetic word of Dostoiefsky concerning the ‘universal man’.

The Russian vagrant needs universal happiness to pacify him; he will not be appeased with less. . . . The Russian alone has acquired the capacity to become most Russian only when he is entirely a European; this is our most essential

distinction from all other nations To become a real Russian, to become entirely Russian, perhaps only means to become the brother of all, the universal man.

It may be said that this highest nationality, the Russian idea, has in these words received its loftiest expression. Such a super-personal capacity of synthesis can only take its source in the religious consciousness, which instinctively foresees the fundamental unity of all that lives. The Russian soul has been able to formulate the idea of the universal man, because the Russian is above all a Mystic, and out of the depths of his religious experiences is born his spiritual intuition. In this necessity of unity, in this wonderful capacity for synthesis, lies concealed the spiritual power which gives faith in the universal mission of Russia. The Russian cannot be satisfied with partial happiness and partial truth: his soul requires the *good of all* and *universal truth*.

V. Ivanoff has beautifully expressed this in his article about the Russian idea. He has realised that the Russian soul, with its love of unlimited space and boundless freedom, cannot be put into the bonds of conventional intellectual culture and conventional truth. It needs the pure mountain air, where breathing is easy, where light shines freely, and where is being joyfully prepared the union with humanity wrestling with darkness. That which V. Ivanoff calls "the process of descent" may more rightly be called "the process of unification," because he who is illuminated by the light of the higher knowledge must not descend to his brothers to share their darkness and sin, but must raise them to himself to share the light he has found. This way is familiar to the Mysticism of all times; it inevitably blends with the experiences of the

summits, and for this reason it is not right to give it such an exclusive place in Christianity. The famous "Ṭaṭ ṭwam asi" of the Vedāntin is a no less luminous expression of the same deep religious realisation. Perhaps no other nation has such an organic spiritual link with ancient India as the Russian: Russian Mysticism and the religious philosophy of India possess strong links of union, and who knows—perhaps out of this ardent contact may be born the culture of the future.

The depth of our religious seeking requires unlimited freedom, and that is why the conventional chasuble of dogma, striving to put the living Spirit into bonds, is too strange and rigid for the Russian soul. Dogma is but the form, the vesture, and, like every form, it must develop and improve; there can be no stagnation anywhere. As religion grows less dogmatic and more spiritual and mystical, conflict and strife must cease; for the problems of the Spirit come into the foreground, and their mark is unity. The Spirit unites that which the form separates.

The deep mystical understanding of Christianity inevitably leads to Theosophy, and for this reason it may be said that every Mystic is already a Theosophist in his heart. Consequently the opposing of Theosophy to Christianity is simply a misunderstanding.

If it be really Russia's fate to say a new word to humanity, this may be only because she is able to bring forth a new religious consciousness; in her lies hidden the strength to bear 'the Christ,' that mystical Christ about whom prays the Apostle Paul.

The Spirit of Christ brings unification and not separateness; it pacifies and does not sow enmity; it hopes and believes, because it ceaselessly feels the presence

of the divine grace of all-embracing love ; and for this reason it never estranges itself from anybody, never opposes itself to anything, and never fears anything. It never disputes about the form, but creates a new life. It cares not for the intellectual expression of truth, but for the *truth itself*. And for this reason will risen Russia not quarrel about God, but will go to God ; she will not dogmatically affirm the universal phenomenon of the Christ, but she will *walk in His steps*. Imbued with a Theosophical view of the world, she will not engage in rivalry with other nations, or other religions, but will realise the universal synthesis in religious realms, as she is striving to realise it in social realms. Throwing off all the fetters of dogmatism and all the fetters of separateness, she will joyfully and humbly go to Him, who said, "the truth shall make you free" (*S. John*, viii, 32).

Anna Kamensky

THE WONDER TREE OF KUMBUM

By JOHAN VAN MANEN

SINCE the Lord Buddha attained Nirvāṇa under the Bo-tree at Buddha Gāya this tree has become an object of worship to all Buddhists and "came to occupy much the same position among Buddhists as the cross among Christians".¹ The branch from the off-shoot of the original tree, brought in the middle of the third century B. C. to Anurādhapura in Ceylon and still growing there, participated in the honours paid to its parent. It is not strange that in the subsequent history of Buddhism this symbol should become an example leading to imitation, and we do indeed find another famous tree worshipped by and receiving homage from the Buddhists. This is the widely famed Wonder Tree of Kumbum, venerated and renowned all over Tibet, Mongolia and China, in fact all over the countries where so-called Northern Buddhism and Lamaism prevail. It is sacred to the memory, not of the Buddha himself, but of Tsong-kha-pa, the great Buddhist reformer of Tibet, who lived from about 1356 to about 1418. Kumbum, it may be added, is now a large Lamaist Monastery, on the Tibeto-Chinese frontier, about 92° W. and 37° N., not far from (the town) Hsi-ning-fu to the north and (lake) Koko Nor to the West.

¹ T. W. Rhys Davids, *Buddhism*, p. 39.

The worship paid to these two trees in the Buddhist religion has not necessarily any connection with the various forms of tree worship prevalent over nearly all the world. Two of the more prominent forms of this worship are traced to a belief in a sympathetic relation between the life of trees and human beings, and in the presence of spirits, demons or gods in the trees. On the other hand there is a direct analogy between Bo-worship and the worship in Christian times, at Samosata, of the sacred tree, honoured as the wood of Christ's cross. This growth of a new tradition to justify or at least to modify an old survival recurred also in Palestine, where holy trees are often connected with the names of saints or prophets, sometimes with appropriate traditions.¹

In Jigs-med nam-kha's *History of Buddhism in Mongolia* we read² that when Tsong-kha-pa was born many miraculous signs accompanied his birth, and further :

From the blood shed upon severing the umbilical cord a white sandal tree (tsan-dan kar-poi dong-po) sprung up and on each of its leaves the effigy of Jina Simhadhvani was found imprinted, one hundred thousand in all. With this phenomenon as a starting point the place was transformed into a chaitya and at present it is known as Kumbum (the 100,000 effigies).

This is, however, not the only version of the origin of the tree. Grünwedel³ simply says that the house in which Tsong-kha-pa was born was said to have stood under a beautiful white sandal tree. Huc tells us that when the boy Tsong-kha-pa entered the religious life and his mother, according to custom, shaved his head "and threw his fine long flowing hair outside the tent

¹ *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 11th Ed., xxvii., 235-238.

² Huth, *Geschichte des Buddhismus in der Mongolei*, Text p. 112, Translation p. 176.

³ Grünwedel, *Mythologie des Buddhismus in Tibet und der Mongolei*, p. 70.

there forthwith sprung a tree, the wood of which dispensed an exquisite perfume around, and each leaf of which bore, engraved on its surface, a character in the ascred language of Tibet".¹ Przewalski and Wellby let the tree spring up in the place where Tsong-kha-pa's swaddling clothes were buried, and Potanin simply in the place where Tsong-kha-pa was born.²

The same discrepancies occur in the descriptions of the images, pictures, or letters seen on the leaves of the remarkable tree. Huc describes them as on each leaf "a character in the sacred language of Tibet," and, in another passage, says there are "upon each of the leaves well-formed Tibetan characters, all of a green colour, some darker, some lighter, than the leaf itself". Sarat Chandra Das³ records the information that svayambhu characters are observable on the leaves. Jigs-med nam-kha, as we have seen, spoke of effigies of Simhadhvani (Seng-gei nga-ro) whereas Grünwedel mentions Buddha Simhanāda (Seng-ge sgra) as impressed on the leaves. In 1883 three Catholic missionaries saw characters on some young branches; they were of the colour of chicory-coffee.⁴ Rockhill⁵ reported in 1889 that at that time only images of Tsong-kha-pa were seen on the leaves, as was the case when Lieutenant Kreitner visited Kumbum ten years earlier. Count Bela Szechenyi writes⁶ that the image of the Buddha has long

¹ Huc, *Recollections of a Journey through Tartary, Tibet and China*. English translation of 1852, ii., 84, but fuller in the Chicago edition (Open Court Pub. Co.), 1898, ii., 40. French edition (6th, 1878), ii., 107.

² Filchner, *Das Kloster Kumbum in Tibet*, Sixth chapter, p. 104, *passim*.

³ S. C. Das, *The Sacred and Ornamental Characters of Tibet*, J. A. S. B., 1888, p. 44.

⁴ *T'oung Pao*, iv., 118.

⁵ Rockhill, *The Land of the Lamas*, p. 68.

⁶ Filchner, *op. cit.*, p. 112.

since ceased to appear on the foliage of the tree. The last occasion on which this happened was in the year 1869. At that time a great mandarin had visited the monastery and he had found a leaf of the tree with the image of the Buddha. Potanin¹ speaks of dispersed spots on a young twig, not unlike letters, yellow on a cerise background. Wellby² says that "a true believer" can distinctly trace the figure of Sākya-muni or His name in Tibetan characters. Some priests of Kumbum asserted the one, some the other, but the Head of the monastery affirmed that on some leaves the figure may be seen, on others the characters. [Lastly we may cite H. P. B. who writes³ "that the characters which appear upon the different portions of the Kounboun [Kumbum] are in the Sansar (or language of the Sun) characters (ancient Sanskrit); and that the sacred tree, in its various parts, contains *in extenso* the whole history of the creation, and in substance the sacred books of Buddhism. In this respect it bears the same relation to Buddhism as the pictures in the Temple of Dendera, in Egypt, do to the ancient faith of the Pharaohs." With all due respect and with all goodwill, we have not an inkling of an idea as to what she is here driving at.]

Now reports about botanical freaks of the kind here dealt with are not at all unknown. Rockhill and, after him, Filchner draw attention to a passage in the travels of Ibn Batatu, an Arabian of the fourteenth century, where he speaks⁴ of a tree he saw at Deh Fattan, on the Malabar Coast, in the courtyard of a mosque, and called

¹ Filchner, *op. cit.*, p. 118.

² Wellby, *Through Unknown Tibet*, p. 288.

³ *Isis Unveiled*, i., 440.

⁴ *Ibn Batatu*; Defremery's translation, iv., 85.

'the tree of testimony'. Every year there was a leaf on it on which was written "by the pen of divine power" the formula: "There is no God but God; and Muhammad is the envoy of God." The inhabitants used it to cure disease.

Henri d'Orléans in an article in defence of Father Huc's veracity¹ quotes a personal experience. He relates how he visited the famous wild papyrus at Syracuse. His guide, explaining the manufacture of paper by the ancients, cut one of these plants lengthwise and to his astonishment M. d'Orléans observed across the fibres of the strips small markings in which, with a little goodwill, one might discover Turkish, Samskr̥ṭ or Tibetan characters. This made him think of Kumbum and made him wonder if the Kumbum letters could not be similarly explained as a natural phenomenon, interpreted by honest though ignorant imagination.

G. Schlegel² found, in connection with the question under discussion, some curious references in Chinese literature with reference to the same point. From the work called *Red Pearls of Things and Objects* he extracted the following:

During the reign of *Chen-tsung* of the *Sung*-dynasty (A.D. 998—1022), a tree was cut down, whose veins looked like black varnish, continued from top to bottom, resembling in form Samskr̥ṭ letters.

In another tree the veins formed (Chinese) characters. Some showed the form of the seven stars of the northern peck (*Ursa Major*); others had the form of a Buddha-hand and another had the form of a snake. Another tree had marks resembling dragons, fishes, phoenixes and cranes. Another again showed marks as if one had painted with ink clouds, peaks, men and animals, coats and bonnets. The pillars of

¹ *A propos du Pere Huc. T'oung Pao, iv., 121.*

² *T'oung Pao, v., 459.*

the monastery *Tsung-sien* showed marks in the form of a Taoist priest, and the figure of the seven stars of the Great Bear.

During the reign of *Tai-tsung* of the *Tang*-dynasty (A.D. 763-779), a man of *Ching-tu-fu* (in *Sze-chuen*) named *Kwo-yuen* got possession of an auspicious tree, marked with the characters *T'ien-hia t'ai-p'ing* (Universal peace in the Empire). He offered it to the Governor, who made the following report upon it to the throne: "The influence of extreme virtue first adorns plants and trees, and the charm of universal peace forthwith forms writing. Prostrated, I hope that it will be stored up in the Secret Cabinet and communicated and delivered to the office of the Historiographers."

We have only to look over the records of mediæval sympathetic magic to find further instances of similar vegetable phenomena and coincidences, and I myself remember having been told the story of a tree which, when cut down, showed on the surface of the remaining stump, a perfectly outlined picture of a child's head.

Nevertheless the mere existence of such freaks does not finally explain the Kumbum stories.

First of all it is very ominous that many travellers have seen the tree, have bought or received leaves, and have found neither pictures nor letter-like markings on them. This fact becomes only the more suspicious when we learn that on several occasions they were told that the visibility of the characters stood in direct relation to the measure of their faith.¹

Secondly there is a case on record where a lama is reported to have confessed to fraud and to have explained that the characters were secretly printed or engraved on the tree and leaves in the night. This would certainly account for the change in the inscriptions. Sven Hedin's Mongolian servant, Loppsen, gave the same explanation during the former's visit to Kumbum in 1896.²

¹ Filchner, *op. cit.*, Ch. 6.

² Filchner, *op. cit.*, p. 125, and also *T'oung Pao*, iv., 389. See, however, also p. 458.

A further difficulty lies in the fact that there is more than one tree. Various travellers report the existence of two, three, four and five trees of the same kind, growing in various spots in or near the monastery. One of the claims connected with the Wonder Tree is, that it is the only one of its kind in the part of the world where it grows. This however is untrue : there are several specimens. European travellers have come to the conclusion that the Kumbum lamas, to whom the tree is a source of great income on account of the offerings deposited at its foot, and chiefly because of the sale of its miraculous leaves to the devout pilgrims coming from far and wide, who eat these leaves or drink decoctions from them as a medicine for various ailments—that these lamas grow a number of reserve specimens to replace at any time those at the actual offering places if by chance they should come to harm. The tree has been variously classified by different botanists of repute, and is now commonly thought to be *ligustrina amurensis* (more precisely, *syringa amurensis* Rupr.) or *syringa villosa*, and not a sandalwood tree as its Tibetan name would have it.

As a result of the existence of various trees growing in different places, much confusion has arisen in the descriptions of the tree by various travellers. Some describe one tree, others another, and the various reports often do not tally. It is often difficult to say whether the tree seen by one was identical with that seen by another, and the difficulty is still further enhanced by the fact that it is not even certain if the tree or trees (two only as a rule, amongst the several in the compound) which are shown to the pilgrims as the holy trees, are in reality *the* real Tsong-kha-pa

tree. Filchner¹ as well as Rockhill² mentions still another tree, standing in the courtyard of the Golden-roof Temple, which is the holiest of all trees. No European has as yet seen this tree, and it is suggested that this is the real Tsong-kha-pa tree.

We have thus seen that there is confusion everywhere. The legends about the genesis of the tree differ, the reports about the signs on bark or leaves differ. Some have seen pictures of Buddha, others of Tsong-kha-pa, or of some saint. Some have seen letters, others whole sentences, others, again, nothing at all, and different trees have been described. The only central fact that remains is the tradition about a holy miraculous tree, connected with a brisk trade in sacred leaves and a sustained receipt of offerings. No wonder that the explanations of the miracle are as different as the data they have to explain.

That the Chinese round about Kumbum firmly believe in the tree tradition points to the fact that, if there is fraud, it is a well-kept secret. The lamas most firmly deny any intervention and affirm the supernatural character of the phenomenon. A number of European observers, however, most emphatically deny the natural character of the phenomenon, and suggest that the characters and pictures are etched or painted on the bark and leaves with some kind of acid. "It seems there exists a miracle manufactory at Kumbum where in the night the relics, when dilapidated, are renovated."³ Others suggest the production of the marks by some heating process. The first explanation then is fraud.

¹ *Op. cit.*, p. 126.

² *Diary of a Journey through Mongolia and Tibet*, p. 69.

³ Filchner, *op. cit.* p. 111.

The second explanation is that of a *lusus naturae*, cases of which have been quoted above.

The third explanation is most ingenious and also leaves the possibility of natural action intact. The leaves of the various kinds of *syringa* are much subject to attack by borers which eat peculiar grooves into the tissue which dries up, leaving light spots which by some phantasy may be taken for Mongolian or Tibetan characters.¹ On this point Prof. Schlegel and Prof. Kern have contributed² some very interesting suggestions.

Prof. Kern writes on the Kumbum letters :

These characters are most probably only produced by a certain woodworm, which makes cuttings in wood, or in the leaves of a manuscript, accidentally resembling a letter. The Samskr̥ṭ name for a letter produced by this well-known insect is Ghuṇākṣara from ghuṇa 'woodworm' and akṣara 'letter'. 'By way of a guṇākṣara' is a proverbial locution for 'by mere chance, very accidentally.'

To this note Prof. Schlegel adds :

We take the liberty to add to Prof. Kern's note upon this subject, the following remarks drawn from natural history, which nearly always gives the clue to such apparent marvels, mentioned by simple, unscientific and unobservant travellers.

Insects whose ravages in leaves and bark of tree resemble writing-letters are by no means rare. We have them also in Europe. One of them belonging to the genus *Bostrichus*, has even obtained on that account the specific name of *Bostrichus*, or *Tomicus typographus*, called in Dutch the *letterzetter* (compositor). The larva of this beetle burrows, under the bark of fir-trees, grooves running into each other like a labyrinth and forming figures resembling more or less writing-letters. The complete insect has a length of about one-fourth or one-third of an inch, is hairy and jet black Another species, *Bostr. (Scolytus) destructor*, black, with red antennae and feet, lives especially under the bark of birch-trees, where each larva burrows separate grooves. In German this beetle is therefore called *Buchdrucker* (typographer, printer.)

¹ Dr. Diels in Filchner, *op. cit.*, p. 110; Bailey and Miller, *Cyclopedia of American Horticulture*, iv., 1759.

² *Young Pao*, iv., 457.

The third explanation then is that certain signs are produced by insects, which are exploited by the lamas, in profitable speculation on the credulity of the common people.

The fourth and last explanation, namely the occult one, as given by H. P. B., seems to me quite untenable, and therefore not to require detailed discussion.

Having now reviewed the whole question from several points of view, it is suitable to close my series of quotations with the remarks of B. Laufer¹ on this subject—remarks which show common sense and tend to bring back the subject of enquiry to its natural place amongst other phenomena in human life.

I should like to be here permitted to point out that this tree of Tsong-kha-pa is more than a merely artificial fabrication of the lamas, only intended as a source of revenue. This latter aim has to be regarded as only a secondary or tertiary development of its basic conception. It shows us rather the continuation of the primeval conception of tree-worship which we find elaborately manifested all over Eastern Asia, in India as well as in China. The feeling of veneration and admiration for old and majestic trees lives on in us also, and man in the incipient stages of religious experience met the majestic tree with holy awe and saw in it the seat of a divinity. In historical times exceptionally beautiful and honoured trees were dedicated to the memory of great personalities, were connected with their lives, and were made the centres of historical recollections and legendary traditions. This is the secondary element. Only very much later the third and last stage of development shows itself: the increasing social significance of these holy trees—as is the case with all centres of cults—their great influence on ever more numerous masses of the people who, full of faith, come on pilgrimages, and lastly the miraculous powers ascribed to these trees by priests, and the advertisement and the possibility of capitalisation connected with the business. Such a development is a universally human phenomenon, and is possible, and has in fact taken place everywhere, under similar given conditions; it is neither specifically Tibetan nor lamaic. The wall of my study is adorned with a simple pressed leaf of ivy on which in golden letters

¹ Introduction to Filchner, *op. cit.*

the verses "Alt-Heidelberg, du feine!" are impressed. It is a purchased souvenir of Heidelberg and is said to come from the ivy of the castle. What is the difference when the Kumbum lamas sell leaves from Tsong-kha-pa's tree, imprinted with pictures or sentences, to pious pilgrims? What is the difference, when photographs, albums or picture postcards are offered for sale at our great public monuments and do not cease to exercise an undiminishing attraction on the sight-seeking public? Have we not even to a certain extent laid an embargo on natural phenomena and put a tax on their enjoyment? Whoever wants to contemplate the Rhine-falls of Schaffhausen from the most advantageous point of view will have to consent willy-nilly to pay the entrance-fee demanded there from one and all. Far be it from me even to appear to blame the hospitable spot. I only mention it as an example of the fact that also in our civilisation, as well as in those of foreign nations, similar and analogous facts occur of which we are only too eager to emphasise the so-called darker sides without remaining conscious of the uniformity of human nature and the sameness of the development of psychic and historical processes. We have scarcely any ground to sit in judgment over the lamas on account of their commercial business in holy leaves, not perhaps, because we are not better, but because we recognise in this traffic the last stage of a process, lying beyond good and evil, independent of personal will, and the end of a long religio-socio-economic evolution.

Finally, if I were to put down what my private opinion is concerning the Wonder Tree and its leaves, I would say, that the simplest explanation, the one easiest to imagine and the one to account for the maximum number of elements of observation and tradition, would run somewhat as follows.

A child is born in a barbarous country and it becomes famous as a religious teacher when grown up; so its birthplace acquires a certain importance and in course of time becomes traditionally known with greater or lesser precision. At the same time it happens that at or near this birthplace there grows a specimen of the syringa tree, subject—according to its nature—to the attacks of a particular insect pest which marks its leaves in a peculiar way. The country is chiefly inhabited by

illiterate people. At some time someone discovers this tree and observes its strange markings. He consults a learned man, most likely a lama, a member of the only learned class—maybe a follower of Tsong-kha-pa—about these markings and asks whether they are inscriptions and what they say. The scholar not being a botanist or an entomologist, and only familiar with at most Samskr̥t, Tibetan, Mongolian and Chinese scripts, is not able satisfactorily to interpret the strange markings and finds in them—*omne ignotum pro magifico*—a mysterious portent, written in a language unknown to him.¹ What can this portent mean? Evidently it is connected with the great event of the local Nativity. Certainly the tree stood near—and after a while exactly on—the spot where Tsong-kha-pa was born. For was not Lord Gauṭama Buḍḍha born under a satin tree in the Lumbinī Gardens? Did He not attain Nirvāṇa under a Bo-tree; and did He not die under a sala-tree? Certainly, Tsong-kha-pa, second only to the Buḍḍha, must also have been sheltered at birth by a tree, or at least He must have had a tree marking His birth into the world or into the Order.²

(It is not necessary to suppose that the tree was already worshipped before that time; there is no evidence that it was then already a 'majestic' tree in Laufer's sense—or, for all that, has been one ever since.)

It may be that a case of some freak arrangement of the nervation of the leaves—especially when eagerly looked for—gave rise at some time to an additional miracle: the picture tradition arose. At first the wonder was a genuine one: a naïve and ignorant interpretation,

¹ Compare Edgar Allen Poe: 'The murderers in the Rue Morgue.'

² Compare Grunwedel, *Veroffentl. aus dem kgl. Museum f. Volkerkunde*, V, 127.

by miracle-haunted religious imagination and piety, of an obscure and not understood natural phenomenon. But time added new considerations. The tree became the centre of a religious act, of a religious movement; it became a source of profit and a centre of new inspiration and faith. The tree now must be safeguarded and its loss or death averted for the sake of religion and self-interest alike. The calamity of the cessation of the tree's wonders is first speculated upon, then feared, lastly it becomes a menace. Everything rather than lose the tree: and accordingly cuttings are planted, reserve trees are grown. In the final stages commercialism, policy and cunning lead to deception. When the wonder does not come off clearly enough and abundantly enough by unaided means, when the insects do not do their work properly, a helping hand is secretly lent, and—as in so many a spiritualistic case—discreet assistance helps the halting miracle over the stile. At this stage the tradition is spread that only true faith opens sight for the beholding of these things, just as in the German fairy-tale about the Emperor's new clothes, which were seen by all until an innocent child gave the show away. And even further, when a specially 'great mandarin' comes, the tree appositely produces a picture, just as S. Januarius' blood conveniently bubbled before Championet when the dilemma was: miracle or bombardment. In the meantime some monks, perhaps an inner group, a secret society¹, formed for the purpose and restored to full strength at each death of a member, perhaps unknown to the rest of the monks or to many of them, by means of a cunning manipulation

¹A name for the association may be easily imagined, i.e., 'Defenders of the Faith,' 'The Soldiers of Tsong-kha-pa,' 'The Knights of Kumbum,' or 'The Guardians of the Tree'.

of acids, periodically renew and keep up the wonder, as in some European place the patch of blood reminiscent of a mediæval murder may be painted up annually for the benefit of tourist and cicerone alike.

The conclusion: I hold that we have here a medley of elements based on a confused profusion of initial data and traditions in which it is difficult to determine a chief factor as characterising the whole process. Not wholly fraud, not wholly truth; not devoid of historical origins, yet unhistorical; rooted in natural phenomena, yet not free from artificial intervention—we need not recur to the supernatural to explain the Kumbum miracle; psychology, history and close observation will no doubt prove sufficient to furnish us some day with its perfectly natural and absolutely final explanation.

Johan van Manen

HINDU REALISM

(A REVIEW)

By F. OTTO SCHRÄDER, Ph.D., F. T. S.

*Hindu Realism: Being an Introduction to the Metaphysics of the Nyāya-Vaiśeṣhika System of Philosophy,*¹ by Jagadisha Chandra Chatterji, B.A., Vidyāvāridhi, is one of those rare books of which it can be said with certainty that they fill a gap. Not that the metaphysic of Hindū Realism has never before been treated by western writers—Colebrooke and Max Müller have written on it; but their essays on this subject hardly enable the western student of philosophy to “form an idea as to the *reason* or *reasons* why the Hindū Realists held, and do hold even now, the *metaphysical* doctrines which are taught in their system” (p. iv); and the same holds good, so far as we can see, with a still more recent attempt, viz., the chapters on Vaiśeṣhika and Nyāya in Deussen’s *Allgemeine Geschichte der Philosophie*, I, iii (1908). Moreover, all these essays are by no means exhaustive, but are based on very few sources only; while for the present book no less than twenty-three works on Vaiśeṣhika and Nyāya have been used. And the book also differs from its above-mentioned predecessors in another remarkable point, namely, that it is written

¹ Obtainable at the THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras. Price Rs. 3 or 4s. or \$1.

by a Hindū, and by one who has not only an eminently philosophical mind, but has moreover been trained in England in the methods of western philosophy. The beneficial effect of this training is conspicuous in most parts of the book: it has enabled the author to keep within bounds; to control his imagination; and to utilise the whole of this copious material with a discrimination and sense of proportion not often to be found in India.

The author proposes to deal with the mere metaphysics of the two systems, and, in doing so, to leave out entirely "all the later ideas" as well as "all consideration of the 'history' of the system" (pp. i, vi).

We are afraid that this plan was not definite enough to prevent all inconsistencies. In the course of the book (see, e.g., notes 11 and 12) certain ideas are rejected as 'late,' though they are, in all probability, not later than the origin of the combined system (Nyāya-Vaiśeṣika) which is the subject of the book. Again, one or two words at least ought to have been said in order to show that the scheme of the Padārthas, which is the skeleton and starting-point of the system also in Nyāya-Vaiśeṣika works such as *Bhāṣhā-pariccheda*, is irrelevant for its metaphysics. For this is by no means certain. We are of opinion, with Professor Deussen, that the Padārthas (*pada-artha*, 'word-meaning') are, or at least were originally, not merely logical but first of all metaphysical categories, Community (*sāmānya*), e.g., being imagined as a real occult force residing in things and making them appear as similar. Shaṅkarācārya says that, according to the Vaiśeṣikas, Entities, Qualities, etc., are as different as are a man, a horse, and a hare. That the Qualities are not mere products of the Entities, as the reader of *Hindu Realism* will

believe,¹ is also evident from *Vaish. Sū.* I, i, 9-10, teaching that Entities are originated by Entities, and Qualities by Qualities. This further shows that the old translation of *dravya* by 'substance' should not have been given up for 'entity'.

The introductory chapter (pp. 1-17), which is distinguished by its originality, contains in its first part a comparison of the Hindū idea of philosophy with that of the West. Never, so far as we are aware, has the fundamental difference between the two standpoints found such a precise expression as in this chapter, together with pages 140 and 141. "The object of philosophy—as understood by the ancient teachers of India—" is not "to *discover* metaphysical truths, is not the mere solution of an intellectual problem for its own sake On the contrary, the object of philosophy is to aid *suffering* man to understand truth which is put before him, so that, by understanding it, he may afterwards realise it; and by the realisation of truth may become free and thus end his sorrows and sufferings."

With this definition before one, it is easy to understand why most western professors of philosophy deny instinctively that the Hindū Darshanas are 'philosophy proper'. The ideal philosopher of the West is the one who doubts every and any thing; who wonders at those very things that are matters of course to others; while it is, as a rule, looked on as a sign of weakness, an abuse, a desecration, when philosophy is put into the service of the person. "Philosophy," says Eduard von Hartmann, "is hard, cold, and unfeeling like stone";

¹ See, e.g., p. 33: "They (the Paramāṇus) can be classified with reference to certain qualities which they produce."

it "seeks after truth recklessly, unconcerned whether that which it finds pleases or not the sentimental judgment labouring under the delusion of Desire".

After having confronted the western preconceptions (3) with those of the Hindūs (8), the author proceeds to classify and describe accordingly the well-known six orthodox systems, three of which, namely, the Karma-Mīmāṃsā, the Nyāya, and the Vaiśeṣika, are said to belong to the first or Creationist (Realist) standard of philosophy; two, viz., the Sāṃkhya and the Yoga, to the second or Psycho-dynamic standard; and one, the Advaita-Vedānta, to the third or Polyonymic standard. The contention, then, is—and this is No. 7 of the Hindū preconceptions—that the three standards are "not contradictory to one another, but together form a single and gradually advancing series". This is a somewhat bold statement in the face of so many Hindū philosophical authors (commentators) waging war against all of these systems except the one they profess; and though it is true that the three classes of philosophies are long widely known as such in India, even to the heretics, yet the idea of their forming a gradation and being compatible with each other is naturally rejected by all except the Advaitins and not very common even among the latter. This idea cannot, therefore, in our opinion, be reckoned with the general preconceptions of the Hindū mind. As to the names of the standards, we would have much preferred simply to translate the Saṃskṛt designations, not only of No. 1 ('Creationist Standard') but also of No. 2 ('Evolutionist Standard') and of No. 3 ('Illusionist Standard').

The body of the book is divided into two chapters, dealing respectively with (1) 'The Analytic Aspect,'

and (2) 'The Synthetic Aspect' of Nyāya-Vaiśeṣhika metaphysics. Only with the first of these chapters we shall deal *in extenso* here, because only this chapter contains the doctrines peculiar to Nyāya-Vaiśeṣhika.

The Analytic Part bears the sub-title 'The Nine Realities,' but it is not merely engaged with this first Padārtha of the system, but to some extent also with the others. We have already pointed out that the translation of *dravya* by Reality or Entity is not fortunate, because the other Padārthas (Quality, Action, Community Speciality, Inherence, Non-existence) are co-ordinated with *dravya*, not subordinated to it. *Dravya* is defined, in *Vaish. Sū.*, I, i, 15, as "that which has Action and Quality, and is Inherent Cause"; and since 'substance' means in itself nothing more nor less than 'substratum receptacle' (*āshraya*), there is really no reason for rejecting this word which expresses better than any other English word, so far as we can see, the difference between *dravya* and the other Padārthas. If it be objected that for instance Time (one of the Dravyas) cannot well be called a substance, we answer that Time in modern western philosophy is as surely no substance as the Time of Nyāya-Vaiśeṣhika is one because of the Qualities inherent in it. The word substance does not necessarily mean something solid; never, for instance, when applied to the Absolute.

Of the 'nine Realities,' the 'four classes of minima' (Paramāṇus) and the Ātman are naturally described at greater length than the rest, some twenty-five pages being devoted to each of them.

On Paramāṇu we learn something altogether new, viz., that it is not an 'atom'—which is the usual rendering of the word in the West—but an *unspatial entity*.

This follows first of all from the idea that, destruction being dissolution into parts, all things having parts are destructible; while the minima are *ex hypothesi* indestructible. Then it follows from the consideration, that a thing having parts, i.e., being capable of dissolution into simpler elements, is for this very reason not an ultimate element as the minima are supposed to be. And finally: Ether could not be all-pervading, as it must be, "if the ultimate constituents of sensible things were composed of solid, hard and extended particles with magnitude, however small". According to this view, then, Paramāṇus are "things of no magnitude, i.e., of the nature of points"; these first "relate themselves together in twos" (*dvyanuka*), i.e., things "of the nature of a line," viz., "the shortest possible line"; and these latter "combine in numbers not less than three" (*trasareṇu*), and, by doing so, produce things having magnitude, i.e., length, breadth and thickness. Among the produced, i.e., compound forms of matter, are also the so-called four elements (*bhūta*) such as we perceive them.¹ They must by no means be confounded with the four classes of Paramāṇus (minima) by which they are produced. There exist these four classes, no more, of minima producing sensible matter—for Ether reckoned with the elements in other systems does not consist of minima—but a fifth class of minima is formed by Manas 'mind,' the inner organ, of which, however, there is one only in each individual (pp. 21-47).

¹ The very fact of their being called *bhūta*, "become, produced," is not in favour of the translation 'element'. It would seem that this term *bhūta* was introduced in order to contrast these secondary elements with the pure or uncombined elements called *tan-matra*, i.e., 'this alone,' in Samkhya philosophy.

It would be interesting to know whether the above conception of the 'atom' as an unspatial entity, which is of course infinitely superior to Greek atomism, can be traced back to the early Vaisheshika literature. Unfortunately all of the passages referred to by our author are only from Nyāya sources. The *Vaisheshika Sūtras* on the whole strike one as rather crude. Manas, e.g., which is minimal like the Paramāṇus, is said to move extremely quickly, which cannot well refer to anything else but local movement. If, therefore, in *Vaish. Sū.*, VII, i, 10, the ultimate atom is called *parimaṇḍala*, 'all-round, globular,'¹ we cannot help believing that the Paramāṇu taught by Kaṇāda was not unspatial but had a minimum of extension, i.e., that it was thought of as an ultimate entity which is only theoretically but not practically reducible to still smaller elements. As a matter of fact, Vaisheshika and Nyāya-Vaisheshika texts speak of the minima not as having no extension at all, but they assert that "all substances whatever possess two Measures or Extensions"² (cf. *Vaish. Sū.*, VII, i, 16-17; *Prashasta*, p. 130; *Bhā. Pari.*, 109) in that they are either 'large' and 'long,' or 'small' and 'short'. "Largeness and length exist in substances from tertiary atomic aggregates upwards to composite wholes," while binary atomic aggregates are 'small' and 'short,' and "extreme smallness and extreme shortness exist in the ultimate atoms". The passage from which this is taken (*Upaskāra ad Vaish. Sū.*, VII, i, 8) concludes with a significant note, viz.: "Some maintain that length and

¹ The sphere is the perfect body also in Greek philosophy. However, the atoms of Demokritos are not spherical but of various sizes.

² *Upaskāra*. Here and in the following I quote from Nandalal Sinha's translation (*Sacred Books of the Hindus*, Vol. VI), the Sanskrit original being at present not available to me. Presumably the latter has *parimana* for "measures and extensions".

shortness do not exist in the eternal substances," etc. Here, then, we have apparently the later and more advanced view which is opposed by Shankara Mishra with the words: "Wherever there is minuteness, there is shortness; where there is eternal minuteness, there is eternal shortness" (*ibid.*, ad VII, i, 17).

However this may be, it is an unproved contention that "the Hindū realists of all shades have always maintained" that the ultimate constituents of sensible things are without any magnitude (p. 24).

What is different in the different classes of Paramāṇus? Not, of course, their weight or measure, but only their *capacity* to produce that which affects our senses (p. 43); more precisely, only those 'eternal' Qualities in them which are the cause of the corresponding 'non-eternal' Qualities of compound bodies affecting our senses. There are, however, no subclasses in Paramāṇus, because the varieties of a special quality do not differ *essentially* from one another (p. 44). Paramāṇus produce both the senses and their objects; for instance: smell and odour are both of them produced by Earth-Paramāṇus' (p. 45).

For *sparsha*, 'touch,' a new translation is introduced, viz., 'temperature,' and in conformity herewith our author speaks also of 'thermal matter' and the 'Temperature-Sense'. "Sparsha as a quality is distinctly stated to be only of three kinds, namely, hot, cold, and neither-hot-nor-cold. It is also added that 'hardness, softness' and the like are *not* forms of sparsha but are forms of contact (*Samyoga-viśeṣāḥ*). In these

¹ This theory is also found outside India. Empedokles, e.g., says that we recognise the earth, etc., outside ourselves by means of the earth, etc., within ourselves.

circumstances it is misleading to translate *sparsha* by touch" (p. 164).

It is, indeed, most probable that already in the *Vaisheshika-Sūtras* *sparsha* means only 'temperature,' for the commentaries always understand the word in this sense only. But that the rendering of *tvag-indriya* by Temperature-Sense is too narrow, apart from its being too free, may be gathered from the continuation of the passage referred to above of the *Kandali*.¹ There the reason for distinguishing the Temperature from the Tactile Impressions is given with the words: "because they (hardness, softness, etc.) are perceivable by both the senses"; which means: while Temperature is perceived by Touch only, Pressure may be perceived by either Touch or Sight, or by both of them. This reminds one of the theory of the General and the Special Qualities of matter: any Special Quality of matter, such as odour, flavour, etc., is present in certain things only and perceived by one sense only, while General Qualities, such as impenetrability, are present in everything sensible and can be perceived by more senses than one (p. 34, etc.). Pressure, then, as the object of Touch in its tactile application, is a General Quality of matter; it is a complex sensation, not a simple one.

Here we have the pleasure of stating that the *Vaisheshikas*, in distinguishing the Sensations of Temperature from those of Pressure and again those of Pain (the eighteenth Quality), have practically reached the standpoint of modern Psychology. Wundt, the greatest living psychologist, teaches that "the General Sense comprises four systems of sensation differing specifically

¹ Ed. p. 106 (not 102). Punctuate: . . . *samyoga-visheṣhaḥ; na sparshan-taram, ubhavendriya-grahyatvat.*

from one another, viz., sensations of pressure, of cold, of warmth, and of pain ”.

Though there are five senses there are but four classes of Paramāṇus, because one class of sensations, viz., the sounds, does not inhere in Paramāṇus but in an all-pervading Entity called *Ether (ākāsha)*. Sound cannot inhere in some class of Paramāṇus because no form of matter is known to which sound is essential, i.e., from which sound is never absent. Yet sound, being a Quality, must inhere in some Entity. This Entity is the all-pervading continuum which serves also as a medium for the union of the Paramāṇus. It is absolutely motionless, because as a continuum it cannot consist of discrete parts. The sense of hearing is itself nothing but Ether “conditioned in particular ways” (pp. 47-53).

The next chapter, on Kāla and Dik (pp. 54-61), is specially valuable because it removes certain widely spread misconceptions. The word *kāla* means ‘time’; but time in the usual sense is only a product of that cosmic Entity called also Kāla, which plays a part in Hindū Realism (and, we may add, in most Indian philosophical systems). Kāla is the general principle of movement, the power or force which urges things onward and, in doing so, gives rise to the notions of past, present, and future.—Things, though being operated on by Kāla, hold relative positions; it follows that there must be another power opposing Kāla, by which they are held together in these positions. This power is *Dik* (‘direction, region, quarter’), and it produces the notions of far, near, east, west, etc., just as Kāla produces the temporal relations. Dik is not Space, though it produces the notions of spatial directions. Only Ether

might be called space, because it relates to Dik as, e.g., a wall relates to the pictures fastened on it. Still Dik is also all-pervading, and so is Kāla.

There follows the long chapter on the Ātman (pp. 61-87) most of which consists of a lucid refutation of materialism based on arguments from Nyāya-Vaiśeṣika, Sāṃkhya, and Vedānta. The latter two had been better dispensed with; then we might have learned, e.g., whether in Indian Realism too (and not only in the Bhāmatī) 'psychical phenomena' are adduced as proofs of Ātman.

The Realist view of the Ātman (p. 62) differs from that of the other standards in that it regards the Ātman not as consciousness itself, but as that in which consciousness inheres, as the substratum of consciousness. For it is taken for granted by the Realist that consciousness is a Quality, and consequently that there must be some Entity in which the Quality inheres. The Ātman, like all Entities, is unchangeable; but it is also omnipresent (like Ether, Kāla, and Dik), as is proved by its producing Adr̥ṣṭa, i.e., karmic relations to beings and places which may be far distant at that time from the body belonging to the Ātman concerned. There is, however, a plurality of Ātmans, not only one, because otherwise everybody would be conscious of the feelings and thoughts of everybody else. The picture is complete, if we add, from the later part of the book, that "the Ātman being infinite in nature" is "without any distinguishing features which may differentiate it from other Ātmans" (p. 153). That is to say: Ātmans in themselves are all alike (p. 136), but their relation to Matter differs according to the body with which they are connected.

Nothing more extraordinary for a western mind than this Nyāya-Vaiśeṣika doctrine of an infinite number of all-pervading souls, all of which are exactly alike and unchangeable! Classical Sāṅkhya, it is known, also holds this astounding view. Vijñānabhikṣu commenting on it (*ad Sūtram* I, 151) says that it is not contradictory because *avibhāga* is compatible with *anyonyābhāva*, i.e., things coinciding in space need not therefore be identical. He does not illustrate this, but an example at hand from Indian literature is that of the mixture of milk and water from which the clever flamingo is able to extract the milk; and another is the interpenetration of the several bodies of man. So the all-pervadingness of the Ātmans may perhaps be looked at as intelligible. But the remaining two features remain enigmatical. One feels inclined to believe that this whole description of the Ātman-in-itself means in reality nothing but that the souls are all of them beyond the realm of the imaginable (*noumena*).

The Realist's conception of the Ātman would, in all probability, have become more definite, had the idea of space-transcendence entered his mind. In the system as we have it, the Ātman is 'beyond place' (*desātīta*), i.e., not localised, merely in regard to its omnipresence (*vibhūtvā*); while the minima (Atoms and Mind), though perhaps not *occupying* any space, have yet each of them always their *position in space* (like the mathematical points).

The ninth and last Entity (or, as we prefer to say, Substance) is *Manas*, the Mind. The fact that we are sometimes 'absent-minded,' further, the succession in experience, and the recollection of things forgotten, prove the existence of a special organ used

by the Ātman as an instrument for experiencing thoughts and feelings. Manas mediates inner experience, just as the senses mediate outer experience. Manas not being conceivable as consisting of parts, it must be eternal. And everything eternal being either infinitely small or all-pervading, Manas must be the former because otherwise succession of perception, etc., could not take place. Succession of perception, etc., proves also that there is only one Manas in each sentient being (pp. 88-92).

There are, then, as many Manases as there are Ātmans, and all of these Manases are also exactly alike, just as are, e.g., all Earth-Paramāṇus. Yet the Manas is an important organ, because it connects the infinite Ātman with the finite world.

So far the Analytic Part of the book. As to the 'Synthetic Aspect' (pp. 95-154), we have said already that we do not propose to deal with it *in extenso*. The Synthetic Aspect, which is, according to our author, "exactly the same in all the three standards," deals with the impossibility of a first beginning, the sensible and super-sensible worlds, Saṁskāras (faculties, morally indifferent) and Adṛṣṭa (potentialities of moral worth), Reincarnation, Chaos and Kosmos, meaning of progress, eternality of the Veda, the three steps on the way to Liberation (Hearing, Reasoning, and Yoga), and Liberation itself. The whole of this part is a very good piece of work and in no way inferior to the 'Analytic Aspect'. One cannot help regretting that it has not become a book by itself (accessible to the public at large), namely, a general introduction to Hindū philosophy. This would have been better also for another reason, namely, because, in our opinion, the

Synthetic Aspect is not perhaps exactly the same in the three standards. It seems, e.g., that as to Adr̥ṣṭa the views are not altogether identical.

The 'List of Authorities and Sources' at the beginning of the book contains separately, and in historical order so far as possible, the literature used of the Vaiśeṣhika, the Nyāya, the Nyāya-Vaiśeṣhika, and other systems. This valuable list covers eight full pages. Of book No. 5 we know also an edition with commentary (*Nyāyamuktāvalī*), viz., the one published in the *Paṇḍit* in 1900.

In the 'Key to the Pronunciation of Saṁskṛt Words' we are struck with the notice that ph (फ़) should be pronounced "as in philosophy". The majority of Indian Paṇḍits are not likely to agree with this.

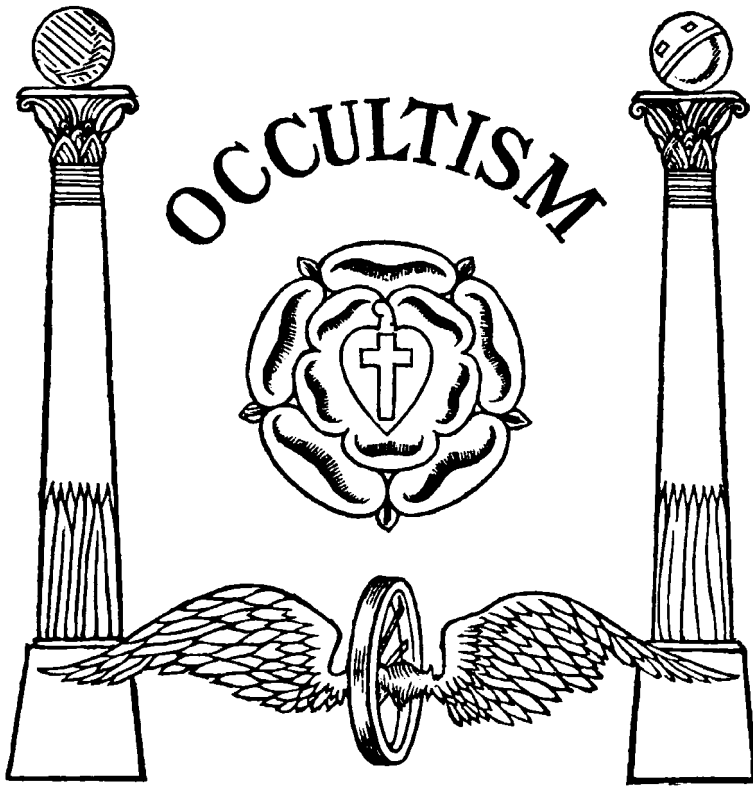
Mr. Chatterji's *Hindu Realism* is an instructive and stimulating work, which should not be overlooked by anybody interested in Indian philosophy.

Dr. F. Otto Schröder

A REVERIE

By R. W. BELL

Standing on the lonely shore
With the Veil of Night around me,
Listening to the muffled roar
Of the everlasting sea,
As I gazed out in the blackness,
Past that long, white, moaning line
Of restless breakers rolling inward,
It came to me that 'twas a sign
Of God's eternal Strength and Patience
Manifested in His creatures,
Shown in all the words around us—
Nature's beauty, and the grandeur
Of the starlit Heavens above us;
And I, too, though very feebly
Tried to praise Him for His mercy
Who had loved us into being
By the Uttering of a Word.



HIGHER CONSCIOUSNESS

By C. W. LEADBEATER, F. T. S.

(Concluded from Vol. XXXIV, No. 6, p. 910)

LET us see what further advantages are gained by the man who has opened for himself the mental consciousness. Once again he passes through the experience already described, for he finds that this higher plane is thrilling with a glory and a bliss beside which even the wonderful vigour of the astral life pales its ineffectual fires. Once more he feels that now at

last he has reached the true life, of which before he had only an inefficient and inaccurate reflection. Again his horizon is widened, for now the vast world of the Form-Angels opens before his astonished eyes. He sees now the whole of humanity—the enormous hosts who are out of incarnation as well as the comparatively few who possess vehicles upon the lower planes. Every man who is in physical or astral life must necessarily possess a mental body, and it is that which now represents him to the sight of the student who has come thus far on his way; but, in addition to this, the great army of those who are resting in the heaven-world is now within his view—though as each is confined entirely within his own shell of thought, these men can hardly be regarded as in any sense of the word companions.

The visitor to their world can act upon them to the extent of flooding them with thoughts, say of affection. These thoughts cannot so far penetrate the shell of the men who are enjoying their heaven-life as to carry with them any feeling of definite affection from the sender which could make them conscious of him, or evoke in them a reply directed personally towards him; but the stream of affection can act upon the inhabitant of the heaven-world in precisely the same way as the warmth of the sun can operate upon the germ within the egg and hasten its fructification, or intensify whatever pleasurable sensations it may be supposed to have. Again, though these men in the heaven-world are not readily accessible to any influence from without, they are themselves pouring forth vibrations expressing the qualities most prominent in them; so the visitor to that world may bathe himself in such emanations as he chooses, and may go round selecting his type of emanation just

as a visitor to Harrogate selects the variety of mineral water which he will drink, testing first one spring and then another.

Between those who are fully conscious on the mental plane there is a far closer union than has been possible at any lower level. A man can no longer deceive another with regard to what he thinks, for all mental operations lie open for everyone to see. Opinions or impressions can now be exchanged not only with the quickness of thought but with perfect accuracy, for each now receives the exact idea of the other—clean, clear-cut, instantaneous—instead of having to try to puzzle his way to it through a jungle of inexpressive words. At this level a man may circle the world actually with the speed of thought; he is at the other side of it even as he formulates the wish to be there, for in this case the response of matter to thought is immediate, and the will can control it far more readily than on any lower level.

It has often been said in connection with meditation that there is much greater difficulty in governing thoughts than emotions, and that the mental elemental is less susceptible to control than the astral. For us down here this is usually so, but if we wish to understand the matter aright we must try to see why it is so. The physical body is along certain lines obedient to the action of the will, because we have carefully trained it to be so. If we desire to lift an arm, we can lift it; if we desire to walk to a certain place, if the physical body is in health, we can get up and walk to it with no more resistance on the part of the body than the expression of its ordinary indolence or love of ease. When, however, the physical body has set

up bad habits of any kind, it often proves exceedingly refractory and difficult to restrain. It is in such cases that the distance and difference in density between the controlling ego and its lowest vehicle become painfully evident. The management of the astral vehicle is in reality much easier, though many people find it difficult because they have never previously attempted it. The moment that one really thinks clearly of the matter this is obvious. It is not easy to banish by thought-power a raging toothache, though even that can be done under certain conditions; it *is* comparatively easy by thought-power to banish depression or anger or jealousy. The desire-elemental may be persistent in obtruding these feelings upon the man's notice; but at any rate they clearly are under his control, and by repeatedly throwing them off immunity from them can unquestionably be obtained.

Still more definitely is this true, and easier still ought to be our task, when we pass to the mental world. It seems to us more difficult to bridle thought than emotion because most of us have made at least some experiments in the direction of repressing emotion, and we have been taught from childhood that it is unseemly to allow it to display itself unchecked. On the other hand, we have been in the habit of allowing our thoughts to roam fancy-free, and it is probably only in connection with school lessons that we have reluctantly torn them back from their wanderings and tried to concentrate them on some definite task. To induce us to do even this much, exterior compulsion is usually required in the shape of constant exhortation from the teacher or the stimulus of emulation among our fellows in the class. It is because so little effort has been made

by the average man in the direction of the regulation of thought that he finds it so difficult, and indeed almost impossible, when he begins the practice of meditation. He finds himself in conflict with the habits of the mental elemental, who has been used to have things all his own way, and to drift from subject to subject at his own sweet will.

Our struggle with him is in some ways different from that which we have already waged against the desire-elemental; and the reason for this will be obvious if we remember his constitution. He represents the downward-pouring life of the Solar Deity at the earliest stage of its immeshing in matter—that which we usually call the First Elemental Kingdom. Consequently, he is less used to material confinement than is the desire-elemental, who belongs to a later kingdom, and is one whole stage lower down in the scale of matter. He is consequently more active than the desire-elemental—more restless, but less powerful and determined; he is in the nature of things easier to manage, but much less used to management; so that it takes far less actual exertion of strength to control a thought than a desire, but it needs a more persistent application of that strength. Remember that we are now at the level of thought, where literally thoughts are things; and this restive mental matter which we find so difficult to govern is the very home and definite vehicle of the mind with which we are to control it. That mind is here on its own ground and is dealing with its own matter, so that it is only a question of practice for it to learn to manage it perfectly; whereas, when we endeavour to rule the desire-elemental, we are bringing down the mind into a world which is foreign to it, and imposing an alien

ascendency from without, so that we are badly equipped for the struggle.

To sum up then : control of mind is in itself far easier than control of the emotions, but we have had a certain amount of practice in the latter, and as a rule almost no practice at all in the former ; and it is for that reason only that the mental exercise seems so difficult to us. Both of them together constitute a far easier task than the perfect mastery of the physical body ; but this latter we have been to some extent practising during a number of previous lives, though our achievements along that line are even yet notably imperfect. A thorough comprehension of this matter should be distinctly encouraging to the student ; and the result of such comprehension is vividly to impress upon him the truth of the remark made in *The Voice of the Silence* that this earth is the only true hell which is known to the Occultist.

Let us now take one step farther, and turn our attention to the upper part of the mental plane, which is inhabited by the ego in his causal body. Now at last the veils have fallen away, and for the first time we meet man to man without possibility of misunderstanding. Even in the astral world the consciousness is already so different from that which we know down here that it is practically impossible to give any coherent idea of it, and this difficulty increases as we attempt to deal with higher planes. Here thoughts no longer take form and float about as they do at lower levels, but pass like lightning-flashes from one soul to another. Here we have no newly-acquired vehicles, gradually coming under control and learning by degrees more or less feebly to express the soul within ; but we are face to

face with one body older than the hills, an actual expression of the Divine Glory which ever rests behind it, and shines through it more and more in the gradual unfolding of its powers. Here we deal no longer with outer forms, but we see the things in themselves—the reality which lies behind the imperfect expression. Here cause and effect are one, clearly visible in their unity, like two sides of the same coin. Here we have left the concrete for the abstract; we have no longer the multiplicity of forms, but the idea which lies behind all those forms.

Here the *essence* of everything is available; we no longer study details;—we no longer talk round a subject or endeavour to explain it; we take up the essence or the idea of the subject and move it as a whole, as one moves a piece when playing chess. This is a world of realities, where not only is deception impossible but also unthinkable; we deal no longer with any emotions, ideas or conceptions, but with the thing in itself. It is impossible to express in words the ordinary traffic of ideas between men in fully-developed causal bodies. What down here would be a system of philosophy, needing many volumes to explain it, is there a single definite object—a thought which can be thrown down as one throws a card upon a table. An opera or an oratorio, which here would occupy a full orchestra for many hours in the rendering, is there a single mighty chord; the methods of a whole school of painting are condensed into one magnificent idea; and ideas such as these are the intellectual counters which are used by egos in their converse one with another.

There also we meet a higher order of Angels, more splendid but less comprehensible to our dull faculties.

There for the first time we have fully unrolled before us all the stories of all the lives which have been lived upon our globe, the actual living record of the past; for this is the lowest plane on which the Divine Memory reflects itself. Here for the first time we see our lives as one vast whole, of which our descents into incarnation have been but the passing days. Here the great scheme of evolution is unfolded before us, so that we can see clearly what is the Divine Will for us.

The ordinary man is as yet but little developed as an ego; he needs the grosser matter of far lower planes in order to be able to sense vibrations and respond to them. But an ego who is awakened and is truly alive upon his own plane is indeed a glorious object, and gives us for the first time some idea of what God means man to be. The egos are still separate, yet intellectually they fully realise their inner unity, for they see one another as they are and can no longer blunder or fail to comprehend.

Strange as even that must seem when looked at from below, and far removed as it is from our ordinary conceptions of life, our next step brings us into a region even less possible to be grasped by the lower mind; for when we follow the man into the intuitional world, developing what used to be called the buddhic consciousness, we are in the presence not only of an indefinite extension of various capacities, but also of an entire change of method. From the causal body we looked out upon everything, understanding, seeing everything exactly as it is and appraising it at its true value, yet still maintaining a distinction between subject and object, still conscious that we *looked upon* that which we so thoroughly comprehended. But now a change has

come ; the comprehension is more perfect and not less, but it is from within instead of from without. We no longer *look upon* a person or upon an object, no matter with what degree of kindness or of sympathy ; we simply *are* that person or that object, and we know him or it as we know the thought of our own brain or the movement of our own hand.

It is not easy even to suggest the subtle change which this casts over everything—the curiously different value which it gives to all the actions and relations of life. It is not only that we understand another man still more intimately ; it is that we feel ourselves to be acting through him, and we appreciate his motives as our own motives, even though we may perfectly understand that another part of ourselves, possessing more knowledge or a different view-point, might act quite differently. All through our previous evolution we have had our own private view-point and our own qualities, which were cherished because they were our own—which seemed to us in some subtle way different from the same qualities when manifested in others ; but now we lose entirely that sense of personal property in qualities and in ideas, because we see that these things are truly common to all, because they are part of the great reality which lies equally behind all. So personal pride in individual development becomes an utter impossibility, for we see now that personal development is but as the growth of one leaf among the thousands of leaves upon a tree, and that the important fact is not the size or shape of that particular leaf, but its relation to the tree as a whole ; for it is only of the tree as a whole that we can really predicate permanent growth.

Down here we meet people of different dispositions ; we study them, and we say to ourselves that under no conceivable circumstances could we ever act or think as they do, and though we sometimes talk of 'putting ourselves in the other man's place,' it is generally a feeble, half-hearted, insufficient substitution ; but in the intuitional world we see clearly and instantly the reason for those actions which here seem so incomprehensible and repugnant, and we readily understand that it is we ourselves in another form who are doing those very things which seem to us so reprehensible, and we recognise that to that facet of ourselves such action is quite right and natural. We find that we have ceased altogether to blame others for their differences from ourselves; we simply note them as other manifestations of our own activity, for now we see reasons which before were hidden from us. Even the evil man is clearly seen to be part of ourselves—a weak part ; so our desire is not to blame him, but to help him by pouring strength into that weak part of ourselves, so that the whole body of humanity may be vigorous and healthy.

When in the causal body, we already recognised the Divine Consciousness in all; when we looked upon another ego, that Consciousness leaped up in him to recognise the Divine within us. Now it no longer leaps to greet us from without, for it is already enshrined within our hearts. We *are* that consciousness and it is *our* consciousness. There is no longer the 'you' and the 'I,' for we both are one—both facets of something that transcends and yet includes us both.

Yet in all this strange advance there is no loss of the sense of individuality, even though there is an utter loss of the sense of separateness. That seems a paradox,

yet it is obviously true. The man remembers all that lies behind him. He is himself, the same man who did this action or that in the far-off past. He is in no way changed, except that now he is much more than he was then, and feels that he includes within himself many other manifestations as well. If here and now a hundred of us could simultaneously raise our consciousness into the intuitional world, we should all be one consciousness, but to each man that would seem to be his own, absolutely unchanged except that now it included all the others as well.

To each it would seem that it was *he* who had absorbed or included all those others; so we are here manifestly in the presence of a kind of illusion, and a little further realisation makes it clear to us that we are all facets of a greater consciousness, and that what we have hitherto thought to be *our* qualities, *our* intellect, *our* energy, have all the time been His qualities, His intellect, His energy. We have arrived at the realisation in actual fact of the time-honoured formula: "Thou art That." It is one thing to talk about this down here and to grasp it, or think that we grasp it, intellectually; but it is quite another to enter into that marvellous world and *know* it with a certainty that can never again be shaken.

Yet it must not be supposed that when a man enters upon the lowest subdivision of that world, he at once becomes fully conscious of his unity with all that lives. That perfection of sense comes only as the result of much toil and trouble, when he has reached the highest subdivision of this realm of unity. To enter that plane at all is to experience an enormous extension of consciousness, to realise himself as one

with many others ; but before him then there opens a time of effort, a time of self-development, analogous at that level to what you do down here when by meditation you try to open your consciousness to the plane next above you. Step by step, sub-plane by sub-plane, the aspirant wins his way ; for even at that level exertion is still necessary if progress is to be made.

A stage below this, while we were still in the higher mental plane, we learned to see things as they are, to get behind our preconceptions of them, and to reach the reality which lay behind what we had been able to see of them. Now we are able to see the reality which lay behind other people's divergent views of that same object ; coming simultaneously up their lines as well as our own, we enter into that thing and we realise all its possibilities, because now it is ourselves, and its possibilities are possible also for us. Difficult to put into words ; impossible fully to comprehend down here ; and yet approaching and hinting at a truth which is more real than what we call reality in this world.

If you could instantly be transported to that level without passing slowly through the intermediate stages, most of what you found yourself able to see would mean but little to you. To change abruptly even into the astral consciousness gives one so different an outlook that many familiar objects are entirely unrecognisable. Such a thing, for example, as a book or a water-bottle presents to you a certain appearance with which you are familiar ; but if you suddenly find yourself able to see that object from all sides at once, as well as from above and below, you will perhaps realise that it presents an appearance so different that you would require a considerable amount of mental adjustment before you could

name it with certainty. Add to that the further complication that the whole inside of the body is laid out before you as though every particle were separately placed upon a table, and you will again see that additional difficulties are introduced. Add to them again yet another fact—that while you look upon all these particles as described, you are yet at the same time within each of those particles and are looking out through it, and you will see that it becomes an absolute impossibility to trace any resemblance to the object which you knew in the physical world.

That is, of course, nothing but an illustration—a coarse and concrete example of what takes place; and in order really to understand, one must spiritualise it and add to it many other considerations—all of which, however, tend to make the recognition more difficult rather than less. Fortunately in nature no sudden leap of this kind is possible. The method of evolution is gradual unfoldment, so that we are led on little by little until we are able to face without flinching glories which would dazzle us if they burst unexpectedly upon our view.

At this level man still has a definite body, and yet his consciousness seems equally present in vast numbers of other bodies. The web of life (which, you know, is constructed of buddhic matter—matter of the intuitional world) is extended so that it includes these other people, so that instead of many small separate webs we get one vast web which enfolds them all in one common life. But remember that many of these others may be entirely unconscious of this change, and to them their own private little part of the web will still seem as much separated as ever—or *would* do so if they knew

anything at all about the web of life. So from this standpoint and at this level it seems that all mankind are bound together thus by golden threads, and make one complex unit, no longer *a* man, but man in the abstract.

What can we say of the next stage of consciousness, that which has often been called nirvāṇa? This noble word has been translated to mean annihilation, but nothing could be further from the truth than this, for it represents the most intense and vivid life of which we know anything. Perhaps it may not unfairly be described as annihilation of all that we on the physical plane know and think of as the man; for all his personality, all his lower qualities have long ago utterly disappeared. Yet the essence is there; the true man is there; the Divine Spark, descended from the Deity Himself, is still there, though now it has grown into a Flame—a Flame that is becoming consciously part of That from which it came; for here all consciousness merges into Him, even though it still retains all that was best in the feeling of individuality. The man still feels himself, just as he does now, but full of a delight, a vigour, a capacity for which we have simply no words down here. He has in no way lost his personal memories. He is just as much himself as ever, only it is a wider self. He still knows that “I am I”; but he also realises that “I am He”.

In the intuitional world his consciousness had widened so as to take in that of many other people. Now it seems to include the entire spiritual world, and the man feels that he is on the way to realising the divine attribute of omnipresence; for he exists not only in all those others, but also at every point of the intervening space, so that he can focus himself wherever he

will, thus realising exactly the well-known phrase that he is a circle whose centre is everywhere and its circumference nowhere. He has transcended intellect as we know it, yet he knows and understands far more fully than ever before. On lower planes (lower than this, yet to us high beyond all reaching) he has seen the great Angels and Archangels in all their glorious order. In this spiritual world he comes face to face with the powers that rule, with the great Administrators of Karma, with the great Leaders of the Occult Hierarchy, with Planetary Spirits of stupendous power and wondrous beauty.

It is hopeless to attempt to describe this life which transcends all life that we know, and yet is so utterly different from it as to seem almost a negation of it—a splendour of purposeful life as compared with a mere blind crawling along darkened ways. For this indeed is life and this is reality, as far as we can reach it at present; although we doubt not for a moment that beyond even this indescribable glory there extend yet greater glories which surpass it even as it surpasses this catacomb life of earth. There all is God, and all these august Beings are obviously great manifestations of Him; and so thoroughly is this conviction borne in upon a man's consciousness, so entirely does it become part of him, that when he descends once more to the physical globe of this sorrowful star he cannot forget it, but ever thereafter he sees the Divine Spark, even in the most unlikely surroundings. Down here it is often hard to recognise; we need to dig so deeply in order to find it. In that spiritual world it is self-evident, and we know, because we see it, that there is nothing but God—no life anywhere in all the worlds but the Divine Life.

For at that level the man himself has become as a god among gods, a lesser light among the greater lights, yet truly an orb of splendour, even though so much less than the Masters, than the Great Devas, than the Mighty Spirits who rule the destinies of men and worlds. There we see face to face all these great Beings of whom down here we hear and read, of whom sometimes we make faint images. There we see with open face the beauty of which down here we can but catch the faintest reflections. There we hear the glorious music of the spheres, of which only occasional echoes can reach us in this lower world.

Truly terrible as is the descent from that great world to this, yet one who has once touched that consciousness can never again be the same as he was before. He cannot wholly forget, even amidst the darkness and the storm, that his eyes have seen the King in His beauty, that he has beheld the land which is very far off, and yet at the same time is near, even at our doors, close about us all the while, if we will but lift up our eyes to see it, if we will but develop the God within us till He can respond to the God without.

“The land which is very far off,” from the days of our childhood the phrase has been familiar to us, and it falls upon our ears with all the magic of holy associations; yet it is a mistranslation of the original Hebrew, and perhaps the real meaning of the text is even more beautiful and more appropriate, for the expression which Isaiah used is “the land of far distances,” as though he were contrasting in his mind the splendid spaciousness of the star-strewn fields of heaven with the noisome narrowness of the cramped catacombs of earth. Yet even here and now, imprisoned in densest

matter, we may lift our thoughts to the sun, for when once we know the truth, the truth has made us free. When once we have realised our unity with God, no darkness can ever shade us again, for we know that He is Light of Light, and the Father of Lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning; and in Him is no darkness at all.

All this knowledge, all this glory is within your reach, and must inevitably come to every one of you in the course of your evolution, as surely as day follows night. It is beyond all words now, beyond all feelings—beyond your intuition even. But there will come a time when you will know even as now also you are known. All that will come to you in the course of nature (in the seventh round, as we have said) even though you drift along and make no exertion; but far earlier if you are willing to undertake the labour which earns it—hard work indeed, yet noble work and pleasant in the doing, even though at times it may bring with it much of suffering. Yet the way is the Way of Service, and each step that you take is taken not for yourself but for others, that through your realisation others may realise, that through your exertion others may find the Path, that through the blessing which comes to you the whole world may also be blessed.

C. W. Leadbeater

PHOTOGRAPHS OF PHANTOMS¹

By WILLIAM H. KIRBY, F. T. S.

IN a Society that has for its motto "There is no religion higher than truth," and whose third specific object of existence is "to investigate the unexplained laws of nature and the powers latent in man," it cannot be other than appropriate to wander sometimes in those interesting fields of research where thinkers and scientists are collecting with methodic patience facts and data regarding the unseen worlds, and are endeavouring by oft-repeated 'experiment and experience' to gain some knowledge of the principles that regulate things and people 'behind the veil,' thus bringing those on this side of the boundary closer to those on that.

In our Society, though its genesis took place in the atmosphere of spiritualistic investigation, there is perhaps a greater tendency towards the study of subjects connected with the first two objects of its constitution than with the third object. Members on the whole are either not scientifically equipped or are satisfied to take at second-hand (from those in whom they have confidence or from books) statements and data regarding conditions of being of which they have

¹ *Fotografie di Fantasmi*, by Dottore Enrico Imoda: being a contribution to the verification of medianic phenomena by experimental means, with a Preface by Professor Charles Richet and numerous photographs from the original negatives. Published by Fratelli Bocca, Turin, 1912, in one volume, Lire 25.

little or no personal knowledge or experience. So it happens that, generally speaking, *not* indeed less interest is shown in studies connected with the third object of our Society, but a less amount of individual discrimination and research is expended upon those very branches of investigation that would consolidate more and more for ourselves as well as for others much that, failing personal experience, is not a matter of first-hand knowledge.

The field is so large, the choice so great and varied, that there is place for every opinion, for every sort and kind of investigator. Those who feel superior to spiritualistic phenomena, and the investigation of the rationale governing these, can plunge into occult chemistry and physics, and study the elements, their origin and interaction. Those who have no taste for this can lose themselves in the mazes of man's body or bodies, and investigate occult physiology with all its ramifications, leading into dream states and trances and beyond. Those who spurn these paths can wander afield and probe into the mysteries of Nature, the hidden side of natural forces and phenomena, the occult aspect of botany, geology, biology, seismology, the currents governing winds and tides, the rising and falling of continents and of nations, the harmony ruling spheres and universes. I would therefore plead for more recruits under the third object of the Society.

Yet in whatever branch of study their prepossession may lie, let it not be omitted to employ those same painstaking orderly methods in the various branches of study which all scientific investigation imposes—if it is to be dignified by that name; and let the value of all further research and deduction in the

light of Theosophy be capable of appreciation by all, by virtue of the fact that what is asserted shows at least both reading and knowledge of what has been done or is being done by the scientists of the day. Too often inductive generalisation, however intuitive and far-seeing, is rendered nugatory because it is not correlated appropriately with the deductive method of facts observed, or as they really are. So it is that in the region of the unseen, hypotheses, theories, opinions and statements are one thing, and depend on the observer's capacity and personal powers in determining their causality. On the other hand the facts observed, the phenomena, the results obtained, these are things in themselves, capable of being scientifically catalogued and registered; they are effects to be studied and unravelled, quite apart from the deductions which the theoretic side will then make from them. It is therefore essential that the Theosophist who would seek really to know and understand should not merely approach the study of these subjects from the theoretical and speculative side; but should also be fully and personally acquainted with the phenomenal and practical side of what scientists and investigators have done, and are currently doing, in the world at the present time.

With this preamble as an excuse for not reviewing it in the ordinary way, but considering it in rather more detail, I would call the attention of my readers to an extremely interesting book, written in Italian, the title of which is that of this paper. The author, Dr. Enrico Imoda, whose premature death before the completion of his work has deprived science of a level-headed and patient investigator, introduces his book in the Preface, as giving the "experimental

results of a long and laborious series of medianic séances carried on regularly over a period of more than two years with the precise and exclusive object of ascertaining by means of photography the real objectivity of phantoms". A phantom, though popularly supposed to mean a 'ghost,' is properly and according to its derivation anything that appears or that shows itself; in spiritualistic parlance, a materialisation. The author goes on to say that he is well aware of the work done in the past, even so long as thirty-six years ago, by Sir William Crookes, but that in spite of the indecisive results so far obtained, he hoped by specialising with his medium (a young woman he himself had discovered, called Linda Gazzera) and with improved methods, to obtain a long series of specific and positive results in photographs of phantoms, and to this end he was prepared to give three full years of experimental research.

The book, in fact, is more in the nature of a compilation of the conditions, circumstances and occurrences of the many sittings held, than the finished product which the author might have made it, had he lived to carry out his purpose and complete it himself. As evidential testimony, in a way, it is better so; for his friends have not dared to do more than publish as they stand what, to all intents and purposes, are the bare minutes of the sittings with but scanty comments or explanations.

Professor Charles Richet draws attention in his Preface to this absence of any drawing of conclusions on the part of the author. He says :

Here is a book that contains neither theories nor hypotheses—a rare merit for such a subject, encumbered as it is with puerile dissertations and vain strife of words. The author of this work has not had the extraordinary pretension,

too common in truth, of claiming to solve the enigmas of the universe. He tells us soberly—but in complete fashion—what he has seen, and he gives us his method of experimentation; nothing else. Nothing but facts and experiences. But it is very much, when the facts are so strange and the experiences so unusual.

Professor Richet goes on to confirm the fact already alluded to in the Foreword of the author, namely, that the branch of psychical, or as he terms it 'metapsychical' science to which the experimenter desired to confine himself was that of getting photographs of phantasmal materialisations. He says :

Although the phenomena of telekinesis¹ which took place from the very first sittings with Linda Gazzera were very marked, the experimenter did not wish to develop his medium along that line. He set before himself the distinct object from which he declined in any way to deviate: namely, the recording by photography of the forces liberated by the medium. We call these forces, when clothed in tangible and photographable form, ektoplasms.² It is a word which we already were in the habit of using with Sir Oliver Lodge in our experiments with Eusapia Palladino.

The many and excellent photographs this book contains render the text far more illuminative than it would be without these illustrations. It is a pity that they cannot here be reproduced; but though the book is in Italian and somewhat expensive, those at all interested in these subjects would do well to peruse the volume itself. The author explains that as no photo-mechanical process gave sufficiently accurate reproductive results, it was decided actually to print all the photographs on bromide paper from the original negatives for subsequent insertion in the book, thus greatly adding to the value of the work by this direct documentary evidence of the phenomena obtained.

¹ Movement of objects at a distance.

² From 'plasma,' formation; 'ekto,' outside of (the body of the medium).

A few words now as to the medium, those present, and the general conditions of the sittings. The sittings were held for the most part in the house of a lady of high social standing and reputation, whose name is given in the book as Marchesa di R., but whose identity is well known to me, among others, and with whom I have had the opportunity of frequently talking of these séances held in her house in Turin. Professor Charles Richet held, furthermore, another twelve sittings at his own house in Paris, and some other sittings again were held at another house in Turin. The medium is a Signorina Linda Gazzera, a girl of twenty-two years, moderately well educated, with a liking for drawing, impulsive, rather infantile in character, generally laughing and gay, but easily changing from one mood to another—in a word, a subjective, impressionable character, like nearly all mediums.

During trance, into which state this medium has the peculiarity of slipping very quickly, she behaves in very different ways according to her physiological and psychical condition at the time. Under the best conditions, her trance sleep is quiet, even, without incidents. She appears happy, does not get excited, replies courteously. Her voice is clear and calm, and she gives her directions with regard to the proceedings of the sittings—or rather they are given through her by her guide, Vincenzo—in an affable manner. But if, in the hours preceding a sitting, she has been annoyed or troubled, or has met someone she dislikes, or has eaten too much or too near to the sitting, or if during her trance state her subconsciousness is in any way disturbed by some passion or other abnormal feature—then the whole character of the sittings

changes. The whole medianic force liberated is more energetic, physically. Sledge-hammer blows are dealt, threatening to break the furniture ; the medium pants, perspires, agitates herself, twists about. The manifesting personality changes character and becomes violent and brutal. "A table is broken and with it the objects upon it. A closed and locked cupboard has its shutters lifted bodily off the hinges and thrown noisily into the middle of the room ; and the contents of the cupboard, consisting of little bottles full of chemicals, papers, apparatus, etc., are flung anyhow maliciously on to the floor and broken to pieces."

Sometimes on rare occasions, when she is not in good condition for a sitting, when the forces are weak, there appears to be a tendency to try to liberate one hand from the restraint of her neighbour's. The author points out how interesting this is, since the same thing used to happen occasionally with Eusapia Palladino, who, failing the necessary force, has been known to attempt to help things out by freeing one hand. It is not unnatural, as the author quite justly observes, that the manifesting personality, when the forces at his disposal in other ways are not sufficient, should attempt to utilise the medium's limbs, the next best means available to attain the required purpose, the medium herself being totally unconscious of doing anything of the sort.

The phenomena of telekinesis and of stereosis (movements at a distance and materialisation of limbs with touchings of those present at the sitting) happened frequently with Linda Gazzera directly the lights were put out, the medium not yet being fully unconscious. This would tend to confirm the theory that the trance state is concomitant with, but not absolutely necessary to,

medianic phenomena ; and in fact Madame D'Espérance, in the latter period of her experiments, relates that she declined to become an unconscious part of the performance, and was able to experience outside the cabinet and in full consciousness many of the materialising phenomena which her presence at the sitting rendered possible. In the case of Eusapia Palladino I remember perfectly the phenomenon of the complete levitation, half a yard off the ground, of a heavy table in full gaslight, with the medium talking and standing by, before the sitting proper began.

Just as Eusapia Palladino has John King, so Linda Gazzera has her 'spirit guide,' called Vincenzo. This Vincenzo is the all-important manifesting personality present at the sittings. His word is law, his wishes must be obeyed ; disobedience or contradiction means no further results, except possibly some violent outburst. It must be borne in mind that neither the author nor his companions were sitting primarily for instruction or improvement—hence the personality of the guide was not the principal consideration. What was wanted were materialisations that could be photographed. Vincenzo appears to have given himself out to be a cavalry officer who had died some years back. At first he was very reticent about himself and his past, but during the two years that the sittings lasted, his coarse, violent, autocratic temperament underwent a considerable change for the better, and his manners and mode of speech improved. Certainly every time the experimenter tried to oppose Vincenzo's orders or conditions, he had ample reason to repent.

At the beginning and for more than ten sittings, Vincenzo would decline to hold a séance unless another

medium were present, "to add force," as he said. Any objections resulted in no phenomena. As time went on, Vincenzo introduced the sitters to another personality, Carlotta, a friend of Vincenzo, by whom she had had a child who died at the age of four. Carlotta's manners and habits were entirely different from Vincenzo's; for she was affable, courteous, prone to delicacy in sentiment and expression. Contact with her hands was easily distinguishable from that with those of Vincenzo. The latter is described as having a big hand more like that of John King, which I myself remember having grasped at a sitting with Eusapia Palladino, standing a yard and a half from her or anyone else in the room, which was visibly lighted with a night-light: a strong-knuckled, large, sinewy hand, capable of great strength and anxious to show it. Such, too, was Vincenzo's, who moreover was frequently desirous to show by claps and thumps how strong he was. The author describes Carlotta as having a small hand with pointed fingers and sharp cutting nails, soft skin and tender flesh.

The room in which the sittings are held is a rectangular one of about twenty feet by fifteen, the arrangement being that usually adopted, of enclosing a corner free from windows or doors or furniture by a curtain hung across to form the 'cabinet'. Inside, a big chair is placed, whereon the medium can recline when in trance previous to materialisations. Immediately outside is the table, at which is placed the medium's chair, at the head, nearest the cabinet; and down the two sides are three seats on each side, for six sitters. Opposite the table is a stand on which are placed from three to five cameras, one of which is usually a stereoscopic one. To the left of the cameras is the magnesium

flashlight apparatus, connected by a rubber tube with the director of the sittings, in this case Doctor Imoda himself, who carefully and vigilantly arranges everything.

Meantime the lady of the house, Marchesa di R., causes the medium to undress in her presence, and put on a light, thin costume under which her form is clearly outlined, no corsets being allowed. She is then conducted to her place. When a sitting is over, the medium does not immediately leave the room, but remains in the light for some time, and is then conducted by the hostess to dress herself again in her presence. In the whole course of the very numerous sittings no suspicious circumstance occurred, no concealed article was found in the room or on the medium, no suggestion whatever of fraud or substitution arose. The immediate neighbours to the medium were usually the hostess, Marchesa di R., holding the medium's left hand, and Doctor Imoda, the author, holding the right.

The sitters at the table join hands, and one remains temporarily out of the ring to put the light out, and by the light of a red lantern to open the slides of the photographic apparatus, to remove the caps and examine the flashlight arrangement. Then he rejoins the others in the chain at the table, the lantern is put out and the sitting begins. Thus it is seen that, without the exaggerated forms of precaution resorted to by some other investigators (such as tying the medium, with practically no clothes on, by her hands and feet to a mattress, enclosing the medium in a net, placing him or her under seal on a weighing machine or in a cage), all reasonable and proper test conditions were observed and carefully supervised by the author, a scientist of the medical

profession—accustomed, therefore, to accuracy and precision, careful by nature and temperament as to his methods, unprejudiced and entirely one-pointed as to the object of his experiments.

One has but to glance through the book and its photographs to see the remarkable results which he obtained, but he himself does not attempt any explanation. With regard to them he says :

“I present them without comment ; I do not think it advisable in this work to advance, and still less to discuss, hypotheses ; here I am anxious only to ascertain the facts. On this account I have caused the description of each sitting to precede the photograph taken at it. For I am fully aware that all the importance, all the scientific value, all the philosophical deductions to be drawn from them, repose exclusively on the certainty that in the attaining of these results no trick, no deception, no error could have intervened which could even distantly render doubtful their perfect authenticity.”

I will now try as briefly as possible to pick out here and there some interesting features of these sittings, more as starting points for suggestive speculation and enquiry, than as a detailed narrative of the sittings, for which I must refer the reader to the book itself. The earlier sittings produced principally phenomena of telekinesis, stereosis and partial materialisations, such as a hand, a flower, a draped forehead with an eye appearing and incompletely formed limbs ; photographs of these were successfully taken, Vincenzo giving the order through the medium when to flash the magnesium light, which thus automatically caused the scene to register itself on the various cameras already exposed in the darkness, as previously described. The later

sittings improved both in the quality and the completeness of materialisations, the photographs registering many quite charming faces of young women and children, though the latter indeed seemed sometimes almost doll-like in expression.

There is nothing in the earlier sittings with which anyone who has attended good séances with a powerful medium is not already familiar. Linda Gazzera reveals herself at once to be a medium of quite exceptional power. She is especially remarkable for the very short time occurring before manifestations begin to take place. Almost directly the light is out, phenomena begin: the objects placed in the cabinet move about or come on the table; the usual mandolin or musical box plays in the air over the heads of the sitters; hearty thumps are given on the backs of friends at the table; the table rocks or becomes instinct with life, breathes, pants or shakes with laughter; the characteristic scrapings and knocks inside the wood are heard; complete levitation of the table occurs; on one occasion a big iron box is placed on the table; blue lights appear, now on the table, now on people; invisible hands clap in the air, or touch the faces or pull the moustache or tweak the noses of those present; objects are taken from and restored to pockets; names are written on collars and shirt-fronts: all these and many other of the usual manifestations, with which everyone is familiar who has studied the subject, were constant features of the sittings with Linda Gazzera, in themselves a liberal education for sceptics who want to touch and see and convince themselves of the existence of these forces.

One interesting detail that I remark as unusual is the behaviour of Marchesa di R.'s big white Angora cat

at these sittings. The lady in question used sometimes to sit with this animal on her lap. The cat was not a particularly sociable specimen of its breed, and would certainly, under normal conditions, not have allowed itself to be pulled about by strangers without endeavouring to escape or retaliating with its claws. Yet on several occasions invisible hands took it from its mistress's lap and carried it over the heads of the sitters. They would feel its paws slack and limp, the pads being used gently to stroke the face of this or that one at the table without any claws protruding. So on another occasion the cat remained limp and lifeless on the table and lay down and got up at Vincenzo's command, seeming utterly apathetic to all this peculiar treatment; yet when restored to its mistress's lap, it would suddenly regain its customary independence of character and, as if frightened by its hypnotic performance, dash off into the farthest corner of the room and remain huddled up there. But as happened once, if taken from there and placed again on the table by invisible hands, it once more became absolutely docile and inert.

It was suggested at one of the meetings that the blue lights seen might originate in some ordinarily prepared phosphorescence. Vincenzo was prompt to show the difference by extracting a box of matches from the pocket of one of the sitters, and producing by friction the normal phosphorescence for comparison. This showed the latter to be quite different, much lighter and much less blue, there being no possibility really of any confusion between the two.

In photographs of materialised arms and hands, a curious feature—particularly noticeable at one of the sittings held in Professor Charles Richet's house in

Paris—is the appearance, below the fully materialised hand, of a semi-formed, shadowy arm or merely of a stick or wire-like support that might be said to be the bone or radius of an arm in course of formation. In the photograph the medium's hand is seen to be free, and Vincenzo explains that she held it up in a parallel position, so that the photograph should show the different appearance of the hand and arm of the materialisation and of the medium side by side. In another case in Paris, the medium's hands were absolutely controlled and held respectively by Professor Charles Richet and Monsieur G. de Fontenay; so that the stick-like arm is in all probability, as already said, an arm in course of formation, of which the supporting bone, or radius, is all that is necessary to hold up the stuff of the sleeve and the fully formed hand. At one of the sittings the whole of a body is felt by three of those present. One of the men is asked to stand up so as to feel the contact with the whole body. At that same sitting a canary bird in a cage is placed in the cabinet; a photograph is then taken showing the materialisation outside the cage of a duplicate bird of a dark colour with open beak and bright eye, lying in a handkerchief as in a sort of nest.

For the more important materialisations the medium is made to recline, perfectly free, in a comfortable basket chair placed inside the cabinet. It must be recollected that unnecessarily strict and rigorous conditions often hamper the object in view, namely the production of phenomena. The series of many and most interesting sittings at which photographs of Carlotta were taken, of Cecilia, of Cesarino P., of two sisters, one dark and one fair, and of other young and attractive faces, cannot here be severally described; no two

sittings were at all alike in detail, though the method was always the same. If during the first part of the sitting the conditions were favourable, then the medium would go into deep trance in the chair in the cabinet ; the moment would then arrive to draw the curtains aside, and at Vincenzo's order the flash exposure would instantly be made, soon after which he would direct the medium to be awakened. The negatives resulting from the various machines would then be developed that same evening and compared.

Reference to the book itself can alone show how valuable a contribution these photographs are to psychical investigation ; and how much the delicate combination of chemistry and physics can aid photography to put on record the existence of that which, in its fleeting subtlety, is not yet visible to the grosser and slower powers of the human eye. It is curious to note that in a few cases where Vincenzo's orders to fire off the flashlight were not promptly obeyed, either through bungling in drawing the curtain or through a miss-fire of the magnesium powder, in these cases where the flash was late, the materialisation had often to a great extent melted away, leaving only a portion of itself on record. This is interesting, as showing how matter is only momentarily held together in the built-up form. Another interesting point—and there are many but it would take too long to consider them here—is the necessity of some light material in the cabinet to form part of the gauzy stuff in which materialisations are usually enveloped. It is known that if the impression on 'plastiline' of the real spiritualistic 'stuff' or fabric be examined under a strong magnifying-glass side by side with the impression of the very finest of fine-woven handkerchiefs, the

latter is found to be infinitely coarser and larger of mesh than the medianic production.

A few words now concerning the possibilities of fraud. The author, Professor Charles Richet, and Monsieur G. de Fontenay, severally consider very fairly and reasonably the question of possible fraud. They raise the same objections; they are unanimous in acquitting the medium of any deception; and their verdict is similar: namely, that while they admit unexplained features, the precautions taken to exclude fraud were such that, to all intents and purposes, no fraudulent way of doing the things is thinkable which could not be disproved by other opposing circumstances. The author excludes fraud on the grounds that everything was personally controlled by himself. He had found the girl himself; he had experimented long with her before employing her specially for this work of photographing materialisations. His ambition, had he lived, was gradually to have emulated the experiences of Sir William Crookes and Katie King, and obtained the complete materialisation of the entities, with both medium and materialisation tangible and visible outside the cabinet, in sufficient light to be fairly seen as well as photographed. The group of people he selected to sit were always the same, and were people of honourable standing and reputation. The order of the sittings was unvaried each time. The examination of the medium and of the room itself was rigorous, as already described, both before and after each sitting. The photographic machines checked each other by their results, the plates being developed by the sitters themselves. In short, Doctor Imoda was free to exercise, and did exercise, every reasonable precaution; and while

he says he is not infallible, he equally asserts that he cannot see how any fraud could have taken place, and concludes with Pliny that "in Nature no phenomenon is so marvellous that it cannot be proved".

Yet a scrutiny of the photographs taken both in Turin and in Paris presents some disturbing features. The materialised hands sometimes appear stiff, as if made of plaster of Paris. Many of the faces of the children, though charming, look more doll-like than anything one has ever seen before in photographs of materialisations. Some of the women's heads in their enshrouding veils look quite flat, as if they had been drawn—quite admirably one admits—on paper, and had been in some way supported against the wall or from the back of the medium's chair when they were photographed; yet no sign of such support is visible. Also in one case in Paris the shadows on the face of the medium and those on the face of the materialisation immediately behind her do not correspond, the flashlight being in the same position for both, which might give rise to the suspicion that the materialisation was a flat drawing done previously, with the light falling from a different angle to that occurring at the séance.

With these and some other points, Professor Richet and Monsieur G. de Fontenay deal fully, and practically reach the same conclusion that, though certain things are unexplained, the care exercised and the absence of one shred of confirmatory evidence—such as finding anything suspicious on the medium or in the room before or after a sitting over so long a time or discovering any signs of folding in the supposed paper image (nearly life size and therefore difficult to conceal)—all tended to acquit the medium of being guilty of deception; and even had they

been materialised drawings, in principle this is scarcely less wonderful than the materialisation of human figures.

One is obliged to add the lifelong experience of the experimenters, and the fact that in Paris at least the hands of the medium were fully held even during the materialisations, and in Turin the medium was within half a yard of the sitters in a corner between two bare walls which was thoroughly searched before and after the sitting, in full light and before the medium left the room. Moreover what would explain one thing does not explain another. Supposing, and not admitting, that the medium *had* concealed some drawing or plaster doll to produce as a materialisation, how will this explain the touching and grasping by warm, living hands of different sizes and shapes, the contact with living ektoplasms? Supposing on the other hand the photographed figures (alleged to be plaster casts or drawn or painted) are what they really seem, how are they brought there, how arranged, how held in position under the surveillance of experienced investigators? We must agree with Professor Richet that :

This iconography constitutes a document of considerable value. It would not assuredly allow one (taken by itself and without knowledge of the experiments of Crookes, of Aksakoff, of those done at the Villa Carmen) to affirm definitely and irrevocably that phantoms appear and can be photographed; but it affords the extreme probability of this strange phenomenon, and opens up in any case a whole world of new facts.

In conclusion, I may be permitted to say that, if I have dealt somewhat lengthily with this book, it has been less with the intention of urging upon Theosophists a return to spiritualistic investigation, since that is so fully and scientifically done already in the world, than to put before them some of the more recent

experiments contained in a book not easily accessible to all, and presenting many new and interesting features. For is it not vital to the Theosophist, of all men, in his search for truth, to keep thoroughly abreast of all that is done, all that is built up in the world by patient, scientific plodders with the stones of experiment and knowledge, that he may one day be able to realise and show to others that the slow and steady growth in many directions rises up in course of time to become the Temple of Wisdom wherein the light of Truth can be perceived and known ?

William H. Kirby

[This poem was quoted in the sermon, 'God's gift of Himself,' by the Rev. R. J. Campbell, M. A., printed in the *Christian Commonwealth* of Dec. 25, 1912. The name of the author was not given.—ED.]

I have come from Thee—when I know not—like mist from the
ocean's breast ;

But the mist shall feed the river, and the river at last find rest.

I wander afar in exile, a wave-born flake of foam ;

But the wheel must "come full circle," and the wanderer
wander home.

I have come from Thee—why I know not ; but Thou art, O
God ! what Thou art ;

And the round of eternal being is the pulse of Thy beating heart.

Thou hast need of Thy meanest creature ; Thou hast need of
what once was Thine ;

The thirst that consumes my Spirit is the thirst of Thy heart
for mine.

What though with will rebellious I thwart Thy omnipotent will,
Through purgatorial æons Thy Spirit will draw me still :

Draw me through shame and sorrow and pain and death and
decay ;

Draw me from Hell to Heaven, draw me from night to-day ;

Draw me from self's abysses to the selfless azure above ;

Draw me to Thee, Life's Fountain, with patient passionate love.

IN THE TWILIGHT

“**H**ERE is a question,” said the Vagrant, “which opens up a very interesting subject. ‘Two friends of mine came in contact with a young man from whom they received much valuable teaching on reincarnation, karma, and allied subjects, teaching which transformed their lives; it advocated great purity, love, and sacrifice for humanity. The teacher had various stupendous powers, could materialise and dematerialise objects, precipitate writings, and so on. His teaching was mostly given in trance. He was later found to be a man of immoral life, obtaining money on false pretences, drinking, and gambling. How could such a life consist with such powers?’” The Vagrant remarked: “It is not necessary that a man should be of noble character, in order to be able to do astral things in the way this man did. What are here called ‘stupendous powers’ are not what the Occultist would call stupendous. Many of the things mentioned could be done through a medium in the state of trance, and are constantly so done. Nor is it at all impossible that a man should have high aspirations, and yet be unable to live up to them. Here, we do not even seem to have the aspirations, for the man was merely spoken through when entranced, and such transmission of high teachings is no guarantee of nobility of life. If a man gave teaching coming direct, say, from the buddhic plane,

then the question of the purity of his life would certainly come in; for he could not reach that plane unless pure; but not so if he simply repeated ordinary Theosophical teachings. Apart from this, a certain amount of astral force and the capacity to manipulate it is not at all a proof of high spirituality. Even when you are dealing with the stronger type of the Black People, you will find them of very rigid life, quite as rigid as the White, partly because great control of the body is necessary if they are going to manipulate some of the subtler forces."

"The story," said the Shepherd, "reads exactly like a description of a spiritualistic séance. I have myself seen all these things done at séances, and I have heard the dead people talk in a most moral way, and propound all sorts of good ideas. If a man shows the possession of powers, that does not prove that he is a good man; one learns such things as one learns to play the piano. It does not mean that you are very noble; it is rather perhaps that you are persevering: that is all. If you endeavour to make progress on the Path of Holiness, then at once the question of your character comes in; but you must remember that all these powers come to a man on that Path of Holiness without special seeking—come much later. The possession of such powers does not prove anything whatever as to the presence of moral character; but the idea that they do has arisen from this other fact, that if you pursue the Path of Holiness they come to you because you have developed the whole nature; but it is possible to learn particular tricks without any particular character. It requires merely a strong will, which is not incompatible with a bad character."

“I do not see that any of these things prove holiness at all,” said the Vagrant. “In fact, they have nothing at all to do with it; a good electrician or a good chemist may not be a good man.”

“Just so,” answered the Shepherd. “You should all try to understand the way in which knowledge is obtained and brought down to the brain, and then you will see where right conduct comes in. To use any faculties which involve the causal body, the man must not yield himself to the lower passions and to emotions that are generally condemned. It must also be remembered that however magnificent a man’s faculties may be at higher levels or in the causal body, if what he sees is to be of any use to any one else on the physical plane, it will have to come down through, and be reported by, the physical brain. In order to do that it must obviously pass through first the mental body and then the astral body. All these bodies are capable of violent disturbance—of exceedingly rapid vibration. Disturbed thought or worry will utterly upset the mental body; and in just the same way, any kind of violent emotion will cause profound disturbance in the astral vehicle. If the mind is disturbed, it is impossible to think clearly or consecutively, so that even the mental body itself cannot be properly used to do its own regular work, when it is already in a condition of excitement and confusion. Far less can it receive and faithfully transmit the exceedingly delicate vibrations which come down to it from the causal body. What is seen in the causal body is seen under conditions utterly, fundamentally, different from anything that we can conceive down here—in more dimensions; so that it is of itself, in reality, indescribable, and it is exceedingly

difficult even under the best of conditions to make a coherent and comprehensible report down here of what is seen in that higher world. Therefore it will be easily understood that in order to bring through a clear and reliable record, the very best possible conditions must be provided, and that means that both the mental and the astral bodies must be absolutely still, so far as all their ordinary activities are concerned. Even the excitement occasioned by good emotions of wonder or reverence also causes the bodies to oscillate disproportionately, and thus prevents a clear recognition and record of facts. Absolutely still the particles of these higher vehicles can never be, because they are alive and very keenly and actively alive; therefore they have a regular vibration of their own which cannot be stilled without destroying them; but under all normal conditions, to that inherent vibration of the separate particles we add huge swinging vibrations caused by our thought or feeling respectively, so that the vehicles are in a condition of great activity. It is that activity which must be stilled. Be it remembered also that these vehicles are like the ocean, in that after being stirred up by a violent storm it takes them a considerable time to settle down again—a very much longer time than would ordinarily be supposed. A man may fall into a violent passion, which means a very terrible disturbance of his astral body. For the time, even his physical body is much disturbed; but the signs of his outburst of temper may all pass away in the course of an hour or so, and he may externally regain his good humour; but it would be a mistake to think that his astral body had returned to the condition in which it was before that spasm of rage. It may very well be quite twenty-four hours,

or even more, before that body is comparatively still, and during all that time it would distort very seriously any impressions which passed through it. So it will be seen that one who wishes to describe accurately anything that he has seen on higher planes must not only be in a peaceful condition as regards both his mind and his emotions at the time when he tries to see, but he must also have maintained that peaceful condition for a considerable time previously. In fact, in order to have any degree of certainty, he must be a person who is incapable of any serious upsetting of either of these intermediate vehicles. The same thing applies to the physical body also. If through ill-health, either the dense physical body or the etheric part of it is out of order, there will be a certainty of distortion for that reason. If the circulation of the blood be defective, if there be in the brain too much or too little of that fluid, or if on the other hand there be a lack of vitality, or if the flow of magnetism along the nerves be not regular or sufficient, the physical body will act as a barrier, even though the necessary vibrations may have passed safely through the mental and the astral. So we see that not only perfect physical, but perfect astral and mental health is necessary for clear seeing, and most especially the greatest calmness on all planes, the most balanced judgment and the most fully developed common-sense."

"These remarks," interjected the Vagrant, "apply also in a way to the case of ordinary science—drunkenness, and profligacy, carried to a point which injures the senses of a man, would interfere with his work ; for instance, if his hand shakes while making an experiment, or his eye does not see clearly."

“Yes,” replied the Shepherd, “it would interfere not because of a man’s vices but because of their results.”

“This man gives all his addresses in trance,” proceeded the Vagrant, “and you often get such teachings in spiritualistic séances. Such addresses are often good and well-meant, though the person through whom they come may be a very undesirable person. You may find a medium drinking, and there at once is a vice which is very injurious, and yet that would not, for a time at least, prevent very good teaching from coming through him.”

SONNET

A softer veil hath fallen over me,
 A sense of sweetness, all unguessed before,
 A kindliness undreamed in days of yore,
 Anticipation of some ecstasy ;
 The dawning of a future that may be—
 Some purblind groping for some unknown shore,
 Strangely far off, meseems, yet, furthermore,
 So strangely near, had I but eyes to see.

Spirit, be patient—wait, yet poised for flight,
 Alert, yet resting ; eager to take wing,
 Serene and confident one dawn will bring
 That Inner Vision which alone gives Light,
 And points the guerdon of the Path well trod,
 Conviction crowned with knowledge : *Thou art God.*

T. L. Crombie

THE CROW'S NEST, BOMBAY

By ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

EVERY Theosophist will look with eyes of affection on this little picture of the Crow's Nest, a bungalow taken by Bombay friends for the use of Mme. Blavatsky and Colonel H. S. Olcott in 1880. It is situated on the slope of a hill, and from it may be seen part of the exquisite panorama of sea and land, offered by Bombay to the lover of the Beautiful.

Our Founders had been living in the somewhat crowded quarter of Girgaum Back Road, but when they returned from a northern tour, they found this pleasant residence ready for them, and Colonel Olcott writes: "We were charmed with its spacious, high-studded rooms, its large verandahs, and its extensive views of sea and land." The rent had dropped from Rs. 200 per mensem to Rs. 75, because it was thought to be haunted, but this was naturally of no account to the great Occultist and her comrade. Some playful spook did, one night, lift the corner of the Colonel's bed, but he uttered a "word of power," and the visitor "decamped and never troubled me more".

In this pleasant nest they lived for two years, until the Headquarters were established at Adyar. Here lived with them for a short time an Englishman who had turned Musalmān, had dabbled in black magic, wrote 'The Elixir of Life,' and came to a bad end. "His case," writes the Colonel, "has always seemed to me a dreadful instance of the danger one runs in dabbling with occult science while the animal passions are rampant."

In 1881 Damodar joined them. His father agreed to his taking up his abode with the Founders, to his renunciation of caste, and to his living as a Sannyāsī. He had been betrothed in childhood, but refused to take up the married life when the time came for his entrance into it. His father agreed, and Damodar assigned to him his share of the family property, some Rs. 50,000, on condition that the child-wife should be comfortably maintained. Needless to say that, later on, a persecution was begun against the Founders by scurrilous writings on this incident, but, fortunately, the lad was of age. He remained with his chosen friends till 1885, when he went to Tibet, where he still is.

It is interesting to note that the first idea of an Esoteric Section of the T. S. was suggested in a conversation between the Founders at the Crow's Nest, on February 25, 1881. It was determined that the T. S. should be reconstructed on a different basis, "putting the Brotherhood idea forward more prominently, and keeping the Occultism more in the background, in short, to have a secret section for it." Hence, when H. P. B. founded the E. S. in 1888, she spoke of it as a return to the original purpose of the T. S. The resolution of 1881, the Colonel writes, was: "the beginning of the adoption of the Universal Brotherhood idea in more definite form than previously".

On December 17, 1882, our Founders left their Bombay home, and went to Madras. Writes the Colonel of Adyar: "Our beautiful home seemed a fairy-place to us. Happy days are in store for us here.' The bitter ones, alas! we did not foresee." Yet how may disciples hope to escape bitter days? Is not persecution now, as ever, the mark of the apostolate, and is not the crown of thorns ever changed into a diadem of glory?

Annie Besant

THEOSOPHY IN MANY LANDS

INDIA

The marked improvement in the Sectional Organ, *Theosophy in India*, meets with grateful appreciation on all sides; it is felt that through it our new General Secretary will presently touch his Section, exhorting it to engage itself in the practical work and active service which are his marked characteristics; through it also will come to its many readers the silent devotion and reverence, and the quiet and balanced intellectual capabilities which are his.

From far-off Sikkim in the North comes an interesting note about the first English lecture delivered there; it will interest our readers and so we print it in full:

On Sunday the 1st October a most interesting lecture—the first of its kind ever delivered here in the English language—was given by Kazi Dousandup, Headmaster of the Bhutia State Schools. H. H. the Mahārāj Kumār took the chair, and expressed his great pleasure that such a meeting had been arranged; he said he hoped it would be one of many such meetings. The simple, concise language of the lecturer made the leading features of Buddhism clear to all present and his lecture was greatly appreciated. It is not often that Europeans in India learn at first-hand anything of the religions of the people who surround them, and they have too often to depend upon western Orientalists and their books for information. At the close of the lecture H. H. the Mahārāj Kumār thanked those present for attending, and questions were invited. Mr. C. H. Dracott, State Engineer, remarked that the Universal Brotherhood so strongly urged in the teachings of the Lord Buddha appeared very closely to resemble the ties of brotherhood shared by the Masonic fraternity throughout the world.

Another very interesting document comes from Kumbhakonam in the south; we print it elsewhere under the heading: 'A Great Indian on Theosophy'. Theosophy is making good progress in that ancient town: our local Lodge has a fine building of its own with a fair library, and the earnestness of our members is marked.

Further south from Madura we have received the annual report for 1912 which speaks of good work and steady progress. Some of our best members are engaged in very useful Theosophical labour there—much Tamil publishing is done and a girls' school, where Hindūism is taught, is maintained. A very excellent library is already in existence, and the work of arranging and cataloguing the books is to be undertaken.

The Hon'ble Justice Dewan Bahādur T. Sadasiva Iyer presided over the Cuddapah District Theosophical Conference, which was held on the 15th and 16th of February in the Municipal Primary School Hall. There was a large gathering present, including Mr. J. F. Bryant, I. C. S., Dewan Bahādur V. Subramania Pantulu, Captain T. S. Ross, I. M. S., Mr. and Mrs. T. Ramachandra Rao, and Miss Codd. Various lectures were delivered and the chairman's eloquent remarks about the T. S. and its leaders closed the Conference.

The following week was held the Anantapur District Conference at Gooty, when members from Guntakal, Bellary, Anantapur, Madanapalle, and Cuddapah assembled. Mr. M. Subba Rao, Pleader, generously offered his plot of ground, about one acre, and promised to put up a building; so the foundation-stone was laid and we will soon have our own Theosophical home in Gooty.

Calicut is another of our strong centres and last year's work by some Adyar people is producing sweet fruits. A new Lodge is being formed, and our enthusiastic propagandist, Mr. Manjeri Rama Iyer, is to be congratulated on the result of his toils.

Excellent reports of solid work come from Bangalore and Mysore; Chittoor is stronger than ever; Bombay will receive fresh impetus through Mrs. Powell, who is now President of the Blavatsky Lodge; Karachi manifests greater activity and their Gujerati organ *Rāhe Pārsā* (The Path of Piety) comes out in a new and improved garb; Periyakulam and Tinnevely are gaining ground; in fact, there is new and greater enthusiasm prevalent everywhere. Increase of membership, more Theosophical enquiries, deeper zeal for our work, are the sure signs of the good that has come to us through the many attacks made on Theosophy in India during the last year.

B. P. W.

ENGLAND

We were glad to read, in the English *Vāhan*, a satisfactory report of the T. S. Order of Service from the pen of its unwearied Organising Secretary, Mrs. Herbert Whyte. Among several Leagues started during the year, one especially evokes our sympathy—the League of S. Christopher. We learn that, in less than a year, Major Adam, one of our own members, had been able to form a troop of twenty-five crippled or otherwise physically defective Boy Scouts, and that he himself had been appointed Assistant Commissioner for London by the authorities of the Boy Scout movement. The League of Redemption, again, founded at the instigation of our President last July, is one that must claim the sympathy of all who know anything of the terrible evils it is established to overcome. Various Societies and very many individuals are giving their lives to

this work, but members of the Theosophical Society can bring into this, as into all other forms of activity, a subtle quality and a power which will effectively help to hold up the hands of the veteran labourers, some of whom, we are proud to know, are to be found within our own ranks.

In the same issue of the *Vāhan* we read also the description of a Theosophical School of Music, founded by Mrs. Mann (nee MacCarthy), and of the formation of the Guild of the Mysteries of God by the Rev. C. W. Scott-Moncrieff and the Rev. F. W. Pigott. These movements both start with very high ideals and are, we believe, the beginnings of great things along their different but not separate lines.

We noted with pleasure that the Executive Committee of the T. S. in England and Wales had made itself responsible for five thousand copies of Mrs. Besant's *Manual on Theosophy* in the People's Books Series, published by Messrs. Jack of Edinburgh; these have been extensively sold throughout the propaganda-work of the autumn and winter. That work has continued with unabated energy and its results may be partially seen in a steadily increasing membership, as well as in additions to the roll of Lodges and Centres.

In November was held the first Conference of the re-organised London Federation. Mrs. Betts presided at its inaugural meeting, and in the evening the Vice-President of the T. S., Mr. Sinnett, lectured on 'The Beginning of the Theosophical Movement'. The two days allotted to the Conference were crowded with meetings of various kinds, and in all ways this new 'day' of the London Federation opened usefully and happily. In the same month was held, at Liverpool, the seventy-fourth Conference of the Northern Federation, especially notable for the fact that Mr. C. Jinarajadasa, released, for a time at least, from his most valuable work in America for work in England even more pressing, presided.

The work in England and Wales has been quite unaffected by the wars and rumours of wars both within the T. S. and outside it. Indeed, their result seems to be a stronger and stronger determination on the part of members all over the world that nothing shall be allowed to disturb the welfare of our Society, together with a continually growing power to apprise at its true value the hostility of a few.

As one of many evidences of the growing interest of the public in our work we may mention the very cordial invitation that the Bath Lodge received during this last year to affiliate with the Workers' Educational Association, a non-political and non-sectarian organisation, the object of which is to co-ordinate and assist the educational work of existing societies. It is a very strong national association, and the invitation was a tribute to the work of the Bath Lodge. That Lodge has just completed the

purchase of a fine old house in the best and most central part of the town as a permanent headquarters. It contains a lecture room capable of seating three hundred people and the Co-Masonic Lodge will hold its meetings in the same building. The Bath Lodge is to be congratulated on an acquisition which will do the Society credit, and on the enthusiasm and helpfulness of its members generally in carrying the transaction to so prompt and happy a conclusion.

Finally, we congratulate the editor of the *Vāhan* on the success of his efforts to secure a cover for the national journal, and still more do we send him our appreciation of the uniformly admirable nature of its contents. To have worked within a year this great improvement and to have raised the membership of his Section to a number it has never reached before, are achievements of which he may well be proud.

S. M. S.

FRANCE

We have good news from France. A South-East Federation has been founded in order to centralise the work in that part of the country as had been done already in the South.

The Municipality of Toulouse has kindly given the T. S. Lodge a chapel that had remained unused since the expulsion of the religious orders from France; to the chapel, the Municipality has added a gift of a hundred chairs.

Many new members, especially young ones, have joined the French T. S. during the year.

Mr. Pearce, of the League of Healers in London, lectured in Paris with great success, founding a nucleus for similar work there.

The Theosophical League of Moral Education has joined the 'Ligue Francaise d'Education Morale'. The Honorary Presidents of this league are MM. Henri Poincare, Alexandre Ribot, Ernest Lavisse, and L. Liard—that is to say some of the most competent men of France. The League was inaugurated in the large Amphitheatre of the Sorbonne before an audience of more than two thousand people. M. Henri Poincare, of the Academy of Sciences and of the French Academy, presided, assisted by MM. Liard and Ribot, in the presence of the Prefect of Police, and many representatives of the Parliament, the Institute, and the University. The speakers were MM. Ferd. Buisson, deputy of Paris, Paul Bureau, Professor at the Institut Catholique of Paris, Gabriel Seailles, Professor of the Faculte des Lettres of the Paris University, and Charles Wagner, the well known founder of the Eglise Reformee Libre, a most eloquent preacher and sympathetic writer.

The aim of the Ligue Francaise d'Education Morale is to unite people, whatever be their theories, round the one practical

reality of education. The Theosophical League, having by its noble work and its lucid writings obtained the consideration of many, has been asked to join this national movement.

The need for accommodation at the Headquarters in Paris is felt more and more; and the building of larger premises is progressing too slowly for the energy of the General Secretary, who would like it to have reached further than the digging stage. But a good beginning predicts a good ending.

M. d' A.

AMERICA

'Circuit Riding,' a method of economising energy in propoganda has lately been revived in the American Section. In Chicago and Kansas City the plan has already been proved a success. The idea is this. Several Halls are taken on the same night in different parts of the town, and a different lecture on some Theosophical subject is given in each. The next week the same halls are again taken and the same lecturers go, each delivering the same lecture as he did the previous week but in a different place, and so on until each man has spoken on his own subject in each hall. In this way many people are reached with the minimum strain on individual workers. Krotona Institute flourishes apace; another well-attended Winter Session is already half spent.

A. de L.

* * *

My work is becoming rather absorbing. Up to date we have supplied one hundred and twenty-three prisoners with Theosophical correspondents. Quite a number of the men have been released on parole, or discharged since we began corresponding with them, and the steadiness they are showing is quite remarkable. Two of the boys from Deer Lodge came to me early in November, and I have had to care for them. They have good jobs now and are happy and contented.

Mrs. Carr started her 'home' for discharged men on the 9th of October, and that has caused us considerable extra work. It is a rather difficult thing to finance, as we cannot appeal to T. S. members; most of them are overburdened as it is, and we must get all of our help from the outside. If we can demonstrate the value of our work for a year or two, I believe we shall get all the help necessary from outside the Society.

It will interest you to learn that more than fifty men in Deer Lodge prison are studying Theosophy. We are working in ten different prisons—mostly west of the Mississippi; eastern prisons are hard to get at, old-fashioned methods prevail. We need to reform prison officials quite as often as we need to reform prisoners. Efficiency is not always to be found in the higher-ups; this leads to or continues the present ignorant

and unbusinesslike methods. But "de sun do move," and the yeast of evolution, it works, and works, and works.

We have a pretty T. S. room now. It is not very large, but answers our purpose. Your Alcyone picture holds the place of honour and is greatly admired. We have public meetings every Sunday evening; they are well attended.

E. B. C.

SOUTH AMERICA

Signor Adrian Madril reports that Theosophy is making headway in S. America. In Bahia, Brazil, a new Lodge was constituted on October 1st under the name of the 'Alcyone' Lodge. The Lodge was founded purposely on the anniversary of the President's birthday; and the opportunity was utilised to put on record the Lodge's sense of respect and of gratitude to Mrs. Besant for her great work in the Theosophical Society. The same Lodge is contemplating the starting of a new Theosophical magazine, to be called *Love*. At Buenos Ayres it is also hoped, with the early months of the current year, to re-issue the once well known Theosophical review, *Philadelpholine*, formerly regarded as one of the best Theosophical publications, but which for some years has ceased to appear.

E. S.

SCOTLAND

During the past few months Propaganda activities have been more or less confined to strengthening the Centres and Lodges formed during the previous year. This session our friends are again seeking 'pastures new,' and have given a series of meetings in the Albert Hall, Stirling. The next point of attack may be Musselburgh, where a Lodge had already been formed, which was torn to shreds by libellous literature upsetting the equanimity of the members. The Lodge was too quickly formed, and this time a very solid phalanx will be left behind when we leave it to fight for itself. Kirkcaldy is a very promising Centre, and though the members are anxious to form themselves into a Lodge, like canny Scots they have decided to hurry slowly, and to get a few more interested before moving in the matter. The Society in the Glasgow district is growing rapidly, fourteen applications for Fellowship being lately received. A series of Propaganda lectures is also being delivered to the Townhead Brotherhood, presided over by the Minister of the U. F. Church. A series of lectures on 'The Great Religions' is drawing good audiences at Headquarters, the public seeming only too glad to get a little knowledge as to the beliefs of people in other lands.

C. M. C.

IRELAND

The Irish Lodge opened its 1912-1913 Session by an address from Mrs. Despard on the 'Message of Theosophy to the Modern World,' at the home of Mr. Cousins, the Presidential Agent. Thirty turned up and many questions were asked. The Belfast Lodge joined hands with the Spiritualist Society to bring Mr. J. L. Macbeth Bain from England for a week-end. On the Saturday and Sunday, addresses were given by Mr. Bain and Mr. Cousins, and on Monday the former had a private meeting for instruction in spiritual healing.

Later, Mr. Cousins again visited the Belfast Lodge, and addressed the members on the 'Aims of the O. S. E.'. The Belfast Lodge possesses a lovely room, which makes it a pleasure to speak there. Few of our members, perhaps, realise what a difference is made to a lecturer by a clean and artistic room.

In Belfast, too, Mr. Cousins has been addressing the Society of Spiritualists, an earnest and liberal body. The text chosen by the lecturer was Krishna's utterance: "However men approach Me, even so do I welcome them". A ready response was given by the audience.

Much Theosophical work goes on in Ireland that is not connected, officially, with the Society. The quality of the literature produced shows a certain spirit abroad that is full of promise and inspiration. The members of the T. S. have a splendid opportunity in the country, for they possess the very knowledge men are asking for.

S. R.

BOHEMIA

The T. S. Headquarters in our ancient 'Golden' Prague is the centre of much activity. Sunday public lectures on topics of Occultism and Mysticism have been given every fortnight by Mrs. Moudra, Messrs Prochaska, Bedrnicek, Dr. Krkavec, Professor Vrtatko, Dr. Pertold and Ing. Rebeta. A series of lectures on Karma was given by Mr. Tresnak on Tuesdays, and Friday lectures were also held. The subjects were: 'Man and his Life', by Mr. Sochurek; 'Apollonius of Tyana', by Mr. Prochaska; 'The Occultists of the Sixteenth Century', by Mr. Pechman; and 'Dharma', by Mrs. Friedlova. All through the lectures have been very well attended; as a rule they are given in Bohemian, as nearly all of our members belong to this Slavic race. Some former members of German nationality have started in Prague a Society of their own, which now belongs to the German 'Bund,' established in Munich. The first two Sunday lectures were given by our General Secretary, Mr. Bedrnicek, on 'The Coming of the World-Teacher'. The preparation work

for the coming of the Lord was thus introduced into our Section for the first time. We trust it will be a good start, as the Bohemian public shows an ever-increasing interest in our work.

O. B.

CUBA

Senor Raphael de Albear lately undertook a successful visiting tour to almost all the Branches. The building phase, now so noticeable a feature of Theosophical activity, has extended to Cuba, where two Lodges are erecting their own headquarters. Theosophical and O. S. E. pamphlets are being issued from time to time. The Order of the Star in the East has now over four hundred members distributed in Cuba, Mexico, Porto Rico, Central America, and Venezuela, and a further rapid growth of membership is confidently anticipated.

E. S.

AUSTRALASIA AND NEW ZEALAND

The Australian news preserves its usual cheerful tone. Theosophy is growing in all the States of the Commonwealth. In Melbourne a series of lectures, given in the suburban City of Camberwell, was very successful, drawing good audiences. Popular subjects were dealt with and the experiment fully justified its trial. The Lecturer, Mrs. Preston, LL. B., is the State Secretary for the O. S. E., and she at once established her reputation as an able speaker, the audience listening with close attention to the addresses. Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide and Perth, speak of good work accomplished by many earnest members in their respective States. Membership is increasing. Meetings are well attended, and the minor activities are flourishing. Tasmania's report is optimistic; there also the work is progressing favourably.

Again the N. Z. Dominion comes out first in the comprehensive nature of its Report with well-mounted newspaper cuttings, ready for filing attached. After a cheerful summary of the general activity of the Section, special mention is made of the admirable work done by Mr. J. E. Thomson, Assistant General Secretary, and President of the largest Lodge in New Zealand, Editor of the Sectional Magazine, and the moving spirit in many minor activities for the good of all. Mr. Crawford, the General Treasurer, has been associated with him in the work for the last ten years. Miss C. Christie is busy lecturing throughout the Section, as is also Miss H. Horne. Judging by the number of cuttings sent, the Press evidently gives much space now to Theosophical items, some being original articles and letters written by people interested in T. S. topics, while others are reprints from Indian newspapers of matter, favourable and unfavourable, about the movement and some of its leaders.

S. W.

QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

REVIEWS

Man: Whence, How and Whither, A Record of Clairvoyant Investigation, by Annie Besant and C. W. Leadbeater. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Rs. 9 or 12s. or \$ 3.)

At last the eagerly expected volume lies before us and the book, awaited ever since it became known that in the summer of 1910 a series of clairvoyant investigations was undertaken to gather material for its construction, must by this time be already in the hands of many of our readers. We will not speak of its careful typographical execution, and we only mention that its full index must prove very acceptable to any student's heart, nor can we review the full contents of its fully five hundred pages of print. Space will only permit us to give a few comments, to express a few remarks chosen from a fullness of consideration and thought provoked by the reading of the book. Indeed there is matter for many an article, for series of articles even, covering questions, discussions, and perhaps objections, contained in the pages of this bulky volume.

In the first place an expression of gratitude to the authors should certainly not be omitted—for three reasons.

To me it seems more and more evident that the chief walk of life followed by both Mr. Leadbeater and Mrs. Besant is the path of action. The Theosophical Society must be cared for, the Masters' plans must be carried out, the Theosophical Gospel must be preached, propaganda must be made, correspondence must be attended to, the daily routine must be achieved; that is what their life work seems to indicate. To take time and energy for patient investigations and for their laborious elaboration runs counter to the pressure of daily exigencies, and needs both courage and no small amount of self-abnegation.

Secondly, it needs courage to grapple at all with the matter here dealt with. To describe things which in their very nature baffle description—as life in former chains and former rounds, when vegetables are ‘dreams of vegetables’—is a task from attempting which anyone might have shrunk without blame. Our second cause for gratitude is that the authors have given us what they *could* give, without waiting to arrive at some theoretical but unattainable standard of perfection in the description.

Thirdly, we have to be thankful that the opinion of the ‘world’ had no weight with the writers and did not lead them to keep back their book. To the ‘world’ this work must be either madness, devilry, charlatanism, abnormal fancy, or—a totally incalculable quantity. Let us be content that the authors judged the Theosophical public great enough to justify the dealing out of strong meat.

The book is divided into twenty-seven chapters, which may be classified into four great parts of about equal length. The first part gives in about one hundred pages a rapid sketch of the evolution of our solar system through the previous chains till the middle of the Earth Chain, till its fourth round. The second part gives a somewhat fuller history of the fourth Root Race. The third part does the same for the fifth Root Race, and the last part gives us a peep into the future in describing the Californian ‘Community’ of nearly a thousand years hence. This latter part is a reprint of Mr. Leadbeater’s articles which appeared a few years ago in the pages of this magazine.

An admirable foreword¹ and introduction open the work. The fine temper of common-sense and modesty in these cannot be enough valued, and we thank the authors for reminding us themselves that the “treasure is in earthen vessels” and for acknowledging the possibility of errors. This note of caution is very important to sound in a book which must be, after all, largely a ‘book of revelation’ to most of us.

Most readers in the Theosophical Society will very much like the list of names of star-pseudonyms published in the foreword and will be glad that the general public is taken so far at least into confidence. The scoffer will find material for some quips in seeing Lao Tze and Julius Cæsar peacefully

¹ Called proem on p. 113.

jostling arms with others somewhat less famous in world history, but for the genuine student of Theosophy, who does not ask for new matter to believe, but for new data to judge and to draw conclusions from, this partial unveiling of intimate traditions must be extremely valuable.

The first part is difficult to characterise in its qualities. Is it a success or a failure as a description? That is not easy to say. I know that in reading this part myself I had to draw freely on my antecedent knowledge on the points dealt with in order to follow the argument. I should advise every student, before tackling this part, to study the subject of chains, rings, rounds, and globes in any or all of the following books :

1. The chapter in Mrs. Besant's *Ancient Wisdom* on 'Building a Kosmos'.

2. The chapter in Sinnett's *Growth of the Soul* on 'The System to which We belong'.

3. The chapter in Leadbeater's *The Inner Life* on 'The Worlds and the Races of Men'.

4. The chapter in Leadbeater's *Text-book of Theosophy*, on 'The Planetary Chains' and also Chapters ii and iii of that book.

It would be a great pity if lack of familiarity with the Theosophical conception of the solar system put off intelligent readers from continuing the study of this book which so amply repays sympathetic perusal. On p. 2 a similar note of warning is sounded, but we should have liked it a little bit more definite, with references to chapter and verse.

For the rest, we can only admit that the authors are, in this first part, grappling with an almost 'ungrappleable' task, and that any definite result arrived at by their descriptions is a decided triumph and the reader's gain.

One particular point in this part is very conspicuous and has evoked my enthusiasm entirely: that is a portion of its terminology. Things seen on higher planes are here named with honest English words, indicating direct descriptions of their appearances. Egos come from planet to planet in 'boat-loads'; they are stored away in the interplanetary nirvāna as 'bulbs on shelves'; according to their development they are 'lines' or 'basket-works'. This again is

a triumph : this is creation instead of imitation. Some of these words or the locutions in which they are mentioned may, perhaps, sound somewhat slangy at first hearing, but that is deceptive. The coining of these words is a great event in the history of Theosophical teachings. In a few hundred years they will be classical words, pregnant with meaning. I said they are honest words : they are of the nature of 'church-yard' as against 'cemetery,' the daily food of language as against its diurnal aliments. May we gain many other such happy acquisitions of Theosophical speech.

The other portion of the terminology of the book constitutes also an attempt at reform. The well-known series of planes is now given as physical, emotional, mental, intuitional and spiritual. This has the advantage of eliminating Samskr̥t words (MacDonnell's non-extensive Samskr̥t Dictionary gives fully twenty-five different translations for buddhi, here called intuition, which latter word he does not give) leading to ambiguity, as we practically never know whether the Indian and the modern Theosophical conceptions cover each other. But it also leads to at least one very unhappy phrase, namely 'spiritual matter' which seems a *contradictio in terminis*.

A point which struck me as interesting, and as containing matter for further explanation, is the following. The picture of the researches as reflected in the written record gives an impression as if the actual observations had their pivot in the doings of and happenings to what has been called 'the clan,' and on p. 3 of the foreword there is a statement seemingly substantiating this impression. Yet the results recorded deal with souls in millions : a single tribe is described, yet whole classifications of souls, of humanity in general, are arrived at. This is no sceptic *meffiance*, but only an attempt to indicate that the connecting threads between the actual observations as described, and the palpable results arrived at, are not clearly patent. I have a suspicion that various kinds of vision must have been used alternately : sometimes 'synthetic' or 'cosmic' clairvoyance more objective in nature, and sometimes 'individual,' more 'subjective' clairvoyance. I record the hope that the authors may some day enlighten us on the point. There is probably more behind this clairvoyance than is generally dreamed of in the philosophy of even us pious Theosophists. And so one might go on and on, for there

is indeed matter for thought and discussion galore in this most precious book. But this is only a review and not an article.

In Part II we find the reprints—and very welcome are they—of Mr. Leadbeater's two articles, now difficult to be found, on the civilisations of Peru and of Chaldæa.

In Part III there is dispersed in various places a history of the Āryan Race, its migrations and vicissitudes, of surpassing interest. It is perhaps to parts of this portion that Mrs. Besant's statement chiefly applies, that some help had been given by the Elder Brethren. It would be worth while carefully to scrutinise this section and carefully to try to locate the passages bearing such exalted authority. Though we have grown wise of late, very wise indeed, we may not yet have passed the stage at which such a hint can be quite profitably neglected.

In conclusion, let us thank the authors for their splendid gift to our Society and to the world, and let us hope that soon again they may find it feasible to 'go into retreat,' when such retreat results in such valuable fruit.

J. v. M.

Main Currents of Modern Thought, by Rudolph Eucken. Translated by Meyrick Booth. (T. Fisher Unwin, London. Price 12s. 6d. net.)

By the translation of Professor Eucken's *Geistige Strömungen der Gegenwart* (4th edition), the more seriously minded English reader is brought into closer touch with a brilliant representative of contemporary philosophy. In this volume are to be found most of the basic problems of life, viewed from a standpoint eminently practical and human, clearly formulated, and applied to the needs of our age. In every case the summing up is decidedly hopeful, but it is not the shallow optimism of minds that either cannot or will not recognise the difficulties involved. Seldom, if ever, before have the husks of partial truth been so scrupulously sifted.

The tangled threads of conflicting aims and concepts are traced in the light of history and recent experience until one is tempted to wonder if any satisfying synthesis is possible. Modern standards of life are fearlessly weighed in the balances and found wanting; in all directions human energy seems to be defeating its own ends. Happily against this masterful

indictment is set the confident affirmation that synthesis lies in the depths of spiritual life, which is independent of time or circumstance. With a strength of conviction that dares to be dogmatic, Eucken declares that only in so far as the individual seizes a fuller measure of spiritual life will civilisation approach reality. His philosophy is almost reminiscent of Nietzsche in its insistent demand for the super-human, for man's self-fulfilment as a cosmic being. He promises to enlarge on this more positive side of the picture in future writings, but in the present work leaves much for the student to grapple with.

Regarding the classification of subject matter, the method followed is convenient and systematic. After a brief introduction, the book opens with three chapters on 'The Fundamental Concept of Spiritual Life,' followed by an investigation of 'The Problem of Knowledge'. 'The World-Problem' forms the subject of the third section, where the argument reaches a climax in the impressive chapter on 'Evolution'. The succeeding section, which is the longest and quite the most interesting in the book, deals with 'The Problems of Human Life' under six headings which include 'Civilisation,' 'Personality and Character,' and 'The Freedom of the Will'. The concluding section is entitled 'Ultimate Problems,' and discusses 'The Value of Life' and 'The Religious Problem'; a page of 'Conclusion' and an index complete the publication.

Generally speaking the arrangement within the chapters takes a dual form; in fact several of the titles, such as 'Subjective—Objective,' 'Idealism—Realism,' 'Mechanical—Organic,' etc., at once suggest the expression, familiar to students of Indian philosophy, 'the pairs of opposites'. In this manner the power of contrast is fully utilised to illustrate the character and extent of the question at issue, for in each case the solution offered is not by way of compromise but by gaining a point of vantage from which both factors can be seen and directed. The following passage is a good example of the way in which this ancient injunction to be free from the pairs of opposites is constantly being brought out.

Thus there arise three quite distinct types of life: One of these is exclusively directed towards permanence, nay, towards a state of eternal rest, and seeks as far as possible to free human being from all movement; another is wholly taken up with movement and will know of nothing that escapes its influence; the third strives to get beyond the antithesis and aims at an inward superiority which shall do justice to both

sides. The first of these tendencies dominates the antique and the second the modern construction of life; the third has from the earliest times been operative in the world's spiritual work, but it has yet to be recognised in principle, and to be developed as a type of life into full power and clarity. This is the task of the future.

Or again :

Thus man stands at once *in time* and *above time* : his life possesses a two-fold character, since it has to realise a truth superior to time as a fact of experience and ground itself within this truth, and at the same time must strive, within the realm of time, for a clearer unfolding and more forceful application of this truth. Truth is therefore, here, both a possession and a problem—a possession in the innermost depth of our being, a problem in so far as we are called to transform existence into a life of full self-activity.

A noticeable feature is the care exercised in the use of terms, for instance the practice of introducing a fresh subject by a brief survey of the development of the terms employed clears the ground at the outset. To attempt an adequate summary of the author's treatment of particular subjects would be to burden the reader with preconceptions, but from all this mass of criticism and inference emerges one inevitable impression—that we are on the verge of a world-wide spiritual upheaval—where it is to come from or whither it is to lead, Eucken does not venture to prophecy.

To-day, inner re-arrangements, molecular transformations, if the expression be permitted, are in progress. What shaping of human conditions will result therefrom lies for the time being in profound obscurity.

But the stress he lays on the power of personality clearly reveals his anticipation of some dominant personality who will strike the key-note of the next movement of the evolutionary symphony. May it not also be that the ancient Indian ideal of spiritual life, somewhat hastily dismissed from the author's vigorous scrutiny, will prove to be the corner stone that western philosophical builders have too long rejected?

W. D. S. B.

Folk-Tales of Bengal, by the Rev. Lal Behari Day, with 32 illustrations in colour by Warwick Goble. (Macmillan & Co., London. Price 15s.)

The collection of folk-tales is an undertaking well worth doing by any one who has the opportunity to gather them at first hand and to record them, and Mr. Lal Behari Day has done useful work in bringing together the present series. India contains perhaps a greater wealth of such tales than any other country and unfortunately as yet only a comparatively small number of them have been made available to the general

reader. The stories contained in the present work are typical examples of the tales told to the children by the women of Bengal for countless generations, and they will doubtless prove equally attractive to many an English-speaking child. It is not to children alone, however, that these stories will appeal—older readers, and particularly those who are specially interested in India, will find in them much information as to the manners and customs of the country. The volume is enriched by a large number of beautiful illustrations in colour by Mr. Warwick Goble, which exhibit a quality of imagination entirely in keeping with the text. The harmonious tones of the colouring are decidedly pleasing. We are glad to observe that the figures are placed amid surroundings which are really Indian in character—a very unusual merit in illustrated books of this kind. It is regrettable that the binders have not bestowed a little more care on their portion of the production.

C. R. H.

A Primer of Hindūism,¹ by J. N. Farquhar. (Oxford University Press. Price Rs. 2-4).

The Renaissance of India, by C. F. Andrews.

The Outcastes' Hope, by Godfrey E. Phillips.
(Young People's Missionary Movement).

Of these three books the first is the most interesting. The other two are perhaps of value to the missionary. They are text-books for missionary work and present the subjects under discussion from an entirely partial, narrow, one-sided and therefore naturally defective point of view. They are not free from gross misstatements or carefully worded falsehoods of the priest-craft type. In both of them of course Theosophy and the T. S. are denounced; as any one acquainted with our work could not write thus, the inevitable deduction is that the writers do not know anything about Theosophy and its influence, or are deliberately in their attack using the foul weapon of misrepresentation.

Mr. Farquhar is a more impartial writer, not regardless of truth and facts, and though he has written against Theosophy, it seems to be the result of his study and reflections.

¹ Available at the THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

We might say that had he looked into the matter more deeply and come into contact with Theosophists he would have said his say differently. The primer is a careful piece of work based on a knowledge of history, which gives a solid basis, from the materialistic point of view, for the study of Hindūism; it lacks that inner sympathy which enables one to understand an alien faith in all its spiritual bearings. Because of its historicity, it gains a certain advantage over the Text Books of the C. H. College of Benares, but it fails in giving expression to the soul of Hindūism, as is done in both the Elementary and Advanced Text Books. It is richly illustrated, but is not suitable for school work; as a manual on the ancient faith of India it is an admirable production. Hindūs will do well to study this book, putting aside the author's Christian colouring wherever it is found. This second edition is revised and enlarged.

B. P. W.

Beauty and Ugliness, and Other Studies in Psychological Aesthetics, by Vernon Lee and A. Anstruther-Thomson. (John Lane, London. Price 12s. 6d. net.)

William Morris is reported to have said that he gauged the quality of a work of art by the intensity of the sensation produced by it in the pit of his stomach. From this rule-of-thumb observation to the aim of the book before us is a far cry, and yet it gives us a starting-point from which to enter into its argument. Its aim is to examine and in part to explain the many and varied physical sensations and mind processes which accompany æsthetic perception.

It is intended to familiarise students with the chief problems of psychological æsthetics, and even to introduce such æsthetics, its problems and hypotheses, to those who have approached Art from other sides. The central problem of æsthetics is the problem why some shapes (independent of what they represent) are liked and called beautiful, and other shapes are disliked and called ugly.

Proceeding, we are confronted by the further enquiry:

The psychological side of æsthetics and its interdependence with all other questions of mental science, begins with this question, of which the scientific statement would be as follows: what facts of consciousness in the first place, what physiological processes in the second, appear to underlie, or to accompany the satisfaction in certain forms as being beautiful, and the dissatisfaction in certain forms as being ugly?

Our authors give a weighty contribution towards the desired answer, and in so doing cover a wide field of investigation, undertaken both by themselves and others, and in this a

secondary interest of a biographical character is introduced by their laying open for our instruction their own mental and physiological processes during their researches and observations, an act of devotion to their object which cannot but command profound respect.

In the *Contemporary Review* of November, 1897, appeared an article from their joint pens bearing the title of this book, and it is here reprinted; it described the character of their minute and first-hand observation of the above-named processes. To give an example of their method, we quote the following. Having the Greek honeysuckle pattern under examination it is noted that

As the eyes move upwards along the pattern, the two lungs draw in a long breath, and there comes a slight sensation of the sides of the thorax being stretched; this sensation of width continues while the breath moves upwards, giving us simultaneously the sense of bi-lateral width and of height, the proportion between which being very pleasant to breathe accounts for the sense of well-being while looking at the pattern.

Similar pleasing sensations are experienced before symmetrical grouping in Architecture, but in this case the sum of sensation is increased, "for pattern has no bulk," while when the third dimension becomes a factor we have sensations of balance introduced, and we become conscious of the firm planting of our two feet on the ground, in sympathetic response to the perceived architectural balance. The object then comes to be judged by us as beautiful or ugly according to whether it arouses a pleasant or an unpleasant consciousness among the senses of respiration, equilibrium or other, to which it appeals, and the emotions excited by a work of Art are, according to this theory, dependent on the quality and character of those sense consciousnesses. Briefly: "The pattern of our senses of adjustment tallies most absolutely in every detail with the pattern of the object we are looking at," and when harmonious our vitality has a sense of expansion and increase.

This article brought its writers into the open field of controversy and investigation with other æstheticians and psychologists both in Europe and America, and in a number of subsequent essays, here bound up with that of 1897, we are introduced to the present position of recognised scientific thought on the matter of æsthetics; various theories are put forward and discussed, notably those of Professors Lipps and Groos. This historical survey of thought and

consequent hypotheses, including the writers' own conclusions, is of the greatest value.

Writ short, *Einführung*, translated as *Empathy*, the theory of Professor Lipps, is literally a "putting ourselves inside" or a "feeling ourselves into" the object observed, and is "analogous to that of moral sympathy"; that is, in effect, when we see a function performed or represented in a work of Art, as when a column or arch supports weight, we automatically reproduce in ourselves the corresponding sensation as though we participated in the performance of that function.

So when the attribution of our modes of life to visible shape and the revival of past experience is such as to be favourable to our existence and in so far pleasurable, we welcome this form thus animated by ourselves as 'beautiful,' and when all these processes of attribution or survival of our dynamic experiences are on the contrary unfavourable to us, we avoid that form as ugly.

Professor Groos' theory, which he calls *Innere Nachahmung*, or *Inner Imitation*, is explained in his own words thus:

In complete æsthetic enjoyment there are present motor phenomena of an imitative character, and that these show the sympathy in question (*Mit-leben*) to a bodily participation.

The final conclusions of our two authors, as modified by the study of these and other contemporary researches, and their own further introspective observation, which must be sought for in their own pages, is not one of perfect acceptance of, or concurrence with, these others, but one that carries the whole matter one stage further, and leaves the reader in that waiting mood which all vital thinking provokes.

Beauty and Ugliness achieves the aim which its writers set before them, but its methods will inevitably arouse in certain minds another question outside the field of their argument, namely: does it lie in the nature of things that the perambulation of the circle, be it never so complete, should result in the attainment of the centre? We are irresistibly reminded of an earlier treatise on this identical subject, that of Plotinus, *On the Beautiful*, and would suggest it as complementary to the work of our authors, not as in any way begging the question, or seeking to take it out of the realms of scientific investigation, but rather as widening the field of such investigation into profounder regions of consciousness.

H. R.

The Possession of Elizabeth, by Hope Rea. (The Theosophical Publishing Society, London. Price 1s. net.)

This poignant little drama of strange happenings is a psychological and character study of much ability. The story is told in the rather difficult literary form of letters, but it is here triumphantly surmounted, for the letters of Elizabeth herself, her fiance John, her two friends Barbara and Zara, clearly reveal their personal characteristics and develop the sequence of the narrative. Barbara, who is deeply religious, in whom orthodoxy is mingled with a dash of Mysticism, is well contrasted with the dancer Zara, a woman in whose blood many races are mingled, who had known all the great primeval experiences of life and many of its passions, and whose instinct or intuition saved the situation by, as she describes it, "playing the fool with all the wisdom that in me lay". From a physiological standpoint this case of possession, or rather of obsession, as the obtruding influence was evil, might be explained by the fact of Elizabeth's overwrought state of health. For weeks previously she, as a professional harpist, had been engaged in an Opera orchestra, helping to produce "that music of music, Wagner's". Sensitive, highly-strung, over-strained, as Elizabeth shows herself to be, perhaps it is not so very surprising that, under these circumstances, another entity should be able to take temporary possession of Elizabeth's body, and to use it in a manner productive of much ill and misery to her and others. How the possession of Elizabeth was effected by the malignant power of an old Irish woman, maddened by a sense of both personal and racial injury against the hated Saxon, and how the evil spirit was cast out of her, to use Biblical phraseology, we heartily recommend the reader to discover for himself. As serious students of "the unexplained forces in nature and of the powers latent in man," we welcome any thoughtful contribution to the subject either in fiction or in scientific form. That the good in man's nature finally triumphs over the evil elements, that even a hardened offender can be "convicted of sin and brought to repentance" by a good man's spiritual power—armed also with the authority of his priestly office—is the practical and helpful conclusion the story of the possession of Elizabeth finally indicates.

E. S.

A New Government for the British Empire, by F. W. Bussell, D. D. (Longmans Green & Co., London, Bombay, Calcutta, New York.)

The Great State: Essays in Construction. (Harper and Brothers, London and New York.)

Changes are in the air, and the earth is quivering; old systems are being reviewed, and new ones constructed. Things thought to be stable are found to be moving, and institutions that have been the boast of nations are being looked at askance. Dr. Bussell's letter of dedication, addressed to Lord Rosebery, speaks frankly of the difficulties confronting England: the House of Commons, he says, is moribund; the Monarchy is the tool of any faction in power; Government is practically carried on by the dictatorship of one or two able and determined men. What is to be done? Remodel the House of Peers, he answers, making it representative and responsible, but non-elective, and increase the power of the Throne. The Introduction analyses the present condition of affairs, and points to the dangers involved in a Government which only represents half the [male] people it rules, and is not therefore representative in any true sense. Hence there is ever a danger "of revolution from the faction for the moment aggrieved and left out in the cold". A partisan Government should not be trusted with large powers.

What then? Let the Sovereign return to his Council, and become, with his ministers chosen from all parties for imperial purposes, "the central and permanent brain of the realm". Let the Colonies, the Dominions, India and its feudatory States, all be represented by life members in the House of Lords. "No revolution ever swept away a King who knew his own mind and was not afraid to come to a decision." Local parliaments should carry on local affairs, while the central brain controlled imperial concerns. Then would the people really have a share in the Government, but they would deal with the things they knew, instead of electing a 'representative' by a bare majority to deal with things which they did not understand.

Such is the thesis worked out in the book. First the State and definitions of it are given, and it is noted that every equal State in the Empire must have a royal head. Canada

has one; India will have one; Ireland should have one. Spiritual and moral aims should have their place, but cannot be handed over to a competitive system. A governing class is found practically everywhere, and in modern days has become a bureaucracy. The delusive character of modern 'liberty' is caustically shown; "having won all the great causes, we are no better off For the bread of personal freedom and worth, he has received the stone of a suffrage." State omnipotence is now appealed to for social reform, but contending parties are not fit agents for such work. Thus we arrive at the conclusion that we must have local Parliaments—with presumably County and other Boards for smaller areas—and a King and Upper House for "the larger issues". Royalty has been steadily regaining power; "the expectant glances at royalty mark the critical temper of the age. The old belief is revived that 'if only the King could come by his own, all would once again be well'." Personally, the writer of this review hails the proposals made, since she thought she was but a voice crying in the wilderness, and she finds her own ideas in this book.

The book of essays called *The Great State* well deserves reading. It embodies the views of bright intelligences and good hearts, each writer speaking for himself while all are animated by the desire for human happiness. Mr. H. G. Wells begins with a brilliant essay on 'The Past and the Great State,' the Great State aimed at being that in which every one works, but freely and willingly, and every one has leisure; it will be "a system of great individual freedom with a universal understanding among its citizens of a collective thought and purpose". This is applied to the problems of the time, and we commend the discussion to our readers.

A. B.

Deussen's Metaphysics in Samskr̥t Verse, by A. Govinda Pillai, Dewān Bahādur. Trivandrum, 1912.¹

The *Elements of Metaphysics*, by Dr. Paul Deussen, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Kiel, first appeared in 1877. The book was not much noticed at that time, but since the second edition (in 1890) its popularity has become great in

¹ Obtainable through the THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, S., or direct from G. Mathavan Pillai, Chalai Bazaar, Trivandrum. Price Rs. 3.

Germany and even beyond her borders, as is testified by the English, French, and Russian translations. But the book was also opposed, not only in Germany, but even in India, and it may be good, on this occasion, to call attention to the following reviews: by Kāshi, in *The Theosophist* for October 1894; by Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden, in *The Theosophist* for January 1895; by A. G. Hogg, M.A., in the *Madras Christian College Magazine* for November 1906; and by P. T. Shrinivasa Aiyengar, in *Theosophy in India* for November 1906.

The Samskr̥t paraphrase, based on the English translation, which has now appeared, is decidedly a very clever piece of work. Even such passages as are seemingly untranslatable have come out so clearly in the Samskr̥t shlokas that here we are not compelled to say, as we must with not a few western translations, that the translation is intelligible to none but those who can read it along with the original. No doubt, Deussen's style is very simple and clear, and it would have been much more difficult to deal in a similar way with Schopenhauer, for instance; but translating from a modern language into an ancient one, differing from it in innumerable ways, is never an easy task. It was a fortunate idea to choose for the translation the metrical form: the shloka is, indeed, the given form, in India, for a Shāstra like Deussen's. The technical terms are, as a rule, very ingeniously contrived; yet in one or two cases, such as वस्तुस्वरूपम् = 'thing-in-itself,' one would like to have had some more characteristic expression. It was, therefore, a good idea to append to the translation a Padāvālī explaining the terms and indicating the pages and stanzas in which they occur. In this list also the personal names are explained, which was, indeed, necessary, because not every Hindū is likely to know that हीलन् is Helena, लॉक Locke, फ्रेंच French, etc., nor what sort of people, countries, etc., these western words denote. It is a pity that the Greek names in their English metamorphosis: हेलना (Greek Helenē or Helen) would no doubt sound better to the Indian ear than प्लेटॉन् (Greek Plātōn; cf. tektōn = तक्ता) better than ड्येड्ये; सोक्राटाः Sōkratēs; cf. dysmenēs = दुर्मनाः) better than साक्रीट्; etc. It may be rightly doubted whether Deussen's book is just a valuable introduction, for the Samskr̥t-reading public, to the philosophy of the West. Deussen is fond of dogmatising, and so Hindūs, while the one thing to be learned by the East

from western philosophy is the boldness to face a problem as if it had *not* been solved yet by the R̥ṣis of old nor by anyone at all. Deussen's book, in its Samskr̥ṭ garb, will be justly admired for its profoundness and wonderful clearness, but it is not likely to rouse many a Hindū mind from its dogmatic slumber; while, e. g., a good Samskr̥ṭ translation of Plato's Dialogues would possibly inaugurate a new era of Indian philosophical thought. Still Mr. Govinda Pillai's translation is a welcome gift: it is an Indian monument raised to the memory of a remarkable thinker and one who has done much towards bringing India nearer to the West.

F. O. S.

Bubbles of the Foam, by F. W. Bain. (Methuen and Co., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

The present volume is another addition to that series of romances, with which most of our readers are familiar, purporting to be translations from the Samskr̥ṭ. The love story narrated is unfolded with tender pathos to its tragic end, and is told in that placid dreamy fashion which is characteristic of the author's style. The theme is treated with great charm and with delightful delicacy of touch, and reminds one curiously of some melodious piece of music, set in a minor key, ending on some sombre chord.

Since it is now quite generally known that these stories are not in reality renderings from the Samskr̥ṭ, we are not altogether convinced of the wisdom of continuing the fiction. The effect on the reader whose attention is frequently called away from the thread of the story to a footnote explaining a difficult point of translation which he knows to be fictional, is not altogether happy. Moreover, the question as to whether a particular sentence or paragraph suggested the Samskr̥ṭ word, or the word gave birth to the paragraph, obtrudes itself in the reader's mind, in somewhat irritating fashion.

The author has allowed himself to be caught unawares in one or two small instances, as for example when in the Introduction, in describing himself as threading the maze of streets at Benares, he "came out finally upon the river bank" and "floated slowly down". Then again he tells us that a light steamy mist hung over the river and in the next sentence

that every outline stood out sharply "in that clear Indian air". These however are but minor blemishes, and to quote an Indian proverb: "A man or a gem—who has seen one without a flaw?" Mr. Bain's story is most certainly a gem, in which flaws are not easy to be seen, and one which all who love a beautiful story told in poetical prose will hasten to place among their other literary treasures.

C. R. H.

An Introduction to Psychology, by Prof. Wilhelm Wundt. Translated by Rudolf Pintner, Ph.D. (George Allen & Co., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

In the translator's note this book is described as "a shorter and simpler sketch than the same author's *Outlines of Psychology*," and as having attained great popularity in Germany. Prof. Wundt is the famous exponent, one might say founder, of psycho-physiology, and his methods are used in every University of Europe. No student who wishes to keep abreast of the times in this promising branch of science can afford to ignore the sound material here provided. The scope of investigation is limited to ascertaining the relations between the simplest possible facts of observation, according to the recognised scientific method of reducing a process to its elements and then searching amongst them for causal connections and sequences. The author commences by employing some simple but highly interesting experiments with the metronome to illustrate the terms 'threshold, field, and fixation-point of consciousness,' 'scope of attention,' 'apprehension,' and 'apperception'. Sensations, feelings, and motives are next dealt with, and their relation to actions. Feelings are classified in three pairs—pleasure and pain, strain and relaxation, excitation and quiescence; and the 'feeling-compounds' derived from these are aptly illustrated. Thought and memory associations are then elaborated, and here it may be of interest to mention an ingenious suggestion offered in explanation of the common experience of something 'having happened before'. What if after all the 'indistinct secondary ideas,' which the writer speaks of in this connection as giving rise to 'chief ideas' of a different form, should turn out to be our old friend clairvoyance lurking behind the professorial chair? It certainly appears so when

the same explanation is extended to account for "the so-called second sight, which some people imagine they possess".

Further ramifications of such study are finally focussed in a consideration of the existence of laws underlying psychical functions, and four 'principles' are eventually extracted: 'creative resultants,' 'heterogony of ends,' 'conditioning relations,' and 'intensifying contrasts'. The book should be carefully studied, although the Theosophist is not likely to assent to its conclusions. W. D. S. B.

Light on Life's Difficulties, by James Allen. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London. Price Rs. 2-4 or 3s. or 75c.)

Since most people are beset with some variety of life's difficulties, there is a constant and popular demand for solutions such as are contained in this last contribution of the late James Allen. The hopeful assurance that all are endowed with a will which inevitably modifies character in exact proportion to its own prompting effort urges one to try to learn that art of exercising the will, and alter the life by that sure method of heeding one's own thoughts and deeds. Mr. Allen has given his usual thoughtful attention to the ways of solving problems pertaining to the controversy and confusion that arise from the present age of freedom of thought and expression. He recommends the study of the great law of cause and effect, and says we cannot alter the law, but can alter ourselves so as to comprehend more and more of its perfection. The axiom that 'everything has its price' is uniquely applied to the gaining of spiritual, as well as material gain. He says that many causes of worry and disturbance may be removed by learning to see things in their true proportion or relation to the greater whole, rather than to the small causes of disturbances which blind the judgment. Self is not an entity to be cast out, but a condition of mind to be converted. Much light is thrown on what constitutes self-indulgence, and the sure way from weakness to strength is plainly indicated. Stress is laid on conduct or daily deportment as a most useful help to progress. In fact all the short and interesting chapters point to the better understanding of the true order of things, and will win as ready a sale for the book as the other works of the author have found.

G. G.

The Spiral Way, by John Cordelier. (John M. Watkins, London. Price 2s.)

The title of this book sounds promising to Theosophists, and we can assure our readers that their expectations will not be disappointed. The *Spiral Way* is the "pathway from appearance to reality" but, as the author suggests, "since God is not Height alone but Depth and Breath, life in her flight to Him may spread in all directions". Our readers will like this idea of an all-round development, a three dimensional expansion, of which so many examples are to be seen in the world of nature. Who, that has seen the oak tree, monarch of the forest, standing serene and majestic amid the fury of the oncoming storm, can think the time lost that was given to thrusting its roots ever more deeply into the heart of Mother-earth, or to spreading abroad those hospitable branches, that once offered shelter to the royal fugitive? We like our author's complete repudiation of any line of distinction between the sacred and the secular, such a line being in our opinion as purely arbitrary as the imaginary line of the earth's equator. The author laments what he conceives to be the duty of "giving up our little winged and dovelike thoughts, the wild and delicate magic of them to the prosaic necessity of a formal creed". Again further on he writes: "We must tame our wild joyousness, put our romantic passion into blinkers: conform in fact to the ecclesiastical ideal." But why? Surely that is precisely what we must *not* do. Does our gifted author really imagine that his "little winged and dovelike thoughts" are sent to him from Heaven that he may forthwith thrust them into the cage of a human creed, and that he is spiritually directed to put his heaven-born insight into 'blinkers'? We cannot conceive of such divine irony. Truer seems to us to be the intuition of the shepherd boy of old, whose wisdom and youthful modesty bade him doff the royal coat of mail and meet the giant with a sling and a stone. Not with the hampering fetters of a dogmatic creed nor with the cumbersome harness of ecclesiastical 'pomp and circumstance' shall ignorance—the only foe humanity has to fear—be overcome. Strong in the consciousness that there is a power behind him that, if need be, can bring "legions of angels to an easy victory," but armed only with the weapon of his own native wit, let the champion of Divine Wisdom go forth to the field of battle.

K. F. S.

Flowers of a Mystic Garden. From the works of John Ruysbroeck. (John M. Watkins. London. Price 2s. net.)

This little book is a collection of writings from the works of one of our greatest Christian Mystics, John Ruysbroeck ; and, as is generally the case with such cullings, to one reader it may seem to include many choice blooms and to another to be not so happy in selection. For ourselves we are of the opinion that no real understanding or love of the great contemplatives can be gained except by the study of their own utterances *in extenso*. Nevertheless, such compilations as the one under review may serve a useful purpose in giving the reader a slight acquaintance with the author, and in arresting his attention on one or two sayings pregnant with beauty and wisdom.

The book includes extracts from *The Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage* and other writings, and is translated from the French translation of the original by Ernest Hello. We congratulate the English translator on the excellence of his wording, and the manner in which he has reproduced the atmosphere and language of the mediæval mystical writings. Other chapters on 'Contemplation', and 'The Seven gifts are included'. Ruysbroeck's mystical genius was strong and virile in type. He is clear in his denunciation of the vacuity and idleness of pseudo-mysticism, and in his sure assertion of the need of whole-hearted love and surrender in the pursuance of the mystic quest. In a chapter on 'False Peace' he says : " He who finds his peace outside of action, who yields himself to a tranquility without performance, has lost the way." Peace and activity, interiorly and exteriorly, " are not irreconcilable but confirm and minister to one another ". At each moment the Mystic is completely in the one and perfectly in the other. " Dwelling entirely in God he possesses deep peace ; dwelling wholly in himself he performs the works of love " ; for " love cannot be idle ". This same burning, all-conquering love is the necessary condition of a successful achievement of the quest after God. " Only a flood-tide will bring us to anchor in the safe harbour of the superessential essence." And the one way to Union, says he again, is solely by " simplicity of intention ". " Every good deed, however small, if it be directed to God by simplicity of intention, increases in us the divine likeness, and deepens in us the flow of eternal life." The single eye which lights the whole body, that truly is ever the one qualification in all

search after Reality. And it belongs pre-eminently to the Mystics of all faiths and of all ages. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." And so, whenever we touch the writings of these, the single in heart, we cannot but feel a touch of the light that surrounds all those who have seen and known. To read them is ever purifying, and it is yet another sign of these times that their works are being brought into the light of our common day, and put within the reach of all. Such publication is true service to the world.

C. M. C.

Essentials of Hindūism (G. A. Natesan & Co., Madras. Price Ans. 8. or. 9d. or. 20c.)

This is a symposium, wherein twenty-five Hindūs, of various shades of thought, discuss the question which forms the title of the brochure. R. B. Lala Baijnath gives a terse and clear synopsis of Hindūism, and his and that of Babu Bhagavan Das Sahab are perhaps the best. Sir Pratap Chandra Chatterji, C. I. E., stretches the word Hindū to include Buddhists and even Pārsis, while Dewān Bahadur K. Krishnasvami Rao, C. I. E., sternly narrows it down. People of all views may find something in their favour, and the little book is distinctly interesting.

A. B.

The Cloud of Unknowing, edited by Evelyn Underhill. (John M. Watkins, London. Price 3s. 6d.)

For this delightful little volume, compiled from MSS. at the British Museum, we are deeply indebted to Miss Underhill, whose own work, *Mysticism*, has lately proved such a valuable contribution to this branch of literature. Of the author of the *Cloud of Unknowing* very little appears to have been handed down to us, beyond the fact that he was a cloistered monk, who lived at the close of the fifteenth century; but though upon opening his book we felt we were approaching a stranger, we cannot lay it down without a tribute of gratitude to an unknown friend, "an original, mystical genius of strongly marked character and great literary ability". "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, these three alone will make a man a prig" parodies Chesterton, and perhaps it is the entire absence of priggishness that makes the chief charm of this

author; for though we may admire a man for the things he does, we only really know him by the things he does not do. This author never bores his reader with pious platitudes; with directness and simplicity of style he goes straight to the point, and, though history has been silent concerning him, he stands self-revealed to us in these pages as a powerful personality, half saint, half philosopher, but wholly a devotee, a born contemplative of the highest order.

Indeed the author appears to be the spiritual descendant of that other mysterious being, who styled himself Dionysius the Areopagite. Of the excellence of his matter there can scarcely be two opinions and the quaintness and picturesqueness of his style is evident. As Miss Underhill points out the author is amusingly full of "fears that 'some young presumptuous ghostly disciples' may understand the injunction to lift up the heart in a merely physical manner; and . . . 'stare in the stars as if they would be above the moon' . . . in the effort to make literal ascensions to God". Such misconceptions he finds "hurt full sore the silly soul and make it fester in fantasy feigned of fiends". From which outburst of eloquence it may be slyly observed by the wicked reviewer that our somewhat arrogant author does not entirely disdain alliteration's artful aid. We cannot resist availing ourselves of its assistance in recommending this book to our readers as a strong solution of sanctified common sense.

K. F. S.

*The People's Books*¹ (T. C. and E. C. Jack, London and Edinburgh. Price Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c.)

Embryology, by Prof. Gerald Leighton, M. D.

Readers of *The Secret Doctrine* will remember how H. P. Blavatsky hints at the importance of the study of embryology for the purpose of grasping certain cosmic principles, as also the intricacies of the evolution of the human constitution. Students of Occultism should know something about this very interesting science, and we hardly know of any manual so full of information as the one under review. It is lucidly written and deals out instruction in a pleasant manner. These *People's Books* are a boon to the student population.

B. P. W.

¹ This admirable and cheap popular Series is obtainable at the THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

Home Rule, by L. G. Redmond-Howard.

This little volume, enriched by a preface from the pen of Mr. Robert Harcourt, M. P., is an endeavour to put the case of Home Rule fairly before the public. The writer is avowedly in sympathy with his subject. After outlining briefly the history of Irish politics for the last two centuries or so, he gives in detail the more recent phases of the struggle for Home Rule, and indicates the advantages which will, in his opinion, accrue from the passing of the Bill. An interesting little book, and one that should prove useful to those who are not up-to-date on the Irish Question.

T. L. C.

Syndicalism, by J. H. Harley, M. A.

A volume descriptive of Syndicalism is decidedly useful in these days of repeated industrial wars. Syndicalism is defined as "a method of realising the Millennium by the action and under the government of Trade Unions," and the theory is developed in detail. The historical portion is very well worked out and the course of the movement traced from its birth up to the present day. The section dealing with modern times is the more valuable in that the author, though a thorough believer in the doctrine he expounds, is by no means blind to its weak points, and he discusses them with admirable fairness and impartiality. Those who, frequently seeing the term Syndicalism in the newspapers, have only a hazy idea of its meaning cannot do better than turn to this instructive booklet.

C. R. H.

The Structure of the Earth, by T.G. Bonney, Sc. D., F.R.S.

A most delightful little book which deserves the widest circulation. The most conspicuous characteristics of this very successful attempt at a popular exposition of the science of geology are freshness of treatment and vivid imagination, both supported by apt illustration and comparison. The story of the work of heat and cold, of rain and running water, of snow and ice, and of the sea, reads like a romance. We wish this instructive and interesting booklet a victorious career as a useful spreader of knowledge.

J. v. M.

Tennyson, by Aaron Watson.

The life of Tennyson must always be interesting. Apart from all other considerations, a man who was practically from the first surrounded by the most interesting people of his time must have many recollections and anecdotes which are worth recording.

Mr. Watson has, in the space at his command, admirably sketched the life of the poet, illustrating by quotation the influences which affected him. A very balanced criticism of the greater poems is given, and the opinion of the poet's contemporaries is quoted. The mystic side of Tennyson's nature is briefly, but well, brought out. Mr. Watson tells us :

He was always more or less of a mystic. He had, in truth, mystical experiences of his own, during which he seemed to live almost as much in the one world as the other Of dream states he seems to have had a vast and quite uncommon experience, as is proved over and over again in his poems, from 'The Mystic' to the last poem of all.

To lovers of his poetry this mystical aspect of the Laureate's work is very familiar, and is clearly present in 'The Passing of Arthur'. Tennyson's philosophy and breadth of intellect are touched upon and illustrated by a passage from 'Ænone,' in which poem as in many others the spirit of Theosophy shines brightly.

Mr. Watson is to be congratulated on having written such a delightful little book, delightful because the writer is in perfect sympathy with his subject. A useful bibliography completes the volume, which should prove an illuminating companion to the further study of Tennyson's poems.

A History of English Literature, by A. Compton-Rickett, M. A., LL. D.

The writer is indeed a brave man to endeavour to compress into such a small space a history of English Literature; and it argues a very wide knowledge of his subject to attempt such a task. Of necessity everything is on the minutest scale. This was inevitable. Since Stopford Brooke's admirable little Primer, we do not remember having seen another book, of any note, on the same lines. If, like Mr. Brooke, the author, in approximately the same space, has the gift of inducing his readers to make an attempt to follow the most fascinating pursuit of literature, he will have done more than well; and there

seems nothing in Mr. Compton-Rickett's work to prevent this. The history of the earlier period of our literature is all too brief, and thereby is deprived of some of its charm, and a few more quotations illustrating style, might, we venture to think, have been advantageously included.

The author has shown to a marked degree the art of selection; and it would be difficult to find any important point in the history of literature omitted. His criticisms are terse and valuable, and the whole book is arranged in a very workman-like fashion. A chance example will show what is meant. The subject of Ben Johnson is divided thus: (1) the man, (2) his methods, (3) his technical skill, (4) detailed observations, (5) his graceful fancy. A useful list of reference books is placed at the end of the volume, which we hope will meet with the success it undoubtedly deserves.

T. L. C.

NOTICE

Kashmir Shaivism.

We have been asked to make a note about this eagerly expected work by Mr. Jagadisha Chandra Chatterji. Part i is before us and also the proofs of a considerable portion of Part ii, and we are informed that the book is likely to appear within three months or so. Part i (40 pages) deals with the history and literature, Part ii with the main doctrines of the system. For all who have ever struggled with the complicated historical questions and the technical difficulties of the Trika literature, the book will be a real relief.

F. O. S.

A GREAT INDIAN ON THEOSOPHY

[The following is the full text of the speech delivered by V. P. Madhava Rao, Esq., C. I. E., late Dewān of Mysore and of Travancore, as President on the occasion of the celebration of the 30th Anniversary of the Brahma Vidya Lodge, T. S., at Kumbakonam, on Tuesday, the 18th February, 1913.]

I CONSIDER it a privilege to be called upon to deliver the annual address at the Brahma Viḍyā Lodge at Kumbakonam. The name of the Lodge is well chosen, as it correctly conveys the idea of its being a spiritual centre. It may appear somewhat odd that though the name, the aims and objects, and methods of work of the Association are entirely indigenous and purely Hindū, the inspiration should come from the West, and through the medium of men and women whom Hindūs were accustomed to look upon as anything but spiritual. But so it has been. I well remember the sensation that was created when we heard of the advent of a Russian Lady and an American Colonel who, to the imagination of the wondering young India, appeared to have dropped from the clouds, bringing to us the message of hope and uplift, when India had half forgotten that it had had a glorious past, and that it still held spiritual treasures which were destined to rejuvenate the decadent civilisation of the West and prevent its utter collapse. When Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott came to India, young India, dazzled by the achievements of the ruling race in the departments of science, of the art of war, of politics and administration, had begun to believe that its advancement lay in the direction of adopting the manners and customs and the social practices of the Europeans. It had lost the key to the interpretation of the symbolism and ritual of its religion and its sacraments, and had come to believe that it was all superstition, unworthy of men who would claim equality with Englishmen. Worse than this, with their crude notions of where-in the secret of the greatness and success of the ruling race lay, our young men had begun to abandon the habits of their community in regard to meat and drink, habits which had been formed as the outcome of experience of their necessity physically, morally and spiritually, gained during the passage of the race through the different phases of its evolution in ages gone-by. When young India was in this plight, down descended, as if from the skies, the pioneers of the Theosophic movement to arrest, as it were, the process of

denationalisation, and to tell us that we were fools to run after the dazzling objects of sense and lose the inestimable spiritual treasures of which we were heirs.

When one takes a survey of the history of India since the British came, one is lost in wonder at the change that has come upon the land, whether we consider its material or its moral and spiritual aspects.

When one looks at what is happening in the West in the domain of religion and spirituality, the inference would be that India had nothing to gain from a moral and spiritual point of view from the West. I do not think this view is correct. We have gained spiritually also, although the service the West has done will be found more in the way of stimulating an inquiry into our own religion and making us study our own literature and discover the rich treasures that we possess, rather than making a contribution of ideas and systems. But that the West is a great gainer by the discovery of the Samskr̥t language and Samskr̥t literature, and that its philosophy and religion are undergoing a transformation under the influence of the philosophy of the East, there can be no question. In fact as far as the western nations are concerned, the discovery of Samskr̥t may be said to have had the same effect on the spirituality of the West as the fall of Constantinople and the dispersion of the holders of Greek and Roman learning had on the Renaissance of Europe. Samskr̥t learning has already given Europe the science of language and folk-lore, and is now gradually supplying its religion with solutions of the problems of life, which the dogmas and doctrines with which the Church had encrusted the teachings of Christ have been found unable to give. That I am not exaggerating the spiritual destitution from which the people of the West are suffering will be clear from the following quotations from the book on Nonconformity in the *Home University* series, written by Dr. Selbie, M.A., D.D.

The great mass of the people of this country are profoundly indifferent to all the churches and to religion as represented by them. The advance in scientific discovery and in temporal well-being has brought about a spirit of practical materialism which tends to make religion both unnecessary and unreal. It is quite true, as every careful observer must realise, that this is only part of a general decadence that marks our modern civilisation.

In another place he says that "the great masses of the wage-earning population are altogether alienated from the Churches, whether Nonconformist or Anglican". Modern science and modern criticism have gradually deprived dogmatic Christianity of each of the doctrines on which it had built its system, until to-day the whole of the western world is without any religion. But it is not so with us. Our religion has sound philosophy at its back, and no advance in science and no criticism can touch its essential principles or symbolism; and

it is one of the services Theosophy has done to us to have roused us to a sense of the value of our own religion.

Theosophy has been instrumental in throwing open to all castes the higher spiritual truths of Hindūism, and in cultivating a habit of sympathy and fellow-feeling between the different castes. They all meet now on a common platform, and the benefit to the community is immense. The Purāṇas had done this in the past, and reformers like Rāmānuja had worked towards the same end. But there is a tendency in human institutions to get rigid after a time, and we want rousing now and then; and this function has been admirably discharged by the Theosophists. Another great merit about Theosophy is the insight it has shown from the beginning into the value of our caste system as a preservative of the nation's spirituality, and as preventing Hindūs from disappearing as a nation from the face of the earth. Not that Theosophy countenances caste as now observed, but it fully recognises the service it has done and is doing, and trusts to the progress of society and the spiritual elevation of the classes to bring about closer fellowship between the different communities than perhaps now exists. For all these services every Hindū should be grateful to Theosophy, and especially to its present gifted President.

In 1909, during my travels in the north when I visited Quetta in Baluchistan, the members of the Lodge there requested me to open the newly built Hall. Not being a professed Theosophist, I hesitated to undertake the function, but they would take no refusal. It was sufficient for them that I was a sympathiser, and an admirer of the service Theosophy was doing for India. Their enthusiasm and their thirst for spiritual knowledge would gladden any man's heart to see, especially in such a remote and wild country as Baluchistan. I simply say this to show the good Theosophy is doing all over the country, and especially in such a distant country as Baluchistan.

It is not pleasant to refer to the controversies that are now agitating the Society, and all we can do is to wish that they will not interrupt the good work the Society is doing.

I feel I should not conclude this address without giving expression to the pleasure it gave me to find so much zeal and earnestness in the cause of promoting spiritual knowledge in this centre. It speaks highly for the philanthropy of the donors that they should have so liberally contributed to the construction of this substantial and spacious building. The Secretary and office-bearers are working with a zeal and devotion which are worthy of all praise.

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE judgment in the suit brought by Mr. Naraniah against myself to recover the custody of his two sons is a very peculiar one. The learned Judge absolutely cleared Mr. Leadbeater and Mr. Krishnamurti from the scandalous charges brought against them by Mr. Naraniah. He declared that he did not believe his evidence, that the acts had never occurred, and that he, had not acted under undue influence. He then went on to say that as the acts had not occurred, the plaintiff could not have known them, and thus, by leaving his sons with Mr. Leadbeater with that knowledge have shown himself unfit to have the custody of his sons: that the father's right to such custody was supreme, and that the fact that "the father was a liar did not deprive him of it". On this ground he ordered me to give back the boys to the father. He condemned the plaintiff to pay the whole costs of the suit, including that of the two commissions. I shall, of course, appeal against the order, but I do not know if execution will be stayed pending the appeal. If it is not, I

shall have to remain in India, as it would not be honourable to place myself outside the jurisdiction of the Court. The Judge further remarked that the accusations were evidently made long after the supposed occurrences, as a result of the jealousy felt by the plaintiff against Mr. Leadbeater. He made the boys wards of court.

* * *

The character of my beloved ward is thus wholly cleared from the foul charges levelled against him by his father, while the father has been scathingly described as a liar from the judicial bench. Let us hope that the order to give the boys to such a father will be annulled on appeal. So far, the odious crimes charged on us have been judicially declared not to have occurred, and by this the most important thing has been gained. Let us hope that the victory will be completed by the reversal of the order on appeal.

* * *

I was fortunate in having, as opposing counsel, Mr. C. P. Ramasvami Aiyar, a gentleman whose name for honour stands as high as his reputation for legal learning and ability. I was thus spared the difficulty, arising so often in Indian cases, of suborned low-class testimony. Mr. Ramasvami Aiyar fought desperately hard for his client, but it was only in his last speech that he uttered any words which one wishes to forget—and which I have forgotten. This brilliant young counsel should have a great career before him.

* * *

Here is a very pleasant word from the *American Theosophist*, showing how our much-loved Alcyone is developing into manhood; that gracious boyhood is

practically over, and the youth is becoming the man. Far more rapidly than we had thought possible is the change going on. Thus writes the American General Secretary :

The following excerpt from a letter just received from an American F. T. S. will very much interest the most of our readers :

During my recent business trip to London I had the unexpected pleasure of a visit of about an hour and a half with Alcyone and Rāja. I cannot express in words the deep impression the visit made upon me. Instead of the dreamy boy the photographs we have of Alcyone would indicate, I saw a magnificent young man—straight, athletic, alert, keenly interested in America and conditions existing here. On one side I would seem to see the dawning strength, power, vigour, one might expect; on the other a gentleness, a sweetness, beyond the power of words to describe. I don't think I shall ever forget the deep impression the visit made on me.

The "dreamy boy" was living more in other worlds than in the physical. Such "dreaminess" has often been noted as characterising the childhood of famous men. It has been written of the "little ones": "In heaven their Angels do always behold the face of my Father that is in heaven." Time and patience are needed to win the Angel to turn his eyes to vision less glorious; but when he does look downwards, his gaze is piercing and tender, luminous and wise.



Los Angeles Evening Herald states that a "new type of southern California girl" is developing, and a very beautiful one it seems to be.

With the new generation of girls in southern California a new type has been developed. All artists say so. The fusing of races in the melting pot of Southern California has developed a girl typical of this section—a different type of girl from any other in the world, and a girl unlike in many respects her sisters of the east and south and north of this country.

Says an artist :

I predict that within a few generations native Californians will be a distinct type, different from all the world. I predict this type will be the most beautiful type of human beings and will possess the majority of the virtues. California being the centre of attraction of all races, the types of all the world will be fused here and from the mass will spring the California type. I do not believe that the characteristics of any one race will predominate. The new California type will be supreme. The type will grow rapidly toward the pronounced brunette. The eyebrows will be straight and pronounced. With the growth toward the brunette type the cheeks will become rosy, and I believe the California woman is to be the most beautiful of the world.

The mating of these girls with the new and strong masculine type, to which I have before drawn attention, may well give America the sixth sub-race.

* * *

The *Homiletic Review* remarks on the difference of attitude towards Christian missions shown by Anglo-Indian and South African officials. One of the "most depressing problems" of the Christian missionary, it says, is constituted by "the indifference and prejudice of the average Anglo-Indian" and "the propaganda represented by Mrs. Besant". Does it not strike the *Review* that the conditions in India and South Africa are very different? In India we have the Hindūs, with an ancient civilisation, a spiritual religion, and a splendid philosophy; we have Pārsīs, Buddhists, Jains, Muhamadans, Sikhs, all with their own faiths and living highly civilised lives; the Christian missionary in India attacks all these great faiths, raises bitter feelings, and is a source of dangerous discord. Moreover, his influence undermines the total abstinence from strong drink imposed by the eastern faiths, and the drunkenness now spreading among large sections of the Indian higher classes is due to the example of Christians—however

'temperate'—and the absence of the prohibition of liquor in Christianity. "Drink a little wine for thy stomach's sake" is a precept spread in India by the circulation of the Christian Bible, and the harm which is being done in this respect is incalculable. Those who doubt it may read the Customs House statistics. In South Africa, on the other hand, the Christian missionary is a civiliser of savage tribes, is an agent of good, and a useful educator. The officials in the two continents are both right in their respective attitudes, for the conditions, as said, are wholly different.

* * *

Our Scotch National Society has opened a Central Lodge Library Fund, and asks the members to send in second-hand books, or money for the purchase of new ones selected from a list of two hundred and seventy of the best Theosophical works, ranging in price from 6d. to £2-10-6. We are glad to see that the list is very catholic, and includes the works of Dr. Steiner, Mr. Mead, Mr. Scott-Elliot, Mr. Kingsland, as well as of Mme. Blavatsky, Mr. Leadbeater, Mabel Collins, and Mr. Bhagavan Das. I note that the *Pranava Vāda* is included. The books collected will be divided into sets and sent to the Lodges most in need of a Library, but they will remain the property of the National Society, being issued on loan for as long as they are wanted. The idea is a very good one, and might wisely be copied in other Sections.

* * *

One of our American members, Mr. Max Wardle, has performed a remarkable feat in Seattle, Washington; he was made acting Mayor during the temporary absence of the regular civic officer, and set to work to 'clean

up' his city. He cleared away the gambling houses, checked bribery, purified the police force, sending the chief of police to gaol. He refused to continue in office when it was offered to him by the grateful town, and has been resting for a while at Krotona. He said to a newspaper reporter :

Yes I am a Theosophist. I am a Theosophist in so far as it relates to the universal brotherhood of man and the theory of evolution of the human species. I believe that all of us have lived before and that we will live again ; that the soul is either consciously or unconsciously expressed in each embodiment, a higher state of intelligence and understanding. Just as one eats a meal and it is digested and assimilated, just so the period of rest between incarnations will represent the periods of digestion and ingestion. So that one returns to life with added wisdom and power after a period of such assimilation . . . The theory of evolution is the most striking feature of Theosophy. I do believe in the transmigration of the soul. I believe that man has come up through the civilisation of the past into the mighty civilisation of the present. I believe that all a man is to-day is the outgrowth and product of his various experiences in his pilgrimages.

Mr. Wardle is only thirty-three years of age, so we may look for much good work from him. America needs citizens so virile and so upright.

* * *

A remarkable sermon on Hindū religious thought, dealing chiefly with re-incarnation, was preached lately at Wimbledon (England), by the Rev. G. T. Sadler. His text was the well-known enquiry of the Christ : " ' Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am ? ' And they said : ' Some say that Thou art John the Baptist ; some Elias ; and others Jeremias, or one of the prophets ' . " On this Hebrew view of reincarnation, the preacher founded his discourse. Mr. Sadler divided the history of Hindū thought into five periods, taking the last as that which included the idea of Avaṭāras ; he then said,

concerning the Avatāra known under the name of Shri Kṛṣṇa :

The story of Kṛṣṇa includes certain elements which have been called by some immoral, but which were undoubtedly symbolic of spiritual ideas. The account of Kṛṣṇa's life also embodies episodes very like those contained in the Christ story ; viz., that Kṛṣṇa was born of a Virgin, announced by His Star, adored by cowherds, was of royal descent, had a disciple named Arjuna, healed a leper, was transfigured, crucified, descended into hell, rose again from the dead, and will come again to judge men. Such elements, however, are to be found in many faiths, and the *Bhagavad-Gītā* was written long before Christianity could have reached India. Sir Monier Williams will not allow that there was copying by the Hindūs, but reminds us that "the Bible is a thoroughly Oriental book". It is more likely that Hindū ideas had filtered through to Palestine, *via* Persia.

The belief in the incarnation of Viṣṇu in the person of Kṛṣṇa came as a solace to the people, who craved an incarnate loving Deity, one who pitied and saved men.

Then the preacher suggested some thoughts which might lead people to consider transmigration. He pointed to the universality of the idea, and quoted the ode of Ovid :

Dies not the Spirit,
But new life repeats
Into other forms,
And only changes seats.
Even I, who this mysterious truth declare,
Was once Euphœbus, in the Trojan war ;
My name and lineage I remember well.
Thus all things are but altered,
Nothing dies,
And here and there the unbodied Spirit flies.

Then Mr. Sadler turned to Origen, speaking of a ladder between heaven and earth, the symbol of the descent of souls, and reminded his hearers of Jacob's ladder, and the ladder placed in the cave in the Mithraic worship to represent the souls coming down to earth from heaven. He pointed out that the Jews certainly believed in transmigration, and that it was taught by

many Rabbis. The doctrine, he said, aided in the explanation of geniuses, prodigies, and congenital criminals, whereas "the alternative to reincarnation is predestination," the dictate of "some capricious God". The preacher concluded:

We ought at least to entertain the Message of the best thought in great India as a 'working hypothesis' and be willing to enquire into it . . . The modern missionary, going to India, ought to go as a comrade in truth-seeking, not as condemning all he sees. He must not judge Hinduism by the crude superstitions of the peasant, who bows before a snake, or an elephant, or an image of these, any more than he would judge of mathematics by the babblings of a child.

The Christian missionary has a message to take to India as well as something to learn from India. His message will be comprehended in the words: "He that loveth (habitually) is born of God and knoweth God." The craving for the incarnate Kṛṣṇa shows the need of the heart for a loving God. The modern and true missionary will not enforce Church sacraments, or creeds, or politics, but will show by life and teaching what he feels in his soul—the Love Illimitable. That is the nature of the Infinite Life, from whom, and through whom, and unto whom are all things.

Truly is Theosophy making its way into the churches.

* * *

Another Theosophic word comes from 'Carmen Sylva,' the Queen of Roumania. She writes in the *Fortnightly Review* that if she were a millionaire she would build a cathedral, with chapels for every religion in it, and an arts school beside it. Future Queens, perhaps, will build such Theosophical cathedrals.



INTUITIONAL CONSCIOUSNESS

A Lecture in a Course on Consciousness

By FRANCESCA ARUNDALE, F. T. S.

CONSCIOUSNESS has been traced through the long path of its manifestation, from the flame to the spark, from the spark to its encasement in the various planes of matter, each downward plane marking an added veil, an added density to be overcome and conquered. The Self of man comes from the first LOGOS, it is a reflection of the Monad; and yet more than a reflection, as it is truly the Self, the germ of all that it will be when, having passed through all limitation, it shall be capable of Self limitation, of Self manifestation.

Thus we see the spark becoming the threefold manifestation on the three planes of the descending path as *Ātmā*, *Buddhi*, *Manas*. But the Self has to descend still further into matter, for there are the planes of manifestation even lower than the *mānasic*. To conquer these is the work of the Self in its lowest unfoldment, as it reaches out to the astral and the physical. To accomplish this a further reflection of the Self is necessary, and the mental divides itself into higher and lower, that which can still contact the spiritual and higher Self, and that which reflects it in the lower, the field of concrete matter. There then again we get a triad, but this time a triad working in the densest limitation of matter, concrete mind, the feelings and emotions, and their field of action in the physical body. With the long processes of this unfoldment I have nothing to do; they have been fully dealt with in the earlier lectures of this series; it is sufficient for the purpose of this lecture to note that in this lower reflection there is the gradual realisation of the Self, and that the effect of evolution through the lower planes is that, while at the beginning of its course this lower looks upon itself as apart and separate from its surroundings, at the end it realises its spiritual Self-hood and identity with all. Thus the centre of consciousness is gradually transferred from the lower physical of the animal and savage man to the emotional and intellectual centres of the civilised and developed entity.

One thing must be remembered, and that is that the reflection of the Self in the lower triad is a trinity, that each of the powers or aspects of the One Self is represented, and that these are being developed simultaneously, so that the mortal man, as we may call this lower

triad, unfolds the reflection of Ātmā, Buddhi, Manas by expanding the centres of consciousness, till at last in the realisation of identity they are capable of being drawn into the higher. We have seen in the previous lectures the process of this unfolding; how the concrete, intellectual consciousness of the mortal person at last fixes its centre in the intellectual consciousness of the immortal individual; how that which was external and concrete is seen in its inner aspects as internal and abstract, so that the root of knowing is seen as the knower, and that Self-realisation involves the knowing of the thing in itself of which the concrete is the manifestation in time.

In the present lecture we have to do with the next stage in the great unfoldment, the realisation of the intuitional consciousness, the vehicle through which it works in manifestation in time, and the world of Being to which it belongs. It is again important to remember that in manifestation we are dealing with a reflection, so that just as we sought for the reflection of the higher intellectual consciousness of the Monad in its concrete aspects, so must we now seek for the next aspect of the Monad, the Buddhi aspect, in the plane that reflects it in its manifestation in time. The bliss aspect of the Monad shows itself in the mortal personality in love and joy, in the attraction that makes men seek one object rather than another. The plane of desire is the reflection of the buddhic plane in time and manifestation, and the nearest expression of the bliss aspect is the condition of pure and intense love which sometimes unites two persons, making them feel as one being in thought, word and action. It is in the astral reflection that we have to look for the first

faint stirring of buddhic consciousness, and in this connection we must note that all planes and sub-planes of matter interpenetrate the physical, and are, as we may say, adjacent to it. This is very important, for the consciousness of the Ego, drawn outwards by vibrations of the astral plane, causes responsive vibrations in the astral body, and these arouse faint answering thrills in the buddhic matter of which the astral is the reflection, and in this way the response in the buddhic vehicle is strengthened and developed.

Thus we see that the physical, astral, mental, buddhic, and nīrvāṇic vehicles are all closely connected, and when we speak of the buddhic plane and the buddhic vehicle, we are not speaking of something that is afar off, but of that which is present with every man, here and now; and by unfolding the reflection of the Self we come into touch with the reality that lies behind it. The buddhic matter, which we call the buddhic body, must not however be thought of as a body similar to the physical body, that is to say as an enclosure; there is no hard and fast outline circumscribing the atoms of buddhic matter and thus creating a definite form. It should rather be conceived of as a vibrating centre with lines radiating in all directions. We have been told that the causal vehicle, or the body of the higher mental plane, is the only permanent body of the ego in manifestation. The lower mental, the astral, and the physical disintegrate after each life, but the causal body may be regarded as the storehouse of the experiences garnered by the ego in its earthly lives.

It is in this causal body that the buddhic sheath or centre is formed, and it is the nucleus of those permanent atoms which enable the ego to descend into

matter, carrying its experience from one life to another. We have also been told that it is developed by the exercise of the mental powers of abstract thought, the highly intellectual and moral characteristics, developed in each life. It is the strengthening of this aspect of the Intellect in the causal body which gradually forms the buddhic centre, and, so long as the causal body lasts, that centre and its radiating lines remain as the nucleus of the permanent atoms.

In the course of the unfoldment of the ego, however, the great mystery of Initiation takes place, and, when the ego consciously enters the buddhic plane, the causal body itself disappears, that body which has been the home of the consciousness through life after life, in the higher as well as the physical world. It disappears; that is to say, it disintegrates, and the atoms of which it is composed are lost in the surrounding sea of mental matter.

Thus the buddhic sheath has no form, but is a raying out of matter in all directions, and to the developed seer the buddhic threads can be seen as running through all living organisms and holding them together. It is this disappearance of the causal body when a man passes through the first Initiation which gives the feeling at first, we are told, of having lost every touch with the planes below. The buddhic centre and the permanent atoms, however, remain; and these permanent atoms are the links by means of which the ego can again emerge from the buddhic plane to the lower realms of manifested life.

Having spoken of the buddhic sheath, we may consider the characteristics of the plane from which it emanates. It is only by symbols that we can in any way image the conditions of this glorious realm. It has

been described as the Christ plane of the human Spirit, a sphere of knowledge and love, where each man is most perfectly himself, and yet at the same time includes all others in himself, and is all others. A plane in which there is no exclusion, for all being interpenetrates, and no isolation is possible. It may be compared to a centre of energy with no excluding walls, and each entity, as he becomes conscious on this plane, is at once the centre as well as the out-raying energy. Truly it is the Christ plane, for it is the plane of *at-one-ment* and is the foundation of the much misunderstood doctrine of *Atone-ment*. The Christ, who is the perfected entity on this plane, shares His life with all, and through Him and from Him come the rays of life and love and wisdom that draw all men up to Him. It is the plane of Saviours, because from here there is no separation, but a constant sharing with others. The entity that has passed through the cross of manifestation in matter has become conscious through all form, and now exists as a conscious centre, able to vivify all that is below him, in very truth one with God and man. In no sense however is this at-one-ment vicarious; how could it be so if the nature of the Self be understood? The Christ of the buddhic plane is not a manifestation of the power of the Spirit for one only, it is the condition that is manifest that all may attain, as in the words of the Great Initiate on earth, "that they may be one in Us".

The spark is the flame, and the expansion of consciousness that marks the entrance of the Initiate on to the buddhic plane is the realisation of the identity of the nature and being of the spark with that which is at once its source and centre.

The entering this condition of consciousness is often spoken of as entering the stream, for never can the man who has once realised this condition fall back to the state of worldliness which looks on the external as the real. He has touched the inner side of being, and although he may wander and delay, yet he can never lose the spiritual knowledge that has come to him from the divine plane.

In the title of this lecture mention is made of the intuitional consciousness, its vehicle and its world. We have seen somewhat of the nature of its world in the description of the powers and attributes of the buddhic plane, and the buddhic sheath has been spoken of as a radiating centre. Let us now see how that centre is related to the man as we know him in the present world of manifestation. What is the intuitional consciousness, how does it manifest in the world of sense and action, and how can it be strengthened and developed so that the ego can realise itself on the buddhic plane? In the first place, it must be again noticed that all planes of matter are adjacent and co-existing. Physical, astral, mental, causal, buddhic and the planes beyond—all interpenetrate each other; the matter of which these planes are composed forms the man as we see him in manifestation, and the life functions through all, more or less strongly as that life becomes fully conscious on the various planes. The ego, triple in its nature as the spark of the flame, manifests this triplicity in the mortal person, and physical consciousness, emotional consciousness and higher mental consciousness reflect the three aspects of the immortal ego, the *Ātmā*, the *Buddhi* and the Intellect. The emotional consciousness is what we have to deal with as the

vehicle through which the ego cognises the lower and becomes the master of feeling and desire. The astral plane is the field of buddhic manifestation in its lowest aspect. The principle of love and joy, of attraction, a going forth in desire, is Buddhi reflecting itself in Kāma. It is on the plane of desire that we must seek for the first stirring of vibrations to be carried on to the perfecting and strengthening of the powers of the buddhic vehicle. The characteristic of the buddhic plane is, as we have seen, unity, and it is the desire that makes for unity which is the first expression of the life passing from the lower to the higher form of consciousness. Love therefore may be said to be the means by which the buddhic sheath can be stirred into vibration. How faint is the first thrill that pulsates from physical love of wife or child; it is too much mixed with the separated *I* to be translated to the body of bliss where the *I* is as much the all as the centre. *My* wife, *my* child, *my* friend is the first reaching out of the separated self in manifestation to the self in union with all. As that love becomes purer, as it expands so that the *I* is not thought of, and no return for its outflowing is desired, when love is given to benefit and not to gain for self, then and then only does the thrill pass to the centre of union, and the buddhic sheath is formed for the expression of the God manifest.

The consciousness that is at first drawn outwards by the vibrations of the lower astral matter gradually responds to the vibrations of the higher, and we see great emotions, such as love and devotion to a superior, to a hero and a great personal ideal. When a man pours out this love to his ideal, looking for no reward, joyous to serve for the joy of giving himself in service,

then arise the faint answerings in the buddhic matter and the centre thrills and rays out in response. This may be said to be the aspect of Buddhi, showing itself as love. On the astral plane, it feels the unity; it strives after it. Where an individual has no love there can be no vibration to start the buddhic thrill of response; it is pure unselfish love which develops the bliss aspect, till at last not only is unity felt and striven for, but seen and known.

The development of this buddhic consciousness will show itself in many ways; we shall not pick out the one or two on whom to lavish our stores of love and devotion, but all will be near and dear, so all will be protected, and helped and revered as part of the great life. None so evil that we shrink from trying to draw near in help; none so weak that we would not strengthen.

Another means by which the buddhic consciousness may be developed is the strengthening of the centres of the causal body. As we have seen, the causal body is the vehicle of consciousness on the higher plane of mentality, the characteristic feature being knowledge in its abstract form. It is that aspect of the Self which seeks to know the reality of a thing, what it really is. It is not content with the external, but looks through the external to the reality—to what it is apart from the world of form. This seeking for abstract reality apart from form being the reverse of the process of evolution into form, it links itself to the inward and not the outward, and by retiring inwards it reaches to the plane of love or unity as the only reality, the one basis of all form.

Therefore is it necessary, if we would acquire the buddhic consciousness, not only to let our love pass

beyond the external plane, but also our thought, to recognise the one life in all, not as a dead platitude but as a living reality. This recognition of unity will gather all into its mighty embrace, and love and wisdom become one. Meditation is the great unfold of this power of Intuition. Through constant practice in the endeavour to rise beyond the lower to a higher form of consciousness, the lower begins to partake of the nature of that to which it aspires. All meditation draws the soul beyond the every-day concerns of time and space, it builds the stairway by which we climb to the larger life which awaits us, and enables us to reach that threshold where the unity is seen.

The intuitional consciousness will therefore show itself as the constant endeavour to expand the *I*, to bring all that which is external into the *Self*, so that nothing that lives or moves shall remain as separated or apart. The lowest animal, the flower and tree, the stone, the sage, the robber, and the slayer will all find their place in this great embracing love, as parts in the great whole, my *Self* in evolution. No anger can disturb, no passions mar the serenity of one who sees himself in all. The changing forms of manifestation will be seen as aspects for time, of that which is beyond time and beyond manifestation.

The two means, therefore, by which any one may hope to advance to the buddhic unity are love and thought. Unselfish love, that spends itself in service to all, causes vibrations in the buddhic matter. The influences from the plane ray down, and the soul is bathed in joy that knows no words—unspeakable bliss.

This advance is also made possible by the development of the higher manas in the causal body. No

thought can conceive the reality of the buddhic power, even within the causal faculties, and, once realised, it breaks up the material of the causal plane and it remains as the body of Buddhi; he who would function on the lower planes then makes anew the vehicles through which he would work. This is the secret of the first Initiation; *that* which has been the pilgrim through the many countless lives receives its liberation, and henceforward there is the body of bliss, which is the ever present home of the individual who has but to descend at will in a causal body made afresh each time he returns to the lower planes of manifestation. The intuitional consciousness reflects itself as the power to discriminate clearly and immediately, with certainty and knowledge. It is the growth of experience in love and wisdom, just as instinct is the growth of passion and physical desire to live; both Intuition and instinct have a common basis as the reflections of the higher, but it is only the pure emotions, the unselfish love, that can grow the beautiful flower that may bloom in the buddhic region, while instinct arises from desire for self-preservation, and is the guide of the consciousness in the lower worlds only. Pure emotion, loving devotion, unselfish service, are the means of unfoldment, and no one must depend on intuitional knowledge where there is selfish love and desire for personal gain. The Intuition is the all-seeing vision that can catch the light from the plane of Buddhi and so illumine the path that the soul with unerring certainty shall press onwards, sure in its knowledge and power. But who shall tell of the joy that he may feel who has once secured entrance to the glories of that region of unity. Earth and water, land and sea, the grass, the flowers, the insects that flit from blossom

to blossom, all are felt and known as one; there is then the utter certainty that the idea of the separate self is a delusion. Henceforward all nature holds a different meaning for him. He creates a world of beauty around himself, for love is the artist which transforms and transfigures the unreal and the transient so that the real and the immortal can be sensed in all. Blessed indeed is such a one, and blessed are those that can dwell in his presence; he becomes at once a channel through which the greater life may show itself in all its glory, for the love of the Brotherhood of Love can pass unfettered through his pure emotion. The veil has been torn asunder and he has at last reaped the knowledge which comes to the ego in its first unfoldment on the buddhic plane. Harvested from the experiences of many lives he has gained the power to sympathise with all, and has become a co-worker with those Saviours of mankind who have their dwelling on the plane of Bliss and Wisdom. Such is the man in whom the faculty of the Intuition shines out, such is the power which he can exercise, beyond the limitations of sense, beyond the critical judgment of the mind. From the realm of wisdom he brings the discriminative vision which unites him in love and sympathy with all, and to him the many have become the One.

Francesca Arundale

THE BASES OF THEOSOPHY

A STUDY IN FUNDAMENTALS—PHILOSOPHICAL, PSYCHOLOGICAL,
PRACTICAL

(Continued from p. 29)

By JAMES H. COUSINS, F. T. S.

CHAPTER II

Theosophy : Its Philosophical and Psychological Basis

ACCORDING to Theosophy, this universe is a manifestation of an inscrutable, incomprehensible, Essence, Power, Being, in regard to which the subtlest and most elastic language of humanity fails to express even a shade of a shadow. Since, however, it is necessary in human intercourse to adopt some common symbols, no matter how inadequate, this Source of things, which is the first principle of all true thinking, in the language of western thought is called the Unknowable, and in the language of the East is Parabrahman. Within this Unity, which co-ordinates all diversity, and yet is beyond unity; within this Totality, which embraces the minutiae of all universes, yet is Itself outside totality, we exist. At some incalculable period of time by human reckoning, that rootless Root and causeless Cause, involving a portion of Itself in deeper and deeper limitation of Itself, brought forth the sensible universe, yet in no wise fell from Its own transcendent state. As the ancient scripture, the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, says: "Having pervaded this universe with a fragment of Myself, I

remain." Just as the poet, inspired from his hidden and inexhaustible being, finds his inner eye filled with the vision of a future immortal poem, so the Divine Poet, whose syllables are stars, whose lines are systems, whose stanzas are universes, visioned His creation. This vision of the Kosmos is the first limitation of the Illimitable. It is the seat of the kosmic activity, the Puruṣha, or ultimate Self, of the Kosmos.

Now activity of any kind, from the simplest act of which we have direct experience, such as the stroke of a pen, to the most complicated operations of associated humanity—indeed, activity of any kind which involves the exercise of consciousness in any degree—necessitates not only a source or seat of such consciousness, but also a field which circumscribes the area of activity, and an organ of activity.

To the painter his art may be all in all; but the vision of the World Beautiful, though it may dominate his life, does not exhaust it: it stands in relation to his whole life as the Kosmic Vision does to the Unmanifest, underlying, permeating, vivifying, sustaining. But the possibilities of his art are definitely limited. He can no more play a tune through his pictorial art than a musician can paint a picture on his piano. True, there are certain overlappings of suggestion in the arts: the painter seeks to impart 'tone' to his work: the musician endeavours to give 'colour' to his composition; but the transfer of terms which is common to the arts is no indication of uniformity: it is, rather, a sign of the hidden unity beckoning the mind inwards towards the One Source of all things.

This limitation, or field of activity, at the kosmic level, is called in Theosophy root-nature, Mūlaprakṛti,

and consists of time, space, and law in their widest significance. In comparison with the underlying Reality, it is unreal, transitory, illusory. It is called in the East, *Māyā*, and is spoken of symbolically as a veil drawn across the Absolute. Like a diaphanous covering on a beautiful form, which conceals the essential nature but discloses the figure, the veil of *Māyā* provides a medium for the kosmic outlook, and provides for the exterior eye a means of cognising the hidden Reality which cannot be seen directly.

Circumscribed, then, by time and space, and by the inexorable law of cause and effect, the Kosmic Vision becomes more definite; becomes not merely the inspired vision of the artist, but takes form as the full and complete plan of the work of creation to be accomplished. The Kosmic Vision has now found for Itself an organ, Kosmic Mind, in which is contained the totality of possibilities of the future manifestation. This is the *Brahmā* of the East,¹ the truly understood Creator, subject to laws beyond Him, and free from the philosophic inconsistencies of the western conception which, by attributing to its God-the-Father the qualities properly belonging to a deeper level of Divinity, necessitates an arbitrary character that is responsible for much of the discontent and scepticism now pervading Christian communities.

It is not necessary for the purpose of our argument to enter here upon a detailed account of the further processes which result in the evolution of the tangible

¹ There are countless *Brahmās*, Creators of world-systems, according to Hindūs. The quite accurate conception of the writer would, perhaps, be better named as the *Saguṇa Brahman* in His aspect of Activity, for this is Kosmic Mind. Each *Brahmā* has His own system. We should call Him a Solar *LOGOS*, or a *LOGOS* of many solar systems, and so on, but always a concrete Creator.—ED.

universe. These have been written of at much length in many books. For our purpose of considering the main teachings of Theosophy in their bearing upon the necessity for a practical religious philosophy, we need only now deal with generalities.

We have seen that the teaching regarding the Unmanifest passing partially into Kosmic Vision, becoming defined in Kosmic Law, and finding an instrument in Kosmic Mind, corresponds with the demonstrable necessity, in all processes involving consciousness, of a seat, a field, and an organ. Passing now from the kosmic stage to the microkosmic, the stage of humanity in its most inclusive sense, Theosophy, following the law of correspondence on all planes of the universe, regards the Kosmic Mind as in its turn the seat of the individual consciousness. From this source, which to the individual consciousness is as illimitable as Parabrahman to Puruṣha, spring the multitudinous souls that crowd the abyss of creation. Passing outward from their divine home, they too, as did the Self of all selves, find their circumscription and field in the individual operation of time, space, and causation. Through this limitation the Kosmic Vision conceived Its universe as separate from all else: through this same limitation the illusion of separateness is set up between consciousness and consciousness, each passing onward to find its instrument in the human mind. This in its turn becomes the seat of the temporary personality, as distinguished from the inner Self which, according to Theosophy, follows the apparently universal operation of periodicity and rhythm, and animates a succession of temporary personalities in the same way as the Supreme Self creates and uncreates His universes. This temporary

personality, seated in the human mind, has its field in the faculties which distinguish human being from human being, and operates through the instrumentality of the senses.

The process thus briefly outlined—the passing of the Unmanifest into manifestation, of the Absolute into the relative, of Unity into diversity, of Divinity into humanity—is the process symbolically set forth in the Christian Myth of ‘the fall of man,’ and other similar stories in primitive mythologies. In the Theosophical view it is an orderly process, involving no break from the Source of sources to the utmost of manifestation. Whatever may be the exterior diversity of form, it shades away towards the type or norm ; and both norm and form are the signals whereby we recognise the actuating consciousness beneath. Between the loftiest and lowliest expressions of the Divine, in consciousness, there is the affinity of essence : they differ only by virtue of the differences of limitation. To value these limitations we should have to go step by step backward from effect to cause, and from cause to its cause, until at last we should lose ourselves in the white flame of the divine Oneness.

It is obvious, from such a view of the universe as this—a universe actuated by one divine Consciousness, and held together by one Law of Causation, the universal Karma—that questions of vital differences can have no predominant place. “The senses moving among the objects of the senses” may act upon the assumption of differentiation ; but the inner Wisdom, the Buddhi or Illuminator of the Soul, gives assent to the sage Hermetic doctrine, “As above, so below,” and recognises that “there is no great and no small in the

Absolute". Mount Everest may smile with compassion at the light snowflake that is blown aimlessly about its peak: the snowflake may sigh in pity for the big, immovable thing that cannot feel the uplift of flight; but the Foot of the Wanderer of the Universes may reduce them both to the ultimate ether.

From the point of view, therefore, of a common parentage in the Kosmic Mind, and a common up-bringing in the Universal Law, it is evident that the Theosophical Society can erect no special or dogmatic barriers between its Fellows. It can have no test of creed or caste. Its only condition of membership is a declared agreement with the principle of Universal Brotherhood.

But the view of the universe set forth above is only one half of the matter, the out-going or centrifugal phase. Christian teaching balances the fall of Man with the Redemption: Theosophical teaching declares that a universe of partial and relative constituents could not be maintained by the exercise of a single force, and sets an inward or centripetal trend alongside the centrifugal. But this is not all. To suppose two such forces acting with equal power would be to suppose a static, not an active universe; and Theosophy teaches not merely the involution of Divinity in the sheaths of limitation, but the evolution of the inherent Divinity to Its primal degree. It cannot therefore give assent to the philosophical fallacy contained in Tennyson's lines:

And in a boundless universe
Is boundless better, boundless worse.

Plausible as the epigram is, with all the glamour of artistic technique and rhythm, it will not stand examination. A moment's thought will make it evident that a universe consisting of two opposed *boundless* forces

would not be a *universe* but a chaos. Besides, the term *boundless* can only be applied to that which is unmanifest, not to any manifestation in form, be its 'universality' ever so wide.

The Theosophical conception of the universal process in its completeness may be symbolised as a boomerang flung from the divine Hand, and returning thereto. With the outgoing force there was simultaneously set up the indrawing force which, at the distance resolved upon by the divine Thrower, overtakes the outgoing force, turns the corner, and returns to the place from whence it started, having travelled the appointed circuit for the divine Purpose. In this aspect, then, we have a reinforcement of the necessity for the acceptance of the principle of Universal Brotherhood, since it teaches not only a community of origin, but a community of destiny. Not only are we the children of a divine Parentage: we are also the parents of a divine Progeny. The Sons of God came forth for the making of the worlds: the Son of Man is born for their redemption.

These considerations, however, might result in no more than a merely academic acceptance of the doctrine of Universal Brotherhood. To some minds they may appear as simply benevolent speculations whose findings lack the authority of demonstration. Even were this true—and we shall see later that it is not—a short examination of the nature of consciousness, as distinct from its history, will provide us with a further and conclusive reason for the ideal of Universal Brotherhood, and will show that any true understanding of one's own nature must result in an effort in the direction of practical altruism on the part of every

serious human being, and above all on the part of every aspirant after the Divine Wisdom.

In all processes in the normal consciousness—that is, in all processes involving the quality of active awareness, apart from the phenomena of the regions called the superconsciousness and the subconsciousness—we find ourselves, as normally conscious entities, standing between two unknown worlds. On the one hand there is the vast world of objects of sense-perception, amongst which we move, like vortices drawing to us the things needful for our sustenance in the external world, or like catherine-wheels flinging out the influences which distinguish us from others to the eye of the observer. On the other hand there is the mysterious world of our inner nature, from which issue the edicts that determine our lines of thought, our consecutiveness of utterance, our continuity of action.

Of these two worlds we have not, in the strict sense, any direct knowledge. We say we look *out* upon a beautiful landscape; but optical anatomy tells us that the nerves whereby we translate the assumed object into consciousness are actually turned *inwards*. In brief, not to labour what may be found in any text-book of psychology, we cannot cognise things immediately: we can only infer them mediately through qualities communicated to consciousness by various vibrations through the organs of sense. At the same time, we are compelled by the exigencies of life to act perpetually on the assumption of the objective reality of things outside our own consciousness, just as we are constrained to assume the objective reality of the tilt of the earth's axis, which is beyond immediate cognition.

What applies in the external world applies also in the internal. At no moment is the active consciousness in touch with more than a tiny fragment of what we conceive to be the total consciousness. We discourse upon Art, and our active consciousness, which we may regard as the coherer or exchange between external and internal, thrills to the passing of a chain of thought from the mystic storehouse of our deeper consciousness. We change the subject, and the whole feeling of the active consciousness changes with it as an entirely different chain of thought passes through. And when we look closely into the process, we find that the chain of thought is not composed of new thinking, but is simply the linking up of a series of conclusions.

From these considerations we gather that, whatever may be the special character of the fragment of the external universe with which we are in contact at any particular time, it can only influence us in accordance with our own inherent ability to respond to it. A Wagner opera will exalt one listener to the seventh heaven of spiritual ecstasy. To another, as Mark Twain puts it, it will not be as bad as it sounds. A mathematician will say: "It is all very good, but what does it prove?" Even where minds have a special affinity in the arts, it is observable that a roughly similar impression will be arrived at in different ways. One person, whose active consciousness appears to be, as it were, close up against his inner consciousness, will run through or jump over a series of generalisations to a conclusion. Another, whose coherer appears to be at a distance from the main machine, has to take time in order to call out from the hidden treasury of consciousness the necessary data from which to make a new conclusion.

But be the method and the conclusion what they may, one fact emerges from all study of the mental nature, the fact that one's view of the universe is absolutely and irrefragably conditioned by one's power of vision. So far as the tiny point of consciousness which operates at any moment may be regarded, for the purpose of thought, as a separate entity, it stands helplessly between two tyrants—its inner Self, and the universe outside itself. The *Bhagavad-Gītā*, with the wisdom that is beyond yea or nay, counsels no man to say: "I am the doer." The qualities of nature, which are beyond his control, act upon him. He only *reacts* to them. True, his reacting is conditioned by his own essential nature; and this he can so modify as to alter or even revolutionise his reaction to subsequent impacts of the external world. These methods, as well as the interrelation of humanity, we shall consider later. The important point to bear in mind at this stage of our subject is that each person's universe is his very own, unfathomably divided from each other person's by the physical vehicle as regards the receiving of sense perceptions; and unfathomably divided by the essential character of his own inner nature as regards his interpretation of those perceptions, and his conduct in response to them. Every impact of the outer world evokes some manifestation of the larger Self which lies behind and sustains the temporary self. The aspiration to possess a particular virtue, aroused by some dramatic realisation, is simply the herald of the coming of that virtue from the spiritual hinterland of the acting consciousness. It is no process of inoculation by a virtue-serum, but a stimulation of the inherent potential nature into activity. This is the secret of the power of prayer. To ask is to

receive : nay, rather, to ask is to possess. But the more the thing desired touches the external world, the more also to ask is to give. We pray for the forgiveness of trespasses, but the condition is that we forgive those who trespass against us.

The spectacle of, say, a people clamouring to be free from some extraneous tyranny, yet refusing to give freedom to some people within its own borders, is so obviously inconsistent that it appeals at once to the very superficialities of thought, and the average human being has a rough-and-ready opinion that a person does not deserve what he is not prepared to share. Deep-rooted in the heart of man there is a sense of balance and justice. As Portia said :

We do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

The command to do unto others as we would they should do unto us is not the offer of a selfish *quid pro quo*, but an ancient and clear-eyed statement of the law of consciousness, that we can only receive what we already possess and are prepared to give. To the extent that a man refuses freedom to anything within his sphere of influence, he is himself bound, for to him there is no universe beyond himself, and the chain he puts upon anything within his purview he puts upon his own wrists.

That supreme master of song, Shelley, struck to the very core of the matter when he asked :

Can man be free, and woman be a slave ?

Behind the trenchant query, which is less an interrogation than a declaration, there is a searching knowledge of the mystery of man's mental nature. It is but another

utterance of the basic condition of spiritual life—perfect freedom, based on the apprehension of the necessary diversity in manifestation, and the necessary unity in essence. This in a sentence is the whole gospel of Theosophy. Allegiance to it finds its inevitable expression in a perfect tolerance and in labour for the realisation of the Universal Brotherhood. This is the first object of the Theosophical Society, the bond uniting its Fellows in the dual purpose of studying and scattering wisdom concerning the Divine, and of developing the faculty of cognition of the Divine.

(To be continued)

James H. Cousins

MYSTICAL POETS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

By MARGUERITE M. C. POLLARD, F. T. S.

ONE of the most fascinating pursuits for the student of literature and of life is to trace the working of the law of periodicity, the outgoing and indrawing of the Great Breath as it is revealed in the history and poetry of succeeding ages.

The sixteenth century was a period of outgoing energy, a *manvantara*, not a *pralaya*. Men turned their minds to the observation and study of external things, to exploration, to colonisation, to the study of the classics and to the production of great art. The study of Greek literature increased the impulse of the age to worship the Lord of Life under the aspect of Beauty, the Spirit expressing Itself in forms of ideal loveliness.

In the next century a reaction set in; the life current, instead of being directed outwards, began to turn inwards, and men began to realise that there is an inner as well as an outer revelation of truth. Instead of a positive form of mysticism finding expression in a religion of Beauty and a worship of Nature as the manifested Form of God, a negative mysticism began to prevail, a tendency to turn away from all forms in order that pure Spirit, the Unmanifest alone might be the object of worship.

In the early seventeenth century, just at the turning of the tide, we find a remarkable group of mystical poets. These men benefited by their proximity to the great Renaissance writers and their wave of outgoing life in the impulse for self-expression, but in their impulse for the development of the inner life of the soul they belong to the age of pralaya.

The receding of the tide is noticeable in the lives of these poets in rather a remarkable way. Nearly all of them—Herbert is a notable exception—begin their careers as verse-writers by the production of charming amatory and other secular poems, but later they become more in-drawn and their verse is for the most part religious, mystical or philosophical in character, as in the case of Crashaw, of Henry Vaughan and of John Donne.

The writer of this group of mystical poets who has had the strongest hold upon the hearts of his country-men is undoubtedly George Herbert, and he is still much read and much loved among members of the Anglican Church. His genius is more English than that of any of the rest. He is less visionary than Vaughan, less ardent and erotic than Crashaw, but there is a quiet spirituality about his work which is both soothing and refreshing to many at the present day who have little sympathy with psychical phenomena. The other poets of this group are less known to the general public, but are of great interest to students of literature and lovers of mystical poetry.

There is a quiet beauty about Herbert's life, like that of an English landscape. It has all the peace and uneventfulness of village life. The poet was born in April 1593, and was educated at Westminster—where,

according to his delightfully quaint biographer Isaak Walton, "the beauties of his pretty behaviour and wit shined, and became so eminent and lovely in this his innocent age, that he seemed to be marked out for piety, and to become the care of heaven and of a particular good angel to guard and guide him". Herbert was a born scholar, and before he was fifteen, when he left Westminster for Cambridge, we read that "he came to be perfect in the learned languages and especially in the Greek tongue".

At the university he distinguished himself by his oratorical powers, and on more than one occasion it was his privilege to make the speech of welcome to King James, who often visited Cambridge when hunting at Newmarket.

Unlike his fellow-poets, Herbert does not seem to have been interested in secular verse. Indeed, in a letter to his mother he regrets that so "many love-poems are daily writ and consecrated to Venus while so few are writ that look towards God and heaven," at the same time declaring his resolution that "my poor abilities in poetry shall be all and ever consecrated to God's glory".

It has been said that the peace "which passeth all understanding" is that which arises from the power to fulfil one's own dharma, to realise one's own ideal in action. Herbert's dharma was to be a religious poet, but it was some time before he could bring himself to give up his worldly ambitions and his desire for promotion at court.

Walton relates how when Herbert was most desirous of leaving Cambridge for court, two of his most powerful friends, the Duke of Richmond and the Marquis

of Hamilton, died and with them all his hopes of promotion perished. For a while he lived in great seclusion and had "many conflicts with himself, whether he should return to the painted pleasures of a court life, or betake himself to a study of divinity and enter into sacred orders, to which his mother had often persuaded him. These were such conflicts as they only can know that have endured them; for ambitious desires, and the outward glory of this world, are not easily laid aside; but at last God inclined him to put on a resolution to serve at His altar."

Herbert has recorded these spiritual struggles in his poem called 'Affliction,' where he says:

Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the town:
Thou did'st betray me to a lingering book,
And wrapt me in a gown:
I was entangled in a world of strife,
Before I had the power to change my life.

With the renunciation of ambition, peace came to him. On the night of his induction into Bemerton Church he said: "I now look back upon my aspiring thoughts, and think myself more happy than if I had attained what then I so ambitiously thirsted for. In God and His service, is a fulness of all joy and pleasure, and no satiety."

Herbert's ethical ideals appear most fully in the poem called 'The Church Porch'. Love and kindness to all especially are inculcated.

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.
Kindness, good parts, great places, are the way
To compass this. Find out men's wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree ;
 Love is a present for a mighty king ;
 Much less make any one thine enemy.
 As guns destroy, so may a little sling.

Thy friend put in thy bosom : wear his eyes
 Still in thy heart, that he may see what's there.
 If cause require, thou art his sacrifice ;
 Thy drops of blood must pay down all his fear ;
 But love is lost ; the way of friendship's gone,
 Though David had his Jonathan, Christ his John.

Humility is to be combined with aspiration :

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high ;
 So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be :
 Sink not in spirit : who aimeth at the sky
 Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.
 A grain of glory mixt with humbleness
 Cures both a fever and lethargicness.

The greater part of Herbert's poetry, however, is not ethical but religious. When he chooses a moral theme he is impelled by a religious motive. Herbert's religion was of an intensely personal character, and his verse is consequently subjective. It is the record of his struggles to unify his lower and higher selves or, as he would have expressed it, to bring his will and all his actions into obedience to the Will of God. All the joys and sorrows, the victories and failures of his inner life find expression in his poetry. Its sincerity and quaintness are most charming ; and though, like most poets of his time, he sometimes indulged in poetical gymnastics, writing verses in the shape of wings or altars, yet, on the whole, his experiments in verse-technique may be said to justify themselves, as in the case of the little poem called 'The Wreath,' in which the trick consists in making the opening words of each succeeding line repeat the last words of its predecessor.

A wreathed garland of deserved praise,
 Of praise deserved, unto Thee I give,
 I give to Thee, who knowest all my ways,
 My crooked winding ways, wherein I live,
 Wherein I die, not live ; for life is straight,
 Straight as a line, and ever tends to Thee,
 To Thee, who art more far above deceit,
 Than deceit seems above simplicity.
 Give me simplicity, that I may live,
 So live and like, that I may know Thy ways,
 Know them and practise them : then shall I give
 For this poor wreath, give Thee a crown of praise.

One of Herbert's most interesting contemporaries was Richard Crashaw, a poet and mystic of more fiery temperament and imagination.

The quaint old seventeenth century editor of Crashaw's poems says that he dares to affirm of his master's poems what Iamblicus affirmed of Pythagoras' *Contemplations* : " They shall lift thee, Reader, some yards above the ground ; and, as in Pythagoras' School every temper was first tuned into a height by several proportions of music, and spiritualised for one of his weighty lectures ; so mayest thou take a poem hence, and tune thy soul by it into a heavenly pitch ; and thus, refined and borne up upon the wings of meditation, in these poems thou mayest talk freely of God, and of that other state." There is something very winning about this introduction, and when the writer proceeds to tell us that in his opinion " Divine Poetry " is " the language of the angels, the quintessence of phantasy and discourse centred in heaven, the very outgoings of the soul " ; and further that it is " what alone our Author is able to tell you, and that in his own verse," we feel disposed instantly to mount upon " the airy stilts of abstraction " and transport ourselves into Crashaw's heaven-world. The life of the poet too, has a certain fascination. Little is known of his childhood, and even the date of

his birth is uncertain, but we read of the studious, poetical religious life he led at the University of Cambridge whither he went about the year 1630.

“In the Temple of God, under His wing, he led his life, in S. Mary’s Church, near S. Peter’s College : there he lodged under Tertullian’s roof of angels ; there he made his nest more gladly than David’s swallow near the House of God, where, like a primitive saint, he offered more prayers in the night than others usually offer in the day.” There he penned his sacred poems *Steps to the Temple*, which his biographer says are aptly so called since they are “steps for happy souls to climb heaven by”.

At Cambridge he learnt to be “excellent in five languages, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, the last two whereof he had little help in ; they were his own acquisition”. His moments of recreation were spent in acquiring accomplishments. “Amongst his other accomplishments in Academic (as well pious as harmless) arts he made his skill in poetry, music, drawing, limning, graving to be but subservient recreations for vacant hours, not the grand business of his soul.”

While Crashaw was at Cambridge a Catholic revival was going on there. Crashaw’s father was a Puritan, but his son was strongly attracted by the symbolism of the higher Anglicans and Roman Catholics. At one time he thought of taking orders in the Anglican Church but was prevented by the growth of Puritanism in it, and also by his intimacy with Roman Catholic friends. Crashaw had naturally an ardent love-nature and a great desire for sensuous beauty. He was, therefore, much attracted by the symbolism of the Catholic

erotic mystics, who with the warmth of eastern imagination love to represent the union of the soul with Christ, (or in Theosophical parlance the condition of harmony between the lower and higher selves) as a mystical marriage, and to express the raptures of this state with the richest and most sensuous imagery that their fiery imaginations can suggest. Crashaw, however, did not limit his poetic sphere to the presentation of Divine Love; he has some charming poems in which he glorifies human passion, the best known, probably, being the poem called 'Wishes,' to his supposed mistress.

Who'er she be,
That not impossible she
That shall command my heart and me.

His greatest poems are those dealing with religious subjects—the wonderful poems 'To the Name of Jesus,' 'The Hymn to S. Teresa' and 'The Flaming Heart'.

S. Teresa, the great Spanish saint and mystic, was canonised a few years before Crashaw went up to Cambridge. The poet was fascinated by the life and writings of the holy foundress of the order of the discalced Carmelites and describes her in a note to his celebrated hymn as "a woman for angelical height of speculation, for masculine courage of performance more than a woman, who, yet a child, outran maturity and durst plot a martyrdom". In his poem he describes how her ardent desire for martyrdom at the hands of the Moors was doomed to disappointment, her heavenly spouse designing her "a death more mystical and high".

Blest powers forbid, thy tender life
Should bleed upon a barbarous knife:

Or some base hand have power to rase
 Thy breast's chaste cabinet, and uncase
 A soul kept there so sweet : O no,
 Wise Heaven will never have it so.
 Thou art Love's victim ; and must die
 A death more mystical and high :
 Into Love's arms thou shalt let fall
 A still-surviving funeral.
 His is the dart must make the death
 Whose stroke shall taste thy hallowed breath ;
 A dart thrice dipp'd in that rich flame
 Which writes thy spouse's radiant name
 Upon the roof of Heaven, where aye
 It shines ; and with a sovereign ray
 Beats bright upon the burning faces
 Of souls which in that Name's sweet graces
 Find everlasting smiles : so rare,
 So spiritual, pure, and fair
 Must be th' immortal instrument
 Upon whose choice point shall be sent
 A life so loved : and that there be
 Fit executioners for thee,
 The fairest and first-born sons of fire,
 Blest seraphim, shall leave their quire,
 And turn Love's soldiers, upon thee
 To exercise their archery.

There is a subtle music about Crashaw's poetry, and to this quality much of his influence over nineteenth century poets is due. Coleridge, speaking of certain lines in the Hymn to S. Teresa, said : " They were ever present to my mind whilst writing the second part of *Christabel*, if, indeed, by some subtle process of the mind, they did not suggest the first thought of the whole poem." Perhaps Francis Thompson is the poet who owes most to Crashaw, since it has been said of him that he is " Crashaw born again but born greater ". The worst defects of Crashaw's poetry are his conceits, but this form of poetic extravagance was common to almost all the poets of his age. It is more than compensated for by his passionate imagination which made his verses " all air and fire ".

One of the best known passages of his poetry is the invocation to S. Teresa at the end of 'The Flaming Heart'.

O thou undaunted daughter of desires !
 By all thy dower of lights and fires ;
 By all the eagle in thee, all the dove ;
 By all thy lives and deaths of love ;
 By thy large draughts of intellectual day,
 And by thy thirsts of love more large than they ;
 By all thy brim-fill'd bowls of fierce desire,
 By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire ;
 By the full kingdom of that final kiss
 That seized thy parting soul, and seal'd thee His ;
 By all the Heaven thou hast in Him
 (Fair sister of the seraphim)
 By all of Him we have in thee ;
 Leave nothing of myself in me.
 Let me so read thy life, that I
 Unto all life of mine may die.

While Crashaw's religious opinions were still unsettled the Civil War broke out, and in 1643 the Chapel at Peterhouse, whose beauty had inspired many poems, was sacked, and the Commissioners of the Parliament insisted on all the Fellows taking the oath of the Solemn League and Covenant. Crashaw and five other Fellows who refused were expelled. The poet then went to Oxford, and thence to Paris, where he was discovered, in 1646, by Abraham Cowley, in a state of great poverty. By this time he had joined the Roman Church, and had recently written letters in verse to the Countess of Denbigh urging her to join the same communion. Cowley introduced him to Queen Henrietta, to whom he had previously addressed verses, and she gave him an introduction to Cardinal Palotta and other persons of influence in Rome.

Crashaw went to Rome in 1648 or 1649 and was well received by the Cardinal. His plain speech, however, soon made his position an uncomfortable one,

and he was transferred to the Basilica Church of Our Lady of Loretto, where he died after a few weeks residence in 1650, not without the suspicion that he had been poisoned.

One of Cowley's finest poems is his ode in memory of Crashaw, beginning :

Poet and Saint, to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of Earth and Heaven,
The hard and rarest union which can be
Next that of Godhead with humanity.

The following passage is a magnificent tribute to the beauty of the poet's life :

Pardon, my Mother-Church, if I consent
That Angels led him, when from thee he went ;
For even in error sure no danger is,
When joined with so much piety as his. . .
His Faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong ; his Life, I'm sure, was in the right. . .
Hail, Bard triumphant ! and some care bestow
On us, the Poets militant below. . .
I ask but half thy mighty spirit for me :
And when my Muse soars with so strong a wing,
'Twill learn of things divine, and first of thee to sing.

Two of the most mystical poets of the seventeenth century were the twin brothers Thomas and Henry Vaughan. Born in Brecknockshire in 1621 or 1622, the Vaughans, like their fellow poet George Herbert, were of Welsh extraction, and Henry Vaughan, at any rate, seems to have been proud of his Celtic blood, as he is always known as the *Silurist*, a title which he gave himself after the ancient Silures who had inhabited the part of Wales where he lived. At the age of seventeen both brothers went to Jesus College, Oxford, now known as the Welshman's College. Little is known of their lives. Some passages in Henry Vaughan's poems seem to suggest that he may have borne arms in the Civil War ; others, again, seem to contradict this idea. It is certain that the natural inclinations of neither brother

lay in this direction, and very soon after the outbreak of the war we find them at home occupied in the study of mysticism and in writing poetry. Of the two, Henry is better known as a poet. Thomas Vaughan (Eugenius Philalethes) seems to have gone more deeply into studies of an esoteric nature, and to have been connected with secret societies such as those of the Rosicrucians and Alchemists.

Henry Vaughan's first collection of poems, published in 1646, contained mere studies. Before his next volume appeared a great change had come over him, owing to the influence of George Herbert, "that blessed man whose holy life and verse gained many converts, of whom I am the least". Herbert's influence is most marked in the *Silex Scintillans* or Sacred Poems published in 1650, and in the *Mount of Olives* and *Flores Solitudinis* of 1652.

Comparing the work of Herbert and Vaughan, Gosse aptly notices that "Herbert is the interpreter of an ideal beauty in order, an ideal of the spiritual life which is assisted by rule and habit; Vaughan is the poet of what cannot be methodised—the incalculable beams and irradiation of the soul, the incalculable wind that blows where it listeth; his garden is watered by the sudden shower and the invisible dew". It follows that Vaughan is an unequal poet, but at his best he is wonderful. One of his most beautiful poems, 'Beyond the Veil,' deals with the eternal craving of the human heart to know the mysteries which lie beyond the grave and the state of the loved ones that have passed away.

They are all gone over into the world of light
And I alone sit lingering here;
Their memory is fair and bright
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the just,
 Shining nowhere but in the dark;
 What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
 Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest may know
 At first sight, if the bird be flown;
 But what fair well or grove he sings in now
 That is to him unknown.

Still in imagination Vaughan sees the glorified
 state of the holy souls.

I see them walking in an air of glory
 Whose light doth trample on my days:
 My days which are at best but dull and hoary
 Mere glimmerings and decays.

Henry Vaughan was more of a visionary than
 Herbert. Herbert is better known and better loved, but
 he never wrote anything so lovely as Vaughan's best
 poems or which so gives the impression of knowledge
 of things unseen. Take for example the poem called
 'The World'. In this poem Vaughan describes most
 wonderfully a vision of the infinite calm of eternity in
 contrast to the endless hurry and motion of our shadowy
 world:

I saw eternity the other night,
 Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
 All calm, as it was bright;
 All round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,
 Driven by the spheres
 Like a vast shadow mov'd in which the world
 And all her train were hurled.

Looking down from the calm heights above he sees
 men absorbed in their little cares and pleasures, the
 'doting' lover, the 'darksome' statesman, the 'fearful'
 miser, all so immersed in the things of this world as to
 be unconscious of the great peace which is the soul's
 heritage, into which it may enter at any moment if it
 will detach itself from the things of sense.

“O fools” said I—“thus to prefer dark night
 Before true light!
 To live in grotts and caves, and hate the day
 Because it shows the way,
 The way which from this dead and dark abode
 Leads up to God;
 A way where you might tread the sun, and be
 More bright than he!”
 But as I did their madness so discuss
 One whispered thus,
 “This ring the Bridegroom did for none provide,
 But for his bride.”

Vaughan is spiritually akin to Wordsworth in his reverence for the truth and purity of the child-soul and in the experience of “intimations of immortality” in youth. To Wordsworth the child was the

. . . mighty prophet, seer blest
 On whom those truths do rest
 That we are toiling all our lives to find.

Vaughan too felt that “heaven lies about us in our infancy” and that the shades of the prison-house gradually close around us in later years. His poem ‘The Retreat’ might almost have been written by Wordsworth:

Happy those early days! when I
 Shin’d in my Angel-infancy.
 Before I understood this place
 Appointed for my second race,
 Or taught my soul to fancy aught
 But a white, celestial thought;
 When yet I had not walked above
 A mile or two from my First Love,
 And looking back (at that short space)
 Could see a glimpse of His bright face;
 When on some gilded cloud or flower
 Thy gazing soul would dwell an hour,
 And in those weaker glories spy
 Some shadows of eternity;
 Before I taught my tongue to wound
 My conscience with a sinful sound,
 Or had the black art to dispense
 A several sin to every sense,
 But felt through all this fleshly dress
 Bright shoots of everlastingness.

Other men, he says, would fain go forward ; he, on the contrary, would return to tread the ancient track where he first parted with his glorious train, and where his enlightened spirit had once beheld the now invisible City of Palms.

Like Wordsworth too, Vaughan had often watched children at play, acting perhaps "some fragment of their dream of human life". In the poem called 'Childhood' he is lost in wondering adoration at its innocence :

I cannot reach it ; and my striving eye
Dazzles at it, as at eternity.
Were now that chronicle alive,
Those white designs which children drive,
And the thoughts of each harmless hour,
With their content, too, in my power,
Quickly would I make my path even,
And by mere playing go to Heaven.

Thomas Vaughan's poems show very clearly the influence of mystic and occult studies. One of the most characteristic, from *Anthroposophia Theomagica* (1650) is an 'Encomium on the Three Books of Cornelius Agrippa,' in which the poet takes exception to the schoolmen for deriding "high truth" and for supporting their views with "no arguments but noise and pride". He prophesies that their fate will be very different from that of Cornelius Agrippa and his valuable books :

You that damn all but what yourselves invent,
And yet find nothing by experiment ;
Your fate is written by an unseen hand
But his three books with *the three worlds* shall stand.

Thomas Vaughan in this poem claims an extremely intimate acquaintance with the three worlds, and attributes his knowledge of how to function in them to the writings of Agrippa :

Great, glorious penman . . .
Nature's apostle and her choice high-priest,
Her mystical and bright evangelist,

How am I rapt when I contemplate thee,
 And wind myself above all that I see!
 The spirits of thy lives infuse a fire
 Like *the world's soul*, which makes me thus aspire.
 I am unbodied by thy books and thee,
 And in thy papers find my ecstasy :
 Or if I please but to descend a strain
 Thy Elements do screen my soul again.
 I can undress myself by thy bright glass,
 And then resume th' enclosure, as I was.
 Now I am earth, and now a star, and then
 A spirit: now a star and earth again.

The reference to the World Soul is interesting and when Vaughan speaks of being 'unbodied' it is difficult not to believe that he means a conscious passing out of the physical vehicle into higher states of being.

He proceeds to describe the state of mystical union with God :

I span the Heaven and Earth, and things above,
 And, which is more, join natures with their Jove.
 He crowns my soul with fire, and there doth shine,
 But like the rainbow in a cloud of mine.

It is not permitted to man, however, to perceive His splendour unveiled :

Who sees this fire without his mask, his eye
 Must needs be swallow'd by the light, and die.

Vaughan had long been languishing for this knowledge of hidden things before he came upon the books of Cornelius Agrippa :

These are the mysteries for which I wept,
 Glorious Agrippa, where thy language slept,
 Where thy dark texture made me wander far,
 Whiles through that pathless night I traced the star;
 But I have found those mysteries, for which
 Thy book was more than thrice-piled o'er with pitch.
 Now a new East beyond the stars I see,
 Where breaks the day of thy divinity :
 Heaven states a commerce here with man, had he
 But grateful hands to take, and eyes to see.

M. M. C. Pollard

JOHN CORDELIER¹ AND THE RELIGION
OF TO-MORROW

By K. F. STUART, F. T. S.

NO observer of current events can remain blind to the fact that a spiritual crisis has been arrived at almost simultaneously all over the world, and that religion is seriously engaged in reforming itself. This reformation comes none too soon, for in many European countries at the present day it is perfectly obvious that it has completely lost its hold upon the minds of the people. Indeed it is quite a rare thing to meet a layman who takes religion even seriously. The ordinary citizen attends High Mass, or what he terms 'Divine Service' in a perfunctory fashion, it is true, but conspicuous only by its absence in the Divine Worship of Sunday is that zest with which on Monday he will assiduously devote himself to a very human adoration of the true Goddess of the West—a golden image that Society has set up and called Success.

The spirit of commercial enterprise has penetrated even into what is called Divine Service itself; indeed it is to be feared that what the materialistic West calls 'service' the more spiritually minded East would term 'shop-keeping'. For example, you may frequently

¹ Author of *The Path of the Eternal Wisdom* and *The Spiral Way*.

hear in an Anglican Church an entire congregation singing with no sense of incongruity such sentiments as these :

Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee
Repaid a thousand fold will be,
Then gladly will we lend to Thee,
Giver of all.

And this celestial usury is called Divine Worship.

We cannot help thinking, and we believe all those who are far-sighted will agree with us, that at least in the Anglican Communion, in spite of the championship of Chesterton, orthodoxy is doomed. He is not of course the only spiritual Casabianca who has elected to remain upon the sinking ship, in whom we may admire the presence of courage as much as we deplore the absence of common-sense. It is no doubt part and parcel of our innate heresy, but we have never felt great enthusiasm for that hero of the schoolroom, who, in his superstitious reverence for defunct authority, achieved a self-made martyrdom upon the burning deck. We have even imagined how the soul of one John Ruskin, meeting Casabianca among the shades of the astral world, might say to him :

“ But why in the sacred name of common-sense, my boy, didn't you swim for it ? ”

Casabianca would of course reply sadly : “ My conscience wouldn't let me ; I must do what my conscience says is right.”

How John Ruskin would thunder back : “ By no means, my conscientious friend, unless you're *quite* sure that yours is not the conscience of an ass.”

The true son of the Church knows that, in so far as she is true, she is invulnerable, and he will allow the formalism, the materialism of the religion of to-day

to perish in the fiery ordeal of a revival of spirituality in order that the religion of to-morrow may spring exultant from its ashes, as did the Phœnix of old. For reformation is verily needed, and we see it coming. It is coming in the Modernist Movement in the Catholic Church; it is coming in Liberal Christianity in the Anglican communion; it is coming in New Thought in the new world; it is coming in Bahaism and in the Brahmo Samāj, and, last but not least, it is coming in Theosophy. We hear the ripple of it throughout two hemispheres, for

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the World.

The supreme need of to-day is not, we believe, a new religion, but simply a new interpretation of those already in existence, and in the person of 'John Cordelier' we see one among many such interpreters already knocking upon the portals of the Christian Church. It is the unhappy fate of most thinkers to be born before their time, but whether 'John Cordelier' be aware of it or not, he (or perhaps, she) seems to have calculated with extreme precision the psychological moment at which to put in an appearance in the world of literature as an independent thinker. We congratulate him that he has thus 'arrived' in the literary sense for we think we discern in him the signs of a full-grown soul, strong enough to be able to discard the safety-perambulator so necessary to spiritual infancy, in order to pursue the path of Divine exploration upon his own feet, since he considers "this secret journey to be the only thing worth doing . . . the marching orders of every Mystic"; for, dear as that mother of souls must ever remain to all her sons, it is

nevertheless true that "the work of the Church ends where the knowledge of God begins".

It is because we see in John Cordelier a certain sign that, to the mystical mind at any rate, is always finally significant of the spiritual teacher, that we wish to find place for him among the prophets of to-day, the heralds and forerunners of the religion of to-morrow. That sign—nay that *sine qua non*—is Spirituality. For Spirituality is the only leaven that can ever uplift humanity. An Alexander, a Napoleon, by force of intellect can govern men and *keep them down for a time*, but the Spirituality of a Buddha and of a Christ is needed in order to teach men that self-government which alone can *lift them up for ever*.

We find John Cordelier a true Mystic in his indifference to detail, to matters of creed, doctrine, dogma and sect and his concentration upon Spirituality as the great essential in the interpretation of Holy Writ. He writes:

No vicarious atonement then will satisfy the instinct of the true lover of reality. . . He desires the high heroic life of the chivalry of God. . . energy, effort, adventure! The meek-eyed religion of the pale Galilean is instinct with these things.

We find him describing further on how mankind is for ever acting and re-enacting the eternal Passion Play:

It is open to us to betray, to judge, to mock, to deny; to follow . . . to watch Him from the roadside, to serve him on the way . . . there is no third choice; we leave Perfection to Its fate or take up the cross ourselves and follow It . . . and are with Him mocked, patronised and misunderstood . . . Ignorance, idleness and cowardice condemn us as they once condemned the first and only Fair.

Again:

There is one act—one only—which is three times repeated in this Drama of the mystic way. . . That supreme expression of the Divine idea who trod this way before us stumbled and

fell three times . . . was borne down by the very instrument of his victory, failed as it seemed . . . ignominiously in his task . . . rising and struggling again . . . we know that we had never dared the intimacy which alone can satisfy our craving if he had not fulfilled this last demand of Quixotic Chivalry, had not fallen with us by the way.

Again :

Perfection . . . does not shrink from the humiliation of man's help . . . no created spirit—no nor yet the very un-created Spirit of God—can bring the Great Adventure to a satisfactory conclusion by dint of keeping themselves to themselves.

And lastly :

There is something which exhilarates us in the thought of cross-bearing in the teeth of our enemies . . . But it is a hard saying that we must here defy . . . the bitter sorrow of our friends . . . we rebel . . . but 'so did your lovely Forerunner,' says an Angel's voice in the ear of the poor maddened soul, held as in a vice between the inexorable call of Calvary and the last most passionate appeal of Mary's breaking heart.

By the foregoing passages John Cordelier shows that he is possessed of the 'one thing needful' for the present crisis—*Spirituality*—for, while the religion of the *past* engaged in mortal combat over the site of the Holy Sepulchre, and the religion of the *present* has been engaged in no less bitter because bloodless battle on the fields of the Higher Criticism, the religion of the *future* will bid us lift up the holy story of Christianity from those lower planes on which it has suffered so cruelly at the hands of ignorance, and place it on the spiritual plane. When we place it there, we see it in its true perspective, and behold! the simple outline of the 'old, old story' appears in all the splendour of an immortal allegory, to the true interpretation of which Divine Wisdom is the guiding star of all wise men.

The religion of to-morrow will ignore the literal and portray the spiritual, it will tear down the local and unveil the universal, it will loosen the orthodox grip of

historical fact that it may take hold of Eternal Truth, for it will point out that *the vital point of Christianity is not whether it were History once upon a time, but that it is Drama now*, for ever being acted and re-enacted on the stage of the human soul. Man therefore, as he peers into the past down twenty centuries, will see not only one holy life, in one happy land in one heroic age, but the gates of Possibility uplifted to every life in any land and all the ages down; and in their hero not only a sublime historical character, but manhood itself on the mountain summit of Evolution.

Such has ever been the esoteric and mystical teaching of the Church; and John Cordelier is, we have seen, undoubtedly a Mystic. He is probably aware that the world has not dealt over tenderly with Mystics since the day when the charcoal-burner's widow berated for a fool the man whom posterity salutes respectfully as Alfred the Great, and the English soldiers burnt as a witch that 'little child of the Infinite,' the fair maid of France. This is not, however, likely to turn him from the mystic pathway, for the true Mystic has reached a point in evolution at which the performance of duty is no longer a matter of choice or of expediency, but of a dire necessity.

"*I must,*" such the vocabulary, such the intense, the supreme conviction of the Spirit-driven soul.

"*I must work the works of Him that sent me,*" said the Christ. And how spake the monk who shook the world? "*Ich kann nicht anders.*"

"Stephen, I wish you would not do that," expostulated Stephen's parent in the writer's hearing.

"Mother," solemnly returned her infant son, "*I must.*" Kisses, coaxings, prayers, tears even, being of

no avail to move the baby autocrat, the mother at length gave way.

And thus the world gives way to the son of the Spirit, the child of destiny with his pure '*I must*' upon his holy lips; for the world recognises and crowns the incorruptible—albeit too often with a crown of thorns—as one born King, and so by divine right worthy to rule and reign in life; His purple robe the unmistakable air of distinction of the spiritual aristocracy, his sceptre the unconscious majesty of the royalty of the Kingdom of Heaven.

In conclusion we should like to suggest to 'John Cordelier' that Mysticism is nothing if not universal, that there are other deposits of the Divine Wisdom than those he has so ably exploited. There is no evidence that he has as yet made any study of what he is pleased to call 'Pagan Religions.' We feel that were he to acquaint himself with even a few of these, to study the Vedāntā, the *Bhagavad Gītā*, the philosophy of Lao-Tse, the literature of Sufism, for example, his spiritual life would broaden out in better proportion to its height and depth. And this it must do if he is really to be a fore-runner of the religion of to-morrow. He will doubtless remember how once two mothers stood before King Solomon, each claiming the living child. The King sent for a sword to slay the infant; the false mother agreed it should be done, indifferent whether the child were dead or alive provided it was recognised as hers, but the true mother cried out in agony that the child might live *at any price*—even the cost of losing it.

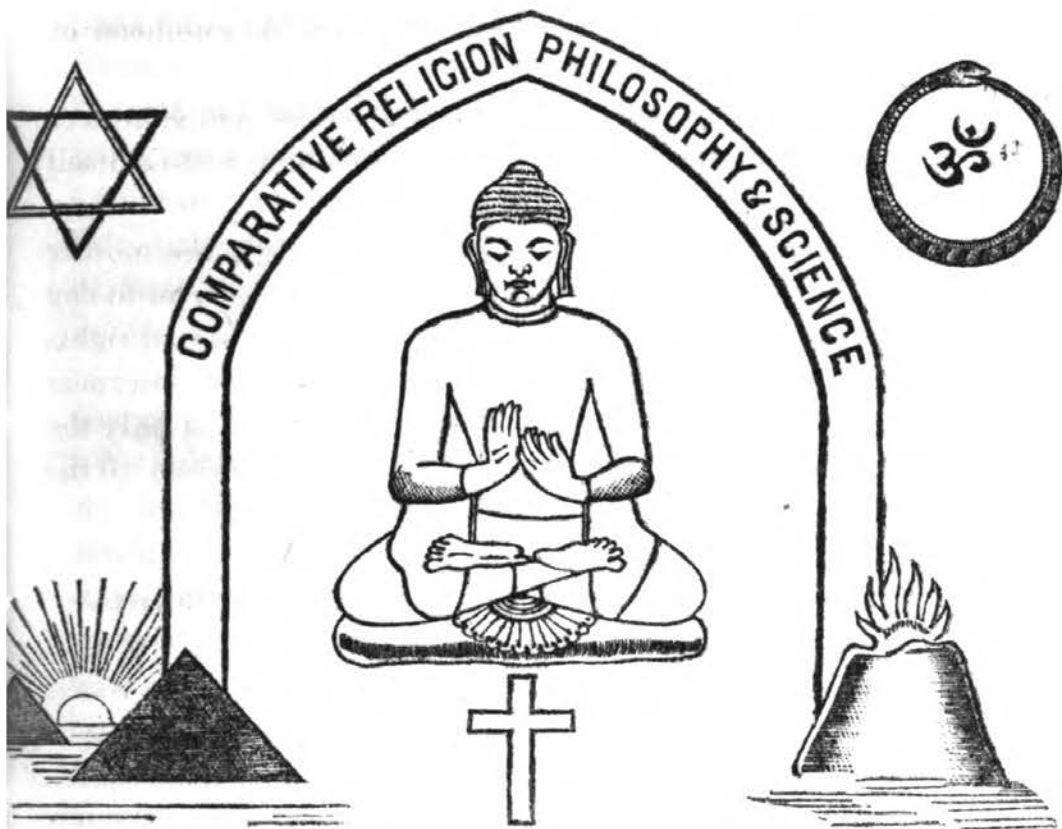
Thus the local religion of to-day is too often indifferent whether her children live or die provided they be recognised as hers, but the Universal Religion of to-morrow

will care not if the *man* be called Agnostic, Buddhist, Confucian, Hindū, Zoroastrian, Muhammadan or Christian, provided the *Soul* live and grow to manhood or Madonnahood.

Is not that mother-love the purest which desires no longer to *possess* but simply to *be* and to bestow itself in blessing?

“Give her the living child, for she is the mother thereof” would surely be the verdict of Solomon to-day in favour of that Divine Wisdom, whose maternal rights are now disputed, but who by the truth and tenderness of her own lips will show herself to be—not only the religion of to-morrow, but the Blessed Mother of all the children of men.

K. F. Stuart



TIME AND ETERNITY¹

By J. S. MACKENZIE, LL. D., LITT. D.

Professor of Philosophy at the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire, and Co-Editor of The International Journal of Ethics

I AM afraid it is a somewhat bold thing for me to come here to-night to address you on this subject, both because of the difficulty of the subject itself, and

¹ Being the report of a lecture delivered under the auspices of the Cardiff Lodge of the Theosophical Society on January 21st, 1913. Revised by Professor Mackenzie, and published here with his permission.

also because I am addressing an audience mainly composed of Theosophists, who, I understand, have access to special means of information on a subject of this kind, which are not accessible to me.

I intend to speak on this subject from the point of view of philosophical reflection, and what I am going to do is to set before you some of the ways in which this problem has been dealt with in the course of philosophical reflection in western countries, and to indicate, as far as I can, the way of regarding it which appears to me to be the most satisfactory.

The problem about Time is one that has exercised philosophical thinkers from a very early time. We find in the early speculations of the Greeks the problem coming up at a very early date. The difficulties about Time soon began to present themselves to the Greek thinkers, in their attempts to deal with the changing aspects of the world. The universal fact of change was one of the first things that attracted the attention of philosophical thinkers. The constant transformations that they saw taking place in the world around them led them, from the beginnings of speculation, to try to give some account of the way in which change could be supposed to take place. Their early speculations were no doubt somewhat crude. They tried to think of some permanent elements, such as air, or fire, or water, or the like, and they tried to think of these as undergoing changes (which, of course, they saw them constantly undergoing) and, by their changes, giving rise to all the diversity that we see in the world around us. They were thus fixing their attention on the fact of change, and, of course, the fact of change may be said to be the concrete aspect of what we mean by Time. So,

in fixing their attention on change, they were bringing forward the problem of Time, and the one who brought it forward most definitely was the philosopher Heraclitus, who lived about 500 B. C.

He definitely put forward the view (which was to some extent involved in the thought of his predecessors), that change is the main fact about the world, that the world is essentially a changing thing, and he expressed this by saying that "all things flow". All things are in a perpetual stream and we can only understand this by thinking of it as having certain directions. There is a certain direction in which change takes place. He was essentially the philosopher of change, and in many respects anticipated M. Bergson's views. He thought there were cycles in which change takes place. To a great extent, M. Bergson's views are a reproduction of those of Heraclitus, who spoke of an upward and downward path, just as M. Bergson compares life to a rocket shooting up and falling back again. There is, first, the path in which life and all existing things grow upwards, and there is the downward path which immediately follows upon it—a very similar conception to M. Bergson's. That was the general conception that Heraclitus set forth, and, by so doing, he brought out, in great prominence, the conception of perpetual change. The world in which we are is a world that is continually flowing throughout Time, and will go on continually changing through endless cycles. That conception having been brought forward, the difficulties in the way of accepting it at once presented themselves, and we find that other philosophers began urging their difficulties, and, by so doing, brought out the contrary conception which we are here considering,

namely, the conception of Eternity as opposed to Time ; the conception of the Changeless as opposed to that which is perpetually changing.

The man who emphasised that among the Greek philosophers was Parmenides. Parmenides urged that we cannot really think of things as essentially changing. He put forth the view that if we think of anything as being, in any full sense of the word, real, if we say it is real, we must add that it is eternally real. We cannot regard that which is real as anything changing. For, he urged, if we have to think of things coming into being and passing out of being, we come up at once against the conception that something must have come out of nothing. Once we recognise that, we have to recognise that nothing really changes. Whatever there is, is there eternally, otherwise we have to think that something comes of nothing, which is an impossible conception. So he brought forward that view against Heraclitus. When we think of what is real, we must think of it as unchanged; consequently, we must see that Time is unreal, Time is illusory. It seems to us as though things were undergoing change, but we must recognise that this is not really true. We must see that what really *is*, is always there. So we have to realise that Reality is in Eternity and not in Time, that Reality is unchanging. There is no 'now' and 'then' in that which is real, it is always there.

That was the view of Parmenides and it produced a great impression upon the Greeks of his time. His view was vigorously defended by his disciple, Zeno, who exercised a great deal of ingenuity in putting forward puzzles, especially those that present themselves in connection with motion. He put forward, for instance,

the well-known puzzle about Achilles and the tortoise. If you think of Achilles, the swift runner, and the tortoise, the slow runner, his contention was that Achilles could never overtake the tortoise. He put forward a number of others, some of which involve Time even more definitely than that. The paradox of Zeno which is generally stated as the last of his paradoxes, is the one in which the difficulty of Time is most definitely introduced. It is not altogether easy to know what his exact point was; but he appears to have urged that it is impossible to think of a smallest moment of time without being compelled to recognise the possibility of dividing it into two parts. A good account of this and the other paradoxes of Zeno is to be found in Burnet's *Early Greek Philosophers*. In this way, the difficulties about motion, and about change generally, were brought prominently forward, and, from that time on, Greek philosophers were a good deal exercised in trying to reconcile these two things. From one point of view, it seems obvious enough that we have to deal with a changing world, and yet there is this difficulty in thinking about change. If anything can be said to be real, you cannot think of it as coming from the unreal, and you must consequently think of it as always enduring. One of the philosophers who dealt most definitely with that difficulty, and tried very earnestly to meet it, was Plato.

Plato tried to meet it by recognising a double sense of reality. He urged that, no doubt, we must say that that which is real, in the most complete sense of the word, cannot change, and he puts forward the view that there are some things in the universe which we must think of in that way, namely, those realities that

correspond to general conceptions. The general conception of 'good,' for instance, was one that he emphasised very much, together with such general conceptions as Being, Life, etc. The objects of all these general conceptions, he urged, have an eternal place in the world, and we may think of them as belonging to the Sphere of Eternal Truth. On the other hand, we have to recognise that there is another kind of existence, namely, the existence of particular things and things of sense, and they have to be regarded as expressions, as it were, of that which is eternal. In the particular sphere in which we now exist, the eternal realities are showing themselves in transient ways. So that, when we recognise 'good things' in the world, we recognise Good, but we are not recognising Good in its eternal meaning, but only recognise a passing phase, as it were, of Good. So with all other things. While we may say that there is a certain eternal essence of reality which never changes, we have also to recognise that there is a world of becoming, a world of growth; and that world is a kind of reality, but a different kind from that which belongs to the realm of Eternal Truth. So he thought of a higher and lower kind of reality, and one is to be thought of as eternal and the other as changing. And, in particular, in reference to Time itself, he said that Time is a moving image of Eternity, meaning by that, that we see in the time process, something which contains the meaning, as it were, that belongs to the Eternal, but contains it under this form of change; so that it does not appear in its eternal nature.

Well, that is a very interesting way of dealing with the problem, and certainly Plato made a great deal of it, and put it forward in ways that are very fascinating.

He thought of a kind of cycle of life, somewhat on the lines of Heraclitus, as containing upward and downward courses; and he brought out the great importance of trying to find the upward course, rather than the downward course, and the upward course he regarded as bringing us nearer and nearer to Eternal Truth. He had the view, of course, a view that I understand is held among Theosophists also, that there is a repetition of lives, that souls go through several lives, become embodied in different material forms; and his conception was that through these successive embodiments they may gradually rise to a higher level, a level in which they cease to reveal the elements of Time, and come more and more into contact with that which is eternal. So, in that way, he partly solved this difficulty; or, at least, he put forward views according to which we can recognise both sides.

There remain, of course, considerable difficulties. It is not easy to understand, for instance, from Plato's view, how it comes about that that which is eternal shows itself in these changing forms. According to his view, it would seem that the Eternal is a higher form of reality, and one cannot quite understand how it is that the higher form of reality comes to show itself in this lower form. But still, it was a very interesting attempt, certainly, to meet the difficulties that are contained in these two conceptions of Time and Eternity.

Now, modern philosophy has been exercised with the same problems with which these early Greek thinkers were concerned—but in more complex ways. In general, the views of modern philosophers cannot be set forth quite so simply as those of the early thinkers, but we find, to a considerable extent,

reproductions of the same sort of problems and the same sort of explanations. For instance, Spinoza reproduces a belief like that of Parmenides, a belief in which emphasis is placed on the Eternal, and but little is made of the conception of change. In fact, the conception of change scarcely seems intelligible. Again, Leibnitz tried, somewhat after the manner of Plato but with considerable differences, to combine the conception of Eternity with that of the growth of the individual being; but we cannot enter into a special consideration of the views of these. I pass on from those to some views that are more recent, and that more nearly concern us, because they are views that largely exercise people's minds at the present time.

The problem about Time was stated very clearly by the great German philosopher, Kant, who sought to put fully the difficulties that are connected with the view of the reality of Time. He put them in a clearer and more thorough way than had been the case with the early writers like Zeno.

Kant put forward what he called antinomies. The first of these is one that concerns Time. He urged that we cannot think of the Time-world either as being infinite in its extension, or as being limited. Both views, he urged, lead us to great difficulties and indeed to inconceivabilities. If we think, for instance, of Time as being infinite, or rather, if we think of the changing world as having no limits, that means we have to say that it never began; and Kant's argument is, that to think of it in that way involves a contradictory conception, namely, an infinite series which is completed.

We know, of course, that in mathematics, infinite series are very fully dealt with, and can be easily dealt

with, from a mathematical point of view. But when we think of an infinite series, we think of something that never reaches the end. There is no point, for example, at which we can say that the possibilities of numbers are exhausted. Numbers go on indefinitely, and that means it would be absurd to say we had reached the last number. If that is so, it is of the very essence of numbers, and of any infinite series, that it is never completed. But if you say that Time had no beginning, you are saying that, reckoning from the present moment backwards, you have come through an infinite series, and yet that infinite series has been completed, because the whole of the past existence has occurred, and that means that an infinite series has completed itself; so there is there a contradiction. We cannot therefore think of the world in Time as having begun at any point. Whenever you think of it as having a beginning, you have still to think of the time that goes before it, and you have to ask yourself how it came to begin at that time. You would have to assign some cause to explain the beginning of the world at that time, and that cause would be something that went before it. That cause again, would need another cause, so that you would never be able to stop in that backward course. You can never say: "Here is the beginning." Thus, he urged, it is impossible to think of Time as having a beginning or no beginning, and, that being so, our only alternative is to say that Time is essentially unreal. There is no such thing as a world in Time, regarded as real; and so he drew a distinction between the world of appearance and the world of reality, and his contention was that the real (in this he agreed with Parmenides and Plato) does not contain the element of

Time, but is essentially eternal, and we have to regard the changing world in Time as only an illusion—not of course, illusion in the ordinary sense of the word, but something which is due to our limited point of view, the limited point of view which we, as human beings, have, and consequently we have to say, in the full sense of the word, that it is not real. It is to be regarded as Phenomenal, Appearance,—what is called, in Oriental speculation, *Māyā*—and not as Reality. That was the view Kant put forward, and that had a very great influence on subsequent thought. Time, according to Kant, is only a form of sense perception. It is not, properly speaking, a condition of Reality.

The difficulties involved in that, however, are very great. They are greater even than the difficulties that were involved in Plato's view, because Plato did allow some reality to the Time world, and did not regard it as merely illusion, and he seemed to be able to give some account of the eternal Realities as against the Time series, whereas Kant's philosophy ended really in complete agnosticism. It ended in the view that we cannot say anything about Reality. We can only say that the world in Time is unreal, and we cannot say what is real. So that his philosophy ended in a sort of agnosticism. We know nothing at all. This agnosticism he no doubt tried to get over, by saying that we have grounds for some kind of belief, which cannot be called knowledge.

The successors of Kant have made many attempts to get over the difficulties which he raised. These attempts have taken various directions. A number of philosophers, for instance, have tried to show that the difficulties raised by Kant are not real difficulties.

There have been many who have tried to urge that it is possible to think of an infinite series which completes itself. That view is taken, for instance, by Schopenhauer, and it has been taken by recent writers (William James, Bertrand Russell, and others) who have urged that there is no impossibility in thinking of completing an infinite series, and consequently we may suppose Time to be infinite, and yet to have a certain completeness. The most interesting attempts in this direction are those that are made in a definitely mathematical way by such writers as Cantor, Russell, etc. A more philosophical exposition of some of these views is to be found in Royce's book on *The World and the Individual*. The purely mathematical speculations appear to me to be quite correct, but I think these are essentially formal and cannot be directly applied to concrete reality. Different views may be taken about that. For my own part, I believe that Kant's argument is valid, and that we cannot suppose an infinite series to complete itself. We cannot suppose an infinite number of concrete things to have actually occurred at any time, and if so, we cannot think of the world in Time as being without beginning.

If that is so, then any attempt to meet the difficulties of Kant must deal rather with the other side of his difficulty, and it seems to me at any rate, it is rather on the other side that we may find a means of removing the difficulty, or of showing ways in which it may be removed.

Kant's contention is that you cannot think of the world in Time as limited, and the ground for that is, if you think of a beginning in Time, you have to think of something which goes before it and which serves as the

cause of its beginning at that point rather than at any other point, and Kant's argument is that you cannot find any explanation. That, also, is true, I think. But then, the important question is, whether that is the way in which we ought to look for a cause; whether it is right that we should expect to find the cause in something going before. It is very natural, of course, to look for a cause in that way. But, I think, if we consider it, we do not, in that way, get any explanation at all. We see the connection of one thing with another going before it, but it is always the case that the thing going before is in need of explanation; so that, if we are to have an explanation at all, it is not in that way that we are to look for it, and consequently, we ought not to look for the explanation of the Time process in something that goes before it. If there is to be an explanation of things at all, it must be an explanation that is found in the structure of things as a whole. We may be able to explain a thing by understanding the whole, of which it is a part, and I conceive that it would only be in that way that we could possibly understand the Time process. If there is to be an explanation at all, it must be by understanding the whole process, and seeing its significance as a whole.

In that case, we may see both the meaning of its beginning, and possibly, the meaning of its end as well. It seems to me it is in that direction that we must look for an explanation, if at all. And I may, perhaps, explain more definitely how I mean that to be understood, by recurring to what was said before, namely, to the views that we may regard the world as an upward path. No doubt, it has aspects of a downward path as well, but if there is any truth in the conception of

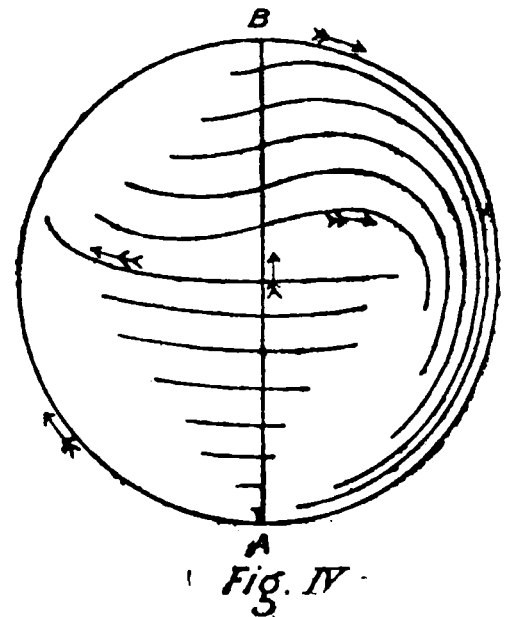
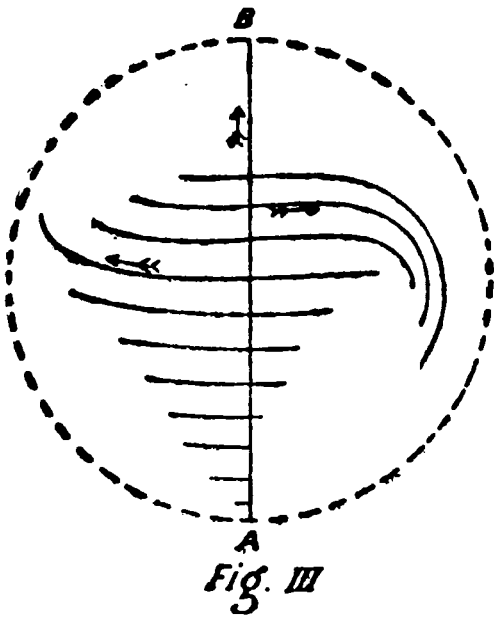
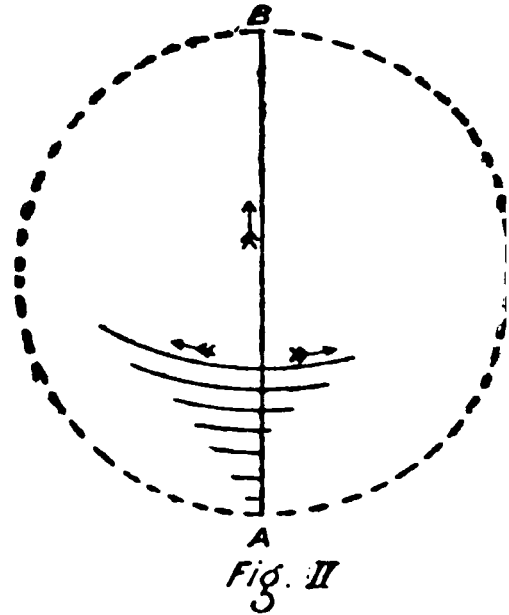
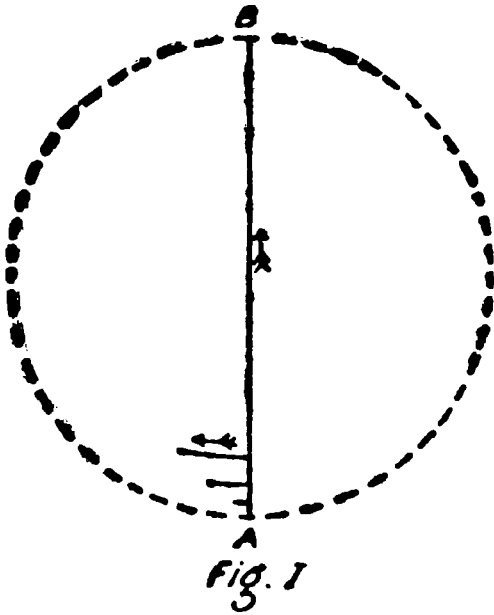
evolution, then it must be right to say that we can regard the world as being more of an upward path than of a downward path, and if so, we might try to think of the life of the changing world as being essentially an upward path.

Now, can we think of that in a way that would enable us to understand how it can, in a sense, be a Time process, and yet partake of the character of the Eternal?

It would seem to be the case in life, in general, that 'looking before' comes rather before 'looking after'. (You may think of a sort of looking forward coming in, and I may represent that in this way. Fig. 1)

That looking forward becomes more and more clear as life advances. There is more and more looking forward, but there comes a point when there is not only looking forward, but also the beginning of looking back. This is represented by the lines to the right of A B. (Fig. 2). We begin to have not only anticipations of what is to be done, but we begin to remember what has been done. That comes rather later though it may be said to be implicit in looking forward; but it only gradually comes out.

Gradually, we may suppose that the looking forward became rather less important than the looking back. (Fig. 3). Life is more and more taking account of its own past. If we suppose that to go on continuously, we may suppose there would come a point at which the whole past becomes clear, and that might be supposed to be the end of the Time process: the Time process would have completed itself. It would have completed itself, because it had absorbed all that it means (Fig. 4).



Now, we certainly seem to see some truth in that way of looking at it, in ordinary experience. It does

seem to be the case, as human life goes on, that it takes into itself the significance of its own past. That seems to be the case, as history goes on, not only with individuals, but also with the race. As the race goes on, it takes into itself all the significance of its past life. We see, for instance, how much we learn from the Greeks, Romans, Egyptians, and so forth. We learn much more from them than most of our predecessors did. We are in this way beginning to make more real to ourselves the past achievements of the race. If you suppose that that could be done completely, that would mean that we have a complete comprehension of the past; and you can easily see that, in a certain sense, that would mean that the past cannot really be said to be past, not, certainly, in any complete sense of the word. The past would be as real to us as most things that we call present. It would be as effective for us as those things we call present, so, in that sense at least, we might say that, at such a stage, we had transcended Time. It is not wholly true to say that a being is living merely at that particular moment in which his vital existence occurs. It is just as true to say that he is living in the past, in so far as he knows it, and apprehends its significance.

We may suppose there is a Consciousness for which that would be entirely true. If so, that might be called an Eternal Consciousness, and it would then be a Consciousness, we may suppose, which had no further need to grow. It would be a Consciousness that had taken in the meaning of the Time process; the whole of it has been absorbed, so there is no longer a process to be gone through, unless, indeed, it be the process of reproducing the Time series, with all the meaning that it

carries with it. If we are to look for an explanation of the Time process, I am inclined to think that we have to look for it in some such way as that ; if there is a Consciousness that comprehends it, that Consciousness reproduces it, and we may suppose that such a Consciousness would not only look back, but would also look forward. And if we can think of a Consciousness of that kind, that is a Consciousness we may well call Eternal.

If it is possible to think of the universe in that way, then it is possible to think of it as containing a Time process, and yet containing the aspect of Eternity at the same time ; and in that sense we might go back and accept the view of Parmenides, that Reality never changes, if we mean by reality, the Reality of the whole. The whole, we may suppose, is an order of development, which undergoes no change. At the same time, it is an order which contains the aspect of growth, and in that sense there is change. But the growth does form a whole, and we may, more and more, possibly, realise it as a whole. We may, more and more, see it in its completeness, and, in so seeing it, we lose all sense of its transience. We cease to be beings that merely occupy a moment in that growth, and become, more and more, beings that inherit the whole meaning that is contained in the process of growth.

In that sense we may say that the universe contains Time, but is not in Time ; is not limited by its existence at any particular point of Time, but able to comprehend Time as a whole. In that sense, it is easy enough to see that there are many things which have a Time existence, and which are not limited to any particular

time. For instance, take a play of Shakespeare's. Take 'Othello,' let us say. That is a Time process. It deals with occurrences that have to be taken in succession, in order that we may see their significance, how one purpose expresses itself through successive acts. In that sense, it is a Time process. But the Play itself is eternal. There is no reason why we should think of it as occurring at any particular point of time, and there is no limitation as to the times we may read the play.

So we may suppose that the whole development of what we call the Time World is a process which contains Time, and yet it may be regarded as an eternal process, a process contained within the Eternal, which is always there in essence. It is always in the Eternal; it is always that particular aspect of the Eternal. That is the way in which I should propose to meet these difficulties, by recognising both the aspect of change, and yet the fact that there is a Changeless throughout that changing aspect.

The view that is here indicated seems to approximate rather closely to the views that have been more or less definitely suggested by some of the Oriental philosophers. See, for instance, *The Science of Peace*, by Bhagavan Das. Further references on the subject of this lecture may be found in the article 'Eternity,' in the *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, Vol. V. The closing chapter of Dr. Bosanquet's *Value and Destiny of the Individual* may also be very specially recommended.

Explanation of the Figures.

The line A B represents the upward path of life, and the other lines round it are intended to illustrate the growth of consciousness, with its two main aspects, 'looking before' (lines to the left of A B) and 'looking after' (lines to the right of A B). It would seem to be the case, in general, that, in the growth of conscious life, 'looking before' or looking forward comes rather before 'looking after' or looking back. This forward-looking is represented by the lines to the left of the line A B. The surrounding circle may be taken to represent the Eternal Consciousness of the Absolute, returning into itself, and apprehending the whole process of growth, both forwards and backwards.

J. S. Mackenzie

NOTE

Odd children multiply, as H. P. B. prophesied. Here is a little ten-year-old girl at Pittsburg, daughter of a naval surgeon; when she was a year old, her mother taught her that there were three fairies who would guide her—Observation, Concentration, and Intense Interest. The little girl knows something of eight languages, and can read a page of music over and then play it without the score; she learned to use a typewriter at three years of age, is big and strong, and a vigorous walker. A less pleasant case is that of a girl of eleven, suddenly awakened by a negress, and thrown by fear into a fit which ended in coma, lasting for some weeks. These attacks have recurred monthly for three years. While in the unconscious condition she sings magnificently. It is thought the talent may appear when she is conscious later on, if her nerves prove able to sustain the monthly attack.

DEMETRIUS GALANOS THE GREEK INDOLOGIST

By J. GENNADIUS, D. C. L., LL. D.

[Sent by Dr. J. N. Metaxa, with a request for further information. Dr. Metaxa says, in sending it, that the address was delivered to the Congress of Religions at Oxford.—Ed.]

I VENTURE to occupy your attention with the life work of one who, born in Athens, my own native city, repaired at an early age to Constantinople—the seat of the great Institution of intellectual activity of the Greeks in the Near East which I have the honour to represent among you¹—and thence migrated to India, to end his days in the sacred city of Benares, absorbed in the study of Samskr̥ṭ literature, and conforming to the rule of life of the Brāhmaṇas.

If the important contributions to the history of religions made by this remarkable man are not very generally known, the reason may perhaps be sought both in the fact that modern Greek literature is only now beginning to be studied abroad, and in the extreme modesty and the retiring disposition of Galanos himself. For, although one of the earliest and ablest pioneers of Indology, he personally laid no claim to any literary achievement, he published nothing during his lifetime, but followed the dictates of true philosophy—not a self-asserting philosophy, practised as some kind of craft, and proclaimed by the working of marvels; but such as Plutarch² so pithily defines, after the models of Socrates

¹ The Hellenic Syllogos.

² *Of the Fortune or Virtue of Alexander*, I, 4.

and Pythagoras and Arcesilaus and Carneades. They did not pass their lives in the elaboration of axioms, nor in the refinement of syllogisms. But they were acknowledged and honoured as philosophers for the wise words they spoke, the lessons they taught, and, above all, for the manner of life they themselves led ; thus setting the example of a pure, unselfish, unpretentious, blameless existence, benevolent to all men, tolerant of all things save wrong of any kind. Such, indeed, was the life of our Demetrius Galanos.

He was born in 1760, the second son of well-to-do Athenian parents. His elder brother had died in childhood ; while the third and youngest cultivated the family estates, and named his own son (to whom we shall have occasion to refer again) after their grandfather, Panto-leon. Demetrius, on the other hand, gave early proof of an extraordinary aptitude for letters. The pursuit of letters and the service of the Church were then the only liberal careers open to the best and noblest of the enslaved Greeks. To an affectionate and gentle disposition, Galanos joined an inquiring, reflective, and critical mind ; and he soon distinguished himself in the public school of Athens, then under the direction of the renowned Athenian nobleman and philanthropist, Joannes Benizelos, my own maternal great-great-grandfather. Of this Benizelos it is recorded that, making use of his great influence with the Turkish masters of the city, he obtained permission to visit freely the awful dungeons in which prisoners were left in those days to rot and perish by slow degrees. He read to them the Scriptures, and as no one was allowed to bring them succour, he divested himself, on each visit, of his fresh underwear, and left the dungeon wearing the

vermin-infested rags of the wretched prisoners, whose misery he had thus in a measure relieved.

With this example of his beloved master before him, the altruistic tendencies of young Galanos were kindled and confirmed; and his devotion to Greek learning was such that at the age of fourteen he had acquired all that the primitive educational resources of Athens, at that time, could offer him. He was therefore sent to Mesolonghi, where Panagiotes Palamas was then lecturing, and thence to the even more flourishing school in the island of Patmos, under its famous master, the monk, Daniel Kerameus.

At the end of six years spent at Patmos, his uncle Gregory, Bishop of Cæsarea, and Primate at that time of the Holy Synod at Constantinople, sent for the young Demetrius, of whose rare attainments and moral qualities he had become cognisant. He urged him to take Holy Orders; but though this step, with the patronage of his influential uncle, would soon have led him to some Episcopal See, Galanos declined, being determined, as he said, to devote his life to the study of Greek literature and philosophy. And he remained at Constantinople, eking out a precarious existence by giving lessons in Greek.

The development of Greek trade, the revival of letters among the enslaved Greeks, and the consequent awakening of the national conscience, which prepared and ushered in the War of Liberation of 1821, were then in full activity. Many Greeks had carried their enterprise as far as India, and in Calcutta and Dacca there had already been established small, but flourishing, Greek communities. With characteristic tenacity of national traditions, the members of those communities desired that their children should be brought up

in their mother-tongue; and for this purpose Constantine Pantazes, the chief of the Calcutta community and a native of Adrianople, wrote to his correspondent at Constantinople to send out to them a Greek teacher.

This correspondent was a friend of Bishop Gregory, to whom he submitted the request of the Greeks at Calcutta. It was thus that Demetrius Galanos was chosen to carry to the young Greco-Indians the torch of ancestral learning, and to send back to Greece a reflex of the Light of Asia. His first act was to remit to his poor relatives at Athens the small sum he had managed to save; and he started on his mission, visiting on his way the monastery at Mount Sinai, and continuing his journey by way of Bassorah.

On his arrival at Calcutta in 1786 he lodged with Pantazes; and while teaching the young Greeks their mother-tongue, he devoted his leisure to the study of English, and the mastery of Saṁskṛt, Persian, and the native idioms of India, in which he soon became so proficient that he was able to enter into intimate converse with Hindūs of all races and castes. In seeking to establish close relations with the natives, that which assisted him most was not only his linguistic proficiency and erudition, but the fame which rapidly spread among them of his sterling character, his lofty mind, and the rule of life he had set for himself, living up to the highest ideals of moral purity and rectitude. Both his own countrymen, the Englishmen who came into contact with him, and the erudite Hindūs, with whom he loved to discuss philosophical topics, soon learned to look up to him as to a man of extraordinary attainments and rare worth.

His early tendencies, and the more intimate searching investigations which had latterly occupied his mind, finally determined the rest of his life. At the end of the sixth year of his residence in Calcutta he resigned his post, bade farewell to his Greek friends, deposited his scanty savings with one of them, that the small yearly income might be remitted to him, and retired to Benares, there to devote himself exclusively to the study of Saṃskṛt literature and Hindū philosophy, adopting the dress of the Brāhmaṇas, and strictly conforming to their mode of life. Thus he lived for forty consecutive years, to the day of his death.

But those years were spent neither in the passivity of mere contemplation, nor in estrangement from what is dearest to human kinship, nor in forgetfulness of fatherland and faith. We shall see that his literary activity marks a most important stage in Indian studies. And in his life we have a unique instance, and an edifying example, of the adoption of Hindū yoga, without that hardness and arrogance and monastic egotism which tends to view the surrounding world with indifference and contempt—one might almost say with hatred. His human tenderness for his far away kinsmen and compatriots, his burning love for his native city, his fervid hopes for the liberation of the fatherland, his broad-minded interest in the Orthodox Church, remained to the end unimpaired, fresh, and refreshing. To the last he was in heart and mind a Christian, a European, and a true Hellene.

Of this there can be no more conclusive evidence, no more touching proof, than his letters from Benares, a considerable number of which are still extant, some published; especially those addressed to the

Archimandrite Gregory, Chaplain of the Greek Church at Calcutta, and those written to his nephew Pantoleon Galanos.

The latter he invited to India, intending to return with him to Athens, that he might lie down to his last sleep in the bosom of his native land. Pantoleon arrived at Calcutta and was on the point of starting for Benares when his venerable uncle died, after a short illness. He was buried in the English cemetery at Benares, and the following simple inscription in English may be read over his tomb :

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
DEMETRIUS GALANOS
AN ATHENIAN WHO DIED AT BENARES
IN THE EAST INDIES ON THE 3RD OF MAY, 1833,
AGED 72 YEARS.

Galanos' bosom friend and Master, the Brāhmaṇa Satoul Sing, also inscribed over his tomb an epitaph in Hindi, which may be rendered as follows :

“Woe, a hundred times woe ! Demetrius Galanos has left this world to reside in the eternal abodes. With tears and wailing I have cried out, ah me ! by grief demented. He is gone, alas, the Plato of this age.”

By his will, with the exception of small legacies to his Brāhmaṇa friends and his Hindū servant, he left the whole of his estate, amounting to some three thousand pounds, to be divided equally between his nephew and the University of Athens, to which institution he bequeathed also his Saṁskṛt library and all his papers and manuscripts.

These manuscripts may be roughly classed under two headings : (a) translations from Saṁskṛt and Hindū-stāni into Greek ; and (b) drafts of several vocabularies and dictionaries, such as Pāli-Greek, Persian-Hindi,

Greek-English, and Saṃskṛt-Greek. The most important of these, unpublished, is the last named, containing as it does many words which are there recorded for the first time, culled from Saṃskṛt works which he was the first to explore. This is the opinion of the eminent Orientalist, Professor Albrecht Weber, who, when in Athens, examined the collection and took extensive notes, which he utilised in supplementing Boehtlingk and Roth's great Saṃskṛt dictionary.

The manuscript translations remained for some fourteen years untouched; but in 1841 the Ephore of the National Library, G. Kozakis Typaldos, assisted by the Keeper of Printed Books, G. Apostolides, commenced editing and publishing a series which in 1853 resulted in seven octavo volumes. Neither of the editors was, properly speaking, a Saṃskṛt scholar; but they made an *ad hoc* study of the subject, and they very prudently addressed themselves for advice and guidance to the most eminent German and French Orientalists of that time. They submitted to them portions of the translations in proof, and they invited criticism before publication. They were thus enabled to preface introductions dealing with the subject matter of each volume. These introductions are of considerable merit and ability. I may here observe that the Greek style adopted by Galanos in his translations, without being stilted or pedantic, is pure and scholarly, and the text is accompanied by footnotes of great value, bearing witness to his erudition and to the frame of mind with which he approached his object in view.

Such, in general lines, is the character of the work. The limited time at my disposal will not allow me to do more than give a very succinct account of the

contents of those seven volumes. The first, entitled by the editors, *Forerunner of the Indian translations of Demetrius Galanos, the Athenian*, consists of five of the minor, but not the least important, pieces rendered into Greek: (a) Ethical sentences and allegories of Baṭrihari the King; (b) Of the same, counsels concerning the vanity of this world; (c) Political, economic, and moral precepts, culled from various poets; (d) Synopsis of sentences and precepts of Sanakea,¹ the moralist and philosopher; (e) Zagannāṭha Paṇḍitarāza's² allegories, examples, and similes. Galanos' attachment to the fatherland, and constant solicitude for the welfare of his countrymen, is again attested by the fact that of the translation of Zagannāṭha, mentioned above, he had sent home in 1830 an earlier copy, through the Archbishop of Athens, Neophytus, with the following inscription: "To the Eminent Signor Joannes Capodistrias, President and Governor of Greece, Demetrius Galanos the Athenian sends, as a present from India, this excellent allegorical manual of Zagannāṭha the Brāhmaṇa, translated into Greek for the benefit of the young philologists of the Greek race. From the Holy City of Kassis, known also as Benares."³

The second volume, published in 1847, contains *The Balabhārata*, or synopsis of the *Māhābhārata*. The third comprises the *Gītā*, which Galanos calls Thesoesion Melos a name adopted by Schlegel in his edition of the

¹ This name is, I believe, variously spelt Caunakas, Canakjas, Tchanakaya. I have adopted the form in which Galanos has transliterated the Indian names into Greek.

² Jagannāṭha Paṇḍitarāja.

³ Galanos often makes use of the ancient name of the holy city, Kāshi from its reputed founder (1200 B. C.) Kāshi Rāja (the resplendent). By an ingenious combination of a Greek synonym, phaneras, of this adjective with the more recent name Benares, he dates, on October, 1832, em Phanerasiou. His will, written only three days before his death, is dated em Benares. But in his translations he generally uses the form Baranasi (Varānasi).

poem. The fourth volume is devoted to Kālidāsa's *Raghu-Vamśa*. The fifth to the Iṭihāsa, *Samuṭchaya*. The sixth embraces the *Hitopādeśha*; and the seventh the *Durga*. It was intended that it should also include the *Bhāgavata Purāna*; but funds were lacking, so that this and a few other translations remain still unedited.

There exists as yet no complete and connected account of the life of Galanos, nor any due appreciation of the published portion of his works—of this unique body of Indian translation done by one man; and the present paper is but a condensed abstract of a more detailed work which I hope will soon appear. It is a remarkable fact that although he lived more than forty-five years in British India and was known to many of the foremost Anglo-Indians of his time, there appears to be no mention of him or of his work in any of the likely English sources of such information. At all events my diligent search has, thus far, revealed none.¹ I need hardly say that outside Greece it is the Germans who, of course, know most about him; while the only French comment I have met with (that of M. Jules Mohl in *Le Journal Asiatique* of July, 1846) is noteworthy for statements and appreciations somewhat strange. He makes out Galanos to have been a merchant, and to have forsaken commerce for the life of a Brāhmaṇa; and he adds: "Galanos parait avoir cherché à Benares plutôt la sagesse, comme la cherchaient les anciens, que le savoir, comme l'entendent les modernes; et ses manuscrits sont probablement plutôt une curiosité

¹ The only English comment I know of is that mentioned by the Editors who, having sent proofs of the *Gītā* translation to Mr. Clark, the then Secretary of the Royal Asiatic Society, received from him a letter saying that "in reading the translation he felt as if one soul had been parted in twain and set at the two ends of the world, in Greece and India, each one meditating on the same great philosophical issues".

littéraire qu'un secours pour l'érudition." This was not the opinion of Professor Albert Hofer, who in the *Zeitschrift für die Wissenschaft der Sprache* (1850) takes to task his French confrère, and extols the scholarly and conscientious character of Galanos' work. Professor Hofer had already reviewed the first two volumes in the *Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft* (vol i, 1846); and later (vol. xxiii, 1869) Dr. Heinrich Uhle referred to these translations with great praise. In the *Fahrbücher für Wissenschaftliche Kritik* (No. 51 and 52 of 1846) Professor Hofer compared former attempts with the achievements of Galanos, which he characterises as a colossal monument of untiring endurance and patient devotion—a work of permanent value and helpfulness to Indologists. Finally, I may adduce the opinion of Professor Theodor Benfey who, in reviewing the *Fore-runner* in the 'Göttingische gelehrte Anzeigen' (1846, pp. 1095-1104), says that Galanos' versions now make clear many passages which remained inexplicable riddles for former translators, and render possible, not only the correction of corrupt texts, but the explanation of many parts of Indian mythology and religion, which hitherto were not understood; that this was due to the unrivalled knowledge which Galanos had of the languages and the peoples of India; but more especially to the fact that he had won the intimate friendship and confidence of the Brāhmaṇas as no other European had ever done before him, and that he was thus enabled to obtain from them much that was jealously preserved by oral tradition only. Benfey and also Professors A. Weber and Christian Lassen consider Galanos' translation as a great ornament of modern Greek literature; and German critics generally point out the fact that several of these

translations were never before attempted in any European language, while of others the original texts were not even known to exist.

But it is not only the faithfulness and excellence of the translations which are so remarkable. Even a casual reader would be struck by the great value of the notes constituting, as they do, a veritable storehouse of Indian lore. They interpret allegories, supply historical data, elucidate mythological traditions; explain the names and the attributes of Indian deities, give parallel passages from Greek philosophers; account for obscure beliefs and popular sayings. Even the terminology of botany and zoology in India is made clear and easily conceivable; and of several passages he gives also a paraphrase, thus investing in a beautiful and lucid Greek form many a mystical passage of Oriental phraseology. And with it all he joins a playful humour, showing that he never succumbed to the dark and oppressive morbidity of Asiatic asceticism. For instance, he writes to his friend, the Orthodox Archimandrite Gregory, who was sailing from Calcutta for Constantinople: "I pray both the Ocean-Lord Poseidon and the Indian Varuṇa to give thee fair voyage, going and returning."

As in his correspondence we have a faithful portrayal of the intensely human and lovable side of his nature, so in his notes we see evidence of a well-balanced mind, of a calm judgment, of a rare critical faculty. He is in love with the subject to which he devoted his life. But he has not been enslaved by that love. We do not find in him what we often observe in enthusiastic devotees to some special branch of art or literature, or to the works of some particular author, who gradually lose the faculty of reasoning, and become blind, I had almost

said fanatical, worshippers of their idol. Galanos' studies did not overwhelm his judgment: they did not enslave his mind. He remained their master. His early training in the writings and the philosophy of the Greeks made it possible for him to maintain a critical attitude; while his clearness of vision enabled him to appreciate to the full all that is lofty and true and beautiful in the literature of India.

He was aware that, in that land of abnormal extremes, belief in the marvellous and the terrible exercises an irresistible fascination over its inhabitants. He understood that this was mainly due to the physical surroundings. As Buckle says, in comparing Indian with Greek evolution: "In the great centre of Asiatic civilisation the energies of the human race are confined, as it were intimidated, by the surrounding phenomena . . . all teaching Man of his feebleness and his inability to cope with natural forces . . . The tendency of the surrounding phenomena was, in India, to inspire fear; in Greece, to give confidence."¹ Hence those monstrous and terror-inspiring divinities, which breathe fire, and revel in blood. Galanos was aware that besides these disturbing physical conditions the inhabitants of that land had laboured from time immemorial under three fatal circumstances. They had never known liberty: the whole peninsula had repeatedly been overrun and subjugated by alien conquerors. Their political thralldom had been aggravated by an all-pervading sacerdotalism. Finally, they were handicapped by a complex system of castes, which checked progress and made development impossible.

In presence of such conditions a highly trained and cultured intellect like that of Galanos, balanced and

¹ History of Civilisation, 1, 125-7.

fortified on the one hand by an inquiring mind, and on the other by a tolerant and altruistic disposition, could but seek to separate the wheat from the chaff. He discerned and adopted all that was pure in Hindū teaching. But he rejected metaphysical fantasies; he could not regard philosophy from a fantastic and quasi-religious aspect. In philology he was too well grounded to listen with anything but a smile to such puerile derivations as "Pythagoras from Buddha-guru, teacher of knowledge". Nor could he adhere to irrational theories and extravagant superstitions, such as can be acceptable only to an intelligence absolutely untrained in logic, or to theurgic and divinatory rites, which must ensure the dissent of those who conceive morality aright, and extend goodwill to all men, in all truth and in all honesty.

Galanos had before him the advice which the upright and judicious Eusebius, the Neo-Platonist, gave to his young pupil and friend Julian, when he related to him the magical and theurgic wonders of the charlatan Maximus: "Astonished for the nonce by that theatrical miracle-maker, we left. But thou, do not marvel at all, even as I did not; but rather consider how great a matter is purification by means of reason."

The Count Goblet d'Alviella, in his *Ce que l'Inde doit à la Grece*, has shown to what a remarkable degree the regenerating flame of Ancient Greece had penetrated into the heart of Asia, and influenced the science and art of India. It is the continuity of that Greek tradition, the love of inquiry and enlightenment, which has bequeathed to the learned world the life-work of Demetrius Galanos.

J. Gennadius

VISION

By CATHERINE M. VERSCHOYLE

Lord, I have knelt here praying many hours,
While thoughts, that should have been celestial flowers
 Unfolded, floated, rose
 About my head,
 And fell back dead ;
Never to reach the heaven of my desiring,
Or perfect my aspiring
 With the solution of these human woes.
Lord, I would learn
The secret of the soul's return,
 The surety of the great arriving,
 The far-off goal of all our striving.
While day by day the world's sad face
 Turns on the thread of Life impaled,
Say, is it nearer to Thy grace,
 Or has it failed
To reach the outstretched arms of Thy compassion ?
See where these wavering tapers burn,
Lit by the children of Thy hand, who yearn
 Towards Thee, distant ; each in his own fashion
 Bearing the imprint of his Master's passion.

• • • • • • • •

Man opened wondering eyes, and saw
 The shadows flying from immortal hills,
 And for one glorious heart-beat heard
 A mighty echo of the Word :
So thin the veil is, when he wills
 To rise above the stringent Law
 Which in the ancient days was made
As a defence from Truth's consuming flame
 For him, whose birthright, greater far
 Than all the angels' glories are,
Centres about a secret Name ;
 Which, when Life's corner-stone was laid,
Was graven with a hidden art
 Upon his heart,
And written also, in transcendent duplicate
Upon the white cube by the Temple gate.
And lest to those who wait God's sign grow dim,
The angels, pitying, over heaven's rim
 Fling snowy wafers from the heavenly board,

Each marked with the insignia of His mint—
 A cross, deep scored,
 Borne by Himself and by His vassalage,
 Which He did print
 Token of honour on the colt that carried Him,
 And on his humble house from age to age.
 Still wheresoe'er man's eyes may turn
 He sees the mystic symbol burn ;
 His very limbs a constant cross afford
 Where he is crucified beside his Lord.

Oh dreamer, wake ! and follow still
 The paths of pain that bear His mark,
 Accept His will
 As rudder to thy wandering bark ;
 And day by day His manna take,
 Nor for the morn provision make ;
 For doubtless He shall give thee from His store
 The daily bread that pilgrim souls implore,
 And each day more ;
 A better nourishment, a stronger meat—
 The food of yesterday, though sweet,
 For yesterday alone had power,
 And souls starve, hearts grow cold
 Who treasure stores grown old,
 Feeding on manna of an outgrown hour.

Hold fast the age-long clue whose spirals ran
 So far, thou mayst not see where they began ;
 Lost in the mists of Time they lie.
 But follow through the grave, the womb,
 O'er mountain peaks, in chasms' gloom,
 For where the turrets of Eternity
 In changeless beauty stand,
 The end rests in God's hand.

* * * * *

So, holding now the clue, I rose and went
 About the common tasks of every day
 Full of a grave content,
 A deep trust that the way
 Veiled or revealed, is His, and that our feet
 Though they may err, can never stray
 Beyond the appointed term, where they must turn again
 In joy or pain,
 And slowly climbing rise
 To their predestined place above the skies.
 Thus I gained courage, and I onward trod
 Serene, in God.

Catherine M. Verschoyle

THE COMING OF THE CHRIST

By WESSEX

[Some notes on certain passages in the New Testament relating to the Coming of the Christ.]

IN the September, 1912, number of *THE THEOSOPHIST* a paper by a 'Group of American Students' contained a list of New Testament passages relating to the approaching coming of the Christ. These notes are suggestions on some of those passages, based on a study of the Greek text of Westcott and Hort, together with some hints gleaned from the volumes of the Cambridge *Bible for Schools and Colleges*, dealing with the four Gospels and the *Acts*, and also from a perusal of Schuré's *Great Initiates*.

For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father, with his messengers, and then shall he reward every man according to his works. Verily I say unto you, there be some standing here who shall not taste of death till the time when they see the Son of man coming in his kingdom. (*Matt. xvi, 27, 28.*)

(a) Does the Son of Man refer to the Christ at all? Does it not refer to the young Teutonic race, incarnate in Titus? Titus was the son of Vespasian, who was not a Kelt, and was possibly of Teutonic origin. Titus would thus represent the epitome of the fifth sub-race, the Son of Man, and he did render to many at Jerusalem according to their doing; that is to say, death for evil. If this passage does refer to the destruction of Jerusalem, as so many commentators seem

to think, can we really say that the Lord Maitreya did so reward men?

(b) But if this passage refers to the Christ and His Second Coming, does not the expression 'not taste of death' mean 'shall not reincarnate' till the Son of Man come into His Kingdom? We know that in the Mysteries of Eleusis, the officiant who took the part of Hermes, said: "Remember the words of Empedocles, 'Generation is a great destruction, which causes the living to pass into the dead'." (see Schuré's *Great Initiates—Orpheus*)

We know also that this earth is called Myalba, Hell, in occult speech; also that the word 'Earth' means primarily that in which life is buried or hidden (cf. fox's earth, to earth-in plants, seed, or the end of a lightning conductor), not a place which men dwell in. Further we should remember we are considering the words of a supreme Occultist spoken to Occultists.

(c) Or have we a double thread of meaning, referring to:

- (i) Jerusalem's destruction for outsiders,
- (ii) the Second Advent for disciples.

The next passage is *Mark* xiii, 26, 27:

And then shall they see the Son of man coming in clouds with great power and glory. And then shall He send forth the messengers, and shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from the uttermost parts of the earth to the uttermost part of heaven.

This passage seems to uphold theory (b). The elect were to be gathered from the depths and from the heights of heaven. The passage does not point to a reward for evil, but for good (cf. parables of the Talents and the Pounds).

Again v. 30 says: "This generation shall not pass away till all these things be accomplished," which

seems to mean that this group of egos shall not pass out of reincarnation till those who had witnessed the sowing in tears should have assisted at the reaping in joy. It might mean that the Jewish race should persist till the Coming of the Kingdom, but that seems a very flat and poor teaching for a great Teacher to give His disciples, considering that race-types long antecedent to the Jewish still persist, some of which are apparently Lemurian and early Atlantean.

The third passage in *Luke* ix, 26, 27: here we have the same prediction of the Coming in Glory preceding an account of the Transfiguration, which may be the reason for some commentators linking the Second Coming and the Transfiguration together. The suggestion that 'tasting of death' means to incarnate receives support from a note in the Cambridge Bible, p. 187, on v. 27, which says: "In the Arabian poem, *Antar*, Death is represented as slaying men by handing them a cup of poison." Now the poison in the cup is the desire in the heart, which is the cause of reincarnation.

To sum up the thoughts suggested by the foregoing passages: they seem to point to a coming in the future, when the disciples shall incarnate and be gathered round their Master, who will give them work according to their abilities and faithfulness.

There is an 'unwritten word' of Jesus: "In that wherein I shall find you, in that will I judge you." (*Just. Mast. Dial.* xlvii.) This is the reason why the writer prefers the word 'doing' to 'works' in *Matt.* xvi, 27, 28.

Another passage is *Matt.* xxiv, xxv. It is impossible to take this long passage in detail, but the following points seem worthy of notice: xxiv, 3: Jesus was seated

on the Mount of Olives—Mount Bakkhu; this is a technical phrase from the Egyptian teaching, hence we should look out for occult meanings, for Mount Bakkhu was the place of special instruction.

The Rev. W. Sherlock has arranged the parallels between the two predictions found in *Matt xxiv* (*viz.*, the fall of Jerusalem and the Second Advent) thus :

*Fall of Jerusalem**Second Advent*

- | | |
|---|---|
| (1) False Christ and false prophets, 5, 11. | (1) False Christ and false prophets, 23, 24. |
| (2) Persecution and apostasy, 9, 10, 12. | (2) Dangers even to the elect, 24. |
| (3) Wars, famine, pestilence, 6, 7. | (3) Distress of nations, 29. |
| (4) Great tribulation, 21. | (4) Sun and moon darkened, stars falling, 29. |
| (5) Abomination of desolation, 15. | (5) Sign of Son of Man, 30. |
| (6) Escape of Christians, 16-18. | (6) Salvation of elect, 31.
Cf. <i>Cambridge Bible</i> , p. 185. |

The sun being darkened seems to refer to the loss of spiritual teaching—the modern so-called failure of religion. Consequent on this the failure of modern science to deal with ultimates in spite of its success in handling proximates, which is represented by the moon failing to give her light.

The falling of the stars may mean exoterically the rejection of great authorities, and esoterically the re-incarnation of advanced egos, to help in the approaching work, cf. *Rev. ii*, 26-28: “And he that overcometh . . . to him will I give authority over the nations . . . and I will give him the morning star.”

Note also the proverb, *Matt. xxiv*, 28: “Where-soever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together.” Raven was the synonym for a neophyte. Is ‘eagle’, the term for an advanced disciple? Cf. the

'Golden Hawk' of Horus, which was born from the overshadowing 'Dove'.)

In Chap. xxv we get the parable of the Ten Virgins, which is linked by the Christ directly with His coming and the Parable of the Talents which surely belongs to the same connection, for the phrases, "the Kingdom of Heaven," and, "into a far country," are interpolations, and suggest a wrong line of thought. In 31 and following we get a similar description of the Coming to those considered above, followed by a description of a judgment of separation.

Does this passage (which is too long to quote) when read in connection with the foregoing parables mean, that, just as vast numbers of disciples became Arhats during the incarnation of the Buddha, so numbers of disciples of the Lord Maitreya will become great Initiates, able to assist and guide humanity, while the next great step in social evolution is being taken?

It would seem so, for the word in the Greek which is translated punishment means 'pruning'. Cf. *John* xv, where the "branches of the vine" are said to be "purged". So we get a picture of those disciples who are slack, thoughtless and gross in life being put back under the Law of Karma for a further purification and pruning, while the others enter into the joy of their Lord.

In *Luke* xvii, 20 ff. we get practically the counterpart of the teachings already considered given in reply to a question of the Pharisees. 22 is worth noting—the phrase, "one of the days of the Son of Man" occurs, which seems to point to more than one Coming.

In *Luke* xxi, 20-36, we get the same double story of Jerusalem's destruction and the Second Coming. The

writer would suggest that the change occurs probably at 24, "until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled".

Two passages from the *Acts* must bring our list to a conclusion, though it does not quite cover that given by the American Group. The first is *Acts* i, 9-11, where promise of a return is given to the disciples by the messengers.

The second is *Acts* iii, 20, 21, in which S. Peter uses the remarkable phrase: "the Christ appointed for you—Jesus". The word Christ in the Greek is not written with a capital, thus pointing to an official Christ, a Boḍhisattva, of which there may be many, though Jesus the Christ is the Christ for those to whom S. Peter was speaking, i.e., the Jews.

To gather up these rambling suggestions into a whole, it may be said that a collation of the various passages seems distinctly to point to a Second Coming of the Master of Masters, who will gather together His disciples from the heights and from the depths: these He will judge according to their faithfulness in the work they are engaged in, not according to the work's greatness or smallness. The faithful shall receive fresh work and responsibility, shall enter into the joy of their Lord; while the careless must fall back under kārmic Law. Finally the Coming shall be sudden and unexpected, "like a thief in the night," yet manifest to all who are watching and have eyes to see, for it shall be like "lightning which shines from East to West".

May His Peace, His Strength, His Wisdom be upon us all.

Wessex

A HYMN OF THE HOLY ONES

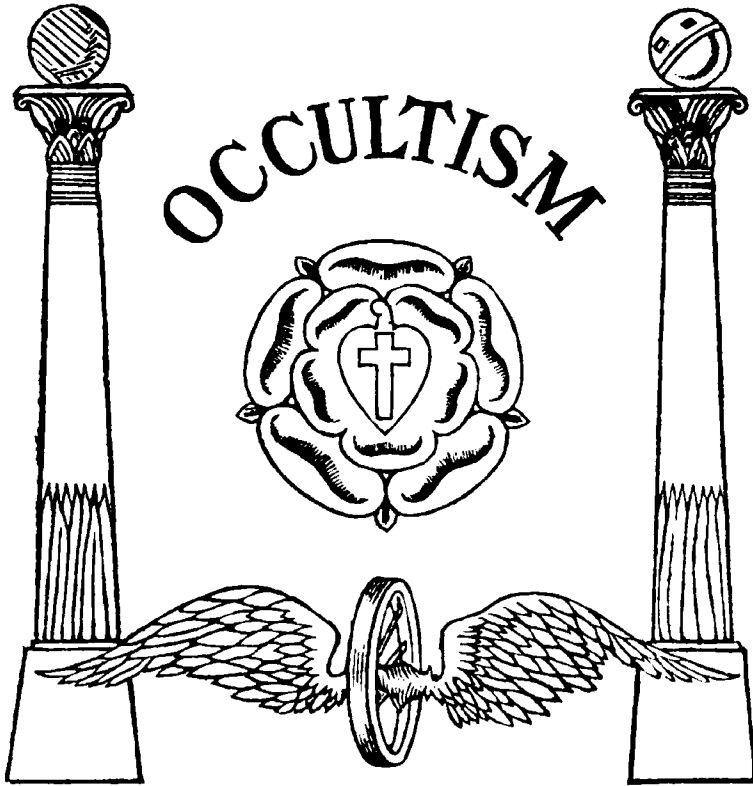
Those happy souls, returning to the Light,
In exultation mount the shining way :
Who sought their Master midst earth's fevered night
Now love, now serve, through calm, unbroken day :
With strength untiring, clearer vision, blest,
Love brings no sorrow, labour asks no rest.

O Christ, immortal Life, unclouded Sun,
From mortal shadows Thou dost set them free,
Accomplishing Thy work in them begun,
Drawing them nearer—ever nearer—Thee :
Till, in the stillness of Thy holy place,
They gaze upon the Wonder of Thy Face.

They are at peace—for they have overcome :
Earth's darkest terrors leave them undismayed ;
The storms of life for them are fallen dumb.
Now, out of weakness, more than conquerors made,
Now (to its end the Path of Victory trod)
They rise, they live, for ever one with God.

New-born, where bright the Star of Welcome gleams,
From death-in-life to life that knows no death,
They waken now from dark and empty dreams,
They breathe Eternal Morning's radiant breath,
And, in that Life—their Fathers, and their own—
Know, as, from endless ages, they are known.

C. W. Scott-Moncrieff



MY OCCULT EXPERIENCES

By JOHAN VAN MANEN, F. T. S.

WITH

Explanatory Notes by C. W. Leadbeater, F. T. S.

TH**ERE** exists an old letter of H. P. B.'s, copies of which are now exceedingly rare, addressed some thirty years ago to the members of the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society. It is a confidential admonition to the Lodge concerning spiritual endeavour, and contains a paragraph which struck me very forcibly when I read it. This passage says that if members only gave proper

attention to the little experiences of life they might find revealed in them unsuspected occult teachings or unthought-of instances of occult influence. In the light of this injunction I have kept a close watch on such tiny rays of light as have filtered through, from time to time, into my own every-day consciousness, and have analysed carefully the slight glimpses into the something-else which now and then have been vouchsafed to me.

I am not a clairvoyant, and I wish at the outset to prevent any possible misconstruction of what I am going to lay before my readers. I am not able to turn on the tap of astral or any other sight as one might switch on or off the electric light. That is only for the masters in the art. It is of the utmost importance for the sane and solid development of the Theosophical movement that the strictest probity should prevail in all reports and relations of psychic experiences, and that no one should suffer to cluster round himself exaggerated opinions concerning his occult powers. Such incorrect estimation, if spread widely within our ranks, would ultimately annihilate all sound standards of judgment, falsify doctrine and turn into chaos what should be an ordered whole of testimony and description. The temptation to promote, or at least not to prevent, such a state of things is very great in our Society, and there are minor deities in our ranks who have sinned heavily in this respect.

What I have to present then is a sober record of whatever experiences I recollect as I write, in so far as they seem to have an illustrative value, especially selecting those examples which seem to be capable of some interpretation. I divide them into groups as their nature suggests.

It seems to me that such an autobiographical fragment may be of some value as furnishing material for comparison. It may also incite others to relate their similar experiences. In the hands of some other "James" these "varieties of religious experience" may then be ultimately welded into an instructive whole. It should, however, be well understood that any such relation can have value only if the experience has been very carefully observed and, so far as possible, analysed, keen introspection having taken place at the time. The experience may have been religious, but the description must be scientific; the value may have been mystical, but the process must be recognised as psychological. Above all, the giving of premature (Theosophical or other) explanations to such experiences must be avoided. That is a matter for the experts, psychologists or occultists. We are only concerned with one end of the line, that of truthfully reporting. The explainers stand at the other end. So, for instance, no special 'plane' should be assigned to any phenomenon or sensation. Only an occultist can do that. A subjective feeling of the highest rapture may well have been produced by a dulling of the general sensibility, and that only: the felicity of *ñāmas* is something else than that of *saṭṭva*.

Many readers may recognise in the few experiences I have to relate some of their own, or at least find an affinity with them. Perhaps they may have thought that such experiences were too isolated, infrequent and unimportant to note down. Here, however, the value of H.P.B.'s remark shows itself. I too attach very little value or importance to most of the experiences which I relate, and none at all to some of them, but I

see equally well that, taken together—despite their infrequency—they indicate that my mind comes now and then into touch with a mysterious other-world of consciousness, where, it seems, forms of thought prevail other than those which we know here. They tell me that if I could always have present the symbolic vision and synthetic thought or the heightened sensibility of which I have only experienced momentary and intermittent flashes, I should be so much the richer as a conscious being and, I think, a step higher in the scale as an evolving entity. The mere experience, once, leads me to believe that there may be a possibility of experiencing it always and uninterruptedly. In short, I regard these things as forebodings, foreshadowings, promises even, for distant days to come, and as my own *personal* and invaluable little certitudes for that hope of inner unfoldment which, roughly, is sketched out by modern Theosophical literature, but which, after all, is and must remain unprovable by books alone. In other words: our occultists testify to their higher experiences. From their vast masses of testimony I think I have perceived the existence of a few atoms; and the existence of one atom of gold is enough to prove that gold exists.

I. CHILDHOOD

From the days of my childhood I recollect only two experiences. The first is trifling but amusing, and became intelligible to me only afterwards.

1. *Astral Nakedness.* I was asleep, and was walking in one of the streets of the little town in which I was then living. I was amusing myself as children do

at that age, but suddenly I became aware that I was clad only in my nightshirt (pyjamas being a fairly recent invention as far as Holland is concerned). I experienced a feeling of intense shame and felt as if all passers-by in the street were looking at me. I awoke with a start and felt still very much ashamed. Later on in reading about the astral plane I found the clue to this dream which, by its extraordinary vividness, made a strong impression on me.

2. *The Wrong End of the Telescope.* The second experience is one which I can only describe, not understanding it at all up to this day. Fairly often when lying in bed prior to falling asleep it seemed as if the walls of the room and perhaps also the objects therein were beginning to recede and recede unendingly, and they would appear as if seen through the wrong end of a telescope. This recession, however, was not so much in a straight line as rather in a most curious twirling motion, as if every point in them was turning itself inside out. To put it graphically, it was as if every point, as well as the whole total, was moving away in the manner of a ring of smoke, blown by an expert in these matters. I believe that I at least once saw small heinzel-männchen-like figures in the distance. Of course I did not analyse these things at the time in such detail, but I remember the experience clearly. As a matter of fact I was rather afraid of this sort of thing.

3. *Turned Inside Out.* I may add that in later times I have had on several occasions a sensation analogous to the above, only it was not accompanied by visual impressions. Several times I have experienced in concentration the *feeling* (in the body) of such a turn-inside-out movement, going on like a propeller in the air. I always

expected that the next turn should lead somewhere (where exactly I could never locate), but it always ended in nothing. Sometimes this sensation is not felt inside the body but in the space around the body, and then the impression is that one ascends, or as the case may be descends, ever and ever more highly or deeply. Yet one never arrives, though firmly expecting to arrive somewhere.

II. PROPHEPIC VISIONS AND DREAMS

After these two preliminary incidents I will deal with those of later years, now roughly classifying the examples. The two following experiences are of necessity of an intimate nature, and I have to apologise for mentioning them, in order not to be accused of vanity. They are, however, the only two of the class I have, and so I cannot leave them out without making my record, so far as it goes, incomplete. I need not say that I myself have not consciously invented their interpretation; the interpretation came simultaneously with the pictures as part and parcel of them. I have nothing to do with it. Besides, it may be false, and also the first part in each story is not flattering to me, nothing to boast of.

4. *An Inverted Icarus.* As far as I recollect, soon after my entrance into the Theosophical Society I would see, or a picture of it would arise in my consciousness, a little figure, standing as if on a strip of seashore. I remember quite well one morning, while dressing, how I stared a long time at that little figure, naked, on the beach, before me. I saw with the 'mind's eye,' whatever that may mean. There was no objective picture, no beach anywhere near, yet I saw the picture.

That little shining figure was somehow about an inch or two high, though how I could assign length I don't know, unless I stared through the window-sill, which may have furnished a sort of general background of measure. Anyhow the little figure was *me*, not in the sense of a pre-incarnational me, but he *signified* me, he was meant to *indicate* me. While I watched I saw that the little figure was meant to do something, but was tarrying and tarrying. Strange—the figure was there and did nothing, but I knew that he was doing something very hard: he was *waiting*, losing time. I saw what he was doing: he was *doing* nothing, he was *positively at work* at doing nothing. At last, very much at last, the figure made up his mind and with one mighty jump soared upwards into the sky like a rocket, leaving a silvery track, and, reaching the sky with a graceful curve, disappeared.

This picture I saw several times during my younger days of membership. The explanation, neither sought for nor discussed, came simultaneously with, and as involuntarily as, the picture. It was that I should squander much time (and evidently many opportunities) in the first period (which may of course stretch over many lives, who knows?) of my endeavours to reach or tread the Path, but that once having reached it I should make rapid and brilliant progress.

Once more I only record my experience, and if I have constructed picture or explanation by the aid of my subconsciousness, then call my sub-ego vain but not me, for I myself do not accept responsibility for either.

5. *A Troubled Dinner.* The second case of prophetic character was a dream, and dates from a few years

later than the previous story. I was living at the time in the Theosophical Headquarters in Amsterdam, and one night I dreamt very vividly that I was sitting at table with all, or most, of my fellow-inhabitants of Headquarters. I do not know whether Mrs. Besant and some other Theosophical leaders were present at the meal; I am uncertain concerning that detail. We were eating the specially Dutch dish 'hutsput' (a kind of hodge-podge, mainly consisting of mashed potatoes and slices of carrot). I remarked that my neighbour and good friend, Mr. Wierts van Coehoorn, was eating away with fierce determination. When I made ready to fall to also, a regular flow of earwigs began to issue from the food on my plate. I began to kill them as they came along, and kept at it a long time. I felt that if I gave up the food as a bad job, I should fail in something very important. At last the stream of insects ceased; the last had been killed, and I ate the food, finishing it. Awakening in the morning I remembered simultaneously dream and explanation. The latter was similar to that of the previous experience. There were in my character as yet many flaws; I was united to a group of other people all striving for the higher life (eating the food spiritual). For me the task was very difficult. I had to slay several obnoxious skandhas, to work off several items of bad karma. But I must not leave off, must not turn away discouraged. After having overcome these difficulties I too would finish my plate, *i. e.*, attain.

True prophecy or not, I have a shrewd suspicion that I recognised some of the earwigs; some of them are not yet dead at the present day! I wonder whether if I had dreamed this dream in India instead of Holland, the earwigs would not have been cockroaches or ants?

III. MEDITATIONAL EXPERIENCES

Of these I will relate two. The first I have already published in this journal some years ago, but it may be repeated here as having a natural place in this report.

6. *A Vision of Brotherhood.* Some years ago in meditation I tried several experiments with myself, and some of these led to results which I found rather interesting. When meditating on a single idea, such as purity, love, or unity, there would often come to me a sudden and vivid vision symbolising that idea, accompanied by a spontaneously-arising sonnet, the contents of which were always a poetic commentary on the vision.

For example, one day when meditating on brotherhood there suddenly leaped into existence before my internal vision a magnificent temple, apparently Egyptian or Grecian in style. It had no outer walls, but consisted of a large number of pillars, supporting a graceful roof, and surrounding a small walled shrine, into which I did not see. I cannot express the vividness with which I felt that the building was instinct with meaning—impregnated, as it were, with a magnetism of intelligence which made it no mere vision, but an object lesson containing the very highest teaching. Simultaneously the explanatory sonnet unfolded itself, and described in its few terse compact lines how this was a symbol of true brotherhood—how all these pillars, all in different places, some bathed in the glorious sunlight, some for ever in the half shade of the inner lines, some thick, some thin, some exquisitely decorated, some equally strong yet unadorned, some always frequented by devotees who used to sit near them, others always

deserted—how all of them silently, ungrudgingly, perseveringly and equally bore together the one roof, protecting the inner hall and its shrine—all different and yet so truly all the same. And the sonnet ended : “In this see brotherhood.”

I could not reproduce it now, but the richness and fulness of its meaning, the deep wisdom so neatly wrapped up in those few words, made me see as if in the gleam of a search-light what true brotherhood really means—the sharing of service, the bearing one’s part, regardless of all else but the work to be done.

A word of caution should be added. Cases are on record where glorious poems have been composed in states of meditation or rapture, but when written down these proved sometimes to be nothing more than insufferable doggerel. I never put my experiences along such lines to the test by writing them down.

7. *The Master’s Love for Humanity.* At another time, whilst sitting in meditation, there appeared before me a figure of Master K. H., bearing a child on His arm. The appearance was like the image of a Roman Catholic saint, something similar to the figure of the Virgin with the Christ-child. Its height was about two or three feet—though I cannot find any reason why I should fix any definite measurement to the appearance, there being no point of comparison. Nevertheless the impression of size was there. My eyes were closed and the figure drifted into (internal) vision and out of it, not fading away, as far as I can remember. The curious thing was that I was at the time not at all thinking of the Master, and the appearance was, as it were, an intrusion from without into the current of my consciousness.

Now the chief importance of the phenomenon was that I *knew* that the child was humanity, and that I *felt* the immense and indescribable love of the Master for it. It was this love that was the central point in the experience. I have never before or since felt anything like it. It was overwhelming in its strength and virility, and at the same time in its softness and tenderness. It was mighty and holy and overflowing full of life and reality and force. It was something beyond merely human capacity; mighty without violence, sweet without weakness; unique, and yet so natural. Of course I cannot describe it, of course I cannot remember—or better, recall it. I remember *that* it was, but not *how* it was, as, in after years, one remembers *that* some excruciating pain was once suffered, but the pain itself does not emerge again from the past. All I know now is that, since that time, I can laugh at any ordinary talk about love, even the highest and holiest descriptions. All love that I have heard about, or read about, or have seen manifested, or have been able to feel myself, is as a pale shadow of that great Love radiating from that picture, is in comparison to it a stone for bread, an empty husk for the fruit of life, is a dream, a delusion, a snare—is nothing.

When I speak here again of 'seeing,' it should be understood that in this as in other cases I do so only for want of other words. I had a visual impression, that is all. Of its nature I am wholly ignorant.

IV. PSYCHOLOGY

The next two experiences seem best classified as more directly psychological. The first appears

very trivial, but as I have found that others also have observed a similar thing I record it.

8. *A Living Portrait.* During the first year of my membership in the Society I habitually put a portrait of H. P. B. on the table at which I worked. (The maidservant was afraid of that queer face ; she thought it uncanny, and called it—out of *my* hearing—the spook.) Now, often looking up to the portrait, it seemed many a time to express a variety of moods in response to mine. I got the impression that it could clearly express approbation and discontentment, approval and reproach. Of course I do not refer to actual physical changes in the piece of cardboard, but its psychical impression changed according to circumstances ; I felt the facial expression differently.

For many years I have no longer observed similar impressions, and I recognise that I have perhaps lost a certain guilelessness which may probably be a prerequisite for receptivity in this direction.

To the second experience I attach more value ; indeed, it afforded me some instruction and furnished me with some food for serious thought.

9. *A Spiritual Duel.* In the Amsterdam Headquarters, where I resided at the time, the chief leader was Mrs. Meuleman, a striking and forceful character, of whom I still think with great gratitude and respect, and to whom I owe much in the way of help and guidance during a stage of my journey through life. She was a remarkable personality and, so far as I can gather, was of the H. P. B. type, though not, perhaps, of the same stature. She had all the ruggedness and incalculability of that type, as well as its constant self-contradictions ; at the same time she was whole-heartedly

devoted to the Theosophical cause, and was a true, loyal and tender friend. To me she has always been a living commentary on H. P. B. herself, and by living in close intimacy with her I have learned to understand much in Theosophical history which otherwise would have remained puzzling and unintelligible to me.

Temperamentally Mrs. Meuleman and myself were very different, and though I recognised her very many superior qualities, her manner and method were often unacceptable to me. In short, I felt often towards her a sort of inner rebellion wedded to outer assent—not so much a state of hypocrisy as a war of conflicting elements in my nature. Now the curious point about it was that this feeling chiefly manifested only in meditation and in dreams, and little in the ordinary waking consciousness. Without intentionally seeking it, I would in meditation drift into veritable battles, true duels, of arguments and controversy with Mrs. Meuleman, or wake up from sleep with the memory of a vivid dream to the same effect. There was no question of insults or of unseemly fighting, but rather I felt as if my real self was ‘having it out’ with the real self of my antagonist. I had a sort of impression not as if the personalities were in conflict, but as if the egos were engaged, so that my own personality-consciousness was not only looking on, but also half identifying itself with something behind itself that fought the battle. As said before, I never consciously started this train of thought, it was rather as if some restrained and subdued subconscious impulse worked itself out on these occasions. (Mrs. Meuleman being an old lady and I a youngster, she holding the local headship of the E. S. whilst I was a novice, and all

other points being similarly disproportionate, there could not be any frank discussion on the footing of equality. Some things must therefore needs remain unsolved.) I related the case to Mrs. Meuleman, and she gave a fine intuitive answer for which I am still grateful to her—which symbolised one of these large traits in her character—showing tolerance and insight—which made us all love her so much. She simply said: “That is a very good sign, my boy. Go on fighting until you have fought it out.” And she spoke no more of it. Indeed, it has been a source of the greatest satisfaction to me to have been able to come to a definite conclusion, and be consequently at rest, with regard to Mrs. Meuleman’s remarkable character a short time before her death. She was in many ways a great woman, who nobly and strongly held a responsible post during the period when there was no other to hold it.

V. SEEING IDEAS

Here we enter upon another group of phenomena. They seem, for one thing, to be marked off by the peculiarity that I experienced them only in normal waking consciousness. I find that I have the faculty of occasionally seeing an idea, a conception, in visual form. The vision comes suddenly and unexpectedly. About the nature of this seeing I might expatiate more fully, but the task is too subtle for me. Enough to say that I have not only the impression that I have *seen*, but also the impression that I have not seen *details*. I might put it that I feel as if I had seen the universals of the vision, but not its particulars. As however universals are not objectively existent in the

outer world, I do not know what is the 'form' of what I have seen. Yet I have clearly the recollection of form, but not of a *particular* form. So, for instance, in the next example : there I saw *the Masters*, but not any particular Master, not any face or form. Still the recollection was that I *saw* Them. And at the time of the vision I knew that it was They who were there. I know it is hopeless to try to describe this seeing without seeing, together with the simultaneous knowledge of the meaning of what is seen. It sounds like a paradox, and yet when experienced it is quite simple. The whole question baffles and puzzles me, and only inwardly I understand something of it, but outwardly I cannot describe it satisfactorily. The consciousness can grope further than the brain-instrument is able to record. I add that this class of experiences is to me the most valuable of those I relate. They foreshadow some kind of synthetic, symbolic consciousness which seems altogether nobler and more exalted than that of normal life.

I will relate three examples.

10. *The Secrets of the Master's Mind*. One evening, a few years ago, at Adyar, Mr. Leadbeater was answering in one of the meetings a question about how the Master could keep secret from the pupil the mysteries of the higher Initiations even though the pupil's consciousness was partly unified with His. While Mr. Leadbeater was speaking there flashed out before me a vision of a number of lights of varying degrees of brilliancy, from faint and soft luminosity to dazzling and blinding radiance. These globes of light were pupils and Masters, seen from some higher point of view. They did not *represent* these people, but *were*

they. The various globes could freely look at each other, communicate with each other and move through each other as long as each one's outlook remained on his own level of brilliancy. But if a lesser light should strain to peer into the contents of any more brilliant globe, such a globe of a higher grade of brilliancy would mechanically blind the sight of the lower individual, and its contents would remain invisible. The content of the higher consciousness was not artificially hidden, but was quite automatically protected against prying from below by virtue of its own nature. The whole picture was living, and produced of course a far richer impression than that given in this very lame description. As in the case of the vision of brotherhood (No. 6) the whole was pregnant with meaning, instinct with intelligence. From one point of view it was a pure conception, from the other a vision; but I should not be able to separate the two nor to declare which was the primary aspect.

In writing down this I feel keenly the insufficiency of the description.

11. *The Chains of Humanity.* Concerning the next vision I do not remember under what circumstances it arose, nor exactly when. I should say only a few years ago, at Adyar. Here the significance was primary, the form secondary, and I am able to analyse it a little more clearly in that I feel that the form represents less the vision as seen, than the vision as translated into ordinary brain-forms. I feel as if behind the vision as I describe it, there was another, the real vision, the mode of seeing which is different from our ordinary mode. I repeat that this seeing behind the seeing I describe is more a beholding of the *principles* of the things than of

the things as they *are* here. The feeling of that higher sight remains, but of the sight itself, only its concrete projection, only a materialised deposit.

The picture was that of human beings, not very many, but in some mysterious way so inclusive in their totality as to represent humanity, that is physical humanity, in general. Each individual was as if chained to a kennel as dogs are. There were no chains and no kennels, but nevertheless this is as correct a description as I can make it. Each chain left each individual more or less tether-space. For all that, the tether was relatively small. The significance was that man is strictly chained to a definite locality in space, though thinking himself free. The picture had no reference to free-will and similar abstract problems, but indicated the merely natural facts of the case. The tether had a manifold meaning. Man is practically limited to a spherical plane. He cannot move through space at will. A few miles below the surface of the earth heat and atmospheric pressure make life difficult or impossible; a few miles above that surface the rarefaction of the air and cold do the same. He is restricted, for regular living, to earth, the ocean being unsuitable; he needs fertile land; deserts, marshes, jungles, are forbidden to him. In air he has no support, in water he drowns; through the earth he cannot pass. He cannot move more than a few hours away from his food supply, or he dies of hunger; he must remain near drinking water, or he perishes. He cannot move away from home or family; they claim him back. He cannot depart from the resources of his particular form of civilisation, or he loses his own form of humanity. The physical as well as social and psychic elements

in the chains were all equally discernible, and somehow there was also a suggestion in the illustration of trees waving their branches, but nevertheless firmly rooted in a fixed spot. The vision meant humanity as a whole, and did not specially indicate individuals who cross oceans, travel to the poles or go up in balloons. They were visible in the mass as something like jumping dogs. (Sven Hedin would be a dog who jumped a little bit higher than the others, *voilà tout*; the sailors very lively dogs who were never at rest, and so on. But none of them could outreach the chain.)

It struck me as quite instructive that there may be a point of view from which mankind's freedom of motion is not greater, comparatively, than that of the vegetable kingdom is to us, and with some phantasy one might ask whether, similar to our six-day motor races, green peas have also world championships, for a second and a half or so, in rapid growth, which is about all they could know of motion.

There was no notion of time and, pondering it over at a later date, I thought of a simile of a cluster of bees or ants. The cluster remains in a fixed spot, though individuals may swarm out and return. This is, however, only a very one-sided illustration.

12. *In Him We live and move and have Our Being.* The last example I relate in this group is the most impressive and beautiful experience I have had. It came to me many years ago when I was still living in Amsterdam. Towards evening I was walking alone along a road just outside the town. At that place the city ends abruptly, and on the one side stretched vast masses of many-storied houses in unbroken conglomeration, whilst on the other there was the equally unbroken

expanse of green meadows losing themselves in the horizon; a peaceful landscape, full of repose and freshness. The road was a lonely one and, leisurely walking, I must have mused about many things. All of a sudden 'themselves the heavens opened'. I use this biblical phrase because I know no apter one. Suddenly I saw inside and through the mighty expanse of the heavenly vault; and at the same time I realised with the utmost certitude that this whole dome above was nothing but the inside of some gigantic skull. The atmosphere, the space around and above me was not only filled with air and ether, but far more, and above all, with throbbing, living consciousness. And from every point in space, on high and below, in front and behind me, from the right and the left, myriads of invisible threads connected every point in space with every other point in space, serving as invisible wires to report wireless messages from every point to every point simultaneously. I had a sensation of extraordinary wideness, roominess, spaciousness. I *felt* space, as such, better than ever before, and space was conscious. I knew I was inside the consciousness of that measureless skull, as was everything else. And everything was related and correlated with everything else existing in that mighty brain. And though the myriads and millions of connections were beyond counting or enumerating, still this network formed an ordered whole in which the fulness was organic. I felt as if I had touched some single aspect of some world-enveloping consciousness, embracing not only the world as a whole, but every single, even minutest, item in it, in full knowledge of detail as well as totality, and moreover of all internal and mutual relations. My consciousness was swept up for a moment

by that bigger insight, and I felt for that moment as if I myself might understand a whole world.

Again I have to repeat that the description is poor and inadequate, for the reality of these things lies in the sensation; the forms of the vision are only the fringes of the experience.

Years later I experienced something much akin to this. This was at Adyar, when, whilst walking through one of its wooded spots, I realised the unity of life, of the living force in this world, more vividly than ever before.

Leaving this class of experiences then with the final warning that my descriptions of them are merely indications rather than real, full, complete descriptions, we will turn to another group.

VI. ILLUSTRATIONS

Of this class I quote only a single example. Its chief characteristic is that the vision has a direct illustrative meaning, and no symbolic one. This class also comes in ordinary waking consciousness.

13. *The Size of the Earth.* I do not remember clearly when and where and under what circumstances I saw this vision.

I saw before me a sea-surface of immense proportions, the waves surging in mighty curves. One wave in particular drew my attention; it was so huge that it seemed to reach to the utmost heaven, beyond the sun. The primary impression of that ocean was its vastness, its measureless greatness. On the crest of that wave a small globe, our earth, was borne along, a tiny ball tossed about by overwhelming forces. Just as we may

say that the moon seems the size of a football, so this little earth seemed about the size of an orange in the shoreless expanse of waters. The other planets, the sun and moon, the stars also, were absent. There was nothing but the illimitable space of sea and the insignificant sphere swept on by it. I realised by this illustration a truer conception of the relation between the dimensions of stellar space and those of our earth than I had done before or have done since. The sense of the vastness of space was for a moment real and living in me. Now I know the greatness theoretically, and I can express it in numbers by speaking of light-years or millions of miles, but then I *felt* it direct and immediately.

As will be seen, there was no symbolic value to the vision; it was only an illustration, and as such it was different from the previous class.

Johan van Manen

EXPLANATORY NOTES

I very heartily congratulate my friend, Mr. Van Manen; first on his courage in coming forward thus openly to relate experiences many of which are of a somewhat private character; secondly, on the clearness and force with which he has stated them; and thirdly and chiefly, on the experiences themselves.

For, though to those unversed in these studies they may at first glance appear disconnected, anyone who has fully opened the higher consciousness will at once recognise them all as parts of a coherent whole. True, many of them are glimpses only, but they are glimpses of the higher world, giving to him who experiences them a

momentary foretaste of what will in the future be the everyday possibilities of his life.

Again and again our author explains that he cannot do justice to his subject—that words fail to express what he has seen and felt. We have all felt that, and we can well appreciate his difficulty; but, nevertheless, even though the attempt at description fails, as it cannot but fail, there are still touches in it which are unmistakable to those who have seen. He is assuredly quite right in regarding these experiences as foreshadowings of days still to come; and it is easy to appreciate his remark that even the simplest direct experience gives one a certainty as to the existence of other worlds which is not to be gained by any amount of mere study.

He hardly does himself and his experiences justice when he says that “a subjective feeling of the highest rapture may have been produced by a dulling of general sensibility.” The dulling of sensibility *does* give a blissful feeling of complete repose, of escape from the ever-present weight and weariness of physical life which we ordinarily fail to recognise, because we have been born into it, and know no other condition; but the essence of this feeling is *relief*, which is a kind of negative sensation. The bliss of the higher worlds has in it an intensity of positive vivid life—life in the most vigorous activity, life raised to the *n*th power—which is quite unmistakable, and by no means to be confused with the other. At least, so it seems to me.

The first experience which he notes for us is by no means uncommon—that of finding oneself in some public place with much less than the usual amount of clothing. It has often been said in Theosophical literature that in the astral and higher worlds people clothe

themselves as they choose by a mere effort of the will. Very often this will seems to act unconsciously, so that most people appear in some quite ordinary costume with which their friends are familiar; but where through forgetfulness or for some other reason the active will fails to attend to this matter, the subconscious part of it gives us an automatic reproduction of the garment which is actually worn by the physical body at the moment, as in the case which our author describes.

The second and third experiences are very characteristic and instantly recognisable, yet impossible fully to describe or to make clear to those who have never felt anything of the kind. The change from the physical to the astral consciousness usually takes place so quickly that it has no observable stages; and even when the stages are observed, some people naturally select one group of phenomena for special attention, while others concentrate themselves on a quite different group. When one does reach the astral plane, its consciousness is by no means equally developed in all of us. Some of us, for example, invariably associate with it the power to see fourth-dimensionally, while most have as yet no glimpse of that quality. This peculiar spiral turning inside-out which is mentioned here clearly indicates the possession of knowledge of that sort, and the quaint way in which, when the author is just about to pass into that condition of consciousness, he experiences the change sometimes in himself, sometimes outside himself, and sometimes in connection with partially seen physical objects—all these again are thoroughly characteristic of that condition of half-awakened consciousness. When this is attained in

meditation it ought of course to lead to something, as Mr. Van Manen very properly says; but all who have experimented in these matters know well how frequently one fails upon the very brink of success, and how many times one has to try before results are finally achieved.

Experiences four and five are obviously instances of the symbolical thought of the ego, which he is kind enough to throw down in this case into the lower mind along with a strong impression of its explanation. Our writer is fortunate in this, for it is far more common to receive the symbol without the explanation, and to be left to guess wildly. The first symbol is beautiful, the second distinctly unattractive; but no doubt the ego, which does not eat, would find it difficult to comprehend the idea that unpleasant forms of life would pollute food. Very characteristic also is the fact that, in the case of the little figure standing on the beach, the seer knows that he is wasting time in unnecessary hesitation, although he is in no way told that fact, nor is there anything in the vision itself to show it. I do not mean that the ego thinks in pictures such as these; but pictures such as these are the nearest representation that we can get down here of the way in which an ego formulates thought. But his thought means and includes much more than can be represented in our picture.

The vision of brotherhood, and that other which indicates the Master's love for humanity, are deeper and more beautiful examples of the same faculty. The wonderful vision of the temple is a very fine example of thought in the causal body, and our author describes for us also how there comes along with it a poetical expression of its meaning—a sonnet which, however,

he is unable to recover upon the physical plane. The thought of the ego is perfect; it is in itself at the same time a picture and a description, but in order to give upon the physical plane even the most imperfect expression of its wondrous fullness, it is necessary to call upon two of our modes of manifestation—painting and poetry. But for the ego the picture and the poetic description are one effort, and that no more of an effort than the flash of an ordinary thought into the brain is for us. The word of caution with which our author annotates this experience—saying that what in a condition of rapture appear to be glorious poems often prove to be dreadful doggerel when written down—is not, strictly speaking, appropriate in this case, though true with regard to another and quite different type of experience—the partial recollection on waking of the memories of the physical brain, whose rather dull consciousness is apt to regard its geese as especially noble swans, and is quite capable of endowing doggerel with indescribable splendour. But this is a case of the consciousness of the ego, and consequently the poem, on its own plane, must have been perfect—indeed, what would seem to us super-perfect; though it is true that it is utterly impossible to bring such a thing down into ordinary human words, and that attempts to do so have frequently ended in bathos. But he need have no doubt that at its own level the poetical expression was as perfect as the picture, though less susceptible of translation. Such a thought as that, including all those varied meanings, and manifesting in many different ways, is the thought “brotherhood” to an ego.

In the second of these two experiences we have again the characteristic knowledge of the exact meaning

of what was seen, without the reception of definite information; and again in the deep realisation of the intensity of the Master's love, so far beyond anything which language can express. Every word of the description at once evokes a mental response in those who have felt, but cannot describe. The figure *may* have been a thought-form called into existence by some other ego, but if that were so, the writer instantly accepted it, understood it and responded to it, and through it attained a realisation which can never be reached on the physical plane.

The eighth item on our list sounds fantastic, yet is not so in reality. It must be remembered that every portrait is a definite link with its subject, and I have little doubt that that would be so to a far greater extent than is usual in the case of such a teacher as Madame Blavatsky. It is not probable that any change (other than a very slow and gradual one) took place in the physical expression of the face upon the cardboard; but it is certain that the author's frequent thought of Madame Blavatsky would attract her attention, and it is likely that in answer to it she would project enough of herself into that portrait to convey to him such impressions as he describes. These impressions would be by no means necessarily reflections of the moods of the owner of the portrait; they are far more likely to have been the comments of the original of the portrait upon those moods, or upon the actions which had led to them or resulted from them. A portrait is a very real centre of force, and when the person whom it represents has any degree of occult advancement it is often an actual means of communication to a quite considerable extent.

Many of our students know that it is possible gradually to modify the expression of a portrait by long meditation upon it ; but that is a phenomenon of a class different from that which is mentioned above. The fact that similar impressions are no longer received may possibly be due to the reason given in the text ; but it is just as likely to mean that Madame Blavatsky herself considers that her pupil has reached a stage where such special attentions are no longer necessary.

The spiritual duel described in number nine is remarkable and interesting. It is clearly a case of an argument between two egos working on different lines. The physical plane personalities attached to the two egos were brought into a somewhat difficult relationship—one in which our author was expected to adopt the attitude of a submissive disciple. One can see that there were many ways in which this was good and necessary at a certain stage in evolution ; but it was inevitable that difficulties should arise, owing to the fact that the dispositions and the lines of evolution of the two egos were so entirely different. If the people concerned had been less forbearing, these innate differences between those who were forced together into such a close relationship would have led to violent quarrels ; I think both parties may be congratulated on the good sense with which they faced a delicate situation.

The tenth vision belongs in reality to the same class as the sixth and seventh ; it is a partial impression on the physical brain of the ego's method of thought ; and when our author remarks that a description of such a thought sounds like a paradox, and yet is in reality quite simple—that inwardly he understands something of it, but outwardly he cannot describe it satisfactorily—

he is saying what every one of us who can see is feeling all the time with respect to such impressions. His description of the way in which the higher secrets are preserved from possible prying on the part of those at a lower level (if such prying could at all be thinkable) is luminous in more senses than one. It is a suggestive description of the relations between a Master and His pupil.

The somewhat uncomplimentary vision of humanity which is given under the number eleven again represents the ego's view with regard to physical limitations. I think that they could hardly be described more graphically. The picture of the vegetable condition of the great mass of humanity, and of the few travellers as chained dogs jumping about among the vegetables, is distinctly effective!

The twelfth experience is one of the best of those recorded; yet even that represents but partially the constant experience of one who has opened the higher consciousness. Here, even more than usual, our author insists that his description is inadequate, and one thoroughly realises that that is so, even while one heartily congratulates him upon it; what human words can describe that which is distinctly super-human—not in the sense that it is out of man's reach, but that it is so far above his ordinary experiences? Still, even from what is written we receive a forcible and vivid impression of the fact that everything around us is pulsating with life and intelligence, and yet that all the intelligence is definitely *one*.

C. W. LEADBEATER

(To be Concluded)

IN THE TWILIGHT

“ I DO not quite understand repercussion,” said a student. “ Does it really occur ? ”

“ Oh yes,” replied the Vagrant. “ It occurred to me once in my early days, when in an astral adventure I saw a mast about to fall on me ; I thought to myself : ‘ That will come right across me. ’ The next moment I remembered that it would not hurt me if it did ; but the result of that momentary thought was a repercussion. The next morning I had a great blue bruise on my leg when I awoke. The vibration in the astral body causes a similar vibration in the physical body. Hence the bruise.”

“ Would the stigmata of the Christian Saints,” asked a gentle voice from the back, “ be an instance of repercussion ? ”

“ Yes. Stigmata are not of very rare occurrence. I have seen accounts of two such cases in my own lifetime, one of a girl in a convent in Belgium ; and it happens generally to monks or nuns. They meditate, kneeling, with their eyes fixed on a crucifix above their heads. These are just the conditions for producing the hypnotic trance, especially if the eyes were looking upwards with the axes slightly crossed (strabismus). Now supposing the monk or the nun goes into a trance in this way, he has the idea of the Christ upon the Cross strongly fixed upon the brain. The result of this very strong suggestion is the production of the wounds in the person himself. It is a quite simple thing, and corresponds in every point with the way in which

wounds have been produced by hypnotic suggestion at the great hospital of the Salpêtrière in Paris. By hypnotism, burns have been often produced. Reading over, as we may do now, a number of the trials in the Middle Ages for witchcraft, it is quite clear that under a great amount of superstition and exaggeration and carelessness, there is a substratum of fact. The evidence is often very clear and there is no reason to disbelieve it."

"What of the fixing of the eyes on the point of the nose in meditation?"

"It is one of the artificial ways of quieting the body and dulling it down to a point where it will not interfere with thought. One of the unsatisfactory things is that a person who induces trance in this way does not bring back a memory of what he has done or learned, when he returns to his body. The results reached in this way are very poor."

"It is a sort of back-door way," chimed in the Shepherd, "of gaining what ought to be obtained by an exercise of the will."

"A person who is hypnotised or in a trance state," continued the Vagrant, "has his circulation and breathing very much slackened. If you touch a person who is asleep, you will wake him, while in the trance state you may fire a pistol near his ear and not wake him. In the one case the physical body is vitalised and healthy, in the other devitalised. A man in such a condition would probably in his astral body be in the same state as in ordinary sleep."

"A man in trance," remarked the Shepherd, "sometimes takes up the etheric double with him and then he gets very much confused."

“ Yes. Of course a man who knows how to throw himself into trance by an effort of the will is in quite a different condition. I was thinking more of trance produced mechanically. If you once take out part of the etheric double, you are in a terrible muddle. You may be as conscious as you like, but you are in a fog. I experienced that only once, under the influence of laughing-gas, when a tooth was taken out, and I will never do it again. The gas drives out the etheric double, producing trance in that way. In the case of anæsthetics the etheric double is driven out, and you float about in it. In my case, I dimly saw my body on the chair and the dentist, but as if I were looking through a dense fog. The fog was my own etheric double. It was a very disagreeable experience, and having dislocated myself in this way, I could not get right for days. I went in and out of my body repeatedly to try to fit myself in. You may remember (turning to the Shepherd) that I asked you what on earth was the matter with me. A really good materialising medium in trance loses a quantity of not only the etheric but also of the gaseous, liquid and even solid matter of his body. You see his head quite sinking into his collar. Madame d’Esperance’s body used to disappear for a time, it was said.”

“ Miss Arundale saw a great deal of this kind of thing at séances at one time,” went on the Vagrant, “ and she told me that when Eglinton came to her mother’s house once to give a séance, a full-sized materialised form came out into the room, carrying Eglinton in its arms. Eglinton himself had dwindled to the size of a child. The materialised form was that of the big Arab, Abdullah. She told me this, and I think she was an accurate observer.”

Said the Shepherd : " I saw Abdullah and Ernest and a third form, a child, all materialised at one time from Eglinton. Abdullah and Ernest were carrying him between them, and the child was dancing about in front of them. The medium looked very shrivelled, but not like a child. When he came back he was in a bad condition, very much exhausted."

" I was once asked to go to a séance when I was in Melbourne," said the Vagrant. " Three forms came out of the cabinet and walked about amongst us. One of them dematerialised while we were looking at it. It grew smaller and smaller until it was a mere bit of cloud near the floor, and then disappeared. The medium was in a very bad condition afterwards, and was cold as a corpse. I mesmerised her very powerfully, and it took me nearly ten minutes to bring her back. The séance was a very satisfactory one, in the sense that we had light in the room, day-light through red windows."

" If other entities can take possession of a body during trance," came an alarmed voice, " cannot they do so also during sleep ? "

" There have been cases of change of personality in which a body has been taken possession of by another entity during sleep ; but it is very unlikely to happen to the normal person. It is more often in cases of serious accident, or of a fit, that a change of personality takes place. Of course most people, when they have learned to leave the body consciously, leave a shell around it. The body has a certain consciousness of its own, and calls the owner back if it is alarmed. You know how the body shows signs of alarm quite independently of you, as for example, the closing of the eyes involuntarily if an object suddenly comes near.

A RETROSPECT

By MAX WARDALL, F. T. S.

ONE morning the world stretched, yawned and awakened. For more than nineteen hundred years the world had awakened thus, but this morning there was a new impulse in the air, a wondrous animation in all living things—the sun shone over the earth with bewildering radiance, filling even the outcast and the leper with exceeding hope. Men and women sunk in misery, want, or sensual apathy, those afflicted with dire disease, those crushed by tyranny and defect, this morning felt a vague sense of hope and inward peace, for truly the promise of the ages had been fulfilled, the perfect One, the Lord of Love, the Elder, once more abode on earth ; the Christ had returned.

During the more than nineteen hundred years in which His message of long ago was being assimilated by humanity, He had dwelt in the inner regions of the Universe, where only the Great Ones may be found, and there, where each moment is like the still hours before the dawn, He watched over His flock, sending constantly through the human channels that availed His Love and Power into the world. But now once more must He tread the common paths of earth and re-proclaim the ancient truths in new form ; again in a body of clay must He compress and enchain His royal Spirit, and,

through that veil of matter, revivify and reawaken the slumbering ideals of men, draw together the warring creeds, and cement the people of the earth into a common Brotherhood.

Nor did He come unheralded. As of yore, the Star rose in the East, and many followed where it led. Many gave the prophecy to the world. As before, there were those who jeered and mocked, but many paused and listened; for truly it was a tolerant age and great was the heart-hunger in all the lands of the globe.

Throughout many nations, for many years before His advent on this memorable day, people of faith and understanding were meeting in quiet places apart, preparing themselves by the cultivation of Devotion, Steadfastness and Gentleness for the coming of their Lord and Master.

So greatly did these of understanding yearn for His appearance, when it was known that He was to come, that day and night there arose in ceaseless flow from earth loving prayers and petitions, that streaming into His great garden in Paradise formed one glad, glorious melody of welcome.

Many temples were built and places set apart for Him, that when He came He might have a place to lay His head.

As before, He chose to incarnate in a rejected race, that the lesson of Brotherhood might be taught, that the dominant races of earth might learn that birth and lineage are but for the moment, that to Him the ruler and ruled are one. In order that race hatred and prejudice might be destroyed, He came in a dark race, in a body born of the Orient, but pure, sensitive and brilliant as a jewelled harp. To

those who saw not, the body was but a house of clay, but to the faithful nothing could hide the perfect beauty and eternal sweetness of His blessed countenance. It shone like the sun through the garments of flesh.

'Twas good to be on earth in those wondrous days—good indeed for those whose eyes were unsealed, for the earth was transfigured. What were sorrow, sickness or death, while the Lord of Compassion dwelt among us? So great was His influence upon the teeming denizens of the earth, that even the animals felt the peaceful and benign influence of His gracious presence. Subdued and soothed, all creatures walked unafraid.

Surrounding the great Teacher as He went from nation to nation were those who had known of His message and His coming for years; yea, among them were even Master-Souls, very Angels of Light, embodied also that They might surround and shield the Master of Masters from the ridicule and hatred of the world. These great Disciples were few. They were serene of face, steady and stately of mien, and were known as the Guardians of the Light. The great Teacher once, before an assembly, spoke of them thus:

“From Their royal kingdom into yours have come these, My Blessed Brothers Themselves, Sons of Light, to guard the message I have given.”

Next came those who had been told of His coming and had believed, and they were many. Wherever the Master went they could be found in and among the multitudes, laden with the wealth of teaching that had fallen from His lips. They sought everywhere to pass it on to others. Here and there could be seen tense little groups, listening with bated breath. To one of these, as He poured forth from a full heart fragments

of His treasures, there could be no doubt. Many were humble and ignorant people as the world judges, but possessed of spiritual perception. They had believed in His coming for many, many years, and had prepared themselves that they might know Him and His message when He came; and it was well they did, for those who were devoid of divine qualities and who had not spiritual perception did not know Him, and saw but the house in which He dwelt. But those who had even one virtue, one quality that was great, could see through some window in that house that held the supreme Spirit of the Blessed One. And through that window, the one point of vision in common between himself and the Master, he beheld the glory of the Ever Real, and thus he knew.

There were many children among them, radiant with adoring joy, who had believed on Him from birth. All of these were spoken of as the 'Knowers,' and often they were privileged to sit apart together in some of the temples built in His honour, where He would come, and sitting there among them, surrounded by the Guardians of the Light, give forth the inner teaching that led to the Path.

Some of these had been near enough to touch the hem of His robe and one, a 'Knower,' aged in years, He had touched with a tender hand as He passed. This one afterwards, as he told and retold his story, said it was—when the Master touched him—as though he were lifted on a great chord of wondrous music, a harmony so rapt and deep, so tender and compelling, that for days he walked as in a sunlit haze.

Once, when raising His voice to the multitudes in a great hall, which was filled, and outside thousands

crowded to catch a single word from His lips, He said :
“ I shall give ye but little doctrine. Did I not give ye doctrine, word and parable before ? And what have ye done with it ? Ye are divided a hundred ways, and none know my words. Hear ye then the simple Law of Love. Ye are one. Love ye each the other. Ye are of the same Spirit, of the same substance, brothers indeed. Why revile ye one another ?

“ Those who hear my words and follow me are of the New Race, and in my message shall they live.”

It is many years now since the Blessed One spake these words and more. Time has passed and His earthly body is with us no more, but His loving Spirit dwells in the world, for He “ spake the word of Peace that made the people cease from their quarrelling. He spake the word of Brotherhood, that made the warring classes know themselves as one.”

I know 'twas He, for with these dim old eyes, then bright and clear, I saw His glory flame through the window that was mine—the pane of Devotion ; I saw the Christ-heart shine.

Max Wardall

FOR OUR YOUNG ONES

A GRAIL QUEST LONG AGO

By WELLER VAN HOOK, M. D., F. T. S.

ONCE, long ago, dear children, in mediæval days, a very great man, one of the Perfect Ones whose labours lie near to where God rests upon His knees the Rod of Power, needed a body of flesh and blood like ours. That beautiful one in which He before had lived for many, many years—centuries I suppose—He had outworn. For you know the great and loving Masters, in order to be near us and like us, put off the immortality They have earned and live in human forms that, though they last sometimes a thousand years of Their wise and temperate use, must yet be put aside and another one, born of some tender mother's care, be taken.

This great One, whose work and whose home of service to the Law and God was in the East, knew He could most aid the world He loved by using such a body as would give him touch with the far western part of Europe.

So He took incarnation there, which means that He became a little boy born in the western part of Europe. Very quietly he lived with his people, who were quite poor. When He was grown sufficiently He bethought Him of His work in India—of His responsibility to the world and God. Heretofore He had maintained that

work while He was away from His body during the hours of sleep. But now He was old enough to be up and away towards the East.

By His occult powers He knew that a ship would soon sail eastward from a port some miles away. So one night He slipped away from His little home and those He loved—and Oh! what a blessing He left them and what comfort for their wondering hearts! Towards the rising sun He trudged and ate the food He carried as the morning broke. I do not know how long it took Him to reach the ship, but it could not have been more than a day or two, for the land was small and the sea was near. The ship was to sail soon, and he went aboard.

You know how many ways there are which the Masters may use to conceal Their presence when Their holy work makes this necessary, and He was not noticed as He watched the lading and as He slipped down below into a quiet spot. He heard the rattling anchor-chain pulled up and, the fresh-set sails slowly filling with a gentle breeze, the small craft glided smoothly down to the harbour's mouth and crossed the bar to ride uneasily upon a rocking sea.

Next day the astonished seamen saw a frail old man totter up out of the hold and heard him ask for food. They had no idea they were carrying a stowaway! "Aha!" they said, "what right have you aboard? Have you paid your fare to Jaffa? Is this a passenger ship? We thought it was only a freighter!" "Oh," he said laughing, "I have as much right aboard as you. You have need of me!" Then the captain was called and he was no more successful than the crew in getting answers from the strange passenger who both puzzled

and charmed them with a sort of irresponsible baffling wit that seemed like some fair insanity, a jangling of sweet bells. Of course they had to feed the curious man until they could decide what to do with him! "Money," said he, "what do I need of it, when I can easily ride with you, who need me aboard." Then while he ate their homely fare, he told them most wonderful tales that touched their hearts and pricked them here and there to better doings.

They bade him work ropes and scrub the decks. "No, indeed," he said, "that is your work, not mine! I can do more in my way, with my heart and mind in one moment than you can do in years in your way."

Naturally they wanted to smile a little at what they thought was boasting. But they felt an extraordinary authority behind the bantering speech and were half-convinced his words were true. And they let him have his way!

The English Channel was passed and the rough Bay of Biscay was slow in crossing with the tiny ship. How the sailors shouted when Gibraltar raised his mighty front out of the sea and said to them: "I and my brother cliff just across the strait are still as of old guarding the way and, separated as we are, Europe ever hailing Africa, we make also the dividing of the seas! There is Atlantic brine and its world-sweeping wind, and here, within our gate is our gentler Mediterranean, that invites you to her sweet enchantments!"

All the while the stranger's charms made captive more and more the sailors' crude affections. A fairy voyage, now, the gliding of the ship; and the workers of the craft, ploughmen of the watery deep, lived a dream-life amid the charmed hours of his tales and the

long intervals of his repose when he must not be disturbed. Gradually they forgot he had seemed old or unkempt or of uncertain mind-control. Little by little they felt he was a man of God. But not with remote awe did they need to greet him; yet with due but not ceremonious respect.

Slowly the days crept by! Gradually the little ship, with creaking cordage and with straining timbers, tossed up the mighty sea, stopping here and there, perhaps, at island ports, at Sicily, at Malta, Cyprus, Rhodes, to take on sweet water, or to get new supplies of provender, or to repair, in harbour, some small breach of rigging.

In those remoter days, a thousand years ago, pirates and the war-vessels of little coast-dwelling nations were to be met betimes and to be dealt with. No such mishap befell our ship.

Like a dream-ship upon a sea of heaven-water and under the inimitable sky that domes the waters dividing Europe from Africa, she sailed. The half-enchanted seamen rejoiced to greet each rising sun, and sank to gentlest slumber when the blazing stars grew visible against the velvet blackness of the night. One day, at last, a quaint Levantine city rose over the curving water-ball and stood free in the sun-pierced morning mist. A few hours passed, and the rude iron anchor fell into the harbour-brine just as the last sail was let down. And the ship settled sighingly to rest.

The seamen standing on the deck to gaze a moment on the Asian scene were then aware that a fair western youth—could it be he that had been stowaway?—had come up from the cabins and stood amidst them. Strangely they knew Him now as they had not before.

For a little of His grace He let glide into their rude but tender hearts. And at one moment all felt they had ferried from the West a Grail Brother on an eastward quest!

They obeyed Him when He asked boat-passage to the shore.

Those left on shipboard held arms towards Him in suppliance as He stepped ashore, and He held out His right hand a moment blessing them, and then was lost to view as with swift, swinging steps He began His long march to the waiting Indian hills and His sacred Brothers and His God-communion and His own renewed labours for mankind.

Weller van Hook

REVIEWS

The Way of Service, by G. S. Arundale. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c.)

The Foreword by the author says the book contains "a few hints on the art of service," which very aptly describes one aspect of the contents—namely, the answer to "how to serve?" But besides this modest description of the art and method of serving, the book is full of good things; full of really deep thoughts, full of the fragrance of the higher life. It is rather a collection of maxims, of reflections, of promptings from the inner and sweeter soul of man, than any ordered arrangement of steps on the 'Way of Service'. It is a bunch of flowers gathered along the path that one who has served and serves is treading. All others treading that path will be helped by the perfume of these flowers.

W. H. K.

The Physiology of Faith and Fear, by William S. Sadler, M. D. (Stanley Paul & Co., London.)

This interesting work should be of great use to those who, not being trained in medicine, require a reliable guide book to the various branches of mental healing and the principles underlying them. Dr. Sadler is of opinion that, so many forms of faith or mental healing having lately come into existence, a clear statement of the psychological elements upon which these modes of treatment are based has now become necessary, as well for the medical as for the non-professional reader.

A vast number of facts and observations and many interesting cases which have come before the author have been collected together, and described concisely in language intelligible to the layman, adding interest to the work. The volume

will be of value to those of our readers who are interested in psychic matters, and many will be glad to have accurate knowledge of such things as the effect of the mind on the nervous system and on digestion, and of the changes caused by different types of thought upon blood-pressure and respiration—several charts of curve tracings, obtained from actual experiments, being given. There is a very useful chapter in which lists of various diseases are given, classified so as to indicate those which by psychic methods can be completely or partially cured, or cannot be cured at all.

A noticeable feature is a summary of the contents of the chapter at the end of each. The illustrations, on the whole, are not quite equal to the merits of the letterpress, and do not add dignity to the volume. There is a good index at the end of the book.

C. R. H.

Modern Problems, by Sir Oliver Lodge. (Methuen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 5s. net.)

The author in his preface says: "These essays on debatable subjects have been written at different times—some of them under stress of strong feeling—and they deal with problems of permanent interest." The volume consists of twenty-one such essays, in which several modern problems are dealt with. A few of the titles may profitably be given in order to indicate to the reader the scope of the book: 'Free Will and Determinism,' 'Balfour and Bergson,' 'The Responsibility of Authors,' 'The Functions of Money,' 'The Production and Sale of Drink,' 'Competition and Co-operation,' 'The Attitude of Tennyson towards Science.'

Sir Oliver Lodge writes with his usual attractiveness and wide knowledge on the subjects he has chosen. When he deals with social and economic problems, he strongly emphasises the ethical side of the question, pointing out the moral dangers which lie in the fact that "financial interests play a greater part in national and international politics than is desirable". If our motive be gain for the sake of gain, and not for the furthering of the general good, then the pursuit of wealth is harmful.

The greater proportion of the book is devoted to social and economic problems, with one or two papers on philosophy and

literature. All the essays are interesting, especially the one on 'Balfour and Bergson,' in which the philosophies of these two eminent men are compared. 'The Attitude of Tennyson towards Science' shows that the poet and the scientist need not necessarily be at war.

In his little treatise on 'Competition and Co-operation,' the author rather tends to advocate the system of monopolies as against competition, for he feels that, if the former plan were adopted and *abused*, Society would in a body rise, and right the wrong. A great deal of useless work and expense would be done away with, were competition abolished. The country would not be disfigured with the glaring advertisements of rival firms. "All advertisements, all cadging and touting and commercial travelling, must be paid for by the consumer." Emulation, Sir Oliver admits, is good. "Emulation is the desire to do a thing better than it has been done by others. Competition is the desire to do instead of others that which is equally well done by them."

We cannot feel quite certain, however, that if a commodity, like soap, were to become a monopoly, we should be assured of a constant improvement both in its quality and means of production, or that we should obtain as good an article as we might have obtained, had competition prevailed. But, as the writer has said, these essays are on "debatable subjects". The reader cannot fail to be interested in them, and though in many cases he may not agree with the author's conclusions, yet he must of necessity respect them, as the honest endeavour of an eminent and high-souled man to throw light on some of the more pressing problems which perplex the present age.

T. L. C.

George Sydney Arundale. His life and work in the Central Hindū College, Benares, edited by B. Sanjiva Rao, B. A. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Ans. 12 or 1s. or 25c.)

Into this volume of some two hundred and fifty pages, including a foreword by Mrs. Besant, a supplement and an appendix with appreciatory articles from friends and pupils who have known him well, Professor B. Sanjiva Rao has had the happy idea of gathering together all that is most interesting in the

personality and the present chapter of the life-work of George S. Arundale. No one who has met him can have failed to recognise in him an exceptional nature, emerging by the brightness of its light from the ordinary. No one who has known George Arundale at all well can have failed, whether his own temperament is akin to his or not, to be impressed with, and draw inspiration from, the magnetism of his loving nature, the force of his example to his students, the beauty of the gospel of service to all about him that has been the keynote to his life in Benares and the justification of the confidence and affection he has won. The book is well devised: it contains besides the biographical interest many valuable hints on educational training, many very wise methods of dealing with the growing consciousness and unfolding natures of boys and young men. On these every responsible teacher, every school master would do well to ponder, for in them lie the secrets of that love and that confidence without which the teacher cannot reach the hearts of his pupils and is but a 'tinkling cymbal'.

W. H. K.

The Sociological Value of Christianity, by George Chatterton-Hill, Ph. D. (Adam and Charles Black, London. Price 7s. 6d. net.)

This book is a plausible attempt to persuade sociologists that Christianity, as prescribed by the Church of Rome, is alone able to save western society from downfall. The author's social creed is briefly as follows. The individual and society are natural enemies. In primitive races the individual was kept in order by fear of 'magical' consequences, which his tribal religion led him to expect. As his mind developed and he began to think for himself, he got out of hand and social authority was weakened. At such a crisis in western history, Christianity came to the rescue by equipping social authority with a new weapon against egotism—the moral law; and, since the individual cannot be expected to sacrifice his personal interests to the welfare of society on a mere appeal to his moral sense, the reward of happiness after death was offered to induce him to put up with any amount of suffering in this life. This conveniently simple view of Christianity is repeated with

variations for nearly three hundred pages, so that there is no need to wonder what the author really means.

The chief objects of attack are 'rationalism,' 'equalitarianism' (*sic*), 'humanitarianism,' and, in more moderate language, 'Protestantism'. Rationalism seems to be regarded as implying egotism, and, though the human reasoning faculty is admitted to have a certain value in the maintenance of social order, it is spoken of as something essentially immoral that must be continually repressed by external authority. Equality is rightly pointed out to be non-existent in nature, and we are shown how true fraternity is quite consistent with inequality; but we do not believe that any but the most ignorant of the socialist party, against which these remarks are evidently directed, seriously advocate equality, unless it be equality of opportunity. Humanitarianism is used as a term of reproach for all who refuse to condemn any human being as hopeless, and are not afraid of 'wasting' pity, even though it may sometimes be misdirected. Protestantism, according to the author, has committed the unpardonable sin of granting the individual a certain liberty of thought and motive, and undoubtedly it has lost proportionately in cohesion. No one will deny that the unswerving allegiance of the Roman Church to dogma and discipline has proved a source of immense strength both to its own authority and to the masses which it has restrained from bestiality by fear of eternal punishment and hope of eternal reward, but we submit that sooner or later it will be compelled to recognise the same inner authority in the form of the very Mysticism which it truly boasts of producing.

Several other contentions which the writer seeks to justify—for instance, that suffering is desirable—contain sufficient truth to render them misleading, and are supported by a sprinkling of texts in Latin; but the attitude is so rigid and the language so naive that the intelligent reader will be more often amused than distracted.

But it is edifying to hear the Catholic oracle speak from the mouth of a learned sociologist, and the book is quite a proper one for public libraries.

W. D. S. B.

Universalism, by a Believer. (Elliot Stock, London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

It does appear a most curious freak of human psychology that anyone should be found to oppose the doctrine of an Eternal Hope as applied to the salvation and happiness of all men, and yet throughout the ages this curious mental phenomenon—as this interesting little history on Universalism sketches for us—prevailed. From Origen until almost the present day anyone bold enough to voice a hope that one would have thought all humanity would have welcomed has been branded as a heretic and accordingly persecuted in the fashion of persecutions of the time. Here is the picturesque language in which either a local synod held at Constantinople or the fifth General Council A. D. 553—it is not certain which—dealt with the doctrine.

“Whoever says or thinks that the torments of the demons and of wicked men are temporal, so that they will at length come to an end, or whoever holds a restoration either of the demons or of the impious, let him be anathema. Anathema to Origen Adamantius who taught these things among his detestable and accursed dogmas, and to every one who believes these things or asserts them, or who shall ever dare to defend them in any part, let there be anathema.”

Even in our own times comparatively speaking, both F. D. Maurice and Dean Farrar were made to feel they had gone hazardously outside the ecclesiastical pale when they pointed out that a God of Love was hardly likely to condemn to eternal torture any of His children. That so many good people have in all good faith held so closely to this hideous and blasphemous doctrine of an eternal Hell must prove that they were too unimaginative to grasp its horror, and also comfortably sure of their own salvation they must have been, while with, the imaginative few, the belief peopled the lunatic asylums. However, a happier and a saner and more logical view on this religious doctrine as on many others is now beginning to prevail, though in England we have not yet got to the point, as in the United States and Canada (fancy religions are not viewed there with the same disfavour) “where there are several hundreds of congregations calling themselves Universalist Churches, one of whose articles of belief runs: ‘There is one God who will finally restore the whole family of mankind to holiness and happiness’.”

E. S.

De l'An 25,000 avant Jesus-Christ a nos jours, par Gaston Revel. (Les Editions Theosophiques, Paris. Price fr. 7. 50.)

The author is one of the most energetic of the younger generation of Theosophical workers in France, and we heartily welcome this new proof of his zeal, embodied in the stout volume of some four hundred pages now before us. In this book the author strikes out an entirely new line. It is true that the work is essentially a commentary, and we have already a few (though *too few*) commentaries in Theosophical literature. This however is not so much an ethical commentary as a statistical one. The work is a bold one as well as an original one. Rightly, M. Revel has considered the series of lives of Alcyone, as related in the pages of this magazine, as one of the most remarkable items in the series of revelations which have lately come. M. Revel has asked himself the question: what can we do with this body of new information? And he has set to work to measure and to compare; to count and to calculate. He has begun to cultivate the field, to dig it, to work it and to bring order into it. A short introduction about Theosophy in general—mainly meant for outside readers—furnishes sufficient material for general orientation. The First Section then discusses psychic powers and their development, indicating their rational basis and giving an explanation of the theory of clairvoyance and akâshic records. After these prudent and pedagogically arranged preliminaries, *nous entrons en matiere*. The Second Section deals with the lives of Alcyone. In this part all imaginable statistical tables are compiled, and a great number of cunningly devised diagrams are added in support. Here it is that the boldness of the undertaking comes in. During the time that M. Revel was writing his book, Mr. Leadbeater has gone on with his researches, and not only looked up ten more lives (31-40, reckoning backwards), but has also filled in a number of vacant places in the lists of reincarnating egos accompanying Alcyone in his lives. These additional data will materially change and correct the averages and results arrived at by M. Revel; but they will only correct them, they will not overthrow them altogether. And it may be that they will not be published so soon that in the meantime M. Revel's tables should be anything like useless. They are only pre-

liminary results, not final ones ; but therefore nothing less than superfluous. If we had to wait for final results before Theosophical statements could be published we should have to regret the non-existence of some of the best books in Theosophical literature. The great use of M. Revel's courageous publication is that it is extraordinarily suggestive. It shows to a certain extent how we can manipulate Theosophical data, and extract from them far more than their mere surface information supplies. In this sense the book has a great educational value. In the Third Section we get detailed commentaries on every separate life of Alcyone, the last few being only briefly dealt with. Many ingenious theories are here put forward, and without feeling impelled to take any one of these as acquired scientific fact or gospel truth, they give, on the whole, food for serious thought. Useful diagrams accompany this part also, those on pp. 219-221 being especially interesting. In interpreting the various incidents related, the author quotes throughout abundantly from the best Theosophical writers, so rendering incidentally much Theosophical teaching accessible to his compatriots. The Fourth Section presents the general conclusions to be drawn from these lives ; first, in a long series of aphorisms, and secondly, in a more elaborate exposition of a few more important principles. A further Section reproduces a number of questions and answers, put and given in connection with the subject matter of the book (first orally presented as a course of study), after which the Seventh Section takes up the question of the several prophecies alluded to in the story of the lives. The last Section brings again many tables of the lives of Atalanta and of Alcyone (the latter very elaborately worked out), a list of Theosophical literature, a list of the many tables and diagrams in the book, and an excellent index.

This book deserves wide recognition. It proves strenuous labour on the part of the author. It is an exhaustive attempt to extract as much instruction as possible from the subject dealt with, as far as published at the moment. It may lead to the undertaking by others of similar labours with regard to other Theosophical publications, a thing which would be most desirable. Let us hope that it will be sold out so quickly that, when Mr. Leadbeater publishes the final results of his further researches along this line, this edition may be

speedily followed by a second one, revised and brought up to date, providing a welcome companion volume to Mr. Leadbeater's new production.

J. v. M.

Feringhi and Other Stories of Indian Gipsy Life, by Rev. A. Dumbarton. (Charles H. Kelly, London. Price 1s. 6d.)

These stories of the life of the gipsy tribes of Mysore are written by a Christian clergyman with the idea of stimulating missionary interest and enterprise. *Feringhi*, which means foreigner, is the name given to a little English boy who was stolen in babyhood and adopted by the gipsies. In him the missionary discovers his own son. This romantic touch and a few humorous strokes alone relieve a rather commonplace book. Whether the spreading of western civilisation and education and especially Christianity is really doing all that the author claims is open to question ; but at least it may be granted that whatever can transform a dirty, lying, cruel, and lawless gipsy people into a cleanly, truthful, gentle, and orderly one is altogether desirable. Whether the change is brought about by the power of the gospel or by the example of a truer and better life inspired by Christian ideals is of secondary importance. In so far as missionary effort achieves such results it must meet with the sympathy of all right-minded people.

A. E. A.

Ashtadhyayisutrapāṭa, Edited and published by S. Chandrasekhara Sastrigal. (Teppakulam Post, Trichinopoly. Price Ans. 12, postage extra.)

This is a very laudable book ; apart from its English title (where the word *pāṭha* is misspelled), we have found nothing objectionable in it, but are, on the contrary, of opinion that this handy, cheap, and beautifully printed little book, which contains exactly those things (*Sūtras*, *Vārtikas*, *Gaṇas*, and *Dhātus*) which a student of grammar must have constantly before him, deserves the widest circulation, and might be introduced even in those schools and colleges which teach *Saṃskṛt* through the medium of English. For some knowledge of *Pāṇini* should be conveyed to every student of *Saṃskṛt*.

The arrangement of the book strikes one as eminently practical. The printing runs lengthwise (as the writing in most Indian MSS.), and each page is divided by a line into two columns. So much space is saved in this way that the book with all its appendices, etc., covers but two hundred and seventy-two small pages. The Sūtras appear in the order of the *Aṣṭādhyāyī* but with the numbering of *Siddhāntakaumudī* added to them, and between them, on separate lines and easily to be recognised (the former by an asterisk, the latter by a cipher), there are the Vārtikas and Gaṇas respectively belonging to the several Sūtras. That is to say, whenever some set of words (*gaṇa*) is alluded to in the Sūtra, the complete set is given immediately after it; or, whenever a Sūtra of Pāṇini has been supplemented by Kātyāyana, the former is followed by this supplementary Sūtra (*vārtika*). An appendix contains the *Dhātupāṭha*, and another appendix the *Pāṇinīyā Sikṣā*.

F. O. S.

Through Evolution to the Living God, by the Rev. J. R. Cohu. (James Parker & Co., Oxford. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

In his preface the author states: "The present work is written for the troubled and perplexed, for thinking men, whose faith in God is shaken by intellectual and especially by scientific difficulties." Haeckel's views as to science, and his matter-of-fact interpretations of Nature and of Man are the views mainly controverted; and the author thinks that Haeckel's day is over. The book fully sustains Mr. Cohu's reputation for a scholarly treatment of his material. It should prove very helpful to the class to whom it is addressed, and with many of its conclusions members of the T. S. and other advanced schools of religious thought will find themselves fully in accord. For example those who believe that "God's plan is Evolution" will rejoice to find Mr. Cohu writing "that Evolution is a self-revelation of God which provides a basis for religious faith which cannot be shaken". Again: "Evolution proclaims a living, loving, indwelling God. . . . In Him man and Nature live, move and have their being. Earth itself is 'crammed with God'." When one remembers that the author is a Rector of the Established Church, one recognises that Orthodoxy has indeed widened its horizon since Darwin's

Origin of Species provoked almost universal ecclesiastical wailing and gnashing of teeth. Mr. Cohu's views of the fall of man are rather original and decidedly advanced: "What is called the Fall was a necessary moment in the transition from a state of nature to a state of culture. It represents the dawn of moral consciousness in man." God is defined (of course in terms of personality) as a "Mind and Will and Heart or a loving Personality". And the unity of the Universe is strongly insisted upon: "From star to atom, from animalculae to man, it throbs with life, a life which sleeps in the rock, dreams in the plant and awakens to self-consciousness in man."

E. S.

L'Evangile de la Fin, by Kristian Hus's. (Durville, Paris. Price. fr. 2.50.)

This book, written in violent and ill-chosen language, is a long diatribe against the faithlessness of Christendom, especially of France, and the incapacity of the clergy. The author's narrow and intolerant creed supplies no idea of a possible remedy for the existing state of affairs, except that God should subject the world to the most terrible punishment and curse it. He quotes from the Old Testament and the Apocalypse to show that the time has come for the destruction of the world by fire. Had he lived in the Middle Ages, Mr. Kristian Hus's would himself have lit the avenging torch!

Z. B.

Comment on Meurt, Comment on Nait, by Charles Lancelin. (Durville, Paris. Price 1 franc.)

The author of this little volume belongs to the eclectic school, and believes only in such facts as are proved to him by various experiments he has made, chiefly along the line of magnetism. These experiments have revealed to him the following facts: that man has five bodies, the successive dropping of which constitutes what we know as death; the existence of an astral life, happy or unhappy according to the nature of the desires which have governed the last earth life; that a gradual mental detachment from his surroundings takes place which enables the man to ascend to superphysical planes; that it is desire to evolve on the part of each entity that

drives him back into incarnation ; that the new body is taken possession of when it is seven years old. M. Lancelin does not approve of cremation, as that breaks the connection between the physical and subtile bodies too abruptly, nor of embalming as that preserves the former too long. He advises the practice of detachment from the affairs of the physical plane as the only sure method of avoiding suffering after death.

M. C.

Sri-Bālamānoramā, Edited and published by S. Chandrasekhara Sastrigal. (Teppakulam Post, Trichinopoly. Price Rs. 25 per copy for Public Institutions, Rs. 15 per complete set, or Rs. 10 per part for *bona-fide* poor students, and Rs. 20 for others.)

A great undertaking, commenced five years ago, has now come to a close, an edition, in Devanāgarī characters, of the *Siddhānta-Kaumudī* (being Bhaṭṭoji-Dikṣita's famous exposition of Pāṇini's grammar) together with Vāsudeva-Dikṣita's exhaustive commentary on the same, called *Bālamānoramā*. Of the latter this is the first complete edition, and the first edition in the Devanāgarī character, that has so far appeared.

The book consists of two large volumes each of which covers nearly one thousand pages.

The editing has been done so well that, though we have carefully perused several portions of the work, we have been unable to discover a single misprint. In using this book one feels that it is a work of love which could not have been undertaken except by an ardent admirer of the Saṁskṛt language and literature. Indeed, the editor, we are informed, has devoted to it the whole of his small fortune, and he is now in straitened circumstances. Let, therefore, all lovers of learning who can afford it help him by taking a copy of his work! The merit of *Bālamānoramā* is beyond question. *Siddhānta-kaumudī* cannot easily be understood without a commentary, and of the existing commentaries this one is evidently the simplest and most lucid. It fully deserves its name 'pleasing the young,' for it enables the student to understand Pāṇini even without a teacher. Another great advantage of *Bālamānoramā* is its comprehensiveness, in that it takes into account all valuable information contained in the older commentaries,

and thus, by quoting them, acquaints us also with these to a certain extent. The value of the book is enhanced by the careful indexes of Sūtras, Vārtikas, and Paribhāshās appended to each volume, and by the list of Uṇādisūtras, Phitsūtras and Dhātus at the end of the work. This is a very remarkable publication.

F. O. S.

L'histoire des idées theosophiques dans l'Inde, by Paul Ultramare. (Tome I. La theosophie Brahmanique.)

This work, of which only the first part has as yet been published, is a most interesting history of the growth of Theosophical ideas on Indian soil. The author traces them from their earliest rudiments to their final expansion. The plan of the work is the following :

1. To find in the most ancient Brāhmanical writings the germs of Theosophical speculations.
2. To trace the growth of these germs into a rich harvest of ideas and beliefs.
3. To study the organisation of these ideas and how they were grouped into definite systems.

All this is included in the first volume. In the next, the author intends to show how the Theosophical concepts of the schools acted upon the masses, were transformed into a religion—Buddhism, or penetrated the extant popular religions—sects of Hindūism. The author then explains why he has called these directing ideas of the Hindū civilisation Theosophical. "Because," he says, "the word Theosophy seems very applicable to this set of theories inspired especially by speculations concerning the superphysical, and which without being distinctly philosophical or religious pertain to religion and philosophy." Then comes an interesting definition of Theosophy :

1. As religion, Theosophy attempts to solve the enigma of life and of the universe. Differing from religions, which admit for the solution of this enigma, the miraculous intervention of divinity in human life and in nature, Theosophy, putting aside all such ideas, proclaims itself as a science, a science based on the knowledge of laws and forces different from those we can reach by ordinary means of investigation.

2. As philosophy, Theosophy strives to bring back to an essential unity the infinite multiplicity of phenomena. Theosophy tries to penetrate the secrets of nature and of life, not by means of observation and analysis, of induction and deduction, the method of philosophy, but by a process infinitely more rapid—by intuition or illumination. It is true that only those who have reached a high degree of wisdom are capable of this spontaneous clairvoyance. Happily for the others, the truth is faithfully kept by Initiates who transmit it to the adepts by means of revelation.

3. Theosophy is not only a method and a science—it is also a power. As there is an inter-relation between the life of man and the life of the universe, the knowledge of the occult forces of nature means the power to control them. The great Initiates have harmonised themselves with the central principle of the universe; they have penetrated the secrets of the macrocosm, and consequently they are no longer subject to the ordinary limitations of human life. On the other hand, their exceptional faculties are alleged as proof of their wider knowledge, the guarantee of the truth of their teachings.

4. In fact, if not of deliberate purpose, Theosophy finds itself in conflict with established religions; its tendencies are individualistic, not to say distinctly esoteric. It therefore feels naught but contempt and repulsion for the popular and official organisation of the great Churches. Theosophy also invokes ancient authorities in support of its assertions, but the tradition thus invoked is not generally the one that serves as the basis of the contemporary religion.

These four great features that characterise Theosophy are most effectively put forward by the author, and the modern Theosophist can see each of them as a living reality in his Society. One question only arises in the mind of the student. With regard to the method of obtaining knowledge, are not observation and analysis, induction and deduction, used by Theosophists as well as the intuitive method? The author, in the first place, tells us that Theosophy gives itself out as a science. As such, does it not also use scientific methods in its investigations made with these uncommon means of research? Perhaps this type of investigation belongs to the 'Occultist' and not to the Theosophist as such? This question

is interesting and is worth an attempt at further elucidation. After having admitted that the philosophical-religious ideas of India have the four great characteristics of Theosophical thought and method, the author turns to their history.

Part I, entitled 'The Germs of Theosophical Thought' is divided into two chapters: A. Vedic antecedents of Theosophy; B. Brāhmanical antecedents of Theosophy.

A. The impersonal character of the Vedic Gods, considered as cosmic forces, is the germ of the later philosophical pantheism. The attempt to elucidate the problems of the origin of things leads to the making of myths which are rationalised but not rejected by the later philosophers. Thus Theosophy in India takes the place that philosophy took in Greece. The magical aspect of the ritual represents the third characteristic of Theosophy in India, the 'power' over nature obtained by him who knows.

B. The Theosophical 'germs' in the Brāhmaṇas lie in the two central ideas of their sacrificial or ritualistic magic: the magic power attributed to every spoken word, and the power of a thought directed to a certain aim or object. The first implies a correspondence between an object and its name, and finds its full application in the tremendous potency given to the right pronunciation of the syllable OM. The second leads to what may perhaps be called *the* fundamental idea of Hindū Theosophy, that of liberation by knowledge. The power of thought prevails at last over all other powers—in worlds visible and invisible.

Part II. 'The Formation of Theosophical Ideas' deals with the Upaniṣads. Their Theosophical features are:

1. Their allegorical interpretation of ancient rites and legends. As the Stoics and Philo in the West, we find them retaining but explaining legends too sacred to be done away with.

2. Their pessimism. The Vedic thought having reached the notion of an absolute Brahman as the sole reality, the consequence was that all that was not Brahman was necessarily relative, illusory and transitory—a source neither of knowledge nor of happiness.

Hence the two premises of the philosophy of the Upaniṣhaṭs:

1. Brahman, the universal soul, is the only reality.
2. The individual souls, by reason of their individuality and as long as this individuality lasts, are in a state of suffering.

These two premises allow a definite aim: to give the means of escaping from this cycle in which individual lives are imprisoned.

There then the basis and the tendencies of the Theosophical teachings of the Upaniṣhaṭs, that may be called respectively:

The doctrine of the Aḍvaiṭa, the doctrine of Saṁsāra, and the doctrine of Mokṣha.

Part III. The Systematising of Theosophical Ideas. Here the author deals with the Vedāṅṭa, the Sāṅkhyā and the Yoga systems. The Vedāṅṭa system follows the most closely the teachings of the Upaniṣhaṭs. Yet the Upaniṣhaṭs wavered between two concepts which became respectively systematised in the Vedāṅṭa on the one hand, in the Sāṅkhyā on the other. The first is that all phenomena are without any objective reality, being merely appearances, resulting from Avidyā—ignorance. The second is that the soul was individualised by using matter, and became, by its union with matter, entangled in the qualities of the latter. Thus we have the doctrine of Avidyā and the doctrine of the contact, Bandha, of the soul with matter, or the idealism of the Vedāṅṭa and the realism of the Sāṅkhyā.

The aim of both systems is the attainment of liberation by knowledge, but whilst the Vedāṅṭa, owing to its monistic idealism, insists upon the intuitive knowledge of Brahman as its most important feature, the realism of the Sāṅkhyā indulges in an elaborate enumeration of ten principles in man and in nature. The Yoga system is entirely practical, and uses all the theories of the Sāṅkhyā, building thereon its 'science of self-control,' the object of which is liberation.

This very interesting work ought to be studied by all French reading Theosophists who are interested in the history of the type of ideas that their Society represents.

M. d' A.

THE ADYAR BULLETIN (April).—This bright magazine has, during the last few months, greatly improved in every way. It has had the advantage of an article from the pen of Mrs. Besant every month, and Mr. Leadbeater has been a frequent contributor. This month he concludes a very illuminating article ‘Exoteric and Esoteric.’ Mrs. Besant has written on a subject of which she has made a deep study, and her contribution is therefore especially valuable. Mr. Bibby, the well-known editor of *Bibby’s Annual* gives an interesting account of how he came into Theosophy, and Mr. Woodward writes with his characteristic charm a sketch on ‘Olcott Day at Galle’. The other articles are interesting and the whole number is of a high standard—a standard which we venture to hope the *Adyar Bulletin* will maintain in the future.

Alcyone and Mizar.¹ (Price Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c.)

A souvenir of the Twenty-Sixth Annual Convention of the American Section of the Theosophical Society in Chicago, 15th September, 1912, containing an excellent new photograph of Alcyone, Mizar and Fides taken last year in Sicily. The letterpress gives a beautiful and touching account by Mr. G. S. Arundale of his first meeting with the far-famed brothers, and indicates something of the charm which endears them to all who have been so fortunate as to come into contact with them. Speaking of Alcyone, Mr. Arundale says: “Think of him as treading bravely and with extraordinary rapidity that Path of Holiness which only the pure in heart may tread. Think of him as giving joy and hope to all who have the privilege of knowing him, and to the thousands to whom his book has been an inspiration. Think of him as a source of blessing to all living things around him Our President has said of him that his presence is a benediction.”

W. H. K.

Annie Besant.¹ (Price Ans. 8 or 8d. or 16c.)

An appreciation, dedicated to and written in honour of our President on her sixty-fifth birthday, October 1, 1912, by G. S. Arundale.

¹ THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

Mottoes from "At the Feet of the Master." (Price Ans. 2 per single motto. Rs. 5 per set.)

A very nicely printed collection of carefully selected mottoes from Alcyone's well-known book, each one being on a separate page suitable for framing or hanging up, embellished by specially designed ornamentation drawn by Professor Kanitkar, with photo-vignette of Alcyone on each page.

W. H. K.

Talks to a Few Students, by G. S. Arundale. (T. P. H. Adyar, Madras, India. Price Ans. 8 or 8d. or 16.)

This little book is dedicated "To Krishnaji," and is introduced to the reader by a few well-chosen words by Mrs. Besant. It is a collection of a few 'talks,' given to 'a group of earnest students,' all of whom have certainly rejoiced to have perpetuated in print some of that very valuable advice that, as an elder brother to a younger brother, George Arundale used to give at those informal evening gatherings at Benares. Who of us who during the day fails at some particular moment to come up to the standards his best self has set, does not feel helped when a kind and tactful friend indirectly and impersonally offers wise advice, points out the sources of error, reveals the methods of overcoming weakness and strengthening the character? These 'talks,' never personal, never 'preaching,' were of this nature; during their utterance each could draw deep into himself the refreshing draughts of wisdom and mature insight; each could depart relieved of his burden, clearer-sighted, happier, stronger. A little book valuable for all who have families and young people growing up round them who are responsive to good influences.

W. H. K.

¹ THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

NINETY-NINE Indian Lodges telegraphed their joy over the failure of the foul charges brought by Mr. Naraniah in the late suit, and written resolutions from other Lodges have rained in, all striking the same note of happiness over the clearing of the two honoured names. Members have realised that the most important matter was to prove the charges false, and this first solid gain has been registered. The next step forward has been the stay of the execution of the order of Mr. Justice Bakewell for the delivery of the boys on May 26th; the Court of Appeal granted a stay of execution until July 7th, so that I might see the boys and take legal advice in England.

* * *

One 'legitimate' but not very chivalrous action may be taken as soon as the stay expires; Mr. Justice Bakewell indicated pretty plainly at an early stage of the proceedings that he would favour action taken against me personally if I did not produce the boys. If an

application be made against me for 'contempt,' it may be used to hinder me in the Appeal. This would probably be regarded as fair fighting from the legal standpoint; and one has to be upon one's guard not to judge an opponent unfairly, and ever to remember that while a person conducting his own case may fight as chivalrously as he pleases—since he alone can suffer thereby—a counsel must do all he can to win for his client, and has not quite a free hand. Moreover, with ungenerous and suspicious clients, his path cannot always be a path of roses. I heard the other day of a man who twice changed his counsel, because that gentleman was courteous and friendly to the counsel on the other side! Dishonourable people always suspect dishonour in others, and if they happen also to be ill-bred, the mutual courtesy of well-bred people must naturally arouse suspicion in their minds.

* * *

The news from Benares will sadden the many well-wishers of the Central Hindū College. The handing over of the College to the Hindū University, and the placing of members of the University Committee on the College Board in order to facilitate the transfer, have proved disastrous, for the new members had done nothing for the College, and cared nothing for its liberal traditions. Hence the persecution of the Theosophical honorary workers, culminating in the attempt to drive my friends and myself away. Illiberal orthodoxy has made an unholy marriage with unbelief in order to injure Theosophy. The whole plot has its centre in Benares, and its chief sub-centres in Allahabad and Madras. It was in Benares in December 1911 that Mr. Naraniah was stirred up to fury, and resolved to take action against

me. It was in Benares that what Mr. Justice Bakewell called "the little conclave of seekers after truth" got hold of my servant behind my back, and arranged the ludicrously impossible story which they offered to Mr. Naraniah, which collapsed so ignominiously at the trial. The trial, in fact, is a mere offshoot of the cruel policy started in Benares, carried on by *The Leader* in Allahabad and *The Hindu* in Madras: these papers sedulously reprint each other's articles and strengthen each other's hands. I must ask my friends not to accept as accurate any reports concerning me which may appear in *The Hindu*. It distorts what I say, and then comments on its own distortions, conveying wholly false ideas of what takes place.

* * *

All through the year 1912, Babu Bhagavan Das wrote vehemently against me, using the Indian Sectional Magazine as a weapon; then he poured out accusations against me when the Commission in the late suit went to Benares—irrelevant attacks which would have been stopped in any Court, though the Commissioner was powerless to prevent them. Among other things he said that a student of the College had been asked, in relation to admission to a certain group, if he would shoot anyone whom I ordered him to shoot! The three persons who were present with this student—one P. N. Saprú—state positively that no such question was asked, and that this student made a wholly false statement when pressed by Babu Bhagavan Das in the attempt to obtain something from him to harm me. The reason for all this is now obvious: all this 'evidence' was not used in Court, but *The Hindu* and *The Leader* have printed it; it was all given that it might be published in order to injure,

not for the purposes of the suit, with which it had nothing to do.

* * *

Meanwhile the honorary members of the College staff had been assailed by *The Leader*, diligently helped with anonymous copy from Benares. Their lives were made bitter to them by petty aggressions; they had to listen to all the accusations poured out against myself; when I went to Benares with the Commission, a great crowd of professors, masters and students came to me, complaining that Babu Bhagavan Das was circulating the statement among them that I was mad, and begging me to take action. What could I do, assailed on every side? I offered my resignation as President of the Board of Trustees. My colleagues in the country did not wish me to go, and the hostile Allahabad and Benares members—faced by the resignations of the members of the staff, the indignant resolution of the Girls' School Committee, and the protests of a few old friends who were present at the Board meeting—decided to side with the majority, and to ask me to remain President until the Hindū University takes over the College. I have agreed to do so, but I can do little to save the great institution which the new-comers have revolutionised, having gained the co-operation of the hostile Benares elements. We shall be swamped by the ordinary paid teachers, and shall sink to the level of the ordinary Indian College. Fifteen years of labour have been destroyed, out of hatred based on theological and political reasons.

* * *

I may add that the last outrage, which brought about the resignation of the members of the Staff, was

the publication in *The Leader* of a very private letter addressed by Mr. Arundale to a group of a few intimate friends. It was obtained in some surreptitious way, and sent with an anonymous letter to *The Leader*; the letter contained a threat as to action by the Managing Committee, and its style was quite unmistakable. The anonymous scribe defends himself on the ground that "every pickpocket considers his proceedings entirely confidential when he abstracts a purse from a person's pocket in a crowd; but the heartless and honourless policeman considers it his duty to violate that confidence!" That is to say that a private letter, written by a man to intimate friends, unveiling his inner religious feelings, is to be treated as on a par with a thief stealing a purse. To such shifts, in excuse of conduct recognised as dishonourable by every gentleman, are our persecutors reduced. It is natural that they should hide under anonymity. The group which is attacked was one formed in 1909, with the idea of helping me in my work, and of leading a life of self-sacrifice. But these two things are anathema just now to my opponents at Allahabad and Benares, who are united by hatred of a personality instead of by love to one. We shall see which of the opposing groups lasts the longer. In Babu Bhagavan Das's admirable book on *The Science of the Emotions*, hatred is said to be the root of all vices and to be disintegrating, while love is the root of all virtues and binds together. We shall be able to watch the working out of his theory in practice.

* * *

Note also Mr. Arundale's reward for ten years of self-sacrificing service to the Central Hindū College, during which he has poured out his time, his money,

his strength, in unwearying labour. He leaves it a far poorer man than he came to it, for he has given freely of his little capital; he leaves it with the love of his students and the passionate loyalty of his staff, twenty-three of whom resign in protest against the publication of the above letter. Miss Arundale, his adopted mother, who has built up the College Girls' School, and has been associated with him in all his sacrifices, rightly associates herself also with him in the wrongs inflicted on him, and declines to be fêted while he is insulted. Such is the tragic ending of ten years of loving service rendered by these two noble English Theosophists to the Central Hindū College. It matters not. The authorities of the College and the Indian public, so far as it is represented by *The Leader*, may be as grossly ungrateful as they will. The work lives, and will soon embody itself in another form. We are driven from the outworn body, so we take a new one, for the Eternal Spirit of Love and Service, expelled from one body, clothes itself in another.

* * *

Five of our band of workers open a Theosophical School in Benares on July 7th, and will keep alive our ideals there. Two more go to Madanapalle to work. Mr. Wodehouse takes in charge a large group, to enter English Universities, and they, with Miss Arundale, left India on May 15th. I have bought near Shānti Kuñja a splendid plot of ground, through the kindness and help of Babu Govinda Das for the future Theosophical College. The Indian Section membership is increasing by leaps and bounds under its new General Secretary, the late Headmaster. Moreover, the Girls' School goes on uninjured, and the Vasaṅta Āshrama

promises to find boarders who will attend its higher classes; its new land makes it a very pleasant dwelling-place.

* * *

There are many signs that Indian ladies are beginning to move on their own initiative, and are trying to fit themselves for a wider lot than has been theirs for many centuries. Mrs. Sharpe, Mrs. Van Hook and I had the pleasure of being present at the Second Anniversary of the Hindū Ladies Lukṣhmi Vilāsa Sabhā, and we found assembled a large company of the wives of well-known Madras gentlemen, who belonged to this useful Society. It has sixty-five members, and, among other activities, it conducts the education of young girls. The privilege of presiding and of giving away the prizes was allotted to me, and it is always a pleasure to be allowed to co-operate with any women's movements in India.

* * *

Miss Lind-af-Hageby has been making a very fine speech in the King's Bench, in her libel action against Dr. Saleeby and the *Pall-Mall Gazette*. She defended her anti-vivisection views against medical attacks, and closed her eloquent speech with the words :

Right at the bottom of my heart and my soul there is a profound spiritual conviction that that which is morally wrong, spiritually retrogressive, cannot in the long run be scientifically right. And I believe that ten, twenty, thirty, hundreds of years hence, it will be found that that which is spiritually right and spiritually beautiful will be physically useful and right.

Brave and true words. But in the world in which we are living to-day, the morally wrong is but too often triumphant, while the spiritually beautiful is but an object of mockery.

* * *

A large proportion of the misery of the world is caused by the sorrow of those who have, as they erroneously suppose, lost by death those whom they dearly love. Most of this sorrow is preventable, for it arises from ignorance of the facts of Nature, and can be dispelled by accurate knowledge. Students of Theosophy possess this knowledge, and it is surely their privilege as well as their duty to endeavour to disseminate it as widely as possible. Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, who is constantly receiving letters on this subject from all parts of the world, has been deeply impressed by the universality of this unnecessary suffering, and begs his fellow-students, especially those who are Secretaries of Branches, to co-operate with him in an effort to relieve it. With this object in view he has written a new pamphlet "To Those Who Mourn," which he is anxious to circulate as widely as possible. We suggest that each member should purchase a dozen or twenty copies and keep them by him, so that whenever any friend of his sustains a loss by death, he may immediately offer to him in this form the help and consolation which he would otherwise give by letter or by word of mouth. It is suggested that each Lodge should buy a hundred or more for the same purpose. No profit is being made upon this publication, its object being simply to spread as widely as may be the Theosophical information on this most important matter, and to reach those who are at present unacquainted with our teachings. The success of this effort depends upon the hearty co-operation of members all over the world, and it is earnestly hoped that this will be at once forthcoming.



DISCRIMINATION

By JANET B. MC.GOVERN, F. T. S.

“**I**NTELLIGENCE consists in discrimination between the essential and non-essential,” said a British philosopher. A life of wide and varied experience has confirmed the truth of this man’s axiom. The individual who succeeds in any line, or on any plane, is the one who has the clear-sightedness to perceive and the strength of will to follow one-pointedly the essential, without troubling about the non-essentials, the side issues, the ‘hampering futilities,’ with which those of smaller mental calibre and less comprehensive sweep of intellectual horizon burden themselves. This idea is clearly suggested in the much misunderstood New Testament parable of Mary and Martha. In this

parable, as in His other teachings (*e.g.* His arraignment of the Pharisees, His driving the vendors and money-changers out of the Temple, His attitude toward the woman taken in adultery, etc.), the message of the Founder of Christianity seems ever to have been to lay stress upon the necessity of discrimination. This was also the teaching of His great follower, the Christian Mystic S. Paul, with his vigorous emphasis upon the fact that it is the "letter which killeth and the spirit which maketh alive"—an aspect of discrimination unfortunately too much over-looked to-day both in Christian Churches and in mystic and occult organisations.

Again, when in the course of centuries the 'letter' had well-nigh crushed out the 'spirit,' the message of discrimination was reiterated in a manner acceptable to the modern mind—a mind the intelligence of which had rebelled against ecclesiasticism and empty form—by those scientific idealists Huxley and Spencer,¹ to whom the world—that of the West at least—owes the modern ethical ideal, which is that of *social service rather than of personal salvation*.

"The criterion by which any action should be judged," says Spencer, in effect (I have not the book before me) "as to whether it is good or evil is whether it quickens evolution or retards it". This presentation of an ethical standard—with its inferential inclusion of that which in oriental terminology would be called avoidance of working for personal fruit of action—appealed to the logical, Anglo-Saxon mind, with its

¹ The statement so frequently, and so glibly made, that "Huxley was a materialist" requires for refutation only the personal intelligent reading of some of Huxley's later essays—instead of the acceptance of the views (often second-hand, at that) of those incapable of discriminating judgment, or of the ability to form a dispassionate opinion.

See particularly *Collected Essays*, vi, 279-302, *et seq.*

inherent love of fair play and the 'square deal,' and set the pace for the dissemination of modern teachings given out under other names—among the latter those of the Theosophical Society—all founded upon justice, upon the law of cause and effect—on which Spencer himself laid so much stress—rather than upon the mediæval and ecclesiastical one of placation of a wrathful Deity.

Discrimination, ethical and intellectual, between the true and the false, the essential and the non-essential, has perhaps never been more clearly taught, certainly in the modern world, than by Darwin, Huxley and Spencer, those giant pioneers in what may truly be called the great Theosophical Movement—a movement which includes other phases of the Theosophia (Divine Wisdom) than that promulgated by the Theosophical Society.

Without the pioneer work of the men mentioned above—and also perhaps that of certain of the German philosophic writers, Hegel, Fichte, etc; also of men like Mrs. Besant's old friend and co-worker, Charles Bradlaugh, who devoted their lives to social service without hope of 'heaven' or other form of personal reward—the teachings of Mme. Blavatsky would have fallen on ears more deaf than was the case when these were given to the public. One can only wish that those "who profess and call themselves" Theosophists, would prepare themselves for the study of works more restrictedly labelled 'Theosophical' by reading first either some of the works of Spencer, and Huxley, or else taking the advice urged by Spencer, and devoting as much time as practicable to the study of scientific subjects—and this not empirically, but practically,

by laboratory experiment, etc. Whatever the particular branch of science studied, the result is the same, the broadening and training of the mind, the shaping of it to deal with the abstract rather than with the personal and petty, the development of the scientific courage which looks things in the face, and investigates in order to understand what they *are*, rather than accepts them for what, on the time-worn authority, they are said to be. Or—to put it in technical Theosophical verbiage—scientific training develops and exercises ‘higher Manas’.

Discrimination recognises the folly and the falsity of putting intellectual development and spiritual development in antithesis to each other. As a matter of fact, unless either be perverted, one is the hand-maiden, the co-developer, of the other. The scientific mind, which thinks in the abstract of things having to do with a ‘bigness,’ incapable of being grasped by the petty-minded, has neither time nor inclination for those things with which the little-minded occupy themselves—scandal-mongering, personal gossip, back-biting, sanctimoniousness, and other things which betoken ‘arrested development’ of head as well as of heart.

From a purely moral or ethical standpoint, scientific training, which demands original investigation, logical deduction and ratiocination, rather than mere memorising, has justified itself to the extent to which it has been introduced in modern education—for instance, in America those sections most lacking in the social service of the more favoured classes to those more unfortunately situated are just those in which antiquated, rather than scientific, methods of education are in vogue. The scientific mind recognises the desirability of the

“sacrifice of the individual for the good of the whole,” and, when occasion requires, its owner is usually found willing to put his theory into practice and throw himself into the breach.

For the Theosophical student a scientific training is a particularly desirable pre-requisite. Because one who has studied any branch of science recognises the necessity of approaching all subjects with an open mind, unbiassed for or against any particular deduction, of “seeing things steadily and seeing them whole,” of fixing his attention upon *ideas* rather than upon persons, of not confusing principles with their exponents, and consequently of not swinging to an extreme either of hero-worship or of personal condemnation—an error into which many well-meaning, but indiscriminating Mystics and would-be Occultists fall.¹

Practical scientific training is at once the antithesis and the antidote of neurasthenia, with its attendant self-centredness. The scientific temperament is too absorbed in the vast, impersonal laws of Nature to have time for self-absorption, the danger point of the occult student.² The scientific temperament—whether congenital, or that developed as the result of scientific training—recognises the necessity for moderation in all things, holding largely with Herbert Spencer that “nothing in itself is evil; anything carried to excess is evil”—the same idea as that expressed in other words in the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, vi, 16-17.

The desirability of scientific training has been dwelt upon at length, because through it may be developed more speedily and more surely than by any other

¹ For most sensible remarks regarding hero-worship and the apotheosis of personality, see those of Col. Olcott in *Old Diary Leaves*, iv.

² See work on *Mysticism*, by Professor Selemann, of Berlin University.

method that discrimination which is the essential prerequisite in spiritual development, as it is in intellectual. True discrimination can be attained only by that mind which is sane, balanced, not to be driven off at a tangent by any personal enthusiasm; impersonal, self-reliant, tolerant of all views, neither accepting nor rejecting any, whatever the weight of authority, until brought to the bar of its own judgment.

Discrimination, in its most comprehensive sense, includes all virtues, as it is the pre-essential of all. Consequently to attempt to deal with it in all its phases, however cursorily these might be touched upon, would be out of the question in one paper.

Comprehensively it may be said that the chief aim of discrimination is to distinguish between the true and false, the genuine and the sham, so as not to be led astray by appearances or by pretensions—to see down “beneath the skin,” and not be cozened by surface appearances. The man who has attained to discrimination knows that the sins of the Spirit are worse than the sins of the flesh, that carnal weaknesses, of whatever nature, weigh down the balance less heavily than do those subtler and more dangerous forms of vice, self-righteousness, spiritual pride, intolerance, sanctimoniousness, mischief-making, self-hypocrisy, and other forms of moral cowardice. While the Christ spoke gently to the woman taken in adultery, He lashed with the “whip of scorpions” the self-righteous Pharisee, who stood afar off and thanked God that he was not as other men.

The man who has attained to discrimination differentiates between shadow and substance, letter and spirit. He knows that it is not the form which makes the reality, but the indwelling Spirit, and that those

who make the greatest protestation regarding form are those who usually have least conception of Spirit. He knows that the T. S. member who gossips to lecturer or teacher—or to other members—regarding the disqualifications of an absent member is, as a matter of fact, far more disqualified for genuine spiritual work, far lower in the scale of spiritual advancement, than that absent member of whom he gossips. Better to forget the sequence of ‘rounds’ and ‘races’ or other technical detail than to forget the Christ-spirit. To magnify non-essentials, to distort trivalities, is the infallible index of the little mind, of the unevolved soul, incapable of grasping the essential, or of taking an interest in anything broader, more abstract, than the obvious, the personal and the trivial. “True knowledge of God causes a man to use few words,” is a saying attributed to Pythagoras, the wisdom of which it might behove many would-be ‘strivers after perfection’ to ponder to-day; also the lesson taught by S. Francis of Assisi, who, when a young disciple of his wished to hear him preach, walked with him through the streets of the town, with only a smile, a nod, a simple cheery word for the poor and the downcast, and when his disciple asked S. Francis when his sermon would begin, the latter replied: “My son, I have preached.” It is lives not lips that preach the most effective sermons (“flowery speech is uttered by the foolish,” *Gīṭā*, ii, 42), and little use is it for us to talk glittering aphoristic generalities about “loving all humanity,” “being hands and feet for the Master,” etc., with one breath, and with the next to back-bite our next-door neighbour, or to gossip of his short-comings, and, most cowardly of all, to beg that our “name be not mentioned” in connection with our remarks regarding

him. We say behind his back what we have not the moral courage to say to his face, and then, with self-hypocrisy, flatter ourselves that we have done this for the sake of 'peace'. Whatever we have to say or do, discrimination, as well as honesty, bids us say or do, simply, straightforwardly, "in the open light of day". For the Occultist, above all others, moral courage, even more than physical, is an essential.

Better *one* homely, human virtue, if this be practised simply and *genuinely*, without ostentation and cant, than all the virtues of Saint and Archangel, if the possession of these causes the possessor to become guilty of the "great dire heresy of separateness," of cant, of self-exaltation and Phariseism.

The name does not make the reality, discrimination bids us remember, as is forcefully pointed out in that genuinely occult treatise, *Light on the Path*: "The self-righteous man makes for himself a bed of mire." And again :

The pure artist who works for the love of his work is sometimes more firmly planted on the right road than the Occultist who fancies he has removed his interest from self, but who has in reality only enlarged the limits of experience and desire.

Discrimination bids us remember that there can be such a thing as criminal blindness to the wrongs and the degradation of others; that while it is far more agreeable for the would-be Occultist or Mystic to go about with his eyes closed to everything except the beautiful, yet such an attitude is, if one has the moral courage to be absolutely honest with oneself, simply æsthetic selfishness, a shirking of responsibility, wholly unworthy of one who would in truth help to "hold back the heavy karma of the world".

A moral cancer is never cured by covering it up, and declaring that it does not exist. Rather must it be bared, that the surgeon's knife may be applied to its core. As has been aptly said :

What makes a city great and strong?
 Not architecture's graceful strength,
 Not factories' extended length,
 But men who see the civic wrong,
And give their lives to make it right.

Nowhere has this lesson of æsthetic, but none the less criminal, blindness been taught more powerfully than in *The Servant in the House*, that splendid sermon-drama, in which is pointed out the futility and the selfish folly of adorning the edifice above, as long as the drain underneath the church is carefully covered up instead of being opened that the foulness might be exposed to the light of day and destroyed. In the climax of the drama—after the drain has been opened, priest and drain-man clasp hands, as ever in truth they must in any real service of mankind.

It is the Yoga of Service that is needed to-day, service which calls men of clear-eyed vision—with whom love of humanity is something more than a phrase—to “put their shoulders to the wheel,” to right existing wrong; as it also calls to the mothers of the men of the coming generation to blind themselves no longer to rotten conditions, but sanely to know, in order that wisely they may guide those who will be the citizens of to-morrow. “Be thou the outward cause,” (see *Gīta*) was no idle admonition from Shrī Kṛṣṇa, and perhaps never before in the history of the world has there been greater need of spiritual men who are also ‘men of the world’ in the truest sense of that phrase.

From the foregoing follows naturally the correlative—obvious to the discriminating; unfortunately, however, sometimes lost sight of by those who have over-accentuated one phase and thus lost the sense of proportion—that “the Masters are served” quite as much by the Yoga of Service as by that of Devotion or of Knowledge. The “cup of cold water” to the “least of these, my brethren” is quite as essential to-day as it was two thousand years ago.

“By whatsoever road men approach Me, on that road do I welcome them,” it is declared (*Gītā*), and whether that approach be made by occult knowledge or mystic ecstasy—both all too frequently subtle forms of self-gratification—we may be very sure that neither of these will take us one whit further or faster than will the path of social service, of unostentatious self-sacrifice in the cause of humanity—the ‘Great Orphan’. “To live to *benefit mankind* is the *first step*,” *The Voice of the Silence* reminds us, “to practise the six glorious virtues the second”.

Not only must the path differ for each temperament, but also must it differ for the same ego in different earth-lives, in order that there may be obtained that well-rounded development, which is supposed to be the characteristic of the Perfect Man. For which reason it behoves us to keep ‘ever vigilant’ against dogmatism and sectarianism, and to remember that ‘service of the Masters’ may be rendered in many ways, outside of, as well as within, the limits of the Theosophical Society.

Sequentially, the next point which arrests attention is one which though apparently an obvious truism, is also one which is overlooked with unfortunate frequency

by the individual who would have all others follow his particular path. It is, that "each man is to himself absolutely the way, the truth, and the life"—this very literally. Higher than blind obedience to any external authority however high, is obedience to the mandate of one's own conscience—whatever external weight there may be against this—an idea excellently brought out in one of the incidents in the Hindū epic, the *Mahābhārata*, in which the warrior refuses the command of even a Deva to abandon the cur which has been his companion and servitor, because his own conscience cries out against such betrayal. Mrs. Annie Besant, too, deals aptly with, and lays well-merited stress upon, this point in her *Laws of the Higher Life*.

Each must decide for himself, not in ethical matters alone, but in those also which involve expenditure of time and strength in any direction, as to what is his work, his 'dharma,' and proceed resolutely with that, not taking upon his shoulders "the dharma of another," whatever may be the opinion of others as to his choice. Thus will discrimination be developed, as well as self-reliance, a note much needed in work and in life to-day. Self-deception is easy, especially perhaps for the devotionally inclined, and but little real progress is made in the evolution of the soul if the idea of the Vicarious Atonement in connection with the Christian Master be abandoned, and in its stead the soul lean for spiritual support upon the external manifestation or teachings of other Master, leader, or teacher, however exalted. Were there less leaning upon the Masters for the comfort of spiritual ecstasy, which Their nearness, real or fancied, affords us personally, and more manifesting through ourselves, in our relations with our fellow-men, of

Their Spirit—of the radiant power of love and gladness, tolerance and compassion—then would we in very truth prove ourselves Their disciples. Not without reason did the Master K. H. some years ago say :

The best and most important teacher is one's own seventh Principle centred in the sixth. The more unselfishly one works for his fellow-men and divests himself of the illusionary sense of personal isolation, the more he is free from Mâyâ and the nearer he approaches Divinity.

There comes a time in the evolution of each soul when it must indeed "stand alone and isolated," when "the path that leadeth on is lighted by one fire, the light of daring burning in the heart" (*The Voice of the Silence*). Then does the disciple realise the truth of the injunction : "The way to final freedom lies within thy Self," and this whether he be priest or artisan, ascetic or householder. Also will he realise that the one is as needed as the other. Indeed in the old Laws of Manu the place of the householder was above that of all others. Discrimination bids one remember that it is the inner attitude, spiritual and intellectual, which makes the 'spiritual man,' not the outer mode of life—still less protestation. "*The would-be Occultist is ever self-contained,*" discrimination bids us remember—a giver of sympathy without cant or patronage, rather than a seeker after it. That disciple best beloved of the Buddha was he who was "a lamp unto himself, and a refuge unto himself".

Janet B. Mc.Govern

(To be concluded)

THE BASES OF THEOSOPHY

A STUDY IN FUNDAMENTALS—PHILOSOPHICAL, PSYCHOLOGICAL,
PRACTICAL

(Continued from p. 184)

By JAMES H. COUSINS, F. T. S.

CHAPTER III

Theosophy : The Religious and Social Reconciler

IN the foregoing we have seen the great principles on which the first object of the Theosophical Society is based. We have considered the matter in its universal aspect, and have seen how the recognition of a universal human participation in the origin, progress and destiny of the universe—a sharing in the universal karma—has compelled the adoption of the rule of Universal Brotherhood both in theory and practice.

The first obvious effect of the adoption of such a rule of conduct in life must be the manifestation not merely of tolerance but of sympathy towards diverse systems of thought, and a suspension of extreme judgment on the conduct of individuals and nations. If all things are within the compass of the divine operation, then all things are in some degree instruments of that divine operation. They are no more competitors with

one another than the mainspring of a watch is a competitor with the minute hand. Their essential relationship is co-operative. True, in the recognition and exercise of their co-operation they may manifest a spirit of competition ; but such competition is far removed from the ordinary acceptance of the term, since it is competition for the attainment of an end that will be mutually beneficial, not destructive of one or both of the competitors.

But the principles that underlie the further development of our thought into the second object of the Theosophical Society—the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science, or the horizontal and extensive phase of human development—go deeper than a simple benevolence. They touch the roots of things, and necessarily overlap some of the considerations already advanced.

We have observed the Theosophical concept of the universe as a unity passing through degrees of limitation into a multitudinous diversity. Within the units there is an illusion of separateness by which they seek to preserve a discrete identity, and an attachment to the personality—the *persona*, or mask—of the true individual. In the stage of human development at which this illusion of separateness held completest sway, man was not far removed from the predatory animals. But, under the influence of necessity, and guided, as Theosophy teaches, by periodical visitations of definite incarnations from the divine planes of the universe, and by the ministrations of transcendent consciousnesses who had attained the status of Divinity in former evolutions, humanity slowly aggregated, and formed the great primitive nations.

Such aggregation was a long step on the Way of Redemption. It finds its counterpart in the individual when the isolated impulses of infancy begin to take on continuity, and instinct slowly yields to the discipline of judgment. From the Unity of the Absolute to the diverse and relative, is the path of the Outgoing, the "fall of man," or, rather, the fall of God. The first act of interdependence was the turning-point: henceforth the face is toward the light; and when a conscious entity arrives at the stage when it deliberately dedicates itself to the work of expediting the progress of the world, then has taken place the true 'conversion'. In the Theosophical concept, the experience of 'conversion' is not restricted—as in the Christian concept—to the purely religio-emotional side of human nature. It is, rather, a natural, inevitable, and at some time or other universally experienced phase of the inner life. Its date may be vividly remembered; or it may be a thing of imperceptible growth, it matters not: its sign is the spirit of co-ordination and synthesis. The young geographer who found death in the African jungle, whither he had gone in search of a fact that would illuminate some of the dark places of human knowledge, was no less truly a religious martyr than Jeanne d' Arc or Bishop Cranmer.

Such a broadening out of the idea of conversion provides a reasonable ground for understanding and dignifying the numerous activities of an altruistic kind which, while seemingly isolated, are seen from this truer point of view to be simply different expressions of one great redemptive urge. Furthermore, in the Theosophical concept, such a limitation of the experience of conversion as is taught in the churches is not merely untrue, but is directly vicious, since it seeks to throw

the whole force of the experience into one department of the individual and collective life, and thus to promote grotesqueness rather than a real advance along the line of nature.

To realise the force of this spirit of co-ordination, and the fallacy of any limitation of it, we have only to think of the effect of absolute specialisation of any function of the body to the exclusion of other functions. There is manifestly a distinction of function between hand and foot ; but such distinction bears no warranty for either limb claiming exclusive attention. The fullest and truest expression of the individual can only be effected through the co-ordination and balance of the various functions of the body corporate ; and such co-ordination is effected through the sub-cortical centres of the brain under the direction of the cortex, or coherer, which is the instrument of the Manas or Thinker.

Now this physiological differentiation, which is harmonised in the mind of the individual, is but a parable of the Universal Body. Just as the thinker behind the human machine manifests through organs which fulfil different purposes ; so the divine Thinker functions through the great groupings of religious systems and national politics, which are to Him as the sub-cortical centres are to the human thinker. To change the figure ; we may imagine the Kosmos as a great railway system. From the chief terminus the main-line splits off at various junctions, each junction forming a centre for a district quite distinct in character from other districts. To form any idea of the whole system, it would be absurd to confine one's attention to any single district. We should have to pass from district to district, noting resemblances, differences,

inter-relationships, until at last we comprehended the genius of the whole system which actuated it from headquarters.

It is not difficult to realise that a roughly similar process has been gathering momentum for some time past in the thought of mankind with regard to the great religious systems which have dominated the minds of incalculable millions of human beings. The urge to co-ordination has risen from the lower levels of human life ; and the comparative study of religious and philosophical systems has taken its place among the sciences, whence it will permeate all life in time. When Darwin formulated the theory of the origin and differentiation of species, and made way for the enunciation of the 'law of evolution,' there was much tumult in the pulpits of Christendom, and innocent worshippers were taught to believe that the arch-enemy of the race, Satan, had found a formidable rival in the person of the long-bearded, mild-mannered naturalist. After a while, the tumult subsided. Thinkers inside the creeds began to apprehend what the 'Darwinian theory' really involved. An adjustment of formularies took place. The law of evolution could not be denied. The question became how to explain it, with all due condescension, from the standpoint of dogmatic theology. This was not long in being accomplished ; and to-day the law of evolution is as freely expounded as if it were one of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, from pulpits that have hardly forgotten denunciations of Darwin and his theory, which in truth was no theory of Darwin's, and has been taught for millenniums in the world's great religions, not excluding the Christian Scriptures.

It is a fact of the utmost significance that the beginnings of that re-adjustment have been coincident with the dissemination in the West of knowledge with regard to the religious and philosophic thought of the East.

The first point of collision between the new spirit and the old is the very entertaining at all of the thought of progress in religious doctrine. The orthodox Christian is nurtured in the belief that in the Bible there is to be found all that is necessary for the present life and for the life that is to come. With this claim no student of the deeper meanings of universal religion will quarrel. But through the identification in orthodox Christian teaching of two widely different things—*truth* as it is apprehended by the clarified spiritual vision, and its *expression* in terms of the intellect—the claim to a complete, exclusive and final revelation of ‘the Will of God’ is extended to cover its clothing in dogma. But the modern thinker, and particularly the Theosophical thinker, has dabbled in the science of psychology. He has watched the processes of his own mind, and he has learned the truth that revelation from the spiritual planes of his own being is conditioned, limited, and distorted by the instrument of its manifestation. He applies this truth to all life, and discovers that while on the one hand it explains much that hitherto had been inexplicable in Christian dogma, on the other hand it admits within the circle of divine revelation much that hitherto had been excluded. By grasping clearly the human limitations which are inevitably, in the nature of things, imposed on revelation, and by apprehending also the operation of evolution in the instrument of revelation, the consciousness of mankind, he has found a means of reconciliation between the Old Testament sanguinary

conception of Deity as formulated by a lowly developed tribe, and the New Testament ideal of a God of Love; and when he hears the Blessed Lord Kṛṣṇa say: "He who knoweth Me is liberated from all sin," he does not turn away and call Him a heathen blasphemer, but recognises the same inner universal Voice which said through the lips of the Christ: "Come unto Me . . . and I will give you rest."

Here we find the beginning of the end of Christian missions in the East as at present regarded and conducted. To the orthodox Christian the taking of the 'Gospel' to the heathen—by which is meant the entire world 'outside Christianity—is a matter of urgent importance. Believing that unless they profess faith in the actual death of an actual person, they will be shut out for ever from a place called Heaven, he subscribes to missionary funds, and he reads with joy of the turning of some denizen of "India's coral strand" from the worship of false gods (with a small *g*) to serving the only true God. In all this he is perfectly sincere: it is the logical outcome of the belief in an exclusive revelation of the only way whereby men may attain to a state of happiness after death.

The modern thinker, however, is rapidly giving up this idea. He is beginning to see what is involved in the findings of comparative research into religions. He marks a sharp distinction between *religion* as a rule of life, and *theology* as a mould of thought. In his future attitude towards foreign missions he will differ from the orthodox Christian by regarding it as a matter of minor importance whether a Principle of the universe and of his own soul has been apprehended in the East as *Brahmā*, or in the West as the first Person in the

Christian Trinity. His missionary efforts on the theological side will be in the nature of an interchange of the significance of main doctrines, their parallels in symbology, their cognates in personality, and the recognition of their essential unity.

In the past the lack of discrimination between the essential elements of the Bible and its accidental or secondary contents has led to enormities of conduct and appalling inconsistencies. In mediæval times nine millions of women were burned to death by authority of the Old Testament command: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," and this in face of the spirit and letter of the teaching of Jesus. In England Henry VIII put to death both Catholics and Protestants, the former for not acknowledging him as the supreme head of the Church in England, the latter for not accepting the Catholic dogma. To-day the enormities of conduct are less obvious, the inconsistencies more subtle, but still they are there; and the emancipated mind sees no difference between the devastation of a county by William of Normandy, and the starving of thousands of human beings through the operation of a social system based, not on mutual service, but on mutual spoliation.

Here we come upon another phase of the spirit of co-ordination which is abroad in the world. It no longer suffices to say to the modern thinker, when he appeals for the carrying into practice of the injunctions of the Sermon on the Mount, that times have changed since Jesus uttered His sublime beatitudes, and that present-day conditions render complete obedience to them exceedingly difficult, if not impossible. Gently but firmly he replies that times must change back again, and he is going to see that they do. In private

life, in civic life, in national life, in international relationships, he has begun to exert a deliberate influence towards the evolution of laws and institutions that will give expression to the highest, not the basest, qualities of humanity, and provide an environment calculated to stimulate and develop to its utmost every worthy faculty of the units that constitute the national organism. He will no longer merely pray: "Thy will be done." He is setting about doing it.

It is apparent, therefore, that the Theosophical view of the universe as a Unity passing into diversity, takes due cognisance of the great aggregates that form the stepping-stones between the units and the Whole. We have seen that the Theosophical attitude on the question of religions is one of the broadest toleration, based on a clear understanding of their relationship to one another and to the whole. No Theosophist quarrels with any religion as such. He understands that the dogma and ritual of a sect may form the royal road to a degree of spiritual realisation for persons at a particular stage of development along the chain of lives. But he also knows that no creed can contain the whole of truth, and that no ceremonial can exhaust the "means of grace". And so, in conscious response to the co-ordinating urge, he sympathises with all aspects of religious belief; he preaches and practises a true religious altruism, and seeks to discover wider and purer generalisations through the study of local and national expressions.

But the Theosophist observes also that the great religious systems are, broadly speaking, conterminous with the great races of mankind, and that the subdivisions coincide roughly with national divisions within

the races. He cannot apply his spirit of toleration and sympathy to one aspect of divine manifestation, and withhold it from another. The work-a-day questions of national and international relationships, which affect the outer life of humanity, will challenge his attention, no less than the problems of comparative religion and philosophy. He will bring himself to the applied science of good government; and here his apprehension of the essential unity behind diversity will materially affect his conduct in the stress of political life.

The Theosophical Society is a non-political organization. In the ordinary sense of the term non-political means having no politics. In the Theosophical sense it is the other way round. In the Theosophical Society no political policy enjoys an ascendancy, and all policies that make for good government find a place. This does not mean that the Fellows of the Theosophical Society are social invertebrates: on the contrary, from the President downwards, they are to be found among the doughtiest fighters in the many causes that are to-day appealing to the many sides of human interest.

There is, however, a great difference between free political altruism and party politics. The Theosophist who seeks to influence the life of humanity through legislation can bind no one to his ways and means: neither can he consent to be bound to the policy of any party. If he is temperamentally cautious, and gives his allegiance to a 'conservative' party, he will discover that his party has at times enacted laws of a very drastic character. If he is of an iconoclastic disposition, and enters a 'liberal' party, he will find on its escutcheon the plots of reactionary legislation. The Conservative Party in the British legislature has passed

revolutionary land laws in relation to Ireland that would make an eighteenth century Tory's hair stand on end. The Liberal Party refuses to grant political freedom to the women of Great Britain and Ireland. In short, in the political activities of humanity, as well as the religious, we see the interplay of the powers of crystallisation and disruption which we have seen to be the *modus operandi* of evolution. Let us see how far the application of the Theosophical concept to that department of affairs which deals with the regulation of the relationships between human beings in the same or different masses, impels to the exercise of a true and practical altruism.

Reduced to their simplest form, the complex and overlapping activities of humanity may be expressed as a struggle for individual freedom. Whether it be a band of workers claiming either an increase of wages or a decrease of the hours of bondage to a fixed task ; or a body of persons sharing the responsibilities of citizenship, and claiming a share of the control of the State through the ballot-box ; or a nation resorting to the arbitrament of war in the defence or the enforcement of its will ; one impulse is common, the impulse towards full and unrestricted self-expression. And behind the class grouping and the national grouping, there is the personal unit. To-day the world is full of 'causes' springing out of the complicated social structure of modern civilisation, and appealing to the multifarious capacity of interest which is the chief characteristic of the men and women of the time. But in the last analysis there is only one cause, the cause of liberty : there is only one fight, the fight of the single soul to gain possession of itself. It may be a strong man compelling others to his

banner in war for a personal or a moral right. It may be an equally strong man renouncing personal reward in self-surrender to an unpopular but righteous movement. Or it may be a woman. Whoever and however it may be, the end is one: the breaking down of limitations, the expansion of horizons, the realisation of Self.

The first factor in the struggle for freedom is the individual: the second factor is—the other individuals. Aaron's rod, that turned itself into a serpent and swallowed all the other serpents, does not grow on every bush. The unit called Napoleon got a fair distance on the way to personal freedom; but another unit called Wellington, and another called Blücher, were waiting round a corner, and S. Helena ensued.

Since it is impossible for any single individual in a state of relativity to achieve absolute freedom, we must necessarily accept a condition of limited freedom, freedom modified by an admixture of slavery, so to speak. The single will can never impose itself on the whole. The shortest cut, then, towards achieving the fullest possible measure of Self-realisation in a world crowded by other wills intent upon the same end, is to avoid the wastage of friction and opposition by recognising the universal legitimacy of the claims of the others. This is the essence of philosophic wisdom: it is also the *raison d'être* of social altruism. The ideal nation will be the nation of free slaves—or, put the other way round, of bound freemen and freewomen: that is, a nation recognising the great fundamental urge to freedom common to all its units, and entering into a voluntary bond so to order its life that, out of the diversity of human activity, a social organisation will be constructed capable

of giving the maximum opportunity of personal freedom to the maximum number of persons. There can be no real freedom of development—and no possibility of true union in the bondage that makes for liberty—while one nation bears an enforced relationship to another. There can be no freedom—and no voluntary binding that conduces to full national development—while one section of a nation is economically, politically or religiously under the domination of another section.

Hence, in matters of religious belief and conduct ; of philosophical research and speculation ; of physical science, mental science, social science ; the Theosophist will seek for the path of least resistance toward the ideal of voluntary union and service ; and his first step will be the sympathetic and interpretative study of human activity as set forth in the second object of the Theosophical Society.

James H. Cousins

(To be concluded)

MAN'S TWOFOLD BURDEN

A SERMON BY

THE REV. C. W. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF, M. A., F. T. S.

For thus saith the high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: 'I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.'

Isaiah, xv, 57.

For God created man to be immortal, and made him to be an image of His own Eternity.

Wisdom, ii, 27.

WE may think of man as standing between two burdens, the burden of his mortality and the burden of his Eternity.

Until the second has begun to be felt, the first is easily borne, is not known for a burden at all. Animals, primitive savages, young children, may be careless and happy, living in and for the present, indulging no painful memories, unperplexed by the problems of death—and of life.

But when once the growing youth, the evolving man, has begun to be, even half-consciously, aware of the awful gift of the Father of Spirits Himself, the gift of His Eternity, then both the burdens are felt, and felt with increasing heaviness as growth goes on, felt—as they must be felt—until the end of the Path is reached, until the burden of mortality is laid down for ever, and

the burden of Eternity (no longer now a burden) is perceived as the support of the Everlasting Arms. But now, now in the intermediate stage, there is conflict and unrest. The corruptible body, the uneasy soul, weigh down the immortal Spirit. The Spirit strains body and soul, exhausts and bewilders them, in its struggles towards the light.

Such a man seeks rest and finds it not. Would he rest in the Eternal, he is drawn back, crushed down, by the burden of temporal things, his sins, his fears, his cares. Would he rest in the temporal, live for the day only, be utterly absorbed in the world's business or pleasures, he is drawn away from this by the ceaseless urge of the Eternal within him.

As Francis Thompson has so wonderfully expressed it in his poem, 'The Hound of Heaven':

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
 I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
 I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
 Of my own mind; and in the midst of tears
 I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
 Up vistaed hopes I sped;
 And shot, precipitated,
 Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears,
 From those strong feet that followed, followed after.
 But with unhurrying chase
 And unperturbed pace,
 Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
 They beat—and a voice beat
 More instant than the feet;
 "All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."

And so the great poem goes on, and each portion of it ends with a refrain similar to the line last quoted:

"Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me."
 "Lo! naught contents thee, who content'st not Me."
 "Lo! all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me."

We turn to human life as we know it in ourselves or our friends, or as we read of it in the world's greatest literature.

And we find, sweetness—abundantly, but, echoing through all the music of its sweetness, an undertone of sorrow. A brief sweetness, a passing gladness; there are always fears, uncertainties, perplexities: and everywhere, waiting in every happy home, Death, “the terminator of delights and the separator of companions”.

So, in all the books that move men most, that speak most truly their inmost feelings, tears and laughter, comedy and tragedy, fulness of strong life and the memory of death, are strangely intermingled.

Let us in imagination look out over the world, as it rolls beneath our gaze, look back through the long story of its past, hundreds of thousands of years, generations following generations, through immemorial time. And let us, as the great picture unrolls itself before our vision, remember that each one of these innumerable millions of individuals is or was as dear to himself or herself, as much the centre of his or her own little world of life, as you or I. Think of the pains, the heartaches, the disappointments, well known to you in your own circle of kindred or friends, of all that are being felt even in one town like this; think also, no less, of the joys and hopes, the little plans and pleasures. And then think by how many millions these must be multiplied if the tale of the whole world’s joys and sorrows is to be told.

Let us realise too, if we can, that this world is but one of several in our system, and that system one of millions starring the immensity of space.

If we will do this—and of course it cannot be done in a few minutes, while preaching or listening to a sermon, it is the work of solitude and silence, of patient meditation, of steadily directed thought—if we will do

this, and (for it is not a matter of thinking only) if we will feel in ourselves something of the greatness, of the awfulness, of the wistful wonder of it all, why, then, we shall, just a little, begin to understand what is meant by the burden of man's mortality. They laughed or wept, they sang and played, they had their friendships and their quarrels, they fell in love, they held their children in their arms, they clutched, with strong hands or frail, at life so elusive, at joy so uncertain. They felt and did these things, these men and women like ourselves, all the world over, age after age. And where are they now? What does it all mean? What has it all come to? So we question, and ponder.

And when our life goes sweetly, and the sunshine is pleasant, and human love is dear, when we are inclined to rest in these things and be content, a shadow steals over the sun, a thin veil obscures the brightness of the sky, a dimness, like the dimness of an eclipse, takes the glory from the daylight. The shadow of our mortality: but it is the shadow of a cloud whose inner side is radiant in the sunlight of Eternity.

The shadow of our mortality. Those bright days, that joy in life—we cannot keep or hold them. Neither could they keep or hold them, those men and women of long, long ago. And in each one of us is centred, as it were, the heart of the mystery of it all. Each represents the race; within each, not far away, to be shrunk from, to be lived through, to be found at last, is the kingdom of hell, the kingdom of the world, the kingdom of Heaven. Here, to-day, an old man steps out into the sunshine and looks round him. He sighs; for he is very old and very weary, and so many have died before him that he knew, and life is not what it was; and,

though he has not, perhaps, many words or many thoughts to express his feeling, he feels the burden of mortality. And every day, in every place, others like him have sighed and wondered, being old and tired. Each one of them may stand for all of them. Not greatly different are the feelings of one from those of the others.

Heart-broken, a man or woman kneels beside a dear form whose life was the light of their hearts; as millions kneel or have knelt the whole world over. And any one of them may stand for all such. In each, in all, is the ache of the empty life, the darkness of the mystery.

A life broken and betrayed. Trust given, to be paid with falsehood, love wronged, friendship outraged, ingratitude and treachery. And each one to whom Life has thus shown a dark face may represent all the rest, all the millions through all the years, the grieved, the wounded, or the embittered.

We cannot see, ever so dimly, even a fragment of this picture, and remain untouched, unchanged. And, sooner or later, we must look on it. For if we see not the darkness which the Master saw, we shall not see the light in which He lives for ever.

We cannot indeed, in one lifetime, taste all human experience; but we can, almost in a moment, feel its echo within ourselves. We can feel for men, and with them, the ache of their mortality and ours, the ache of human sorrows, the still stranger ache of human joys, so clear, so poignant, so transient, the ache of the mystery of it all.

Not, most of all, shall we feel this when we personally are in pain or are exalted by happiness; but rather, when our lives are calm, when the sunset speaks

to us, or the hills, or the waters, when the stillness of the Spirit has fallen on our souls, then we can begin to feel and to wonder.

Why is there this ache in life? Why cannot men rest: why are they not allowed to rest? Why sounds this undertone of sorrow through all the music? Because "God created man to be immortal, and made him to be an image of His own Eternity." And if you have begun to feel the throb of this pain, to hear that undertone of sadness, if you are distressed by thoughts too vast for utterance, even to yourself, then rejoice and be glad, for you are near to understanding; the Spirit in you is coming to its own, is awakening from dreams; the hunger that makes you restless is your hunger for the infinite, and blessed are they that hunger, for they shall be filled.

The Spirit which has "begun to be an hungred" is ready to "come to itself," ready to arise and go to the Father's House. And it shall not go alone. Indeed only those who have found the way themselves can lead others to that Place of Peace. Therefore, do not shun these moments of quiet thinking, of deeper insight, when the burden of all mortality presses you sorely. Seek them, encourage them, face the darkness, for beyond it is the light, and, when you have seen it, you will be able to help those who still suffer, being blind. Our hunger is our longing for the Infinite, our thirst the desire in us for the Eternal. And unless that infinite and eternal life essentially belonged to us we could not thus desire it.

"Thou hast made us for Thyself," wrote S. Augustine, "and our hearts are restless until they find their rest in Thee."

If you have not yet felt that hunger and that ache, you will hardly understand what is being said. If you have felt it, then do not try to stifle it, do not seek what men call distractions, but welcome it, foster it, let it grow: make and keep in every day a time for quiet thought, a time for seeking the light, a time for feeling the world's pain and mystery. If you do not, your life will be comparatively wasted and futile; you will miss what you are meant to find.

“Faithful,” we read, “are the wounds of a friend.” And the great Friend of all the souls of men hurts that He may heal, makes restless, almost to madness, that He may give rest, bewilders us that we may seek to understand; “whom He loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth”.

As a well-known hymn puts it, very simply and very truly:

Christ leads us by no darker road
Than He went through before;
And all who would the Kingdom seek
Must enter by this door.

If, then, there has come to us in our inner life this tasting of the sorrows of the world, and if we would be wise—let us take and bravely welcome as much as we can bear, to the very last ounce, of the burden of mortality. For the severer the chastening, the quicker it will be done: the sorer the scourging, the sooner will the son be received.

Now we shall begin to understand a little of what S. Paul means by “the fellowship of Christ's sufferings”. Myers, in his great poem, makes him say:

Vainly I weary me, and long, and languish,
Nowise availing from this pain to part—
Desperate tides of the whole great world's anguish
Forced through the channels of a single heart.

And I remember a friend telling me how for days he had gone about, feeling continually in himself the sorrows and the sufferings of the world.

But there is the other side of the picture: for I know of another who, passing through the City of London one evening when the streets were crowded with people, and wondering what it all meant, oppressed by the numbers around him and the mystery of their lives, suddenly became conscious of the Infinite Love brooding over them all, watching them all, strong and patient and tender, a mighty Presence, and a Peace beyond all understanding.

The burden of our mortality; the burden of our Eternity. Irreconcilable, and so there is conflict. A problem hard to solve, and there is bewilderment. Could we lay down the second, we might be happy as the flowers or the animals are happy. When we shall have laid down the first, we shall be happy as are the Spirits of the just made perfect.

So we are led to see the Divine Man, the Master, the Christ, as the bridge for us between the temporal and the eternal. Partaking of our nature, of the nature which in us is mortal, having known our weakness and our fears, He is touched with a feeling of our infirmities. Partaking of the Divine Nature, as we do, but consciously and fully, as we do not yet partake of it, He rests untiring in the Divine strength. Beyond joys and sorrows as we now know them, beyond earthly pains and pleasures, He abides in the fulness of the Bliss of God. In His having been as we are lies the assurance that we shall be "made like unto Him" as He is, "in His eternal and glorious Kingdom".

The humble Spirit, the Spirit that is not self-seeking, self-centred, self-sufficient, that longs to feel

and know the Oneness, to enter into the All, that would die to selfhood, shall cast off the burden of mortality and be revived. The contrite heart, the heart, that is to say, which is broken by the burden of our Eternity, broken also "by a whole world's woes," shall be renewed into ever-glorious strength.

Of such a one it may be said :

He has outsoared the shadow of our night :
 Envy and calumny and hate and pain
 And that unrest which men miscall delight
 Can touch him not, nor torture him again.

And, slightly altering¹ other well-known lines :

Never shall yearnings torture him, nor sins
 Stain him, nor ache of earthly joys and woes
 Invade his safe eternal peace ; nor deaths
 And lives recur : he goes
 Into the Eternal : he is one with Life,
 Yet lives not. He is blest, ceasing to be.
 Now God is all in all : the dewdrop slips
 Into the shining sea.

Rather, the sea is poured into the dewdrop. And now, because that shining sea of Life, which we call God, is seeking to flow into the dewdrop, now it is that we feel the strain, the ache, the burden of our Eternity; and, trying to forget it, we only feel, more heavily, the other burden, that of our mortality.

We cling to life, and it is then that we are full of fears and of loneliness. If we can but let go; then, as, even for a moment, "the aching craze to live ends," we shall find that "life glides to nameless quiet, nameless joy," glides, for a moment, into the Eternal.

Do not cling to joys, or pleasures, or men's approval, or to the love of others. Give love freely, but do not depend upon what may be given you.

¹ A liberty taken simply because the Samskr̥t phrases would have been meaningless to one's hearers. The sense is not altered by the translation of the idea into its western form.

Cling to nothing. Let go, for underneath are the Everlasting Arms. You belong to the Eternal, and therefore nothing that is of time can satisfy you.

Day by day make for yourself a time of letting go. Think of yourself as stripped of, deprived of, everything that you may now be depending on for ordinary daily happiness; think away the world around; think away the life of your body, your feelings, and your thoughts. Cease to care for, to strain after life, and you shall find the Life Everlasting: for "when all desires that dwell in the heart are let go, then the mortal becometh immortal, and entereth the Eternal".

And again it has been written: "As an eagle or a falcon, soaring into the sky, folds its wings and sinks to its nest, so the Spirit goes to that abode where, sinking to rest, it desires no desire, and dreams no dream."

And again: "For him the sun rises not nor sets; for him who knows this hidden Wisdom well there is perfect day for ever."

But you will have to return again (and it is good and necessary to do so) to ordinary life; again you will find yourself depending on this thing or that, elated and depressed by small hopes and fears; you will have to go on living, to go on being true and patient and brave, or trying to be.

For not in a day is our final deliverance out of time into the Eternal to be achieved.

Yet you will go back a little stronger, a little wiser; you will begin to see life with new eyes, for you will see it in the light of Eternity. The burden of mortality will be easier to bear, the fears will be less overwhelming, the loneliness less lonely, and the burden of your Eternity will be less and less of a strain, and more and

more of secret strength. And you will be drawing nearer to the Master, able a little more to share in His work of helping and saving. For (not, of course, as He can say it, but still to some extent and in some measure) every soul that is beginning to find the life of God within it, can say to the weary and heavy laden around: "Come unto me, and find rest."

Remember this, that if once the Hand has touched you, if once the call has come to you, if but once you have felt the burden of our mortality and the mystery of our Eternity, you can never now turn back and rest quite happily in ordinary life or be contented by its distractions. You must go on and on, until you come out on the other side.

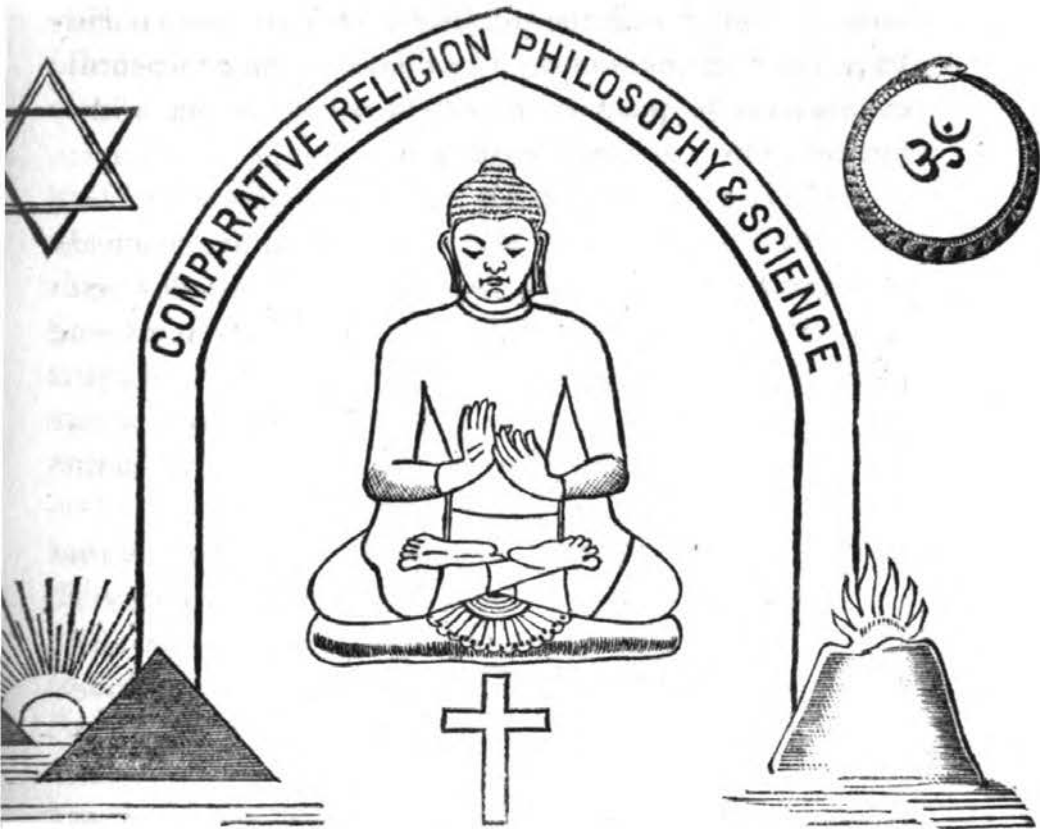
Why, then, should we waste time? Why remain any longer than need be futile, aimless, half-finished? Sooner or later the Life Eternal must have its way and work its will with us. No stern taskmaster, but love and life and bliss, the fulfilment of our nature, the light we have cried for in the darkness, the peace we have dreamed of in all our unrest, soul of our souls, Self of our selves, nearer than breathing and closer than hands or feet, in vain we would deny Him entrance who says:

Ah! fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He whom thou seekest;
Thou dravest Love from thee, who dravest Me.

And He says:

Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.

C. W. Scott-Moncrieff



MOTION

By W. D. S. BROWN, F. T. S.

Its one absolute attribute, which is Itself, eternal, ceaseless Motion.—*The Secret Doctrine*, i, 32.

IF a child, or a savage, or even a learned professor, wants to know whether an animal is alive or dead, he will probably begin by stirring it up with a stick to see if it moves. So close is the connection in the human mind between life and motion that to see a so-called inanimate object move without any apparent source of power is still apt to cause a certain shock to one's

nervous system. What is the basis of reality for this instinctive recognition of motion as the universal characteristic of life? It is the purpose of this article to endeavour with the help of occult as well as recent scientific conceptions to push back our ideas of motion a little farther than they usually carry us.

This subject possesses the advantage of lending itself readily to abstract treatment. Elementary geometry familiarises us with the idea of a point moving with reference to another point; the course of the moving point is represented by a line, the length of which is the extent of the motion. The next aspect that occurs to the mind is the direction of motion, and, even if this is confined to one plane, it must be defined with reference to an independent straight line. It may be that this natural sequence of thought has some affinity with the occult symbols of cosmogony—the blank disc, symbolising abstract space, apart from which we cannot conceive the idea of motion; the central point of reference; the diameter of extension; and the crossed diameters of direction; but perhaps this may appear to be straining the use of symbolism. The next aspect, that of velocity, introduces the element of time, and is as relative as those of extent and direction, for it demands another point in uniform motion as a standard of reference. And so, by assuming other constant standards of reference, we can define in the abstract every form of motion possible in three-dimensional space; a process of the greatest value in practical as well as theoretical problems, and one to which we shall refer later.

But in dealing with reality one is inevitably confronted by the question—what is it that moves? By definition a point has no magnitude and therefore it can-

not be said to move in reality ; only our thought of a point can really be said to move. As soon as we think of motion as an actual occurrence, the idea of some substance in motion appears essential ; motion of nothing is equivalent to no motion. Hence science has been obliged to postulate an unknown but nevertheless substantial medium, which it calls the æther, in order to support the theory of light as an undulatory form of motion in apparently empty space.

Starting from common experience, we habitually associate motion with some form of matter that can be cognised, and so the question arises—what do we mean by matter ? The ordinary person would probably describe matter as something more or less solid, but the result of the scientific investigations prompted by the discovery of radium has been to divest matter of its impression of solidity and reveal it as a comparatively empty area in which myriads of minute bodies are rushing about. The only remaining properties of the smallest of these bodies yet discovered, which are generally called electrons, are the possession of an electrical charge and mass. Mass has therefore come to be regarded as the only property of matter that distinguishes it as such ; in fact the word mass is now preferred by physicists to the word matter, as being more accurate and fundamental. It has even been found that the mass of an electron, as measured by its momentum, is dependent on its electrical charge ; which suggests either that matter is a form of electricity or that electricity is a form of matter.

For some time the tendency has been to suppose electricity to be a form of motion ; so, if this is the case, we are faced with the apparent paradox of reducing matter itself, or at least its property of mass, to a form

of motion. But this position is not quite so illogical as it sounds, since in some cases the apparent mass of a body may be considerably increased by its motion. Mass is of course generally measured by the amount of attraction exerted on a body by gravity, to which it is proportional; but it is also proportional to the force required to produce a given acceleration in any direction. Now the amount of force necessary to produce a given acceleration in a moving body in a direction at right angles to its original direction of motion is obviously increased by its momentum, though the effect of gravity in the case of a body moving horizontally is diminished. So perhaps it is not altogether illogical to imagine the possibility of mass itself as being the momentum of our unknown medium, let us say for convenience the æther, in some form of extremely rapid motion.

Whatever may be the ultimate nature of matter, its general appearance of stability inevitably brings us to the next question—what is “that which tends to produce motion,” as Newton has defined the word “force”. Here again we find ourselves running in a circle; for, with the exception of gravity and magnetism, of which we know nothing beyond their effects and, in the case of electro-magnetism, the manner of its production, we cannot trace the cause of motion beyond the impact of other matter in motion. Even the apparently steady pressure of a gas is with every reason believed to be due to the continuous bombardment of molecules in rapid motion.

It may be said that heat, as a cause of motion in the form of expansion, is scarcely impact; but if we accept the latest view of radiant heat as a form of wave-motion in the æther, we can certainly speak of the

impact of waves on bodies such as molecules; so we are again driven back on the *impasse* of mass in motion. For this reason modern physicists prefer the term 'energy' to 'force,' which suggests something that can exist apart from matter—a confusion of thought which has blurred many philosophical conceptions of 'Spirit'.

We know that Occultism regards Spirit and matter as the opposite poles or aspects of the One Reality in manifestation, and so we find no difficulty in the concept of primordial substance or 'space' being active as well as passive, in short—living. So perhaps the child, who is content to say that men and animals move because they are alive, may have already got as far as we shall ever get in this direction. But it is something to have recognised that *nothing* could move or even exist unless it were more or less responsive to life. It is the connection between the more and the less mobile forms of matter that is hard to establish, but science is slowly unravelling the thread, and the speculation of one day is often the axiom of the next.

One link in particular seems to merit increasing attention; it is the phenomenon of 'strain'. If we hold a square sheet of india-rubber at two points in the centre of opposite edges and pull these points apart, we of course stretch that part of the sheet which lies between the two points. But what about the rest of the material? It is evident that it is stretched to some extent on both sides of a line joining the points where it is held, but this area of strain can spread with an increase of pull without the edges parallel to the line of pull being stretched at all.

Suppose the material to have been previously marked by a number of equidistant lines both parallel

to and at right angles to the direction of pull, as on a draughtboard. When the pull is applied, the lines parallel to the direction of pull will approach one another more or less according to their distance from the central line, which represents the line of pull. The lines nearest to the central line will be nearer to one another than those more distant, until the lines nearest the outer edges will have moved very little, if at all.

Conversely, the lines at right angles to the line of pull will have separated, uniformly and to the greatest extent when measured along the central line of pull, and in diminishing extent according to the distance from the centre of the square. The amount of displacement of a line at any given point will indicate the amount of strain in the material at that point in a direction at right angles to the line, and so the displacement of the points of intersection of the lines will indicate both the amount and direction of strain at these points. Thus, if the lines are close enough, we can observe the amount and direction of strain at practically every point of the square.

If now we mark a number of points where the strain is of the same amount and draw a line through these points, we obtain a path of equal strain; and by drawing a number of such lines we obtain a chart showing at a glance the distribution of strain over the whole square. It will be seen that these strain lines converge at both points where the sheet is held, and open out in widening curves on both sides of the central line of pull; and one is instantly reminded of the lines produced by sprinkling iron filings on a sheet of paper above the poles of a magnet.

Now the distribution of a magnetic 'field,' or area of magnetic influence, follows known laws, and by

calculation for any given conditions, can be mapped out in the form of lines of equal flux-density. The closer the lines of force, as they are called, the denser the magnetic flux; and the density of flux is always spoken of in terms of lines of force per square centimetre. Those who witnessed Professor Hele-Shaw's beautiful experiments on stream lines will remember the striking similarity in distribution of lines produced by coloured water forced between the halves of specially prepared lantern slides; but in this case the lines indicated velocity and not strain, as in our elastic sheet.

Which is it in the case of magnetism? Probably a strain. In what? The æther again comes to our rescue. It is impossible within the space of this article to give the reasons which have led modern scientists to favour a static rather than a dynamic view of electro-magnetism, but they are largely based on the similarity of phenomena which gave rise to the electro-magnetic theory of light. Briefly however this theory may be summarised by the conception of light-waves as rapid alternations in direction of magnetic field.

This conception has an important bearing on our present line of thought, as it involves a new idea of motion. We can now regard the motion with which light is said to travel as something more subtle than even the sense in which waves can be said to travel along the surface of water. That which travels in a straight line at the velocity of 185,000 miles per second may be nothing more than a rhythmic change of strain in the æther.

Returning for a moment to our simple experiment with a sheet of rubber; when the pull is released the strain-lines 'close in' and disappear. Not that the actual lines which may have been drawn on the sheet

do so, but the degrees of strain which they represent for a given pull close in as the actual lines would if re-drawn at regular stages in the release of the pull. Here is one manner in which strain can be said to move. Again, if we hold the rubber at a third point, let us say in the middle and let us call it C and the original points A and B, and if, while still holding A and B apart at a distance corresponding to the original pull, we pull C away from A until there is no strain between C and B, the imaginary strain lines between A and B will recede into the new lines which have emerged between A and C. Then if C is released, the lines will move in the direction of pull to their original position—another form of strain-motion. If the rubber were thick enough to be compressed without bending, a reversal of strain could be illustrated as a further complication.

Now if a material could be found of greater mass and elasticity, one can imagine that, in a great length of it, a sudden pull or, better still, a rhythmical alternation of push and pull would be local at the moment of application and immediately spread outwards in strain-waves of alternate compression and extension. In the case of sound we know that such waves are set up in the air and ripple outwards in the form of concentric spheres, but the ætheric waves of light, which move at right angles to their direction of propagation, might be induced in a similar manner, but by impulses concentrated on separate points which would radiate outwards as lines between which the opening out and closing in of strain lines could produce the characteristic wave motion.

It is easy to imagine how the variety of strain-motions in the æther can be almost unlimited, according to the proportions and configuration of impulses. In

this connection we may refer to the well-known but none the less beautiful dust figures produced by the eidophone, or those produced on a metal plate held and bowed at different places. The dust, being shaken off the parts vibrating most rapidly, collects in greatest density along the nodal lines where there is no motion.

The strain theory certainly fits in best with the latest conception of the æther as a solid of enormous density, but demands perfect elasticity, a requirement which introduces other difficulties; in fact all attempts which have hitherto been made to define the æther in terms of physical matter have naturally failed, owing to the impossibility of measuring the greater in terms of the less. However, occult investigation distinctly supports the solid theory by the discovery of 'koilon,' and at least does not contradict the strain theory by the discovery of 'bubbles'. May not even the bubble be a centre or focus of strain in koilon, perhaps of great magnitude? Possibly the strain is ever changing its direction or distribution, giving rise to vortical strain-whirls—who knows? As the Stanzas of Dzyan say (III, 10): "Father-Mother spin a Web. . . . this Web is the Universe." If the bubble be a reflected centre of the Circle whose centre is everywhere and whose circumference is nowhere, the mathematical point we first assumed as the object of motion may not be so unreal as it seems.

But, it may be asked, what has all this brought us to? First, the possibility of simplification in our view of the objective cosmos. The admonition in *The Voice of the Silence* "to study the voidness of the seeming full, the fulness of the seeming void" acquires a literal meaning. The trinity of living substance, strain, and motion of strain, is within the reach of our present

comprehension and involves only one absolutely unknown quantity—the Ever-Unknowable.

Finally, a few thoughts on the subjective cosmos. The idea of strain as that which gives form to motion appears to throw some light on the mystery of duality without separation. Strain in its simplest physical sense implies the duality of the imposed deformation, and the property of cohesion which resists change in form and restores the material to its original form when the imposed deformation is withdrawn. When cohesion takes the form of elasticity, this restoration to the original form is not immediate but oscillating; a perfectly elastic body free from internal friction would remain in a state of internal vibration.

Strain, in its subjective sense of effort, implies a corresponding duality of will imposed upon habit or automatism, which when the imposed will is withdrawn leaves a change of habit and a permanent accession of power. Man seems to be able to superimpose the strains of his limited will upon the fundamental strains imposed by the divine will, with the result that at first his sub-currents often clash with the cosmic currents, like wavelets tossed into spray on the crests of an ocean swell. But sooner or later the conflicting sub-strains are drawn into line by the restorative continuity of life-substance, and man learns to live in harmony with the great law as the law of his own being. All motion is within space, which is changeless and ever at rest *en masse*, if one may dare to use this feeble figure of expression. When the internal strains of differentiation are withdrawn it is said that motion still remains, but surely it must be uniform, unconscious, and at rest with itself.

W. D. S. Brown

DUTCH SINOLOGY

By HENRI BOREL

Official Chinese Interpreter in the Dutch East Indies
author of "The New China," etc.

FOR a period of more than twenty years a Dutch University Professor has been writing folio after folio of an apparently never-to-be-concluded gigantic work, which ridicules and defames China, and spreads untrue notions and ideas about the Chinese people throughout the whole world.

Formerly this occupation was perfectly harmless, as such a work was only read within the narrow circle of professional sinologues, but in times like the present, when the whole world has its attention fixed on China, and when there is a public demand for books on China and the Chinese, the influence of a so-called standard work like that of Professor de Groot may prove fatal, for it sows the seeds of contempt, hatred, and misunderstanding, and these seeds may grow into most disastrous conflicts in the future.

Professor de Groot's elaborate series of huge folios bears the fine title, *The Religious System of China*.¹ Those who understand the religion of a people know its soul to its inmost recesses.

Fully to comprehend the religion of great and ancient nations such as the Egyptian, the Hindū, the Greek, the Chinese, three things are needed: spiritual

¹ *The Religious System of China. Its ancient Forms, Evolution, History and Present Aspect, Manners, Customs and Social Institutions connected therewith*, by J. J. M. de Groot, Ph. D., Leiden, late E. J. Brill (1892-1910).

insight, a philosophical bent of mind, and intuition. Knowledge of the language is, of course, indispensable, but such knowledge by itself is absolutely inefficient. The study of ancient religions has always been fatally handicapped by the fact that the greater part of such students were philologists only, and, as such, thought themselves competent, not realising the fact that, in order thoroughly to understand ancient philosophy and religion, the first necessity is a philosophical bias. Professor de Groot is a living illustration of this fact. His knowledge of the Chinese written language is perhaps unequalled among sinologues, but he is absolutely wanting in spiritual insight, and yet he has set himself the task of writing a standard work on Chinese religion.

Undoubtedly these volumes contain rare ethnographical treasures, but wherever they treat of real religion, philosophy and mysticism, they are woefully wanting. His childish stammerings about religion and philosophy make those who are initiated in eastern religions smile pityingly.

This lack of spiritual insight and philosophical intuition has caused Professor de Groot to wonder and smile at all those things which he could not explain from a 'matter of fact' point of view, and has made him characterise these, to him, incomprehensible things as "superstition, hocus-pocus, and barbarous fetichism". The Chinese themselves, their religion, and their philosophy have been ridiculed by him in an unheard-of manner, and he has passed by the grandest monuments and the loftiest utterances of wisdom and art, without the faintest notion of their marvellous beauty.

Here is an instance of his method : ignoring such architectural wonders as the Temple of Heaven, the

Stūpa in the Yellow Temple, the Temple of the Five Pagodas, the splendid Ph'ai Lous in Peking, the vast structure of cities like Nanking and Peking, this scholar unblushingly decrees that the Chinese have no notion of architecture and sculpture. Worse still! Anxious to enlighten our ignorance, he has scraped some chips from the imposing monoliths along the alley to the Ming tombs, and now is happy to assure us, that they are not made of marble, but simply consist of limestone, as a careful chemical analysis gave the formula 3CaCO_3 , MgCO_3 .

What would be the chemical formula of the Venus of Milo, and would it be possible, I wonder, to find any CaCO_3 or any MgCO_3 in Phidias' and Praxiteles' immortal works? And fancy, if we could only get at the correct chemical analysis of the different oils in Rembrandt's colours!

In exactly the same way our learned Professor has scraped off fragment after fragment of China's sublime wisdom and religious symbolism—only to be grasped by deep spiritual insight—and has subjected these to a severe 'scientific' analysis, by which process the true spiritual essence, of course, instantly evaporated.

In his Introduction, he says :

The reader will be soon aware that, *as with semi-civilised people in general*, so in China, religious ideas and usages pervade social life to its inmost recesses, that these are, so to say, the backbone of the manners and customs, of the domestic and political institutions of the nation and, to a large extent, of its legislation.¹

What answer is there but a pitying smile from those who, even superficially, know anything about the laws of Manu, the religions of ancient Persia, ancient

¹ *The Religious System of China*, II, i, 818.

Greece? Those old Egyptians and Greeks, were they "semi-civilised peoples"? Should religion be something inside or outside our life, should it pervade all our acts, the whole structure of society, or should it be kept apart for Sundays only? Such a blunder in a standard work on an ancient oriental religion is simply stupendous. Another instance. In the Introduction to Book I. the author states :

As in the case of many, if not most barbarous and semi-civilised peoples, the human soul is in China the original form of all beings of higher order.

Again the philosophical reader wonders and smiles, and yet I give the text exactly as it is printed. The ancient Hindūs, the Persians, the Egyptians, those great nations, whose culture is only beginning to be understood by our foremost scholars, these nations were "barbarous and semi-civilised," for they all of them shared this belief of the Chinese!

Wherever, indeed, Professor de Groot speaks about 'the soul' (the distinction between 'soul' and 'Spirit' is everywhere absent) we find 'confusion worse confounded'. He seemingly only knows the narrow western contrast of soul and body, and is blind to those subtle eastern gradations, which define soul and Spirit in their most ethereal sub-divisions. But even if the whole of Hindūism were unknown to him, if he only had remembered Homer's distinction between 'thumos' and 'nous,' he would not have mocked so cheaply at what he dares to call Chinese 'superstition' about that high, spiritual principle, which does not die with the body.

Again he writes: "The Chinese therefore are *far from regarding death as a reality,*" and he wonders that

those stupid Chinese "*notwithstanding the accumulated experiences of ages up till now lack a notion of the reality of death*"!

Most reverend professor! this belief is shared by the best Christians; it is commonly called the belief in the immortality of the soul (Spirit is the better term). To expatiate hereon, unless one is an atheist or a materialist, is useless.

Professor de Groot writes further:

Many rites and practises still flourish amongst the Chinese *which one would scarcely expect to find anywhere, except amongst savages in a low state of culture.*

Apparently it has no meaning for him that the greater part of those rites and practices are found amongst all ancient peoples, and even now are not yet extinct.

When reading his descriptions, we repeatedly remember what we have read about similar ceremonies amongst the ancient Egyptians; and, for instance, the liturgies and masses for the dead, as described by Professor de Groot, of Chinese Buddhism, resemble closely the ritual of the Catholic Church, not to mention the use of burning candles near the corpse, after death, which the Catholic Church shares with the ancient Egyptians. Professor de Groot's sarcasm, and the arrogantly contemptuous way in which he writes about Chinese ritual and ceremonies, only tend to lower the scientific value of his work.

In the same way a Chinese scholar could mock at the sacraments and the ritual of Christian Churches, at Baptism, the Communion of the Lord's Supper, the signing of the Cross, the use of holy-water, and so on, and, if he went to work like our Professor, he might find a huge

stock of Divines and Fathers to quote from, in order to strengthen his depreciatory arguments. We then could rightly say of him as we say it of Professor de Groot, that he lacked reverence and understanding, that he was wanting in spiritual insight into the inner meaning of the symbols, which hallows and sanctifies those same sacraments and rituals. Without reverence, the essence of which is love, it is impossible, even for the best linguist, to understand any religion, either eastern or western. This is specially true about China, where, in metaphysical philosophy, the ideographic characters, apart from their common meaning, have a quite distinct mystical significance.

At the end of his General Preface, Professor de Groot says :

This book is intended less as a scientific production than as a store-house of facts, carefully gleaned from actual life and expounded by data collected from the literary relics of bygone ages.

Now, here the Professor gives himself quite away. A "store-house of facts, carefully gleaned from actual life" and a "religious system," which can be fathomed only by deep spiritual insight and philosophical meditation! It is just where material facts end, that any higher religious contemplation begins; and how would it be possible to include what is called 'buddhic consciousness' on the higher spiritual regions in a "store-house of facts, carefully gleaned from actual life" ?

Such a 'store-house' may contain some parts of the outward, exoteric manifestations of religion, but it never can give us its esoteric, mystical, inner self. Professor de Groot's voluminous folios are really a colossal store-house of facts. They give us much valuable information

on ethnographical, judicial and social Chinese questions, but, *from a religious and philosophical point of view*, they are nothing more than a lumber-room, wherein real wisdom, or knowledge of God, is conspicuously absent. For that higher wisdom he should have built a stately temple, not a "store-house of facts".

In *The Theosophist* (December 1911) an anonymous reviewer writes about the more concise American edition of Professor de Groot's work,¹ and finds it "full of information but disappointing". The following opinion of this critic may also be applied to the original work :

Results of careful observation and study put forward, but there is an unfortunate lack of understanding and appreciating an old-world religion in spite of its later day accretions and superstitions It is curious that such a person as a Professor of Ethnography in a European University like our author, should not be in possession of such adequate elementary knowledge of various eastern lores as would enable him to comprehend the true spirit of such terms as 'shen' and 'kwei,' 'yang' and 'yin'.

Again this reviewer says :

The study of a religion is only really fruitful when one tries to understand it *in the spirit in which its true followers understand it*, and for this a learner has to feel *the spirit of the faith* and not only observe the doings of its modern votaries and think over fragments of their existing books.

A modern Chinese man of letters, Dr. Lim Boon Keng, once wrote to me : "We want sinologues in Europe who understand the spirit of China's culture, not only the literalism of its books."

I have already said that Professor de Groot constantly mocks and sneers at China's holiest treasures, its religion, its art, its philosophy. About its great sages and thinkers he writes :

Thus the position of the ancients has been strengthened, so as to render it impregnable, but in the mountains of reasonings not a single grain of common sense is to be found, and

¹ *The Religion of the Chinese*, by J. J. M. de Groot, Ph. D. The Macmillan Co., New York, 1911.

though these sages have obtained places of worship for themselves in the Government temples of Confucius and are the great disciples of its school of learning, thus gaining the highest laurels ever conferred on the human intellect, *not one of them has ever enriched the Empire with the simplest rudiments of real, useful knowledge.*¹

Such is the judgment that Professor de Groot, who filled the chair of Sinology at the University of Leiden,² and had to lecture on the literature of this grand old nation, passes on its immortal sages! If Chinese philosophy were only as well-known as that of the Greeks, there would have risen all the world over a storm of indignation at such a rude profanation.

Moreover, one asks oneself what the judgment of Chinese scholars and Chinese men of letters must be about such a professor? Is it to be wondered at that one of my Chinese friends among the Chinese literati, a well-known Chinese scholar, wrote me about Professor de Groot's voluminous work, that it was "padded with a lot of rubbish"? The same Chinese scholar, after visiting Professor de Groot's collection of buddhistic and taoistic deities in the Musée Guimet at Paris, exclaimed indignantly at "that terrible collection of puerilities in the name of Chinese religion".

Tio Siao Hun, formerly Professor de Groot's Fuhkienese teacher, who afterwards became mine, and stayed with me for years, characterised the method of his former pupil in this way, that 'Ko Ten' (de Groot) cared more for 'siao shwoh' than for literature (which, in China, means also Philosophy). Professor de Groot, in the first of his last three huge folios (1901, 1907, 1910) writes that he

shall acquaint the reader with a broad class of literary products, called, since the Han dynasty "siao shwoh" or

¹ Book I, Part III, p. 1051.

² Now of Berlin.

minor information according to the Chinese, of a lower order.

On this "minor information, of a lower order" the learned professor has built three massive volumes, covering far more than a thousand pages, representing the labour of nine years (1901-1910). If one told this to a distinguished Chinese man of letters it would make his hair stand on end.

These three volumes are, indeed, a veritable skyscraper store-house of ethnographical facts, but as to religion and philosophy, they contain such a farrago of 'siao shwoh' trifles and nonsense, that every moment spent on its perusal would, by a *bona fide*, serious, Chinese man of letters, be thought an utter waste of time.

I have tried it. I have asked some Chinese literati to look at the plentifully quoted Chinese texts, most of them from all kinds of 'siao shwoh' books "of a lower order". Their exact verdict is unprintable, but its substance was the question: "How, in the name of common sense, could a European 'poh sz' (professor, scholar) spend years and years on such trash, when he might have made so much better a use of his linguistic talents by making known and expounding to Europe our literature and philosophy?"

In these volumes we find a surfeit of stories like those told by the street-storytellers, and to be found in popular books for the man in the street, tales for coolies and uneducated people, legends about were-tigers and were-wolves. All these, however, have nothing to do with the religious system of China, of educated China, I mean to say. Every Chinese scholar profoundly despises them. One could write similar works about the superstitions of Swabian, Norman, Irish, or Calabrian

peasant-folk, and such works would afford very valuable ethnographical information, just as do Professor de Groot's volumes. But it would be impossible to call them the *Religious System of Europe*, and it certainly would not do at all to state therein that Shakspeare was a dolt, Dante a poetastor, and Goethe an idiot who never gave us "the simplest rudiments of useful knowledge".

Yet a worse indictment can be brought especially against the last volume, which appeared in 1910. (Book II, Vol. VI, Part IV. The War against Spectres. Part V. The Priests of Animism.) Whoever knows a little about China knows what enormous changes the last years have brought; how, in many places, the idols in the temples have had to give place to science; how Fung Shui superstitions are vanishing; how the whole substance and method of teaching have been reorganised on western lines, and so on. Now, in 1910, when this volume was published, one would, if only for justice sake, have expected to find some mention about all this. Nothing of the sort! Professor de Groot deliberately ventures to entitle this volume, swarming with hocus-pocus and sorcery, 'Present Aspect,' just as if, during all the years he dug and tunnelled into his mountains of popular trash, China had stood still, and nothing had happened of those far-reaching events of reform and progress, whose influence begins to impress the whole world. Professor de Groot has always been living some twenty years ago, not seeing, not feeling, the splendid rush of Time's wings, that swept away the accumulated rubbish of centuries and brought light and air into China's darkest corners.

But even so, even taking China as it was when he lived there, twenty and more years ago, Professor de

Groot's comments are libellous, and give a distorted, grotesque image. Even in those times twenty years ago China's cultured literary scholars knew a Wisdom and a Beauty, which have utterly escaped our learned linguist, even though he has scraped off some fragments and has analysed them in his mental crucible. Professor de Groot never scaled the heights of China's immortal sages, but preferred to dig into hocus-pocus and 'siao shwoh'. Even the wonderful symbolism of the *Yih King*, that hoary base of all Chinese philosophy and metaphysics, has been nothing more to him than a puerile collection of superstition and sorcery, of queer dots and lines, a fruitful theme for mockery and sneers. He only saw the layer of foolish comments and the latter day accretions and superstitions; but he failed to fathom the original, pure symbolism of the *Yih King* which, in fact, is a stupendous human effort to render, in graphic symbols, the manifestation of God in the Universe, the unfolding of Unity into Plurality, from the first mystical act of creation. He seemingly has not noticed the striking points of contact between the *Yih King* philosophy and that of the ancient Hindūs, evident as that similarity is to those who have eyes to see and ears to hear.

The language of cryptic symbols is a universal one, but knowledge of the Chinese language alone does not give the key to it. Even among those external purely superstitious practises of Fung Shui and divination, our professor might have found hidden treasures of Wisdom and Mysticism, if he only had dug down into the core of them. I remember the fine words of Professor Max Müller :

But, as we slowly wend our way through the dreary prisons, our eyes seem to expand and we perceive a glimmer of light, where all was darkness at first.¹

¹ Professor Max Muller's *Lecture on the Vedas*.

It surely were too easy a method in studying old-world religions, if we thought it sufficient to note down the external deteriorations. The real study—hard, but oh, so entrancing!—begins when, pushing aside the mass of accumulated accretions and deteriorations, we delve patiently down to the real strata that contain the lost treasures of Wisdom. Without realising the esoteric meaning of the symbols that veil them, those treasures will never be found, even by the greatest linguist. Professor de Groot, unfortunately, never possessed the key that unlocks the cryptogram to find the hidden treasure.

It is curious that Professor de Groot, while steadily exposing and commenting on new oddities and freaks of ignorance and superstition, never once asked himself what might be the reason that such an ignorant, “semi-civilised, barbarous people” as the Chinese, whose greatest sages never once gave it “the simplest rudiment of useful knowledge,” has managed, not only to exist for centuries on centuries, outliving Troy, Athens, Rome and Carthage, but even now has started new reforms and is progressing? One would say this points to a tremendous internal power, even while granting that it remained latent for some centuries.

Professor de Groot’s judgment, though, on this great nation is as follows:

Even though it were granted that the Chinese race is not for ever stamped with the total incapacity to rise to a higher level of mental culture, a complete overthrow and reorganisation of its religion, philosophy, literature, customs and social forms will be required to uproot Fung Shui. In other words: Fung Shui will bear the supreme sway in China as long as China is China, and the Chinese are Chinese.

Well, we now write in 1913. China is China still, and the Chinese are more than ever Chinese, bound

together by one grand national bond of Unity. In fact they are the same Chinese as before, even though they have cut off their queues but Fung Shui has been pushed out everywhere by modern science and modern ideas, and its sway over the Chinese mind is rapidly declining. Though without Fung Shui, without queues, without all those (according to Professor de Groot) essential characteristics of the Chinese, the modern Chinaman, in his inmost heart, is as much Chinese as he used to be. His outward appearance, so often wrongly taken for his real being, has changed, but internally he is the same.

When visiting the Musée Guimet in Paris one finds catalogued as 'religion de la Chine' a most curious medley of taoist and buddhistic 'Gods,' collected by Professor de Groot. I happen to know the history of this collection, the greater part of which has been made to order. If only in the possession of illustrated popular books on idols and all kind of devils and bugbears, as for instance the *Sheu Shen Ki*, it is quite easy in China to find woodcarvers who will carve you all those monstrosities. I remember one Ngo Sik in Amoy, who furnished Professor de Groot with them; but surely it is the height of absurdity to pretend that in this way you have represented the 'religion de la Chine'. The utmost you could say would be that they illustrate the gross superstition of the lower orders. Moreover, the greater number of these so-called 'Gods' are purely local. My Pekingese teacher, for instance, had never so much as heard of a certain 'Sing Ong Kong,' a bugbear of the low-class Fuhkienese, with a temple for his worship in Surabaya. Yet this is one of the 'divinités' of the 'religion de la Chine' in the Musée Guimet.

It is clearly evident in Professor de Groot's work, that he mixed more with the lower classes, principally in the Fuhkien province, than with the real literary and philosophical élite of China's scholars. Moreover, when he travelled in China, he only spoke some southern dialects, which are used by a comparatively small part of the great Chinese people, but he did not know the 'kwan hwa,' the mandarin-language, the universal language of the scholars and literati, just as Latin is the universal language of the cultured Catholic clergy. So it may be reasoned that, when he made his notes in China, he only had a very superficial acquaintance with really cultured literati. In the Fuhkien province, especially Amoy, where Professor de Groot used to stay and work, the cultured scholars were, at that time, comparatively few, while information from merchants, lower class monks, and teachers would be mostly worthless and incorrect, as I know by experience. Travelling in the northern provinces, as Professor de Groot afterwards did, is certainly very useful, but one has to know the mandarin 'p'u t'ung' language, otherwise the use is problematical, and Professor de Groot did not know it.

As a "store-house of facts," Professor de Groot's volumes really are invaluable, and no sinologue before him has attained to such wealth of detail. From a linguistical and ethnological point of view, his labours are worthy of the highest respect.

While honouring, however, the linguist we cannot but register a severe censure against the most unjust and aggressive way in which he has made a mockery, again and again, of a great and ancient people like the Chinese; against his pulling down and defaming its

religion, its philosophy and its art, thereby only showing his own lack of mental and spiritual grasp.

China and Europe must learn to understand each other, not only for their mutual well-being, but in the interest of humanity. Professor de Groot has raised serious obstacles against this; he has sown contempt and misunderstanding. Moreover his work is hopelessly out of date, by his own fault. He ought to have followed China's evolution and reform, instead of clinging obstinately to that which has passed, or is passing, away. For the most part he gives not the 'Present Aspect' but the 'Past Aspect'.

One of the most striking refutations of Professor de Groot's judgment is China's art, this wonderful art of porcelains, bronzes, paintings, lacquerware, carvings, and so on. For how would it be possible for a "barbarous and semi-civilised nation," with an "absolute lack of mental culture," to bring forth the superb art, which China, for ages, has given to us?

Henri Borel

THE ANCIENT WISDOM IN SOME APOCRYPHAL SCRIPTURES

By L. J. DICKINSON, F. T. S.

MUCH attention has been given lately to the Scriptures of the Hindūs, the Buddhists and the Zoroastrians. The sacred writings of our own form of belief should be examined with equal care. At the same time, we must acknowledge that it is less easy to view the Jewish and Christian books with a perfectly open mind, for we have been so accustomed from childhood to place certain limited meanings on well-known phrases, that it is sometimes rather startling to find what a much wider and deeper significance ought to be given to the old familiar words.

It is, however, impossible to benefit from the study of comparative religion unless we can bring to bear on the Canonical and Apocryphal books of our faith, the appreciative criticism with which have been discussed the Scriptures of the East.

This will not only widen our views, but will help us to spread Theosophic ideas, by enabling us to show that Christianity is based on the same fundamental truths from which spring all the great religions of the world. People are always able, and generally willing, to discuss well-known passages in Scripture, and if we can scatter good seed in the shape of an allusion to some familiar text, with an interpretation that is new to them,

we may reap a good harvest in the shape of further enquiries into the teaching of the Ancient Wisdom.

For instance, there are several passages in the Gospels which are often cited among ourselves as indicating a belief in reincarnation. There is the enquiry about the man who was born blind: "Hath this man sinned or his parents?" (*S. John*, ix.)

And Theosophists all know, though it is not admitted, or perhaps even heard of, by the average church person, that S. John the Baptist was Elias; at least we cannot put any other meaning on the statement of our Lord, who said: "This is Elias, that was for to come," though it is true that the prophet had, apparently, no recollection of his former life. (*S. Matt.*, xi, 14.)

The same idea is conveyed by the answer of the disciples, when Jesus asked them; "Whom do men say that I am?" "And they answered: 'John the Baptist; but some say Elias, and others, one of the prophets.' . . . 'But whom say ye that I am?'" Of course the correct reply was that of Peter: "Thou art the Christ." (*S. Mark*, viii.)

From these well-known passages we may infer that the knowledge of reincarnation was prevalent among the Jews, even if not openly taught.

Somewhat less familiar are the various statements regarding the soul which are to be found in the Apocryphal books, which are less studied by modern English people than they should be.

The teaching in the *Book of Wisdom*, and in *Ecclesiasticus* is magnificent, elevated and mystic. The authors were Jews who evidently were steeped in Greek learning, and who united the purest essence of Greek philosophy with the moral ideals of the Hebrew race.

One can well understand that these books were beyond the comprehension of the multitude. Even the word Apocrypha suggests an esoteric purpose, for (according to the article in the *Encyclopædia*) it is derived from a Greek word meaning *secret* or *hid*; “something embodying an esoteric teaching”.

The same Greek word is used by S. Paul in his *Epistle to the Colossians*; in which place it is translated as *hid*: “In whom are *hid* all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.” (*Col.*, ii, 3.) It was not till much later that the present meaning of *spurious* became attached to it. Most of the books of the Apocrypha were written by Jews at Alexandria, who had become more or less hellenised, by contact, in that city of learning, with Greek thought and philosophy. But though it is obvious that much culture and breadth of view had been gained in this way, it is also evident that the authors had lost nothing of their national feeling and religion.

Fine, however, as some of these writings are, the Jews who remained in Palestine would not allow them to be inserted in the Hebrew Bible, for the authorities at Jerusalem considered that inspiration had ceased with the last of the prophets, and that no later books could be worthy of a place in the Canon.

But the Apocryphal Scriptures were included in the Greek version of the Jewish Scriptures known as the *Septuagint*. According to tradition this translation was made from Hebrew into Greek by the order of Ptolemy Philadelphus, at Alexandria, by seventy elders who were chosen for their learning. Many of the Fathers of the early Christian Church, especially Origen and S. Clement of Alexandria, regarded the Apocryphal writings as truly scriptural, and quoted freely from

them. Even S. Augustine looked upon them as inspired ; but S. Jerome took the contrary view, and excluded them from his translation of the Bible into Latin.

The Christian Church continued to hold diverse views as to their merits, till the time of the Reformation, when the Protestants, following Wycliffe, rejected the Apocrypha, maintaining, that, of the Old Testament, only the books which were composed in Hebrew could be looked upon as the inspired word of God ; at the same time they admitted that the Apocrypha was of great value as instruction in the way of godly living.

In 1546, the Roman Church, as voiced by the Council of Trent, definitely adhered to S. Augustine's opinion, and insisted on the inclusion in the Christian Bible of the Apocryphal books, excepting only the first and second books of *Esdras*, and the *Prayer of Manasses*. In fact the Council declared that he who rejected the Apocrypha was anathema.

The Apocrypha now consists of fourteen books, some historical or romantic, others poetical, and full of high spiritual teaching.

Two that surpass the rest in beauty of language, and in grandeur of ideas, are the books of the *Wisdom of Solomon*, and of *Ecclesiasticus*. Their exhortations are addressed rather to the aspiring few than to the multitude, inculcating a life of strenuous endeavour in the search for Knowledge and Wisdom.

There is nothing in either, or in any part of the Apocrypha, to encourage the popular notion that mental development is of small account, or that the Bible is a book which "he who runs may read".

On the contrary, the need of understanding is dwelt upon almost as much as in the *Taittirīya Upaniṣhaṭ*.

It is asserted again and again that knowledge and understanding are to be desired above all things, and that happy is the man who findeth them, for with them he can attain to Righteousness and Wisdom.

In *Ecclesiasticus* it is even said, that Wisdom "is very unpleasant to the unlearned; he that is without understanding will not remain with her". (*Eccles.*, vi, 20.)

The treatise on the divine Wisdom, entitled the book of the *Wisdom of Solomon*, describes her attributes, and gives instructions how to attain unto her.

The writer begins by addressing himself to the Kings and Rulers of the earth, whom he exhorts to pursue the path of Wisdom. He speaks, throughout, in the character of King Solomon, who, according to tradition, was the wisest of mankind. There seems good reason for believing that the King was indeed a man of great occult attainments, therefore it is not surprising that his name should be given to a work which deals with speculations into the order of the universe, and with inquiries into the relation of finite man to infinite Wisdom. It is pointed out by the great German commentator, Ewald, that the symbolism of numbers was familiar to the author; inasmuch as the attributes of Wisdom are enumerated as twenty-one; and, what is suggestive to us, that the stages to the attainment of Wisdom, or Enlightenment, are seven, beginning with Discipline, and ending with a Kingdom. (*Wisdom*, vi, 17-20.) We can well imagine that this Kingdom is not of this world, but is a realm of knowledge—a spiritual, not a material dominion. Throughout the whole book, the attainment of Wisdom, is declared to be the true object of life.

The belief of the writer in reincarnation is distinctly evident. Still personifying King Solomon, he refers to the cause of his being born into a well-favoured body. Describing how he had sought for Wisdom from his childhood, he says: "I went about seeking how to take her to me, for I was a witty child and had a good Spirit. Yea, rather, being good, I came into a body undefiled." (*Wisdom*, viii, 17, 20.)

Surely this statement, "being good, I came into a body undefiled," is expressive of knowledge both of karma and of reincarnation, for it sums up the essence of the teaching, the relation of cause and effect, and shows us that "what we have been makes us what we are".

There are other passages in this book which indicate that the writer was in touch with some teaching of the Ancient Wisdom. He refers to knowledge of the solar system, which even now is not generally understood; to the precession of the equinoxes, the tilt of the earth's axis, etc. "For he hath given me certain knowledge of the things that are, namely to know how the world was made, and the operation of the elements, the beginning, ending, and midst of times, the *alteration of the turning of the sun*, and the change of seasons, the circuits of the years, and the positions of stars." (*Wisdom*, vii, 17.)

Many ages later, an expansion of these hints was published in *The Secret Doctrine*.

In another chapter we are told that the "Almighty made the world of matter without form". (*Wisdom*, xi, 17.) We are all familiar with the Theosophic division of the principles of man, so it is interesting to note that the *Book of Wisdom* also makes a distinction between the "active soul," and the "living Spirit".

There are frequent allusions to the ministry of angels, who are mentioned by name, in the Apocryphal books. Raphael and Uriel play important parts in the accounts of Tobit and of Esdras respectively.

The connection of different countries with various planetary Spirits is referred to in *Ecclesiasticus*. We read, that: "In the division of the nations of the whole earth, he set a ruler over every people, but Israel was the Lord's portion." (*Eccles.*, xvii, 17.) The 'Lord' is ofcourse, not the Almighty, but the God of the Jews.

In the Canonical books of the Old Testament there is little information about the future life. Job speaks of a "land of darkness," but regions beyond the lower astral seem to be unknown. In the *Book of Wisdom*, however, a direct statement is made, pointing to a knowledge of purification on one plane, and of happiness on another. "The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, and their departure is taken for misery, and their going from us to be utter destruction, but they are in peace; for though they be punished in the sight of man, yet is their hope full of immortality, and *having been a little chastised, they shall be greatly rewarded*; for God proved them and found them worthy for Himself." (*Wisdom*, iii, 1.) The Divine Immanence is expressed by the verse: "Thine incorruptible Spirit is in all things." (*Wisdom*, xii, 1.) Indeed, throughout the whole of the books of *Wisdom* and *Ecclesiasticus*, there is nothing of the anthropomorphic tendency of the earlier Jews. They were written by men who adored no tribal deity, but poured forth their worship and their praise to the

Spirit of Wisdom and of Righteousness, in words that are inspiring even to the Gentiles of to-day.

To examine the books of the Apocrypha as they deserve, would demand learning and space that are beyond the reach of the present writer; what can one say in a brief paper? It is not possible to speak of the beautiful story of Tobit, with its vivid descriptions of Nineveh and Persia; or of the *Song of the Three Children*, to which we are indebted for that lovely Cantic of Praise, the Benedicite; or of the picturesque visions of the seer Esdras, who "by fasting recovered the spirit of understanding, and began to talk with the Most High again".

But this slight glance at the books of *Wisdom* and of *Ecclesiasticus*, may show that they contain some profound sayings, which suggest more to a student of Theosophy, than to the average orthodox reader. To us, the phraseology sometimes seems familiar. Wisdom, we are told, "maketh all things new"; and "by means of her, I shall obtain immortality". (*Wisdom*, vii, 27; viii, 13.)

And: "Blessed is the man that doth meditate good things in wisdom, and that reasoneth of holy things by his understanding." (*Eccles.*, xiv, 20.)

Indeed nowhere can we find a more splendid epitome of what the Divine Wisdom is: "The brightness of the everlasting Light, the unspotted mirror of the Power of God, and the image of His goodness."

L. J. Dickinson

ON A FAR JOURNEY

To H.....August 5, 1911

By EVA M. MARTIN, F. T. S.

We sat, we seven, in a quiet room,
And spoke of things mysterious and sweet ;
Music's pure magic lifted up our souls
As on the wings of birds, to higher planes ;
But Words and Music sank to rest when Thought
Invisibly was born and wrapp'd us round.
Last, Thought passed into Vision, and by you
We were led out on distant journeyings,
Till in some far-back time our spirits met.

We saw a sunny land ring'd by the sea,
Whose streams and mountains glowed with mystic light.
Great buildings stood there, marble-white and fair,
Planned in proportion perfect and complete,
And from the frescoed walls rare colours shone
In exquisite and ardent purity.
Sweet melodies rang out from stringèd harps,
As delicate as when the morning wind
Wanders through groves of lilies and of pines,
And radiant was the air with golden light
That flooded all our hearts with joy. . . . We knew
That Gods and men together walked the earth !

You were a child with shining, heav'n-lit eyes :
I was half mystic, half gay-hearted boy :
And we were playmates. Oft we stole away
To wander hand in hand o'er the wide hills,
And there, with eager heads together bent,
We spoke of wonders and of mysteries
That made our child-hearts flame with passionate joy.
For we could hear the voices of the grass,
And see the clear, pale colours of the breeze ;
To us the faint wild-flow'rs revealed their souls,
And all the myriad wavelets of the sea
Roaming together o'er the sunlit hills,
We saw how winds and waves and clouds and stars
Danced in an endless ecstasy of joy ;
How all the flow'rs were lyres from which the wind
Drew faery melodies as he passed by ;
And all the woods were mighty organs, thrill'd
To chords of rapture at his touch ; and all
The rills were mouths of music, silver-tongued.
Then you and I would dance upon the hills,
Swayed by the rhythm of the Universe,
Our happy laughter mingling with the song
Of winds that murmured in our flying hair
Often, again, we sought the dreaming woods,
And saw the gentle green-haired dryads creep,
Misty and silent, from their prisoning stems,
To dance in rapturous freedom 'neath the boughs.
The nymphs who dwelt in rippling woodland brooks
And cool, deep wells would raise their heads to watch,
Flinging bright water-drops into the air
Till all the wood seemed full of living gems ;
While merry fauns peeped round the thronging trees,
And with quaint steps and laughing sideways looks

Would shyly dare to join the mystic dance
And I would tell you of great Mercury,
The Messenger of Heaven (whom I served),
Flying with wingèd feet on tasks divine :
Who brought to earth the million-tinted dreams
And housed them in the sleeping brains of men ;
Who led the shivering spirits of the dead
On their strange journey to the realms of Dis ;
Who was the God of soft, refreshing rains,
And of the four wild winds that ever dance
In ceaseless ritual of airy joy
About the world ; who made the first known lyre
When in his babyhood he took a shell
Perfect in shape, with tints of mother-o'-pearl,
Stringed it, and drew therefrom so sweet a sound
That all who heard were filled with tender fears,
With hope and love, with yearning and regret,
With gladness and with grief unspeakable.

So did we live again those happy days,
Till suddenly the veiling shadow fell—
The past was gone—the present hemmed us in.
But, since our souls had followed eagerly
The light you showed us, and the way you led,
We all were nearer than before

And I

Went out and saw the bright, unchanging stars
Watching us now ev'n as they watched us then.

Eva M. Martin



MY OCCULT EXPERIENCES

By JOHAN VAN MANEN, F. T. S.

WITH

Explanatory Notes by C. W. Leadbeater, F. T. S.

(Continued from p. 276)

VII. OBJECTIVE THINGS

THE next class embraces a group of visions which, until I have further information on the subject, I am inclined to put down as seeings of actually existing, objective things, whether thought-forms or otherwise.

This statement must be accepted with caution, of course, as I lack the necessary power and knowledge to make such a declaration with authority. They seem to me to be of the nature indicated, and that is all I can say. An Occultist only would be able to pronounce upon them definitely. I am not implying by the above that, for instance, the symbolical visions were not provoked by realities, but it may be that they were based more on contacts of consciousness visually conceived, whereas the visions now alluded to seem to me more based on seeing, apart from contact with unusual currents of consciousness.

14. *The Blue Lotus.* Once, in meditation, I saw the form of a lotus of the softest shade of blue, exquisitely shaped and mounting upwards in a straight line with a steady, regular motion, neither very slow nor very rapid. My eyes were closed, but the form disappeared from my vision when it reached a point a few yards higher than my head. This is strange—as, the eyes being shut, there was no physically limited field of vision. I recognised the form at once for that pictured as Fig. 16 in Annie Besant and C. W. Leadbeater's book on *Thought-Forms*, and described on page 45 of that work. The problem involved is to my mind rather difficult. I was at the time not engaged in the devotional part of meditation, nor thinking about thought-forms or devotion, and the sensation evoked was primarily one of astonishment at seeing the form without any apparent cause. Yet the similarity was so unmistakable and the impression so clear that I cannot admit any possibility of mistake.

15. *Higher Dimensions.* When residing and touring in the North of England, several years ago, I talked and

lectured several times on the fourth dimension. One day after having retired to bed, I lay fully awake, thinking out some problems connected with this subject. I tried to visualise or think out the shape of a fourth-dimensional cube, which I imagined to be the simplest fourth-dimensional shape. To my great astonishment I saw plainly before me first a fourth-dimensional globe and afterwards a fourth-dimensional cube, and learned only then from this object-lesson that the globe is the simplest body, and not the cube, as the third dimensional analogy ought to have told me beforehand. The remarkable thing was that the definite endeavour to see the one thing made me see the other. I saw the forms as before me in the air (though the room was dark), and behind the forms I saw clearly a rift in the curtains through which a glimmer of light filtered into the room. This was a case in which I can clearly fix the impression that the objects seen were outside my head. In most of the other cases I could not say so definitely, as they partake of a dual character, being almost equally felt as outside and inside the brain.

I forego the attempt to describe the fourth-dimen-



sional cube as to its form. Mathematical description would be possible, but would at the same time disintegrate the real impression in its totality. The fourth-dimensional globe can be better described. It was an ordinary three-dimensional globe, out of which

on each side, beginning at its vertical circumference, bent tapering horns proceeded, which, with a circular bend,

united their points above the globe from which they started. The effect is best indicated by circumscribing the numeral 8 by a circle. So three circles are formed, the lower one representing the initial globe, the upper one representing empty space, and the greater circle circumscribing the whole. If it be now understood that the upper circle does not exist and the lower (small) circle is identical with the outer (large) circle, the impression will have been conveyed, at least to some extent. We may also call the total impression that of a ring. I think it was then that I understood for the first time that so-called fourth-dimensional sight is sight with reference to a space-conception arising from the visual perception of density. I have always been easily able to recall this globe; to recall the cube is far more difficult, and I have to concentrate to get it back.

I have in a like manner had rare visions of fifth and sixth dimensional figures. At least I have felt *as if* the figures I saw were fifth and sixth dimensional. In these matters the greatest caution is necessary. I am aware that I have come into contact with these things as far as the physical brain allows it, without denying that beyond what the brain has caught there was something further, *felt* at the time, which was not handed on. The sixth-dimensional figure I cannot describe. All I remember of it is that it gave me at the time an impression in *form* of what we might call diversity in unity, or synthesis in differentiation. The fifth-dimensional vision is best described, or rather hinted at, by saying that it looked like an Alpine relief map, with the singularity that all mountain peaks and the whole landscape represented in the map were *one* mountain, or again in other words as if all the mountains

had one single base. This was the difference between the fifth and the sixth, that in the fifth the excrescences were in one sense exteriorised and yet rooted in the same unit; but in the sixth they were differentiated but not exteriorised; they were only *in different ways identical* with the same base, which was their whole.

VIII. PHENOMENA OF THE HALF-AWAKENED STATE

Here we enter an entirely new class of phenomena. All those previously enumerated belonged either to the fully awakened state of consciousness or to the dream state. There is a third state which hovers between the two. It is entered immediately before falling asleep and before fully waking up out of sleep. During part of my life I went to bed in the morning and woke up in the evening. I often stayed in bed for some time half asleep and half awake, partaking equally and vaguely of both sleep and waking consciousness. I observed my sensations with considerable interest, as they offered some curious characteristics.

16. *Brain Dramatisations.* The first characteristic seems to me the dramatic form in which consciousness manifests in that state. I was always aware of persons and things, and actions, but I do not remember instances of argument or reasoning or feelings and moods.

17. *Bliss—of a Sort.* A second characteristic is that of perfect bliss. This is difficult to describe, if we wish to avoid the little less or the little more. The feeling is one of perfect contentment in the sensation of sheer existence. There is no thought of past or future, only a sort of clinging to the present state of well-being. One feels that one does not want any change;

one feels mere life as absolutely self-sufficient. There is a complete absence of any feeling of responsibility, and of any duty or relation to anything outside. In a certain sense one might say that one sinks in these moments to the purely animal state, and I should not be surprised if the consciousness of a well-fed cat basking in the sun offered points of affinity with this state. I suppose here we possibly come in contact with a layer of consciousness in ourselves which we have in common with the animal, and which under ordinary circumstances is obscured by the specifically human element of consciousness. This state I know only as occurring after, and never before, sleep.

18. *A Piece of Mysterious Tapestry.* Several times before falling asleep I saw a quaint picture, somewhat resembling a piece of ancient tapestry. I could never see clearly what it was, but recognised it as the same as the one I had previously seen. It was very vivid, and gradually I formed the habit, when it showed itself again, of trying to the utmost to make out what it really was. I have never succeeded in determining its nature or origin, or its relations to anything else. I saw this, of course, only with the eyes shut, but always when I was on the point of piercing its meaning it would dissolve and nothing would be left. I have also, at various times, seen other ornamental patterns, looking as if in marble or cloth, of a like nature, but never have I found a meaning for them. A friend with whom I discussed this matter suggested that it may have been a purely physiological phenomenon, connected with the nervation of the retina and some stimulation and reaction of these nerves. As to this, I can only record but not explain. This class of visions I only

recall as recurring before falling asleep, never after waking.

19. *A Sheet of the Váhan*. Once before falling wholly asleep I saw before me one or two pages of *The Váhan*, as clear as anything. The front page began with an article by an acquaintance of mine, ran on to the next page and was signed with his name. I noticed exactly at what part of the column his name was, *i. e.*, where the article ended. The impression was clear and definite, but up to date no number of *The Váhan* has appeared with such an article, though the vision belongs by now to ancient history. What I should like to know is, how does such a definite and detailed delusion arise?

That the above phenomenon is not rare is proven by the following extract from an article on 'Psychic Experiences' by John W. Prentice in *Theosophy in Australasia* for March 1913 (Vol. XVIII, No.12). It furnishes a welcome commentary on my own case and adds material for comparison and judgment.

"On one occasion I was shown a page of *The Theosophist* on which an important statement, bearing on a matter that was greatly worrying me, appeared. This dream served to quieten my mind greatly, and when *The Theosophist* came to hand about three weeks later, with the page exactly as I had seen it, I believed that I had developed a most trustworthy power; but since then many such pages have been shown me, and all still wait verification."

The author extracts from this the very common-sense conclusion: "From all this I learnt two very valuable lessons; first, never to place any value on what may be called the practical side of such experience (we

would prefer “never to rely absolutely on the value of,” etc.), and in the second place never to discuss them with other people.” (We would say: “never to discuss them indiscriminately or broadcast.”)

20. *On the Verge.* Another characteristic of this half-between state is that the majority of its pictures are themselves of an ambiguous nature. Very often indeed I was aware of crowds of people moving about, of figures showing themselves, of actions going on, together with the sensation that what happened was not clearly intelligible and that persons and things were not clearly visible. They were, so to say, just on the verge of definite perception, but remained always at an infinitesimal distance beyond the boundary of full recognition. I felt all the time that one last effort would make the whole thing clear, but precisely this effort would either wake me fully up or disperse the picture. My position was that of some dream-Tantalus. The exact meaning, the exact vision, would ever elude my grasp, but there remained always the endeavour to make one more final effort, always without result.

In conclusion, I think that, on the whole, there is a difference between the half-awake consciousness before falling asleep and that after emerging from sleep.

IX. FALSE DREAMS

One of the most instructive dreams I ever had was a false one. It was so vivid, was followed by such detailed and profuse physical-plane corroborations, involved such seemingly strong occult authority, that the lesson I received when I learnt that the whole affair was untrustworthy became very precious to me,

and struck a note of caution which I shall always remember in dealing with psychic or superphysical matters.

For obvious reasons I cannot here indicate names ; this would be bad taste and indiscreet, as too intimate feelings are connected with the story. I shall therefore indicate my personages by the letters of the alphabet.

21. *A Salutary Object Lesson.* X was a person enjoying the highest respect in a circle of friends, named A, B, C, etc., all of whom regarded X more as a guru, teacher, guide, and a highly evolved Occultist than as an equal. I myself had also a very high regard for X, but had come to the conclusion that I must base my estimate of him on all such good and noble qualities as I myself recognised and saw manifested in him, and not on any claim on his behalf of occult greatness or hidden attainments. X died, and fairly soon after his death I had a particularly vivid dream in which Mrs. Besant visited me—she was unmistakably and most livingly represented—and chid me for having undervalued X during his lifetime. She added: “If you had only known how great he was, and who he has been, you would have honoured him more.” My answer was to the effect that I was sorry if I had underestimated him, but that I was not able to do better than to recognise greatness to the extent that I realised it myself, and that it was not possible to appreciate qualities which I only knew by reputation and not by experience. And I asked who then X had been. Mrs. Besant answered that X had been Julius Cæsar and Marcus Aurelius.

Next day I told this dream to A, who congratulated me on having had it and told me it was true. When

I told the dream to B, he told me that already twenty years ago the same message had come to him through spiritualistic channels. Some time later C told me that she had heard a voice adding another incarnation (I withhold details of this for certain reasons) and D told me that Master K. H. Himself had come to him one day at noon (in meditation, I think) and had also given the two identifications which I received from Mrs. Besant in my dream. Now, previously, in my waking consciousness, I knew nothing of the existence of these identifications; only later I became aware that the circle of friends (A, B, C, etc.) had an elaborate list of identifications of various incarnations of X.

Mrs. Besant, whom I met for the first time two years after the experience, denied that she had visited me and given me the above information, and Mr. Leadbeater traversed the correctness of the identifications. Nevertheless there remained the fact that in my dream I was told two names which were known in this connection to some other people; and further that some of these names had been communicated to some of these people at various periods, by various means, and in one case seemingly by one of the Masters.

My own guess at what really happened is as follows: A had his information from his own power to look up incarnations. He was 'occultly' closest to X, and his chief disciple, as it were. He may have regretted that I was not sufficiently strong in the faith, and may have thought: "He does not believe me; perhaps he will believe when A. B. tells him. I wish that A. B. *would* tell him." Falling asleep with this strong wish, he may have assumed Mrs. Besant's form on the astral plane and spoken to me himself, with the result as related

above. This is only a surmise and goes no further than this. At all events, seeing the clearness and vividness of the impression, the outside physical plane corroboration, and the *mise-en-scène* of Master K. H., this experience has been a formidable warning to me, which I am indeed thankful to have received.

Johan van Manen

EXPLANATORY NOTES

The thirteenth of the series is correctly labelled as an illustration, but once more it is an illustration at the level of the causal body, and belongs to the type of that to which we have already referred. The impression which it gives is that the writer really saw the earth for an instant from outside—or perhaps saw merely the thought-form of someone else who had so seen it, and had been deeply impressed by it. Such a glimpse of the world from outside is by no means impossible to the ego, but in order to have it he must for the moment free himself from his lower vehicles. I know how impossible such an experience appears to us when imprisoned in the physical consciousness; but the very fact that it seems so impossible is merely an illustration of the limitations so forcibly imaged for us by our author in experience number eleven. The ego also has *his* limitations, but they are not such as to preclude the vision described. To be able to maintain his consciousness for some time at that level—time sufficient to enable him to make detailed observations—would imply

high development and a good deal of special practice ; but such a glimpse as is here described comes sometimes at an earlier stage, just in the same way as spasmodic fragments of the lower clairvoyance come often long before astral sight is fully developed.

The blue lotus described in number fourteen was without doubt a thought-form just like that which is imaged in the book upon the subject. There is no reason whatever to assume that it was the thought-form of the seer himself—indeed, the probability is that it came from quite another source. It must be borne in mind that a strong and definite thought, such as this must have been, persists for many hours, and is on its own plane perfectly objective. Any one who has for a moment a glimpse of the astral or mental vision, whichever may be required (a detail which depends upon the method of formation of the object) will be able to see this thought-form as it floats by him, just as definitely as we should see with our physical eyes a bird or a balloon which passed us in this lower world. It is possible that, if our observer had made an effort to identify himself with the thought-form which he observed, he would have been able to trace it to its maker ; but naturally this did not occur to him. It is true that the astral field of vision is far more extensive than the physical, and that it is therefore not probable that this form passed suddenly out of it ; but it must be remembered that there is for the higher vision what may be described as a field of close attention, and it is quite probable that the thought-form may have drifted into and out of *that*. For one not specially trained in the use of the higher vision, its disappearance from that field of attention would be equivalent to losing sight of it, even though

that sight could be instantly recovered by one who was practised in such efforts.

Our students sometimes forget that the habit of the physical plane is strongly impressed upon them, and that to overcome it when in the astral world needs either a determined effort or long experience. Our ordinary life on the physical plane is possible to us only because a certain number of actions have become absolutely instinctive to us; the heart beats, the chest expands and contracts without our volition, and in the same way we have learnt to balance ourselves when walking. This also we do entirely without thinking, yet every little child has to learn the art afresh, just as it has to learn to co-ordinate the senses of sight and touch, and to reverse in practice the inverted image which is imposed upon the retina. One could imagine a limited form of physical existence which would be possible without some of these instinctive adaptations. A man who was content to remain always recumbent in one place need not learn how to balance himself, nor to reverse by the action of his mind all the objects which are shown to him upside-down by the sense of sight. To most of us such an existence would seem hardly worth the trouble; but there is no doubt that it would be possible.

A great many people live in the astral world with just as imperfect an idea of its possibilities; for they bring into it all the limitations of the physical life to which they are accustomed. Because in this lower world fire will burn and water will drown, because it is unwise here to throw oneself over a precipice, and impossible to force oneself through a wall or a rock, most people fail to realise that in the astral world the conditions are so different that they may plunge unharmed

into the depths of the sea or into the crater of Vesuvius, and that the densest physical matter is no obstacle to perfect freedom of movement. It is precisely in order that the physical instinct may be thoroughly overcome that it is necessary to apply what have been called the tests of earth, air, fire and water to those who wish to join the band of Invisible Helpers, so that they may develop what might be called an astral instinct to take the place, while on that plane, of the deeply ingrained physical instinct. Fourth-dimensional sight is within reach of every astral entity, yet most people have no more idea of such a power after death than they had during physical life. So the fact that this devotional thought-form came into our author's field of sight and passed out of it again may perhaps be explained as an instance in which he imported the restriction of his physical field of view into a world where such an idea is in truth unnecessary, because the limitation which causes it does not exist.

Among the many and varied subjects which our Theosophical study brings before us, the fourth dimension is at once one of the most difficult and the most fascinating. I believe that the little drawing which our author has given is the first attempt in modern literature at an actual delineation of a fourth-dimensional solid. The winged globe in Egypt was a symbol, or perhaps rather a mnemonic, of this same idea (though it was also used to typify the sun with his attendant zodiacal light); but outside of the Mysteries it was never drawn so nearly in the real shape as this. Striking as this drawing is, its value lies chiefly in its suggestiveness to those who have once seen that which it represents. One can hardly hope that it will convey a clear idea of the

reality to those who have never seen it. It is difficult to get an animal to understand a picture—apparently because he is incapable of grasping the idea that perspective on a flat surface is intended to represent objects which he knows only as solid. The average man is in exactly the same position with regard to any drawing or model which is intended to suggest to him the idea of the fourth dimension; and so, clever and suggestive as this is, I doubt whether it will be of much help to the average reader. The man who has seen the reality might well be helped by this to bring into his ordinary life a flash of that higher consciousness; and in that case he might perhaps be able to supply, in his thought, what must necessarily be lacking in the physical-plane drawing. I am not sure that I agree with our author in regarding the sphere as simpler than the tesseract; but that may be only because all our earlier fourth-dimensional experiments were conducted with the latter. Also I am not sure that one can unreservedly endorse the author's remark that the so-called fourth-dimensional sight is sight with reference to a space-conception arising from the visual perception of density; though I remember a suggestion by Mr. Hinton that the density of a gas may be a measure of its thickness in the fourth dimension.

In the same way we owe our author much thanks for his brave endeavour to give us some suggestion of the appearance of figures belonging to the fifth and sixth dimensions. Once more, we can hardly hope that they will convey much to those who have not seen; to those who have seen, they are, at the same time, tantalising and most suggestive. They begin to express just a little of what one has seen, but has never been able to

describe; and yet they do not go far enough to convey anything definite to the student who has not seen. To say that is no reproach, for it is but to say that the writer is a human being working under human limitations; indeed he shows so singular an aptitude for the subject that one cannot but hope that he will some day turn his attention to it more seriously, and produce a book which may help the rest of us to understand as he evidently understands. It is given to but few to be able to grasp these matters at all, and so among those who can there is a certain brotherhood of comprehension—a brotherhood in which it is already evident that Mr. Van Manen may take a high place if he will.

We may take together the sixteenth and seventeenth experiences, because they are in fact only two sides of the same thing—the realisation of purely physical consciousness in a condition of repose and happiness. Many have experienced the blissful feeling between sleep and waking, and it is often accompanied by the knowledge that fuller awakening will put an end to it; so that one is conscious of a desire to prolong it—of a hope that one will not be too soon further awakened. This condition comes only after sleep and never before it, because it expresses the condition of bliss attained by the physical body *through the process of sleep*. Our author is quite right in describing this as animal consciousness, for it is precisely the condition of the animal resting undisturbed. It is the natural joy of life—the joy which habitually attends all life when in repose. It is only we human beings who contrive to make of life a misery; and even we can only do it by getting away from the realities and creating for ourselves wholly artificial conditions. It is quite natural

that, in the blissful life of the physical body, feelings and emotions, arguments and reasonings should have no part. The physical body as such is incapable of these, and they are mirrored in its brain only when the man himself once more takes full possession of his vehicle, bringing along with him the mental and astral bodies, which are their proper vehicles.

The eighteenth experience is not one which has fallen to my lot, but I have heard something like it described by several other persons. It may be purely physiological, as the writer's friend suggested; but I should be inclined to class it rather under the head of that higher physiology which takes cognisance of the astral and mental vehicles. It is true that under certain conditions the eyelids give some such impression as is described; but I think that is only when there is some light in the room. The colours of a man's own aura when seen against a dark background have sometimes very much the appearance of tapestry; and when they are moving slowly, as is often the case when one is just falling asleep, they could be made into pictures as easily as the clouds or the glowing hollows in a fire. Again, every man surrounds himself with a mass of thought-forms, which he is able to see clearly when he uses the consciousness of the mental body or the astral body, according to the type of thought and the level at which the forms were made. But when his consciousness is in a transition state, half on one plane and half on another, it is eminently probable that these also may present the appearance of a confused pattern. As one glides fully into the higher consciousness, these things become comprehensible, but just at that very moment one loses one's connection with the physical

brain and consequently there is usually no coherent recollection.

Vision No. 19 is a specimen of a class by no means uncommon—a clear and definite presentation of something which seems to have no correspondence on the physical plane. Evidently the seer expected that this would prove to be a prognostication of reality; and indeed that was a most natural conclusion, for such forecasts frequently show themselves in precisely that sort of way. Without having actually seen the phenomenon oneself, it is impossible to contradict that hypothesis. It may even yet come true! But it is also possible that what was seen was merely a vivid thought-form. It may be that the friend whose name was seen may have had it in mind to write such an article, and may have thought of it as occupying about that much of space. Or again, it may have been that the editor of the paper desired such an article, or that some third or fourth person thought that it ought to be written by that friend. There are quite a number of possibilities, but without actually seeing the form it is scarcely possible to pronounce upon it with any safety. Precisely this is frequently an embarrassment in attempting to explain psychic experiences—not that there is any difficulty in accounting for them, but that it is scarcely possible, with the amount of information given, to make the right selection among half a dozen ways in which the effect might have been produced.

Our author in his concluding words upon this experience seems to favour an explanation which is, I suppose, not impossible, but is nevertheless perhaps the least likely of all solutions—the idea that the whole thing is simply a delusion, which I take to imply that it

was an objectless prank of the imagination. It is difficult to suppose this, for in such a sense as that there are very few delusions. Some one must have thought of such an article, and must have thought of it with a certain amount of precision; and it is eminently improbable that he could have done so with the set purpose of deceiving our author, for what could he possibly gain by so foolish an action? It is true that certain classes of nature-spirits occasionally play apparently aimless pranks; but after a little experience of them, one learns to identify their handiwork without much difficulty, and this particular joke is by no means in their style.

The twentieth paragraph gives us another prominent characteristic of the visions and impressions which come to a man just as he is falling asleep. He has the idea that a great deal is going on—that much motion is taking place—but the exact meaning of it all eludes him; and when he is on the brink of understanding, he either loses consciousness or finds that the visions slip away from him. But these are precisely the only terminations which in the course of nature can come to that half-awake condition. The man's consciousness is half in his physical vehicle and half in the astral, and consequently everything belonging to the latter world is only half seen and realised. The escape from that intermediate condition must be either forwards or backwards; either the man falls backwards into the waking state, and then the half-grasped astral appearances vanish, or he must pass forwards into full astral consciousness, in which case he severs his connection with the physical brain and loses all memory of what happens. I mean, of course, not that the man himself loses the

memory at the time, for he passes straight on into the fuller consciousness; but when he returns to the physical brain in the morning, he finds that just at that point his memory stops. There is a third way out—the development of continuous consciousness; but that means a great deal of patient experiment and much hard work.

In the case of the twenty-first experience, the explanation given by the author himself is distinctly the most probable. It may be said that, if this be true, no one may safely trust to any astral impression, as it is always possible that there may be a case of personation. That is true; personation is undoubtedly much easier in the astral world than in the physical, and only a trained Occultist is thoroughly armed against it. This is a fact which all students of the Occult have to face, and it is for this reason that emphatic warnings have been constantly given against placing undue reliance upon information conveyed in this manner. We shall all remember the advice given so decidedly by Āryasaṅgha in *The Voice of the Silence*: “Look not for thy Guru in those māyāvic regions.” It is of course perfectly possible that any member may meet our President at night in the astral world, and obtain from her valuable information or teaching; but it is also true that the average member has no guarantee that it is really the President whom he has seen, or that, even if it were she, he has brought through the message correctly. It is part of the training of the Occultist to learn how to detect impostures. The only absolutely certain way of doing this is to trace the ego behind the figure which is seen, and to be able to do this naturally requires the unfolding of the faculties of the causal body. Short of that, one

may develop an instinct with regard to a particular person which is usually reliable—usually, but not invariably; but for most members it is emphatically advisable to write and obtain confirmation on the physical plane when the matter is of any importance.

I may mention that I myself well knew and greatly liked the character named X; but he had not the slightest resemblance either to Julius Cæsar or Marcus Aurelius.

Students should endeavour to realise that the mere possession of astral sight no more enables them to judge accurately on astral matters than the physical sight of a newly-born baby gives him an accurate impression of physical distance. Much undeserved discredit has been cast upon occult study by the blind belief of its neophytes in the accuracy of everything which they happen to see and to hear in their earlier astral experiences.

(To be concluded)

C. W. Leadbeater

SOME NOTES ON ORTHODOX AND OCCULT CHEMISTRY

By C. JINARAJADASA, B. A., F. T. S.

THE results of the speculations of physicists and the observations in *Occult Chemistry* so far have little in common. The work of the two groups is like making a tunnel from the two ends; they are both aiming to meet, but till they do meet there is no intercourse at all. At present, it seems to me, the meeting-place is still far off.

This is largely due to the fact that all the results of the physicists are from observations not of the atoms or molecules under *natural* conditions, but from their behaviour under extremely artificial conditions, *i.e.*, under the electric discharge. This is like trying to find out what the human body is like and how it behaves, after cutting it up.

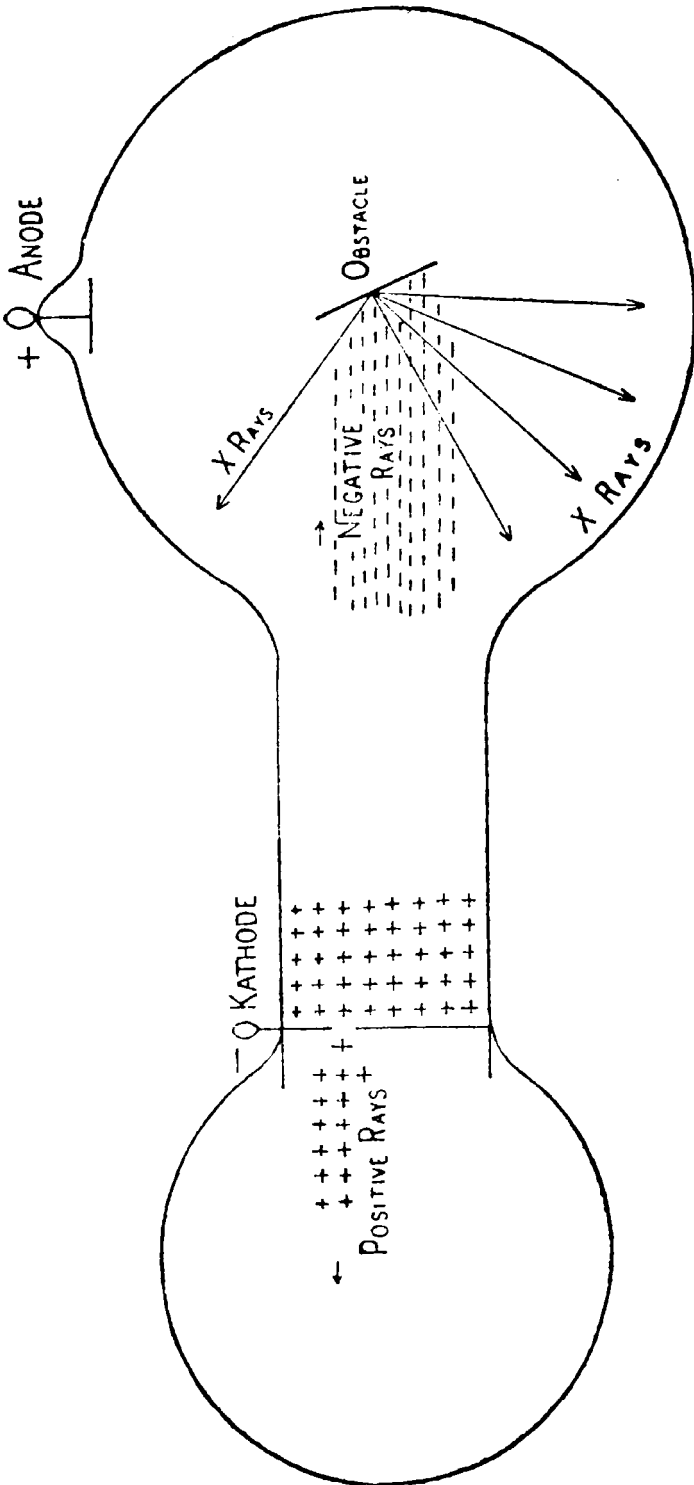
I have little doubt that the velocities and volumes postulated for atoms are fairly correct; Thomson explains the experiments and the lines of argument; from some four different sides of experimentation they come practically to the same result; I think (though I am not sure) that they give 6.8×10^{23} as the number of particles in a cubic millimetre.

Positive and Negative Rays : Positive repels positive electrically.

Negative repels negative electrically.

The positive (+) terminal in a vacuum tube is called the anode; the negative (—) is called the kathode.

The kathode is made with a slit.



When the current is turned on, it is evident that whatever is positive in the gas will be repelled by the anode and be attracted to the kathode, and anything negative will be repelled by the kathode. The positive particles coming to the kathode will go through the slit; these are the positive rays. The negatives would go to the anode; but if an obstacle of metal (say platinum) is placed in their way, they give rise to a series of waves called X rays or Röntgen radiation.

Positive rays consist of positive corpuscles

Negative „ „ negative „

X rays, according to the accepted theory, are only *waves* in the ether and not corpuscles; but Bragg holds that X rays are also corpuscles, made up of one positive and one negative.

The Effect of Magnetism on these Rays: Negative rays are easily deflected by an ordinary magnet.

Positive rays are deflected only by a strong magnetic field caused by a current of electricity running round coils.

X rays are *not* deflected by magnetism.

Since a gaseous element in a vacuum breaks up under electric discharge into positive and negative particles (as evinced by the streams visible at the anode and kathode respectively), the conclusion is that the atoms of the gas are composed of positive and negative particles held together, which are dissociated by the current.

The size of the negative particles has been measured; many types of experiments converge to give a value of $\frac{1}{1700}$ the size of the Hydrogen atom.

It has been established that whatever is the gas, these negative corpuscles are the *same* in all of them, of the same size, and carry the same charge of negative electricity. Whatever is the atomic weight of any element, the negative particles dissociated from it are always the same, as to size and electrical quality (not certainly as to number.) These same negative corpuscles are thrown off by hot wires, and also by metals exposed to light.

Metals exposed to the X rays throw off these negative corpuscles.

The conclusion is that in all atoms (chemical atoms) negative particles exist.

Thomson's Conception of the Atom: The atom is a group of negative corpuscles plunged in a sphere of positive electricity.

The atom consists of a core and of a shell. Most of the corpuscles compose the core; only a few form the shell. The core is made up of negative corpuscles. Whatever combination the atom undergoes chemically, this core remains unchanged; chemical combination affects only the atoms of the shell, and the shell changes as the atom passes from compound to compound.

(I have not clearly made out whether these atoms of the shell are *positive*; I think they must be.)

The valency of an element is due to the uniting power of the atoms of the *shell*, sometimes one only uniting, sometimes two; the limit is eight. Eight, and no more than eight, atoms can unite.

Every atom has two valencies according as it is associated with electro-positive or electro-negative elements. But the sum of the two valencies equals eight; *i.e.*, an atom of some given element may combine

with five electro-positive atoms and three electro-negative at the same time.

Positive Corpuscles: These are larger than negative corpuscles. They vary in size according to the weight of the element (while negative corpuscles are uniform for all elements).

Summary: The atom (chemical) consists of positive and negative particles. The former vary in size according to the element, the latter are the same for all. The negatives form the core; the positives are ranged outside on a shell. There are not more than eight positive particles in an atom.

Proposed Hypothesis to account for Thomson's Conception: That Thomson's negative particle is *our* ultimate physical atom, *both positive and negative*. That the electric discharge does not affect the positive or negative flow (from the depression to the tail and *vice versa*), though it may enlarge the three large spirals and cause a 'fifth round' spirilla to be active for the moment; in other words that the positive or negative characteristic of the ultimate physical atom is not affected by electricity by way of attraction or repulsion.

But wherever electricity flows, a magnetic field is created; this *magnetic* field however does affect the ultimate physical atoms, causing them to be head to tail, or to be combed out or steadied in their gyrations.

Now our ultimate physical atom is plunged in a field of something, which I presume is the matter of the atomic astral sub-plane. Is not the sphere wall

of the ultimate physical atom *and the sphere wall of an element* made of astral atomic matter? *If so*, then I would suggest that Thomson's positive electricity is this field of astral atoms. Then each ultimate physical atom or group of them is plunged in a sphere of positive electricity.

As to Thomson's positive corpuscle—of which he considers the limit on the shell—is he perhaps meaning by this the funnels of the elements, or (in those elements that have no funnels) axes of force that correspond to funnels?

Now it is established that when an element combines with another it is not due to *electric* affinity, *i.e.*, a positive part of one element is not attracted by the negative part of another. But this combining power is like a *magnetic* affinity, positive attracting negative, etc. Also by Thomson's hypothesis, the combining power is due to the atoms of the shell only.

Suppose that the funnels are connected with the field of positive electricity in which all physical atoms are plunged, and are as it were *holes* through which positive electricity flows, then round each funnel a *magnetic* field would be created, and we should account for valency, which in some way is due to the number of funnels.

As to some of these hypotheses and speculations I am only half clear myself; but they show some of the points that must be tackled by Occultists before they can join hands with the physicist.

What *does* take place in a vacuum tube under electrical discharge?

ALPHA, BETA AND GAMMA RAYS

The Alpha particle is an atom of Helium carrying two positive charges.

The Beta particle is a single particle carrying with it one unit of negative electricity. This is the "negative corpuscle" of the atom.

The Gamma emanations are X rays.

THE BEHAVIOUR OF RADIUM

Radium has valency 2.

As Radium breaks up it emits alpha particles (= 2 positive electric charges), and beta particles (= 1 negative electric charge).

Owing to these losses the *valency* of the remainder changes, as follows :

VALENCY	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
RADIUM			2 ⁺						
.. EMANATION	0								
- A							6		
.. B					4				
- C									
.. C'					4				
- D									
.. E					4				
.. F (POLONIUM)									

TRANSFORMATIONS

1. An atom of Radium starts with valency 2; one alpha particle is shot out; therefore 2 negative particles are liberated, the valency drops by 2, and it becomes

2. Radium Emanation, with valency nothing. This Ra. Em. is a neutral gas, akin to Argon, etc., and corresponds to a gas *under* our Kalon in the periodic table. This next loses an alpha particle, acquires valency 6, and becomes

3. Radium A. This loses another alpha particle, and valency drops by 2, to Radium B.

4. This loses one beta particle and valency goes up by one to

5. Radium C. This next loses one beta particle and valency goes up one to

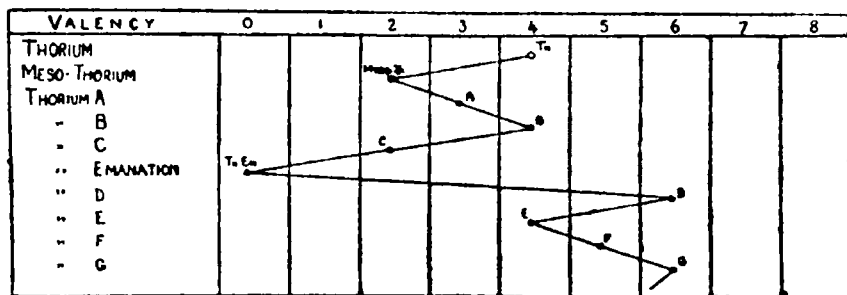
6. Radium C'. This loses one alpha particle, valency drops by 2 to

7. Radium D. This loses one beta particle, and valency goes up one to

8. Radium E. This losing one beta particle and, valency going up by one, we have

9. Radium F. This is called Polonium. Thomson suggests that perhaps in this way Radium will break down to lead.

THORIUM (VALENCY 4) TRANSFORMATIONS



1. Starts with valency 4. Loses one alpha particle, and valency drops 2, to

2. Meso-Thorium. Loses one beta particle, valency goes up by one to

3. Th. A (if this is its *real* label I don't know). Loses another beta particle and valency rises by one to

4. Th. B. It next loses one alpha particle, and valency drops by 2 to

5. Th. C. It again loses one alpha particle and valency drops by 2 to

6. Thorium Emanation, which will be akin to Argon, etc. Next it loses another alpha particle, and valency goes up to 6,

7. Th. D. This loses an alpha particle, valency drops by 2 to

8. Th. E. This loses a beta particle, valency goes up by one to

9. Th. F. This loses a beta particle, valency goes up by one to

10. Th. G. This loses a beta particle, the valency goes up by one, and so on, breaking down to lead.

C. Jinarajadasa

No matter whose good guidance we follow, no matter what the penetration and courage of our minds, we shall ere long find ourselves lost, baffled, peering into the beyond; no less than ever did the straining eyes of the astronomer and with far less prospect of future triumph. The astronomer may always hope for a bigger telescope, a finer lens, a more sensitive camera, but when we have peered our deepest into the atom we shall realise that our next need is of bigger minds.

Harmsworth's *Popular Science*.

THE ELEMENTAL CLOCK

A REAL GHOST STORY

By ELLIOTT O'DONNELL

Author of Ghostly Phenomena, etc.

IN my two recently published books, *Some Haunted Houses of England and Wales*, and *Haunted Houses of London*, I narrate two true stories of hauntings by clocks, the one in Hampshire and the other in London, and it may be of interest to my readers to know that the lady who told me the latter story was killed in the taxicab disaster in P— Square a few months ago.

Prior to her husband's death—he died from the effects of a very extraordinary accident—this lady had heard a phantom clock in the house strike Thirteen, and she heard the same phenomenon, as well as a gong, a few days before her own demise.

She mentioned the incident to me at 'The Blue Bird,' and on my return home I said to my wife: "Mrs. L. has heard not only the clock again but a gong, and you may depend upon it she will meet with some fatal accident," which she did.

I merely state this case as a prelude to my announcement that psychic clock phenomena are far more common than is generally imagined, and as an

illustration I append the following instance, which is one out of the many that have lately been sent me.

My correspondent, Miss Emma Beale of Westow Hall, Norwood, writes :

“ Dear Sir,

“ I have been reading your . . . and think you may be interested in an experience I had last summer in Bruges.

“ My mother and I took a small but very ancient house in the Rue S. Louis, not a hundred yards from the Pontine Theatre. I can't exactly describe all we felt on entering the house, but we both agreed it had a very strange, depressing atmosphere, quite unlike that of any other house we knew.

“ My mother slept in a room adjoining mine, and over us in a good-sized attic were the servants—a Flemish cook and a German housemaid—each of whom had come to us with an excellent character.

“ There was only one other apartment, a spare bedroom, on our landing ; beneath us was the ground-floor, comprising a dining and drawing-room, and under that the basement, a most horribly gloomy dungeon-like place consisting of kitchens and cellars, the latter leading goodness alone knows where, for none of us ever dared venture there for fear of rats and wells. In the hall of the house stood a clock, just such another as you describe in your book, with this exception, that whereas yours had pillars on either side of the face, the pillars in this one were lower down.

“ The first night of our residence in the house, nothing happened ; but on the second I was awakened about one by a curious flapping sound that seemed to come from somewhere downstairs. Terrified lest it

should be burglars, though why they should come to such a little house was perhaps a trifle extraordinary, I sat up in bed and listened. Flap! flap! flap! the noises were repeated, and sounded nearer. Indeed I could now hear something ascending the stairs, bump, bump, bump!

“For some seconds I hesitated as to whether I should make a dash for my mother’s room or bolt my door, and I ended by doing nothing, for when I tried to move I could not, I was petrified, tongue-tied, paralysed. I suffered agonies; a cold perspiration burst out all over me; when and where would those sounds stop? Nearer and nearer they drew, indefinable, inexplicable, and all the more terrifying because they were inexplicable. My suspense became intolerable; I expected the door to fly open every instant, and something hideous to enter. But what? Oh, what? Three more steps, two more steps, one more step, the flappings were on the landing, then they ceased and I heard only a soft, stealthy, cat-like pattering that crept closer and closer to my room.

“Then, when my heart was on the verge of bursting, and my hands were ‘ice,’ the door was slowly pushed open and a long, narrow, coffin-shaped object came crawling surreptitiously towards me. Sick with fear, yet too fascinated to move my eyes, I watched its advance, recognising with a fresh thrill of astonishment and horror that it was the clock—the gigantic ebony clock—from the hall. It was propelled along with innumerable short black legs, closely resembling the legs of a mammoth centipede, whilst attached to its face and waving mystically in the air were two enormous antennæ. The spectacle was so repulsive, so wholly

suggestive of the nether regions, that I was seized with a violent fit of shuddering, my skin itching as if a regiment of black-beetles had suddenly besieged my back. Crawling up to the side of the bed, the clock halted, and as I peered down at it, I saw to my unmitigated horror that its glass face had been replaced by a human countenance—that of a woman in a nun's headgear—the eyes wide open and full of the most diabolical hatred, the mouth drawn down, the lips dark and venomous. It was a frightfully malicious and evil face, the face of a woman possessed of a bestial, elementalish spirit, entirely antagonistic to the human race. It remained by my side for some seconds, and then disappearing under the bed speedily began to rock it up and down. I could no longer contain myself, and bursting the fetters that had hitherto held me spell-bound, I shouted for help at the top of my voice.

“The bed was instantly still, and on my mother running into the room to enquire what had happened, nothing was to be seen, the clock had vanished and we could hear it ticking away as usual in its customary place downstairs. Several days afterwards, as my mother was ascending to her bedroom, she felt she was being followed, but on turning quickly round saw no one. A few minutes later, being then in her room, she heard a rustling of the bed-valance, and on looking to see what had caused it, perceived a long black leg, very thin and nude, protruding from under the drapery. Terrified out of her wits, she recoiled, and in doing so tripped over what she could only describe as a ‘quivering box’. She came to the ground with a bump, upon which there was a loud laugh, and a figure dressed like a nun popped its head over the far side of the bed and grinned

malevolently at her. It was then I arrived on the scene, when the manifestations promptly ceased.

“We should have left the house there and then had we not been bound by an agreement which we couldn't afford to get cancelled. But we were so frightened that we always kept together, not daring to venture anywhere alone, and keeping a strong light burning in our room, from dusk to sunrise.

“For some days we were left undisturbed, and we were beginning to congratulate ourselves that the ghosts had gone for good, when there was a grim recurrence of the hauntings. It was during the afternoon, about twilight; my mother was ill in bed at the time with a bad sick headache, to which she was subject, and I was sitting by her side knitting, when we were almost startled out of our senses by a terrific crash, just as if every atom of crockery on the dresser had been dashed to pieces on the stone floor. My mother clapped her hands to her head in great agony, and moaned out: ‘Oh dear! oh dear! what can have happened! Those wretched women have done something terrible; they will cost us a fortune; do go and ask them what it is.’

“Not thinking anything about ghosts just then I obeyed. The basement was in darkness and absolutely silent. Thinking this was very queer I called out—there was no reply. I called again, still no answer; and then feeling a stray current of air blowing from the direction of the back door leading into the Rue Gabrielle, I ran and shut it. This done, I hastened to the kitchen, and glancing fearfully at the dresser, saw by the aid of the firelight that the cups, saucers, plates and other articles were all in their customary places and that there were no signs of any débris. Much puzzled,

I was about to retrace my steps, when I perceived something moving in the farthest corner, and thinking it was the Persian cat, an unusually large animal, I advanced to stroke it. Judge then of my horror when instead of the cat a tall, hideous figure, black and nude, sprang up from the floor, and with a dreadful grin glided swiftly towards me.

“I have vivid recollections that it shot out a pair of long, spidery arms with cruel, crooked fingers, and that the gleaming face that was thrust into mine was that of the nun’s in the clock; more I cannot say, for by a blessed act of Providence I fainted. The servants, who had gone to the post, arrived at this juncture, and on my recovery I found them bending anxiously over me. They had seen nothing, only heard the sound of some hard substance rattling up the stairs, and the loud flap of a door. I looked at the clock as I passed it on my way to my mother’s room, and as I did so—it laughed!

“The following day the cook came to us with wild eyes and white face; we could see she had met with a severe shock. She tried to speak coherently, but broke down, and it was some minutes before she could make herself understood. We then gathered that what had happened was something like this: the cook and housemaid had been sitting sewing by the kitchen fire, which had gradually burnt low, when they were much startled at hearing a clock begin to strike from close behind them. They instantly glanced around, but saw nothing—only the reflection of the fire-flames on the wall and door. Thinking this was extremely odd, but putting it down to their imagination, they resumed their work, to be disturbed again by a very violent ticking proceeding apparently from immediately above their heads.

“They looked up and there was a grandfather clock suspended horizontally above them, in mid-air, but in the place of the glass face was a head, the distorted semblance of a woman’s head, black and ghastly. The countenance was particularly discernible, every line and ligament standing out with damning clearness, a leering mouth with uneven, yellow teeth and thin lips, a fleshless nose with gaping, cavernous nostrils, large drooping ears, matted hair and obliquely set eyes—green and devilish. Anything more truly Satanic could hardly have been conceived. It hovered overhead for fully a minute, and then with a piercing screech and loud vibration of the pendulum, slowly descended.

“Going on the Napoleonic maxim of ‘*Sauve qui peut,*’ the cook had then taken to her heels, trusting that the housemaid would do the same.

“This we found had not been the case; for on entering the kitchen in a body, we discovered the unfortunate German extended at full length on the stone flags in a dead faint. She and the cook both gave a week’s notice next morning. Before they went I had another experience.

“One morning, when I was in the dining-room, waiting for my mother to come to breakfast, I heard a faint scratching on the carpet, and making sure it was my little pug ‘Tommy,’ I snapped my fingers, calling him by name, and as the noise did not cease I peremptorily ordered him to be quiet. The scratching continued, I grew angry, and turning sharply in the direction of the sound, perceived to my astonishment that a violent agitation was taking place underneath the carpet, which appeared to be subjected to very powerful gusts of wind. Too fascinated to remove my eyes from so peculiar a

phenomenon, the day being particularly calm, I sat gazing at it in open-mouthed wonder, and as I did so the carpet suddenly opened and a strange, dark thing slowly began to rise.

“Overwhelmed with terror and unable to move a hand or foot, or even to articulate a syllable, I was constrained to sit there in deadliest anticipation, whilst more and more of the object came into view. It was the same horrible figure that had persecuted us all along, the phantasm I had encountered in the kitchen, the phantasm that lived in the clock.

“The entrance of my mother, who came bustling in to breakfast, saved me from fainting ; had she been a second later I should have succumbed.

“The phenomenon disappeared.

“My nerves were so shattered by this last manifestation that my mother decided to give up the house, and we took our departure on the very morning the servants left, the clock, as we thought, bidding us farewell with a few extra loud ticks.

“We tried to find out the history of the house, but could only discover on very flimsy authority that a Madame Gotilde, who was suspected of poisoning her husband and children, had once lived there. But what psychic connection there could be between her and the clock is difficult to say—perhaps you can tell us.”

* * * * *

The lady finished her letter here, adding as a P. S. :

“We have just received a note from the owner of the house, expressing utter ignorance as to there being a grandfather clock there at all.

“‘It’s not mine,’ he writes ; ‘it was not there when I let you the house, it’s not there now. You must have

been dreaming.' Did you ever hear anything so remarkable, Mr. O'Donnell? What can you make of it?"

Candidly, very little—very little indeed beyond this, that the clock was merely a type of Vice Elemental, attracted to the house by the vicious lives of former occupants. It was quite possible that the present owner had not seen it; it is not everyone that possesses the psychic faculty, and furthermore the hauntings may only have been periodical!

Elliott O'Donnell



[Next month will appear a story from the pen of this gifted writer entitled 'In the Wood,' which will be followed by 'A Prehistoric Ghost'—ED.]

ANTISTAR

OR THE THEO-SOPHIST

(With Apologies to Plato and Socrates)

By CHARLES LAZENBY, F. T. S.

“WELL met, my friend Inestor; whither do you hurry so quickly this fair morning?”

“Ah, Pulchritude, I am glad to see you. I hurry to write upon my tablets a discussion I have just heard between Antistar and the wise Socrates.”

“By the Gods, that must have been well worth the hearing, Inestor. May I not accompany you while you go over the arguments and thus keep them clear in your mind?”

“Nothing could give me greater pleasure, and since by stating the facts in language I shall serve to impress them more clearly on my memory and also because in some quarters, Pulchritude, you are looked upon as a particular friend of Antistar, it will be the more pleasant to me to describe what took place. Let us sit on the bench in the park while I talk.”

“Surely Antistar is a friend of mine, and one whose zeal and enthusiasm for the truth cannot be too highly praised. Often have I been inspired by him to nobler efforts. I hope he put before Socrates the best that was in him.”

"You shall hear the matter from the beginning, Pulchritude, and then you will understand my desire to clarify and express what I had heard.

"Antistar and myself were talking idly over a lecture we had heard together last Thursday, when Socrates joined us and with his usual abruptness began to question Antistar regarding the Association of Theosophists of which he and yourself, I understand, are both active members."

"Antistar," said Socrates, "will you tell me simply and clearly what the purpose and aim of the Association of Theosophists really is? I hear so many contradictory statements that I am bewildered, and since my whole life is passed in striving to acquire knowledge, this distresses me. I listened last night as you lectured in the Theosophical hall, and I must confess that I could not understand what you then said in the light of previous lectures I have heard from you."

"My dear Socrates, our Society is built upon the firmest foundation. Our motto is the key to our thinking. You know it. 'There is no religion higher than truth.'"

"Yes Antistar, I know the motto well, and indeed it might be the motto of my own life, since I hold to it so completely. But what I wish you to tell me is more of the practical workings of the Association."

"Clearly, Socrates, you should be a member of the Society, because you have the right attitude of mind. It is formed to give a free platform for all honest opinion, on any and all subjects. There is no creed or dogma which can be imposed upon any member except as he himself with his own knowledge and intuition accepts it. There is no distinction in the Society

between those of one faith and those of another. We make no distinctions of caste, or creed, or colour, or sex, or race. So long as a man has tolerance for the views of his fellows, and recognises that the whole race is united in the Great Life, as one Brotherhood, he is welcome to join and express his opinions."

"Most beautiful and wonderful. It is really a joy to hear there is such a Society, and I am moved to apply for membership. Do you mean to say that you would be tolerant even to the intolerant?"

"Oh yes, Socrates, we have many intolerant people in the Society, and we welcome them as fellows and brothers; we have some twenty-three thousand fellows in our association at present."

"Most truly astounding. I did not know there were so many in the whole human race who were tolerant to the opinions of others."

"Oh, you mistake me, Socrates. I did not say there were that number who were completely tolerant to the views of others, but they are members of the Society pledged to that ideal, even if they do not live up to it."

"Ah, I see. How many are there then, of this twenty-three thousand, who are tolerant?"

"That, Socrates, would be hard to say, and in order that the ideal may be preserved, the wisest in our association shake the Society from time to time on this principle. Those who are true to the ideal remain in it; those who are true to some particular ideal, but not this great one of *Universal Brotherhood*, are shaken out."

"Well, at the present time what number do you estimate to be tolerant?"

"It is totally impossible for me to say, Socrates."

"A thousand perhaps?"

“No, Socrates, I do not believe one thousand members are truly tolerant to the views of their comrades.”

“You surprise me, Antistar, and yet I perceive that the Society is healthy if only a few are tolerant in the whole world. I think I have heard that one of your teachers said that if only three members in the race were imbued with this spirit of complete toleration and were members of the Theosophical Society at the end of this century, they would form the nucleus aimed at, the Society would have succeeded, and He whom you call K. H. would have been justified in projecting the organisation?”

“By my word, Socrates, you seem to have a very clear grasp of the subject. Yes, that statement was made by one of our early teachers whom we all revere.”

“Well then, Antistar, let me come to a more personal question. Do you believe yourself to be one of the nucleus and to be helping on that ideal of complete Brotherhood which is signified by the word Universal?”

“Yes, Socrates, I do; I have worked for years to keep the Society impersonal and free from any creeds and dogmas beyond the one essential belief in a plan and the Universal Brotherhood of man.”

“But, Antistar, this is a new element you have introduced into our discussion, and I feel that I must question you rather more closely. I hope you do not object?”

“Not in the least, Socrates, but I see nothing new in what I have just said.”

“Perhaps I misunderstood you. It was more a quality in your voice that I referred to. Will you tell me how you have worked to keep this ideal in the Society?”

“By writing and lecturing and spreading the truth as I see it.”

“And of course, Antistar, by giving ample and complete tolerance to the opinions of all others. You would allow Buddhists to express their views, would you not?”

“Assuredly, Socrates.”

“Or Brāhmaṇas, or Confucians, or Taoists, or Muhammadans, or Christians, or Zoroastrians, or Gnostics?”

“Most assuredly, Socrates, I should allow these and all others to state their beliefs and opinions.”

“By the High Gods, Antistar, you fill me with admiration. Would you also allow Pagans and Jews and Shaivites and worshippers of Isis, and Priapus, and Bacchus to speak and defend their ideals?”

“Most certainly, Socrates, I would uphold the freedom of any of these. In fact the last shaking in the Society turned on the attitude of certain members to ideals in relation to the procreative functions; and since in this field there is a great divergence of ideals, many of my friends could not support the Universal note and so resigned, but I saw clearly that the nucleus of Universal Brotherhood could be found only by giving the right of free speaking and teaching to all members, and so I stayed in the association and am proud that I saw so clearly.”

“You are a most delightful and admirable man, Antistar, and you fill me with a desire to emulate you. Now among the Christians. Would you allow an Anglican to become a member and state his opinions?”

“Of course, Socrates, I would most gladly.”

“Or a Methodist, or Baptist, or Roman Catholic?”

“Yes, indeed, Socrates. If any of these wished to join and was willing to pledge himself to toleration for the beliefs of his fellow men, I should welcome him with great joy .”

“Suppose a Calvinist or Spiritualist or Seventh Day Adventist, or some of the less known but very earnest believers in a definite creed sought admission ?”

“It makes no difference, I would welcome them all.”

“Would you admit one or more of them ?”

“Socrates, you make me laugh. I would admit any number of them on that one condition.”

“But suppose, Antistar, that certain members of a particular sect became powerful and began to speak in the Theosophical Society regarding their beliefs ?”

“They have a right to speak their beliefs, no matter how high they stand. Members of the Society are not asked to believe anything unless they see truth in that particular form. Then they must believe, because that is the form truth takes for them.”

“All this I thought to be true some time ago, and have loved the work of your association, but last night you were speaking very strongly against a certain sect whose members are being protected in their beliefs by the President. Should the President of the Society not protect the freedom of all, or should she only protect the freedom of those whose opinions are established? You yourself have just said you would protect the freedom of Seventh Day Adventists for example, and yet in certain matters the creed of this new sect is similar to that of the Seventh Day Adventists.”

“But, Socrates, the President herself appears to share in their belief and carries many with her in this new movement.”

“ Ah, I see, Antistar, you would have your President without opinions of his or her own, in a different position entirely from the other members ? ”

“ No, Socrates, that is not what I desire ; but you put a new light on the subject, I must confess.”

“ You mean, Antistar, that you would have no objection to the President believing what you believe, but you do object to her believing and stating that which you do not believe.”

“ I am ashamed to say that that is what I have been doing. I see now, Socrates, that in a matter of belief some members in a Universal Brotherhood are bound to disagree with any opinion expressed by one in authority.”

“ I do not wish to mock you, Antistar, but last night you appeared to have lost this broad tolerance, and to be hard and almost bigoted against this new sect and their beliefs. I have heard that no officer of the parent Society can show special favouritism to any sect, creed, or group in the Society, but must protect them all impartially. Has the President of your Society done this ? ”

“ You have bewildered me, Socrates, with your questioning, even more than you say I bewildered you. I cannot say that the President has ever committed the Society to any belief, nor, when I think coldly upon the matter, has she ever done more than protect the beliefs of a newly formed group. I shall drop the name ‘ Antistar,’ which I have taken as you know only in the last three years, but I certainly shall not take my stand with them in their beliefs any more than with any other group of beliefs in the Society.”

“ My dear Antistar, the last thing I should expect from one who had thrown aside trammels would be a

quick acceptance of any creed. I have questioned you in this way only because I wished to have my mind made clear on these points, and I thank you for your good nature."

"Thus, Pulchritude, Antistar has lost his name, and Socrates, though not of your Society, has shown a deep knowledge of it, and from his arguments, which Antistar admits to be true, I am determined to seek admission to it."

"I am glad, Inestor, that you have heard this argument. I have agreed with Socrates and loved Antistar in your presentation. I shall be glad to become a sponsor for you. Farewell."

Charles Lazenby

NOTE

In the *Boston Sunday Post* of January 26, 1913, an interesting account is given of quite a new departure in education. At Harvard University, the subject of Psychological Research is going to be seriously studied. This is "the result of the acceptance by the university of the \$10,000 fund, recently donated for purposes of psychological research under the name of the Richard Hodgson Memorial". Dr. Hodgson was always a keen believer in the possibility of communication with those who are dead, and he frequently declared he would manifest his presence to some friend after he had crossed the "great divide". The methods of Research had not at the time of writing been decided, but probably those in vogue in the London Society will be more or less followed. That such a study is to be pursued in a University is indeed a step forward, and the late Dr. Hodgson's friends have done much honour to their comrade in associating him with such a progressive movement in Education.

THE ALTAR HIGH

By WELLER VAN HOOK, M. D., F. T. S.

IF, dear child, you were a little boy who was to be a great Initiate, who in other lives before had been one, and would become a Master in the life-time you had just begun, how do you think you would feel if you were brought into the great cathedral where your parents worshipped, and there attended Mass and saw the majesty of the High Altar of God? At the end of the long and lofty church it stands. How exquisitely the lights are tempered! The choir-tones ring through the vaults and pointed arches far above, where the great tracerics in stone meet together like giant finger-tips of huge old trees in forest glades. The worshippers are all about, absorbed in sweet devotion. In the chapels at the sides, women kneel, and pray, and tell their rosary-beads, their very souls mingling with the holy sanctity of the incense-burdened air. Here nobles and the lowliest ploughmen touch elbows, side by side.

How stirs the soul of that small boy! How can the tiny child-frame bear the strain of the ocean's inflow to his heart? These men and women about him, who are they? Like a trumpet-call the sound: "They are the children of the King!" And the child? "He is their Leader and their Saviour!"

See how stands the Altar, so high and so majestic! Somehow its builder has made it rise to a dizzy height

by steps and platforms; by lofty candelabra and their candles; by columns and the statues they support, and by the great cross above and the high-poised portrait of the Christ.

Now comes an Altar-boy, white-clad, bearing a long staff with a tiny taper at its topmost point. At one Altar-end the candle-wicks are touched with fire—the tall, tall candles, so wonderful in their ordered ranks fresh-set for each new ceremonial. And like a star each begins to twinkle and to blaze, and soon the whole Altar is aflame with lights, and its darker parts can now be seen in splendour all renewed.

Ah, where now is the gentle Christ-boy viewing the holy scene? There by his tender mother's side he sits, in body, but his overpowering Spirit has borne down, a mighty Angel, and has almost wholly swept the outer consciousness away. He is at one with God and with His Brother of the Sacrifice, with Them who father all religions, and this one called that of Christ, in whose sweet spell of worshipping he now sits enthralled.

Now to him the Altar is the eastern sky with sun-rays shooting zenithward, and the candles are the gentle friendly stars that seem to beckon children, like the Erl-King, from our life out into other worlds.

Who calls the child to earth again when the priest has raised the Host, and when, the service done, the worshippers begin to glide away? It is the mother—the tender brooding thing that flutters all about in her divine solicitude. Back from the view of God in stars and vaulted firmament come the eyes of Christ, and see God in those Mother-eyes—the eyes men love when Mary's name is said, and all mothers then become Madonnas, and each child of all the world of

men may see God in his mother's eyes! What would it be if the Christ-child and the Mother sat hand in hand, wrapped in the solemn spell, until the worshippers went forth, and only here and there some heart-sick or exalted one stayed, world-forgetting, worshipping? Gone is the celebrant, gone the choir, the acolytes. The stars, which are the candle-flames, are quenching, one by one, in twilight darkness, and again the Altar passes to its little rest-period and the Temple walls scarcely are echoing any sounds. Where are the throngs of Angels that, just a little while ago, hovered in the sky above? Over the cathedral, touching the fleecy clouds, still shimmer in the astral light the huge thought-structures of the music and the ritual, and in their midst blaze out the Resurrection-Cross and the golden Grail-cup. And the Angels, messengers of God, are gone, save just a few, and they are such wondrous brilliant ones, who from their flaming auras ever are in joy renewing the beams of gold-light and of azure and of rose that it is their sacred, happy service to shed down in guardianship upon the Christ-child!

And now, again, for a moment, he is gone altogether from this world, the tiny body dreaming against the mother's side. May we wonder where he is, in what communion or in what realm of consciousness?

Now earthly duty calls once more and, to the world recalled, the lady and the little boy, each holding a happy hand with each, walk dream-wise to the outer day.

Weller van Hook

INVISIBLE HELPERS AND OUR SOUL-CULTURE

By A THEOSOPHIST

III

ONE of the greatest difficulties a student of Divine Life has to face sooner or later, is the gradual transmuting of the many affectionate ties and ordinary interests of daily companionships into the one supreme purpose of the Master's service. The more unselfish the student's life may previously have been, and the more whole-hearted the devotion habitually displayed in the service of others, the more those others naturally suffer in the inevitable discovery that in some way they are no longer quite the same supreme centre around which this unselfish service once was wont to revolve. Until the student attains to the stage when divine compassion and love surge through the soul, richly illuminating all kârmic ties with the pure radiance of the Self; until the Unity which is proper to a higher plane can be poured into the hearts of those who suffer, as a healing balm, by those whose forward march causes the suffering; one continuous rending of the inner and outer foundations, upon which the old-established love and affection were built, takes place in the lives of all concerned. This must inevitably be so, for the most sacred bonds of family life and the sweet and holy communion between one member and another,

spring fundamentally from a community of aspirations and ideals rather than from an outward identity of interests on the physical plane. Once a cleavage begins to take place in the former, the latter, even with the tenderest care and utmost patience, seem to lose their savour and become little more than empty husks.

Upon the student this cleavage is twofold in its effects. First, there is the acute distress which a tender heart experiences when it becomes the source of pain to the loved ones; second, there is the intense loneliness of the position. From the very moment the earnest student of divine Life seeks to live up to ideals differing from those which inspire the lives of his intimate circle, all the old sweet sympathy and encouragement he was wont to lean upon are, by the nature of the case, cut right out of his life.

When the time came for my immersion in an elementary degree of this stage of "treading the winepress alone," I was in addition continually overwhelmed by doubt as to whether I were not merely chasing a chimera. Again and again I asked myself the question: Had these years of effort resulted in the transformation of soul and body into a truer expression of the Higher Self, or was I perhaps practising a subtle form of selfishness and hopelessly deceiving myself? Who could tell me? Did I turn to others for an answer to my query, I knew that those who could understand and sympathise with my high aims were too little acquainted with my outward life for their opinions to be reliable. Again, if I turned to those who had an intimate knowledge of my daily circumstances, the question would have little or no meaning for them. Moreover, I dreaded that a certain weariness of the New-Thought literature

(which latter I began to feel was leading me ever and again round the same beautiful track) might prove to be just the first note of the passing of all my high enthusiasm. Was I after all to discover that others were right in their opinion that I was but the victim of a passing craze? Or, dared I hope that this present darkness might prove, as on previous occasions, to be just the precursor to the coming of a new inspiration, which I might have the high privilege of sharing with those awakening souls who had already begun to lean upon me for guidance in the deep things of life?

Undoubtedly all these questions were 'writ' unusually 'large' in my mind at this particular time, for the anniversary of my birth was at hand, on which day it was my custom to review the past year's progress, and to select some definite ideal as an inspiration for the coming year's attainment.

It must have been in the small hours of the morning one day very early in the New Year, when I happened to be sufficiently awake to notice, first, that a gorgeous full moon was brilliantly lighting up my room, and secondly, that once again all sense of weight had for the time being quite left my body. This state of consciousness was succeeded by one of intense pleasure, when I found myself at the door and ringing the bell of a quaint old-fashioned little house which I knew to be 'The Cottage' where my grandmother used to live. Being the middle one of a very large family of children, I suffered to some extent from the turmoil and noise of my daily surroundings, so that the weeks spent alone with my grandmother in her pretty little home contained most of the happiest memories of my very early

childhood. The door was opened by a neat maid, to whom I explained that I had once lived there when a tiny child, and had now called to ask the present occupant if she would allow me to look over the house to renew my acquaintance with it and also to revive old memories. With a gesture of gracious assent she ushered me into the drawing-room. To my surprise this room, which in the old days was properly speaking nothing more than the tiniest of boudoirs, seemed now to have become a spacious apartment of really beautiful proportions. Sunshine and air poured in abundantly through the large wide-open windows which reached from the lofty and richly-ornamented ceiling to the floor. Beautiful pictures hung upon the white walls, rose-coloured hangings and upholstered furniture gave an unmistakable air of wealth and refinement, while the whole arrangement of the room impressed me with a sense of repose and comfort. Utterly amazed at so radical a change, I turned to the opening door and perceived that the chatelaine at that moment entering the room was none other than my faceless companion and guide of other dreams. She welcomed me affectionately as usual, and we commenced an inspection of the rest of the cottage, only to discover the same extraordinary transformation in the bedrooms, hall, and dining-room that I had already observed in the drawing-room.

“This is indeed a case of *multum in parvo*,” I exclaimed. “I cannot understand how you have made such immense alterations inside the house when the outside dimensions are unaltered.”

“I am glad you are pleased,” replied my hostess. “Come with me into the garden and see my other improvements.”

The garden, in the old days as small as it was beautiful, I now saw with pleasure was still crowded with the same fragrant white lilies, primroses, and honeysuckles as of yore, but once again the dimensions of the garden were magnified out of all recognition. Deeply puzzled as to how this had been accomplished in the crowded suburb in which 'The Cottage' was situated, I followed my hostess into the stables. Here, too, the walls, woodwork, floors and fittings, were all of the very latest approved models. Opening the door of the loose-box, my companion showed me a horse enveloped in heavy clothing from head to foot; even its legs were swathed in bandages. Looking at it in amazement, I saw that the poor thing was on the point of falling, as it tottered and swayed to and fro on its feeble legs.

"Why," I exclaimed, "your horse is ill, very ill; something ought to be done for it!"

"There is nothing to be done," was the reply; "we cannot keep it alive, it is dying." Later I found that I was born under the sign Sagittarius.

I rather longed to stay and help the poor beast, but my guide explained that it was well cared-for, and signed to me to follow her up the narrow steep ladder into the upper story. On reaching what should have been a loft filled with corn and hay, I emerged through the usual hole in the floor into a beautiful vinery, filled with vines bearing a large crop of beautiful grapes, nearly all the bunches of which were colouring well, though most of them were barely ripe.

"See," said my hostess reaching up and cutting a large bunch with a smaller one pendent from it, "these are ripe; take them, for they are all now yours."

Expressing my grateful thanks, as well for the luscious fruit as for her extreme kindness in showing me over her house and garden, I bade her farewell. As the door closed behind me, I again became aware of the silvery moonlight flooding my own room, and, in addition, of an ineffable peace and content pervading my whole being.

Passing the whole dream, so full of vivid detail, in careful review, I felt puzzled to know what lesson to learn from it. I finally concluded that my kind and wise guide, whoever she might be, was apparently at the helm of my ship, and that my share in the ship's progress must consist in doing my utmost fully to respond to all opportunities that might come. Judging from the bunches of grapes I had just received, of which my hand still felt the ripeness as of some material thing, I was sure I should not have long to wait.

A day or two later, when seeking a publisher for an article I had written, it happened that I came across Mr. Sinnett's book, *The Growth of the Soul*. In this—my first introduction to Theosophy, and to its Source, the Wisdom Religion of all time—I recognised with heartfelt joy that fresh inspiration which had been promised to me by the gift of grapes, and which, while it explained the past, also revealed to me the entrance to that Pathway leading to Infinity along which a faithful student could travel in search of "The Pearl of Great Price".

A Theosophist

REVIEWS

Vibration and Life, by D. T. Smith, M. D. (Richard G. Badger, Gorham Press, Boston, U. S. A. \$ 1. 50 Price.)

The author sets forth the theory that certain "refined elementary corpuscles" exist, which build up both mind and body; the soul is the "active vital principle" producing a mind and a body; it is a "vital unit," the vital force differing from the common force, and these vital units are formed from "an unlimited store of this peculiar vital energy," called elsewhere 'soul-stuff'. One is reminded of the Upaniṣaṭ phrase of millions of sparks proceeding from a single fire. "All organic forms, and all definite inorganic forms as well, are thought-forms." Peculiar atoms exist, with which the vital force is connected, and the aggregate of these is the soul-stuff. They work on the "coarse atom" known to chemistry, and they are divided into positive and negative, or, as the author calls them, male and female.

The theory of memory, the persistence of groups of vibrations in the neurons, is not clearly explained, and Dr. Smith almost writes as though he intended to signify persistence of a *thing*, not merely of a latent power. If he means that a group of vibrations once set up tends to repeat itself under a stimulus similar to that to which it originally responded, then his view might receive much support from Theosophical ideas. Such a group would not have persistence as a material thing, but it would exist as a potentiality capable of perpetual evocation. He speaks of it as "caged in the neurons"—an unhappy phrase, if he means that a potentiality of reproducing the group ever remains.

Dr. Smith's theory of vital units does not lead him to a belief in the persistence of a conscious individuality through death. On the contrary it is "infinitely improbable" that the

same elements should regather to form a new individual, and this would be necessary for the preservation of memory.

Dr. Smith, however, does not regret this, and seems to be rather pleased with the idea that, as individuals, we have had no past, and shall have no future.

The book is, as a whole, suggestive but disappointing; the suggestiveness leads us to recommend it, and the student may perchance improve on the theories offered, and so avoid the disappointment caused by the author.

A. B.

The Mystery Woman, by Mrs. Campbell Praed. (Cassell & Co., London. Price 6s.)

Novels on occult subjects are many, but those written by competent students are but few. Mrs. Campbell Praed is well-versed in Theosophic and psychic lore, and her stories are generally well worked out from the point of view of the Theosophist. In this new novel clairvoyance is the undercurrent that runs through the story, though the love-thread is equally strong and may afford greater excitement to some readers. The Sixth Sense Society people and their doings will be found specially interesting by members of the Theosophical Society. As a story the novel cannot be placed among the best of its kind, and Mrs. Praed has certainly produced better work in the past. It is very pleasantly written, however, and we recommend it to our readers.

B. P. W.

Radical Views about the New Testament, by Dr. G. A. Van den Bergh van Eysinga, translated by S. B. Slack, M. A. (Watts & Co., London. Price 2s. net.)

It would need an expert scholar of biblical criticism adequately to review this book, written by a learned Dutch student. The translation of this volume must needs be of great value, as it brings within the reach of many the fruits of much research, by putting it into a language known to a greater number of persons than is the author's mother-tongue.

This translation is "issued for the Rationalist Press Association," and its aim is frankly directed "against the Theology of Liberal Christianity". We suppose the orthodox Christianity is completely ruled out of court. The cold hand of

criticism has laid its finger on the New Testament, and seeks by scholarship to destroy it. If none of the books of this New Testament were written by those to whom they are ascribed, it may be well we should know it. If no miracles ever occurred, we must get used to it. But the value of the New Testament dwells in the spirit, and the 'Sermon on the Mount,' whether delivered by Jesus or not—no matter—will remain everlastingly the teaching of a spiritual man. The higher critics may take much from us, but they cannot destroy the "spirit which giveth life".

T. L. C.

History of Ancient Philosophy, by A. W. Benn. (Watts & Co., London. Price 1s. net.)

The author is to be congratulated on the amount of information he has condensed into this very interesting and able precis of Greek philosophical thought. It covers the ground from the time of Thales of Miletus, the founder of Greek philosophy, to the Neo-Platonists as represented by Plotinus. Nine illustrations of representative Greek thinkers, including Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, a bibliography and an index are comprised in a volume which is surely a marvel of cheapness.

As is perhaps to be expected in a work issued from the Rationalist Press, more emphasis is laid upon the scientific, practical and ethical aspects of Greek philosophy than on the ideal and spiritual. Of Plotinus for example, it is noted: "It would be a serious mistake to think of Plotinus as solely or even chiefly a mystic. The mystical portion of his writings covers a very small compass; nor does he ever employ mystical considerations instead of rational arguments." It is however perhaps the quality rather than the quantity of thought which in its finality best describes the thinker when summing up his life-work. Philosophy has, someone has rather happily said, begun in wonder, and Mr. Benn notes the fact that the Greeks early betrayed this high intellectual curiosity. From wonder also interest in science naturally follows, and so the early Greek philosophers interested themselves in theories of cosmology and soon discovered the principle of evolution. "For three generations after its first start Greek thought had been steadily shaping itself into a philosophy of evolution, with the promise

of fruitful direction to physical science as far as the investigations could then be pushed." As regards cosmology all four elements were claimed respectively as the first principle of all things. Thales saw it as water, Anaximenes claimed that position for air, while Xenophanes of Colophon taught it was earth, and Heracleitus of Ephesus, fire. Empedocles of Acragas "accepted the doctrine of metempsychosis to the extent of remembering that he himself had previously existed as a boy, a girl, a bush and a bird". He had also the insight to see "strife as a cosmic power, for it was through her that the many come forth from the one," and love as a unifying force; while he describes the Supreme God "as a sacred and unutterable mind, flashing through the whole world with rapid thoughts". Plato and Aristotle are, as befits their importance—for is not every man either born a Platonist or an Aristotelian?—accorded a preferential spacial treatment of a chapter each. Of Stoicism it is said that the three ideas distinctively characteristic of it at its best are Conscience, Duty and Humanity.

Within its self-imposed limits this book can be heartily recommended to all lovers of wisdom (which is what the word philosophy really means) and especially to the many who feel the perennial fascination of Grecian culture with its high thought.

E. S.

Folk Tales of Breffny, by B. Hunt. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d.)

"The Folk Tale is essentially dramatic, and loses much when it is written down," writes the author in her Introduction, which cannot be altogether true, for these dramatic Folk Tales have not lost their charm in print. The naive spirit is well maintained, and for the student of Occultism the book is not devoid of instruction, as also for the ordinary man of the world it is not without interest. Short stories, well told, in proper setting, permeated by an atmosphere of utter simplicity, dealing mostly with what ordinary people would call the supernatural, this book of twenty-six such tales will be welcomed by all those who are fond of the romantic. Folk Tales, like Fairy Stories, have their peculiar charm, and the book under review casts a

spell over the reader, who wants to read it from beginning to end without a break. Perhaps this is due to the queer activities of those Good People of whom the book speaks so much.

B. P. W.

Problems of Men, Mind, and Morals, by Ernest Belford Bax. (Grant Richards Ltd., London. Price 6s. net.)

These essays are written by a man in every way fitted to discuss the many phases of evolution dealt with. Like W. T. Stead, Belford Bax might be said to have set out in life with the determination to make the public curse him, if it did not bless him, and, as with Stead, the public did both. He is not infrequently blessed with the curses of his friends and co-workers in the Socialist cause, who writhe under his merciless and scathing criticisms while they revel in his luminous and uncompromising analyses. No better example of his methods can be found than his essay on Karl Kautsky's work entitled *Ursprung des Christentums* which seeks to reduce Christian origins to solely economic causes. Of the doctrinaire Marxian this is characteristic. He cannot admit that social phenomena are subject in the least degree to any but economic causation, and this attitude always arouses Bax's ire. Accepting Kautsky's conclusion that the historical Jesus was merely the leader of a not very important attempt at insurrection, whose trial and execution followed the suppression of the revolt, and noting that while other Messiahs left some impression on contemporary history, Jesus left none, he asks pertinently: "If the movement of Jesus was of a local and temporary character, how did historical Chistianity arise out of it?" On this point Bax parts company with Kautsky, who attributes the spread of the movement almost entirely to its principle of communistic property holding. As against this Bax urges two important considerations: (1) Is the assumed communism of the early Christians demonstrable as an historical fact? (2) Even conceding this fact, is it possible to regard it as even a remotely adequate cause of the very far-reaching effects ascribed to it? Both queries are promptly answered in the negative. The critic goes on to point out that the so-called communism was simply an exaggerated alms-giving called

forth by special circumstances and, further, that the common purse or bag was simply an early edition of Cook's touring system, in which the parties concerned find it convenient to have a common account during their trip. But leaving that, Bax asks: "Was the admittedly crude. . . communism of consumption. . . alleged to have been practised by the Christians, a sufficiently distinctive and important phenomenon . . . to have by itself attracted numbers to the church and to have acquired for Christianity the influence it obtained?" Then he promptly quotes Kautsky against himself.

Kautsky, in answer to a theologian who asserted that communism was not included among the many ugly accusations hurled against the Christian sect, points out that communism did not only not imply any reproach, but was actually associated with many forms of contemporary organisation, and was traditionally connected with the great names of Plato and Pythagoras. Here the essayist chuckles audibly, for Kautsky, by this admission, obviously demolishes his own postulate that communism is the distinguishing characteristic or feature of Christianity.

As against Kautsky's postulate, Bax argues:

The determining factor in the evolution of Christianity was the doctrine of the relation of the human soul to the central power of the universe . . . It was this mystical relation of the individual soul to God, who in popular thought became regarded as a preternatural superman, on which the whole Christian theory turns. Kautsky, in his sacramental devotion to the historical materialism of Marx, fails altogether to recognise the importance of the introspective individualism and mysticism as a salient phase in human evolution.

Kautsky is further flagellated for ignoring the figure of Paul, and the essayist rightly compares such action to the playing of Hamlet without the hero.

In the essays on 'Sex and Sentiment,' 'Modern Feminism,' the writer says many true things with regard to the woman question, and proves conclusively that women are more privileged than men. He forgets, however, in his partisan way, that the only sane way to change this undesirable state of things would be to substitute for those privileges rights and responsibilities.

Most of the more important essays are in defence or exposition of Socialism, and that entitled 'The Hearth, the Throne and the Altar' comprises most of the arguments adduced.

The following quotation gives a very fair indication of the attitude and arguments :

Socialism is destined to conquer and, in its conquest, it will assuredly supersede the Throne, the Hearth, and the Altar, in the forms in which they have existed in history and survive at the present time. It will assuredly make an end of the narrow views on these subjects still largely obtaining, as of the institutions themselves as at present existing; and in their place will arise other social forms and other conceptions more consistent with the realisation of that Freedom, Justice, and Brotherhood which is, after all, the ethical standard that Socialism unfolds before the eyes of men, and by virtue of which it makes appeal to their hearts.

The essay on 'Speculative Thought' is a marvel of condensation and clarity of reasoning.

Altogether it is a book worth reading. Sceptics, sick or well, would read it with profit, and devotees reading it would see and marvel at the spectacle of a man doing his own thinking.

H. R. G.

Brotherhood. A Series of Addresses by G. S. Arundale. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Ans. 10 or 10d. or 20c.)

The Introduction to this attractive little book says that "a large number of colleagues and pupils of Mr. Arundale were desirous of making as permanent as they could the deep affection which has gradually grown up between them and him during the ten years, 1903-1913, of his work in the Central Hindū College"; so a group of friends who felt strongly the value of his teachings bound themselves together to carry on by example and practice the many virtues and qualities of true brotherhood. The motto chosen embodied the two keynotes of George Arundale's teachings, namely, love and service and was framed as follows: "The ideal reward is an increased power to love and to serve," and the scope of 'the brotherhood' was to perpetuate the mutually strong bonds of affection, to keep alive the force and strength of his inspiration and to live up to the ideals that he had ever taught. "We live," says Arundale, in a very happy phrase, "as members of the Brotherhood, upon the plane of affection," and that is the true tie between him and his colleagues and pupils. What better testimonial could any man wish from his pupils as a

result of his teachings than this spontaneous and bright outgoing of love and desire to serve humanity? Surely all that serves to kindle in boys' and men's hearts the pure fires of service to their brothers, and love to all must be accounted as very good, and who will be so mean as to sneer at that 'hero-worship' which in reality is a mainspring to personal endeavour and uplifts and ennobles the whole life?

W. H. K.

*The People's Books*¹ (T. C. and E. C. Jack, London and Edinburgh. Price Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c.)

The Church of England, by the Rev. J. Howard B. Masterman.

In its three chapters, closely packed with information, this book provides: (1) a very much condensed summary of the history of the Church of England; (2) a description of the Church's present status, its organisation, and its doctrinal position; and (3) an introduction to the questions of Church Reform (including the question of Disestablishment), and a consideration of future possibilities. It could not be expected that any single portrait of this comprehensive institution should represent her as seen by all within her pale; yet it seems to us that Canon Masterman has succeeded in taking a very extensive view, and in giving in small compass a clear outline which will be generally recognised as a true one.

The Hope and Mission of the Free Churches, by Rev. Edward Shillito.

There are some who incline to regard the Free Churches as representatives merely of what is worst in Protestantism, as chiefly remarkable for their abolition of ecclesiastical art, and for their dislike of Occultism and poetic religious symbology. This book brings out fairly clearly the fact that the essential thing about the Free Churches is that in their revolt against formalism they lay extreme emphasis upon the life-side of Christianity as distinct from the form-side. Non-conformists would define a Christian as one who enjoys certain

¹ This admirable and cheap popular Series is obtainable at the THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

spiritual experiences, not as one who belongs to a certain organisation; and the Free Churches owe their origin to, and base their hope upon, what they regard as spontaneous manifestations of the Divine Spirit—what Mr. Shillito calls “seasons of resurrection within the Church”. Indeed, the truth which the Free Churches represent (though they express it under limitations of book and creed) is none other than that from which Theosophy derives its name—the possibility of man’s direct cognition of God. We ought, with this in view, to be able to forgive any ignorant iconoclasm which may be laid to their charge. The book is written in clear and spirited language, and is an able introduction to its subject. It contains an historical summary, interesting despite the extreme condensation; it provides an excellent sketch of the present political and religious position occupied by the Free Churches; and, gazing into the future, it gives glowing expression to the Non-conformist hope. That hope, as voiced by Mr. Shillito, is one with which we heartily concur—that the Free Churches may “bring their peculiar treasures of insight and experience into the Holy Federation of Churches, which will await the coming of the Kingdom of God”.

R. W. E.

The Nature of Mathematics, by Philip E. B. Jourdain, M. A.

This is no ordinary mathematical treatise, but a vivid word-picture of the science of mathematics itself. In a style that is almost colloquial in its simplicity the author lays bare the original relations of mathematical symbols to the conditions that they are used to describe, and demonstrates their wonderful value in economy of mental energy. He makes a strong point of distinguishing between ‘mathematics,’ or the method of arriving at truths, and ‘Mathematics,’ or the statement of the truths themselves which do not change. His genius for lucid explanation is particularly noticeable in his treatment of every-day topics to illustrate fine shades of meaning, but we think that if a few geometrical figures referred to by letters could have found a place in print, the effect would have been still more complete. For all its brevity the book is by no means elementary, including as it does a consideration of the infinitesimal calculus. The historical aspect receives a full share of attention, and it will interest Theosophists to read

that the Arabs derived their knowledge of algebra from the Hindūs. Altogether this little manual is quite a classic in its way, and will doubtless come as a revelation to many a student who may have hitherto regarded this subject as dry and formidable.

W. D. S. B.

Co-operation, by Joseph Clayton.

The co-operative movement is regarded by the author of this little book as "one of the greatest accomplishments of the working-class in the nineteenth century," and certainly in these days when the principle of democracy is being held in the balance, the subject is one which all who have the welfare of the people at heart should study. For clear, concise information on the subject the general reader may well be recommended to Mr. Clayton. He gives a short history of the movement during the years that have elapsed since its inception in 1821 and then outlines the work of the various most important departments of its activity; its aims, moral and economic, being defined by the way. A bibliography is given at the end of the volume, and in the Introduction the author enumerates some of the phases of his subject upon which he has been unable to touch—a very wise proceeding, as it points the way to the reader in the direction of further study.

A. de L.

Navigation, by William Hall, R. N., B. A.

Travellers voyaging by sea frequently express some interest as to methods by which the master of the ship finds his way from port to port. This little book gives just such a general survey of the processes of navigation as will satisfy the voyager's curiosity. It provides in easily understood language a brief description of the various branches of navigation. Though not sufficiently detailed to be of service to the yachtsman, the book will give those who spend their summer holidays by the seashore an additional pleasure in observing sailors and ships.

C. R. H.

Cecil John Rhodes, by Ian D. Colvin.

The author of the interesting *Romance of South Africa* is here giving an excellent summary of the life-work of one who

has contributed greatly towards the building of British Africa. Those who by temperament are what the Theosophists call Ruling-Ray-people will find this booklet very interesting as unfolding the hidden powers of a great statesman as he encounters and overcomes difficulty after difficulty. The work of Empire-building has its charms, and the story of such past building is instructive. The name of Cecil John Rhodes is and will remain a great name in the history of the Empire, and the study, not only of his work, splendid as it is, but also of the man himself, both in his public and private life, is full of fascination, and affords such inspiration that we would fain persuade every young man to read this work.

Friedrich Nietzsche, by M. A. Mugge.

The Theosophical touch in Nietzsche's character and philosophy is rather a fine one. His vigorous teachings, apparently hard and sometimes crude-sounding, have here and there a truly Theosophical lining, and students of Theosophy will do well to acquaint themselves with this strange character and queer philosophy. The little manual will form an excellent introduction, admirably written by one who is master of his subject. A good index facilitates the work of reading and an equally good bibliography shows the way to further study and research. The Introduction gives a useful outline of the "main problems with which he [Nietzsche] was engaged," and is followed by: I. Nietzsche's life; II. "Beyond Good and Evil"; III. The Antichrist; IV. The Superman. The booklet is strewn with the interesting and attractive thoughts of the philosopher-poet, and we may here give some:

"If you desire peace of soul and happiness, believe! if you want to be a disciple of truth, search!"

"We should not let ourselves be burnt for our opinions—we are not so certain of them as all that. But we might let ourselves be burnt for the right of possessing and changing our opinions."

"Passion for power is the earthquake which breaketh and upbreaketh all that is rotten and hollow; the rolling, rumbling, punitive demolisher of whited sepulchres; the flashing interrogative sign besides premature answers; passion for power: before whose glance man creepeth and croucheth

and drudgeth, and becometh lower than the serpent and the swine, until at last great contempt crieth out of him."

Atlas in Full Colours, by J. Bartholomew, F. R. G. S.

This is a production of marvellous cheapness: 56 coloured maps of all the countries of the globe. A very useful Index to Countries enhances the value of this sixpenny book. It is the most handy atlas we have come across.

B. P. W.

The Homeland of the Soul, by the Rev. John Spence, F.R.A.S. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

The object of this book is to establish the doctrine of human immortality and of a happy *post mortem* future. A distinction is drawn—though curiously one in favour of the superiority of the soul—between the soul and the spirit. The soul is defined "as intelligent existence and existence intelligent. The spirit is really that which animates the body, that distinguishes a living man from a dead man, while soul is the very man himself". Heaven is defined as a dear home-like condition, the central source of love: "It is a progressive state, condition or place, where all the powers of mind will grow strong by service." The book gives the reader rather a scrappy feeling from the amount of quotations it includes, both theological and scientific, with a sprinkling of the results and thoughts of modern psychic research. With its foundation of orthodoxy and the author's often rather sentimental contributions, it presents finally rather an incongruous pot-pourri from this forced intermingling of so many foreign elements. Its appeal, if any, will, it seems to me, be to the already orthodox, who, however,—and I fear their number is considerable—are not so sure as their orthodoxy should make them of their own immortality or of their own possibly happy *post mortem* experiences. The unorthodox, and the sceptic would require, I can but think, a more scientific treatment of the subject; a stronger and more consecutive diet of reason and of feelings—one less on the lines of a special appeal.

E. S.

The Spiritual Message of Fiona Macleod; The Coming of Psyche; William Sharp (Fiona Macleod) A Memoir compiled by his Wife, Elizabeth A. Sharp. (William Heineman, London.)

Do not speak of the spiritual life as 'another life': There is no other life: what we mean by that is with us now. The great misconception of Death is that it is the only door to another world.

I say that I no longer ask of a book, is it clever, or striking, or is it well done, or even is it beautiful, but out of how deep a life does it come. That is the most searching test.

Profoundly significant, these memoirs of William Sharp and Fiona Macleod. Gratitude is due to the compiler for the form in which they are presented. In these days of the exhibition of men by mannikins (vide *Life of Gissing*, by Morley Roberts) Mrs. Sharp's attitude of delicate reserve is unusually refreshing. Biography is one of the rarest, subtlest arts, requiring an extraordinary blend and balance of faculties, analytical, psychological, and synthetical.

The compiler's comments are always sympathetic, sometimes intuitive. We have an idea that there must remain a number of unpublished letters and 'remains' of extraordinary and enthralling interest; however, in this collection, the unpretentiousness of the editorial portion of the book is an art in itself. She has done what she set out to do; no common achievement, now or ever.

The meteor known to the world as Fiona Macleod flashed across the heavens of literature in clouds of glittering fire. Imaginative artists (whatever their medium) felt themselves enraptured to an answering rapture by the ardour of that flame; white, myriad-coloured, opalescent, glowed the splendour of those "trailing clouds of glory," those most ancient yet ever-fresh spiritual truths reproclaimed by the author of *The Winged Destiny*. 'The Vision Splendid' so nigh to poets and children is withheld from the wise and prudent. The greatest poets and artists have ever been and will be 'babes' in the eyes of the world. This is inevitable, for their values differ, inasmuch as the gold of creative imagination issues neither from the mines nor mints of earth.

The chief interest of the book centres round the orbit of Fiona Macleod. The tension between the two personalities, the "critical intellectual mood" which was William Sharp, and the intuitive, spiritual dreamer, (F. M.) must have been well-nigh unendurable at times. A poignant illustration of the reflex action of these dual vibrations is shown in the account of how he heard the call of the sea, round his window on a London midnight, whose insistence drew him to Arran within the space of a few hours. From there he writes: "The extreme

loneliness . . . was like balm . . . It is . . . as though Fiona were asleep in another room . . . The flowing of the air of the hills laved the parched shores of my heart . . . In these vast solitudes peace and joy came hand in hand to meet me." At these times, he knew (like many another creative vessel, well-nigh broken with the mingled joy and sorrow, the ichor of the Gods) that in solitude and flight lay the only safety for the mortal instrument.

Mrs. Sharp expresses well the aim of the modern school of spiritually-imaginative literature when she says (speaking of her husband and Professor Geddes) that they sought "to preserve and nurture what is of value and of spiritual beauty in the race, so that it should fuse into and work with, or become part of, the great acquisitions and marvellous discoveries of modern thought. To hold to the essential beauty and thought of the past, while going forward eagerly to meet the new and ever increasing knowledge, was the desire."

None but those who are of this company (however minor their part) know the stress and strain at which each member must live, wherein no relaxation is possible (save in those brief moments of life and freedom vouchsafed from Nature, unclouded by man) because the following of that Quest takes every power of spirit, mind and heart. The sympathy between the two personalities, is, however, frequently in evidence in declarations such as: "The flashing of sunlight in the waters of the fountains, the green of spring in the flowered fields and amongst the trees, and the songs of birds and the little happy-eyed children, mean infinitely more to me than the grandest sculptures, the noblest frescoes, the finest paintings." Here speaks William Sharp, on his first visit to Italy, glad to escape from Galleries to Earth's Garden. After speaking apologetically of his love for Nature rather than Art, the poet re-asserts himself: "I would not be otherwise after all. I know some things which few know—some secrets of beauty in cloud, and sea and earth have an inner communion with all that meets my eyes in what we call nature—and am rich with a wealth which I would not part with for all the palaces of Rome." The Muse is justified of her children. There be Gods many and lords many, in the world of critics and appraisers, but how few the priest-votaries of Urania!

Many of the critical remarks of William Sharp are invaluable and illuminating and might well be studied by members of the fraternity. "What is new in literature is not so likely to be unfit for critics, as critics are likely to be unfit for what is new in literature." The following description of Criticism is not easily excelled: "The basis of Criticism is imagination: its spiritual quality is sympathy: its intellectual distinction is

balance." In words such as these the gulf between critic and creative writer is bridged. This is clearly the production of a series of good-vibrations from the poet-seer. "I am tortured by the passionate desire to create beauty, to sing something of 'the impossible songs' I have heard, to utter something of the rhythm of life that has most touched me." These words were uttered on the threshold of the awakening of Fiona Macleod. The preface to *The Children of To-morrow* is, in Mrs. Sharp's words, "the direct forerunner of the series of romantic tales he afterwards wrote as Fiona Macleod". There could hardly be a braver rallying-cry for singers of the spiritual Renaissance.

Forlorn the way, yet with strange gleams of gladness;
 Sad beyond words the voices far behind.
 Yet we, perplexed with our diviner madness,
 Must heed them not—the goal is still to find!
 What though beset by pain and fear and sorrow,
 We must not fail, we Children of To-morrow.

We are not surprised to read that one critic described it as "depressing . . . out of touch with realities". The toast and bacon school of critics are still in the majority.

The importance of Art as fine fashioner of Images formed after the similitude of things beyond mortality, is well expressed in the remarks on ethics and optimism, in connection with art.

The question is not one of weighty message, but of artistic presentation. To praise a poem because of its optimism is like commending a peach because it loves the sunshine, rather than because of its bloom and savour . . . The first essential concern of the artist must be with his vehicle. In the instance of a poet, this vehicle is language emotioned to the white heat of rhythm.

Sayings such as these, from one who was both spiritual devotee and human artificer, are priceless to all artists (in whatever medium) working along lines of constructive idealism. "Work must be beautiful in itself. Beauty is a Queen and must be served as a Queen." Of *Pharais* (the first 'Fiona Macleod' book) the writer tells us: "It is a book. . . out of the core of my heart. I wrote it with the pen dipped in the very ichor of my life." The reception by the public was characteristic: "Ignored in some quarters, abused in others, and unheeded by the 'general reader'." Minds such as those of George Meredith and Theodore Watts leapt to its greatness and recognised the genius of its writer.

We shall not mutilate the writer's 'Credo,' (p. 241), by quotation. Happy are all who can say Amen to it. None can read 'The Rune of the Sorrow of Women' without feeling that the writer's experience in the composition thereof bore direct fruit in truth of expression, feeling, and atmosphere. "It was as though in some subtle way the soul of

woman breathed into my brain . . . as if I had given partial expression at least to the inarticulate voice of a myriad women who suffer in one or other of the triple ways of sorrow." The poet's moments of prophecy are of special significance to those among us who believe that the new Renaissance is here, at last, at our doors. The following is a quotation from one of Fiona Macleod's letters to Yeats, and is the conclusion of 'her' description of a vision :

All the heart, all the brain, of the Celtic races shall be stirred. There is a shadow of mighty changes. Myself, I believe that new spirits have been embodied among us. And some of the old have come back. We shall perish, you and I and all who fight under the 'Lifting of the Sunbeam'—but we shall pioneer a wonderful marvellous new life for humanity.

There is a war-cry for those who choose the path of the pioneer rather than paving-stones, the way through the wilderness rather than fat servitude. One of the most interesting letters is that from A.E., the Irish Seer, Poet and Painter. The difference in the emotional calibre of Nature-Lovers is significant of that harmony which is the secret of Unity. Says A.E. to Fiona :

Your nature spirit is a little tragic. You love the Mother as I do, but you seem for ever to expect some revelation of awe from her lips where I would hide my head in her bosom. But the breathless awe is true also—"meet on the Hills of Dream," that would not be so difficult . . . Your inner nature preserves the memory of old Initiations . . . I cannot regard art as the 'quintessential life' unless art comes to mean the art of living more than the art of artists . . .

To those who know the respective work of the writer and reader of this letter, much may be revealed of the surface differences and deep unity of the two voices. Both have that power set as a seat on genius, the magic touch whereby we too, with them, go "back to the distance which is all the future".

Nowhere has the truth of reincarnation received more adequate and poetic expression than through the medium of Fiona Macleod. Speaking of the Joy in Remembrance of spiritual things, she says :

Not only as an exile dreaming of the land left behind, but as one travelling in narrow defiles who looks back for familiar fires on the hills, or upward to the familiar stars where is surety. In truth is not all creative art remembrance : is not the spirit of ideal art the recapture of what has gone away from the world, that by an imperious spiritual law is forever withdrawing to come again newly ?

Spiritual energy thus reaches earth in great tidal waves. All cosmic impulses are tidal in nature. This is a necessity, for mortality's crucible is, after all, finite ; it is the alembic alone which pertains to eternity. Even at low water, there are still deep land-locked pools. At the softest turn of tide, from ebb to flow, these shore-bound waters rise. Fiona Macleod's work is

accused on the score of undue iteration. Heralds and pioneers are seldom free from this charge. Spiritual messengers are voices in the wilderness, and the desert is not made straight without pickaxe and shovel, nor with a few blows. Similarly in the histories of the making of the highway of the soul of nations and individuals, there must inhere the genius of one-pointedness. Fiona Macleod possessed this genius, to a remarkable degree and also, what is perhaps even more notable, the combination of subtlety and persistency, an invaluable distillation of spiritual alchemy.

To materialists, Fiona Macleod's message is only one more voice in the Chorus of the deluded, those who follow mirages, whose quest is that Chimera, the Soul. It may be that ever and anon some solitary note in the Song of the Dreamers, the litany of Psyche's votaries, may wake a faint echo of remembrance in their hearts even across that Lethe which is the portion of materialists. Some, hearing, mock; others sigh, wishing, perchance, that they too might extend their boundaries, beyond the plains and low hills of to-day, the only horizon visible to them. Yet no true son of Psyche can despise materialism or its victims. They know that it is only a stage on the return home. A steep path, a dark road, an imprisonment in stone walls, wherein oft-times the incarcerated one knows not that he is in bondage to the flesh.

Since Fiona Macleod's day the spiritual consciousness has received a mighty kindling from the Creative Breath. Events cast ever deeper, longer, shadows on the screen of the world. Psyche is coming into her heritage, and "the moving Finger" writes, through a chosen few, words of daily increasing import. The World-Psyche is waking, her wings are unfolding. Token of this may be found in the general movement towards mental emancipation and emotional fulfilment. For this simultaneous uprush of mind and soul is the well-known forerunner of an outpouring of the Spirit. The currents meet, and there are those who walk upon troubled waters, as well as those who are caught in the swirl of the maelstrom.

In Art and Science, alike, in the Drama, in the Laboratory, the Muse of this Twentieth Century unfurls her wings. The materialist still seeks to maim her with negations, the narrow clerical element would clip her wings, stultify her utterance, expurgate her vocabulary. But Fire and Air are the Muse's Elements. "Slight Air and Purgive Fire," they bear up her flight. To-day it is no Sibylline prophecy to declare that the dry soil of materialism is giving way beneath the feet of its supporters. The ground is literally almost untenable, it quakes and crumbles alternately. Do not let us forget the pioneers. This is all too easy. William Sharp knew the pains

and perils of the way of his other self. He gave up much (more than we know, or have any right to know; yet that which we have surmised is a certainty to a few) that the voice of Fiona should be heard above the clamour, that she should reign in his soul, untouched by world-contagion. He wrote to a friend:

It is a happiness to me to know that you feel so deeply the beauty that has been so humbly and eagerly and often despairingly sought, and that in some dim measure, at least, is held here as a shaken image in troubled waters. It is a long long road, the road of art. . . . and those who serve with passion and longing and unceasing labour of inward thought and outward craft are the only votaries who truly know what long and devious roads must be taken, how many pitfalls have to be avoided or escaped from, how many desires have to be foregone, how many hopes have to be crucified in slow death or more mercifully be lost by the way, before one can stand at last on "the yellow banks where the west wind blows," and see, beyond, the imperishable flowers, and hear the immortal voices.

Thus William Sharp, one of the finest constructive poetic critics and men of letters. Fiona's declaration is a fitting conclusion to this reminder of their spiritual significance in the world of current literature: The greatest artists, whether living in or out of the walls of flesh, echo the words—a multitude of immortals, whose voice is as the sound of many waters: *I am content to do my best, as the spirit moves me, and as my sense of beauty compels me.*

L. N.

NOTICE

THE ADYAR BULLETIN, May, contains the first part of an article by Mrs. Besant on Giordano Bruno. This is published by request and is really the revised copy of a lecture given in 1898. It is written in Mrs. Besant's most terse and telling style. Mr. Leadbeater contributes a paper in which he deals clearly with the origin of, and dangers incurred by, exaggeration. A well-known Scottish Member gives us an interesting account of how she became a Theosophist. Mr. Henry Hotchner writes a balanced paper on 'How an Old-fashioned Theosophist regards the Orders'. 'When Friends Meet' treats of the Eternal Now in the accustomed conversational style, and 'Students in Council' discuss the criterion of a Theosophical Movement in a very valuable and illuminating way. 'Of Love and Life,' being thoughts by Philip Oyler, and 'The Vision and the Voice' being pages from a dream-diary, by K. F. Stuart are concluded this month—a very interesting number.

THEOSOPHY IN MANY LANDS

FINLAND

The latest feature of the work in this country is a scheme for establishing a Theosophical colony around the headquarters at Aggelby. Mr. Pekka Ervast, the indefatigable General Secretary, has already bought land, erected three buildings, and gathered round him a group of devoted workers. A circular giving an outline of the scheme and signed by influential citizens was drawn up in the Swedish as well as the Finnish language, and its distribution has resulted in the collection of eight thousand marks in two months, a very encouraging response. The propaganda fund has also been well supported. A series of lectures was recently given by Mr. Pekka Ervast entitled 'Theosophical Personalities,' the motto chosen being Bhagavad-Gitā IV, 6-8. Miss Eva Blytt visited Finland at the beginning of the year and delivered five lectures in Helsingfors, including a breezy account of life at Adyar. She enthusiastically explained the objects of the Order of the Star in the East, and was much appreciated. Theosophists in Finland have been fired by the prospect of a visit from the President, and this hope naturally figures prominently in their letter. A later letter announces the founding of the Finnish Section of the Star on Good Friday, March 21, with W. Angeroo, M. D., as National Representative, Mr. Toivo Vitikka as National Secretary, and Mr. Pekka Ervast as Protector of the Order in Finland. There had been a strong inclination in this direction for a year past, and after Miss Blytt's visit all obstacles disappeared. The first meeting augured well for the future of the work; lectures were given by Mr. Toivo Vitikka and Mr. V. H. Valvanne, and there was a recital in the interim. It is expected that the Theosophical movement in Finland will receive a fresh impulse after the Congress at Stockholm, and the Annual Convention is being postponed in expectation of the President's visit.

W. D. S. B.

HUNGARY

Word comes from Hungary of active work in the Lodges there, both in those open to public attendance and in those

devoted to training workers to lecture, write or hold classes. In these latter, the members aim at facility in answering questions and in preparing articles by much careful study and collateral reading. One Lodge is making a special study of Christianity from the Theosophic point of view. The crying need is felt to be for lecturers who are at home in the Hungarian language. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few." Books are slowly but steadily being translated and published in the Hungarian tongue.

M. K. N.

DUTCH EAST INDIES

The Sixth Annual Convention of the Theosophical Society in the Dutch East Indies, held at Solo, was a great success and very harmonious. This was due to the splendid arrangements made by our Javanese brothers, of whom the Solo Lodge principally consists. The house of R. M. Ngabehi Mangoen di Poero had been beautifully decorated for the purpose, while brother Dr. Radjiman as Chairman welcomed the members. Many lectures were given, of which one by the Pangeran (Prince) merits special mention. Various influential persons of the Courts of Djocja and Solo joined the Society, among them the Crown-Prince of Solo and the son-in-law of the Soesoechoenan (Local Princes). Generally speaking the Java Section shows a good deal of activity. In addition to the many propaganda lectures given, buildings for Lodges were erected at Batavia and Soerabaja. The foundation-stone of the Batavia Lodge building was laid by Mrs. Windust, and the descriptions of it show that the original plan has been made with many ideals. The Lodge rooms have been built in Oriental style with symbols of the great cosmic truths. The Soerabaja Lodge building with its massive and strong appearance gives a sympathetic feeling. We may expect great activity this year from the new Executive, consisting of the following members, D. van Hinloopen Labberton, Wynmalen, Ralf van Suchtelen, G. Vreede, Th. Vreede, K. van Gelder, and Miss H. E. van Motman.

J. H.

AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

The Australian Convention, this year held at Melbourne, was once again characterised by a vigorous propagandist spirit—a sum of £200 being voted for distributing Alcyone's *Education as Service* to all the State-School teachers in the Commonwealth. As we write we have not yet received full reports of the Convention, but those to hand tell of the splendid spirit of harmony that reigned, and also of the great success of the Convention meetings, which included a reception and E.S. and Comasonic meetings as well as those for business, and an

excellent lecture delivered by Mr. T. H. Martyn on 'The Evolution of the Theosophical Society,' in which he mentioned that the work of the future would be the reconstruction of society. In addition to the meetings mentioned there were also conferences of the delegates of the Order of the Star in the East and Sons and Daughters of the Empire movement. A most tastefully executed little programme for the Convention week was provided. Encouraging reports are to hand from New South Wales and our friends at Armidale have at last, after many years' labour, been successful in securing a Charter; often before have they looked forward to this, but constant removals defeated their aim. The Tweed is now not the only Country Lodge in New South Wales. The members who attended the summer school at Cudgen Headland, organised by this small lodge, are very glad of the impetus given them to make greater efforts in the Master's Work. The General Secretary has been on tour to Tasmania, Westralia and South Australia. The work in these states is going on briskly and at Launceston (Tasmania) much benefit was derived from a series of lectures by Mr. H. Wederseh'n. In Queensland the members are active, and continued newspaper discussions keep Theosophy before the public.

The New Zealand Annual Convention was held at Wellington, and a very large gathering of delegates and members took place. The conferences of the various activities resulted in their being placed on a better financial basis and organised for more effective work in the future. It was decided also to have a stall at the Auckland Exhibition for the sale of Theosophical literature. Miss Christie, the National Lecturer, is doing splendid work, and the established lodges are receiving a considerable stimulus from her visits. Much new ground is also being broken, especially among the miners on the West Coast, where Theosophy has never before been carried, and one new lodge has been formed. The membership of the Theosophical Society is thus steadily increasing. The newspapers of the Dominion contain frequent references to matters Theosophical, and on the whole are becoming more friendly. A very interesting and appreciative review of Mrs. Besant's *Theosophy* appeared in the Methodist Recorder, but the writer thinks the ideals to be lacking in motive power.

R. P.

From Victoria comes news of the success of an experiment on the part of the indefatigable Representative of the Round Table and the Golden Chain. The Golden Chain Pledge was published in an Official School paper which is said to reach every State-School child, with the result that within a fortnight nearly three thousand applications were received. The number

has since increased to five thousand, and they are still coming in. Another good piece of work, this time on behalf of still 'younger' brethren, and also an individual effort, is the founding of a 'Home for Lost Dogs'. The objects of the home are: "To restore lost dogs to their owners; to give temporary shelter and food to lost and starving dogs; to provide good homes for dogs at moderate charges, and to secure a merciful and painless death for those which are old, injured or diseased." The scheme is now thoroughly launched, and a temporary home was officially opened by the wife of the State Governor, Lady Denman. In the Constitution provision is made against the dogs in the home being taken out for purposes of scientific experiment or research. Queensland Theosophists are also busy, and great enthusiasm pervades the work which is being done.

The Round Table work in particular goes with a swing, thirty five members were enrolled on a recent visit of the Representative of the Order in Australia. We hear of the endowment of "The Round Table Cot" in a Sanatorium for children, and a prize offered for the best essay written by a State-School child on "The Prevention of Cruelty to Animals". In the face of such judicious propaganda, it is not surprising that great interest has been evinced by the public in the Golden Chain, the Sons and Daughters of Australia, and the Round Table movements.

A. E. A.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

TRANSFER OF THE CHARTER OF THE T. S. IN GERMANY

The Executive of the German National Society of the T. S. having declared on February 2nd, 1913, in the name of the T. S. in Germany, that it has nothing to repudiate or retract, in face of the definite charges made in my letter to the General Secretary of January 14th, 1913, I hereby, under Rule 44 of the Rules and Regulations for the Management of the T. S. as an incorporated body, declare its constituent Charter to have lapsed and become forfeited, and that all property, including Charters, Diplomas, Seal, Records, and other papers, pertaining to the Society, belonging to or in the custody of the said National Society now vest in the Society and must be delivered up to the President in its behalf. I further revive the said Charter of the lapsed National Society, and transfer it to the fourteen German Lodges following: Dusseldorf, (2) Hagan (Westfalen), Hannover (2), Gottingen, Berlin (3) Leipzig, Dresden (2), Breslau, Vogtland, and these do now constitute the German National Society, or the T. S. in Germany. Under Rule 18, I appoint Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden General Secretary of the T. S. in Germany, *pro tem.*, with instructions to convene at the earliest possible date a Convention of the German National Society to elect its General Secretary and to take such other steps as are necessary for the carrying on of business.

ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

March 7th, 1913.

The following were received on March 1st, 1913.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE THEOSOPHICAL
SOCIETY

MRS. ANNIE BESANT,

Adyar, Madras.

Berlin, February 2, 1913

Those who assembled to the Eleventh Convention of the German Section T. S., having been made acquainted with the letter of the P. T. S., Mrs. Besant, to the General Secretary of the German Section, Dr. R. Steiner, bearing the date of January 14, 1913, wherein it is said that the General Council has asked Mrs. Besant to cancel the Charter of the German Section, and that Mrs. Besant will comply with this request "unless the German Section shall submit to the Constitution" declare that:

The German Section, its Executive Committee or its General Secretary have never in any way violated the Constitution of the T. S. The resolution of the General Council which was taken, even before the published documents could be examined, must be characterised as an unpardonable offence both to the spirit and the Constitution of the T. S. Even the most primitive feeling for truth and justice must be indignant at the treatment given to the well-substantiated accusations, which the German Section and its Executive Committee were forced to direct against the attitude of the President. In order to cast suspicion upon the personality of the General Secretary who is inconvenient to her, no means are too base for her to stoop to: but the culminating point of such malicious defamation is reached in the freely invented and, in face of the facts, simply absurd affirmation brought by her to the General Convention T. S. that Dr. Steiner has been educated by the Jesuits and other subsequent insinuations.

Nothing exists which the German Section has to repudiate or retract. And it therefore has no option but to consider the alternative put to it by Mrs. Besant as an act of expulsion, accomplished only because the German Section has undertaken to stand for truth and veracity within the T. S.

The German Section and its members would never have left the T. S. on their own initiative. Being thus expelled by force they will continue their work unswervingly and will be ready to work again with the T. S. as soon as veracity, reason, seriousness and dignity take the place of the present conditions.

The Executive Committee unanimously: Adolf Arenson, Michael Bauer, Engenie von Bredow, Felix von Damnitz, Dr. E. Grosheintz, Professor Gysi, Bernhard Hubo, Graf P. von Kalckreuth, Friedrich Kiem, Adolf Kolbe, Graf Otto Lerchenfeld, Jose del Monte, Johanna Mucke, Dr. Ludwig Noll, Gertrud Noss, Dr. Felix Peipers, Julius Ritter von Rainer, Mathilde Scholl, Franz Seiler, Marie von Sivers, Clara Smits, Sophie Stinde, Wilhelm Tessmar, Dr. Carl Unger, Toni Volker, Gunther Wagner, Camilla Wandrey, Elise Wolfram.

(Signed) MATHILDE SCHOLL

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE THEOSOPHICAL
SOCIETY

MRS. ANNIE BESANT,

Berlin, *February 12, 1913*

The recent affirmation made by you (*Adyar Bulletin*, January number, 1913) contradicting all facts of my life and directly opposed to truth "the German General Secretary educated by the Jesuits" puts me to the necessity of handing the reply to your last letter on to the Executive Committee of the German Section. I must decline to deal with a person, who feels such little obligation to examine the facts, as is shown in face of real facts by your above mentioned objectively untrue affirmation.

(Signed) DR. RUDOLF STEINER

Enclosed please find the reply of the Executive Committee.

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, T. S.

Adyar, Madras, S.

March 7, 1913.

To Dr. Rudolf Steiner, General Secretary, and the Executive Committee of the T. S. in Germany.

I, Annie Besant, the President of the Theosophical Society, having received no answer to the specific charges made in the letter of January 14th, 1913, but only a general statement that the above-named "have never in any way violated the Constitution of the T. S." and that "nothing exists which the German Section has to repudiate or retract":

Do hereby cancel the Charter of the T. S. in Germany, with all Charters and Diplomas issued by it previous to this 7th day of March, 1913, and declare that they have no longer any validity, and I call on Dr. Rudolf Steiner, under No. 44 of the Rules of the Theosophical Society, to deliver over to me the Constituent Charter of the T. S. in Germany, and all Charters, Diplomas, Seals, Records and other papers, pertaining to the Society, belonging to or in the custody of the T. S. in Germany, heretofore existing.

(Signed) ANNIE BESANT,

President of the Theosophical Society.

It will be observed that no attempt is made to meet the specific charges in my letter of January 14th, 1913. As these merely recited facts, it was, of course, impossible to meet them, but, under the circumstances, the assertion that the Constitution has not been broken is a little audacious.

With regard to the statement in the Presidential Address touching Dr. Steiner, it may be worth noting that Dr. Franz Hartmann gave me this Jesuit connection as a reason for his refusal to work with Dr. Steiner. In an important article on 'The Jesuits and Occultism,' published in the long-established and well-known *Neue Metaphysische Rundschau*, edited by Mr. Paul Zillmann—an old member of the T. S., unable to work in it in Germany because of Dr. Steiner's policy—it is said that the many serious attacks lately made in Germany on the T. S. under Dr. Steiner's leadership "agree in a remarkable way upon the one fact that a Jesuitic spirit has come into the government of that Society, and even that the distorting of occult teachings into a system based on Christianity is a well-planned scheme to destroy Occultism and Theosophy in Germany, and, if possible, in Europe". Dr. Ferd. Maack, in a book published last year, speaks of Dr. Steiner as a pupil [Zogling] of the Jesuits, and points to the similarity of his methods to theirs. The violent and unscrupulous defaming of myself is quite on their lines, and the control of the large funds necessary for flooding the Society with their defamatory statements points in the same direction.

The revived Charter was sent to Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden by the same mail—that leaving Madras on March 7th—with the following letter to the reconstituted T. S. in Germany :

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, T. S.

Adyar, Madras, S.

March 7, 1913

To the T. S. in Germany

MY DEAR BRETHREN,

Our veteran Theosophist, Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden, will present to you with this the transferred Charter of the T. S. in Germany. Its previous holders have forfeited their claim to it by serious breaches of the T. S. Constitution, as shown in the annexed letter.¹ No answer to these has been offered, no explanation has been given. A letter has been sent through the late General Secretary, Dr. Rudolf Steiner, declaring that the Section, its General Secretary and its Executive Committee "have never in any way violated the Constitution of the T. S."—a manifestly absurd statement in face of charges (a), (b), (c). I have therefore cancelled their Charter, have revived it and transferred it to you.

Take, then, my brethren, this solemn charge, and hold it worthily. Justify before the world the claim of the T. S. in Germany to the exercise of free intelligence; protect the liberty of thought of each of your members; welcome all who accept the Objects of the T. S.; put no obstacles in the way of free discussion of all views. Only thus can the T. S. in Germany deserve to live.

As regards our late members, treat them, I pray you, with the tolerance which they do not show. Do not return railing for railing. Leave their accusations of myself to be answered by time and facts. To defame is the old policy of those who are in the wrong. They are naturally angry that their attempt to strangle liberty has been frustrated, and that their weapons have broken in their hands. Twenty-one of the twenty-two National Societies have stood firmly in defence of freedom, and with your taking over of the Charter of the law-breaking Section the unity of the T. S. stands unbroken once more.

If the Anthroposophical Society—prepared beforehand for the present juncture—does good work, then co-operate with it, if it permits co-operation. If it does not, then let it go its own way in peace. Do you work for Theosophy, for the spreading of the Divine Wisdom; and may the blessing of the White Lodge be upon you, and the Peace of the Masters abide with you.

Your faithful servant,

ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

¹ A copy of my letter of January 14th, 1913.

As the above step, taken at the request of the General Council of the T. S., and on my own responsibility as President, is a very serious one, I think it right to place on record here some facts, additional to those already in possession of the Society, which throw light on the position adopted by Dr. Steiner and his followers.

It may also show, in passing, how slow I have been to take action under long provocation.

Shānti Kunja, Benares City

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, *January 4, 1912.*

MY DEAR DR. STEINER,

I am receiving so many complaints from European General Secretaries and others about the aggressive propaganda carried on in other countries by persons using your name, that it seems better to write to you directly.

To take one illustration: Baron Walleen went to the English General Secretary, asking for the use of the Hall at Headquarters. Mr. Wedgwood could not answer without consulting his Executive; and as Baron Walleen could not wait, he took a room elsewhere; there he described the idea that Christ could come as "nonsensical and ridiculous". Baron Walleen's views might seem equally nonsensical and ridiculous to many Theosophists, but if this kind of language is used on Theosophical platforms all dignity and toleration will be lost. If your adherents are to make such attacks on me, and mine retort by similar remarks as to you, Theosophy will suffer. So far, I have been able to prevent reprisals, but very bitter feelings are growing up against German aggressiveness in surrounding countries, and I have heard it suggested that similar missions should be carried on in Germany against your views. It has so far been the invariable custom amongst us to communicate with a General Secretary before touring within his territory; this courtesy is no longer observed, and it causes many complaints.

I would most earnestly beg of you to use your great influence against this sending of people to spread your personal views in an aggressive way among non-German nations. As you know, I urged the reading of your presentment of Theosophy on our English public, but I did not suppose that missionaries would come from Germany, asking people to "take Dr. Steiner's side against the President". These attempts to stir up strife are deplorable, and have reached a point where

something must be done. I believe that these aggressive people are misrepresenting you and are using your authority without your consent; so I ask you to join with me in checking the harm which they are doing.

Sincerely yours,

ANNIE BESANT

It will be remembered that Dr. Vollrath dropped out of the T. S. by making no appeal to me (after his expulsion from the German Section) to be inscribed as a Fellow-at-Large at Adyar. Finding that he was raising difficulties in Germany, after my original suggestion of his acting under Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden as Secretary for the O. S. E. had been cancelled in writing (November 1911), I wrote to Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden, under date July 18, 1912, that Dr. Vollrath could not in any way represent the T. S. nor the O. S. E. in Germany or elsewhere. I wrote also to Dr. Vollrath, in answer to a request to see me, under date 6 August 1912:

DEAR DR. VOLLRATH,

On all T. S. work in Germany Dr. Steiner is my representative for the Section, and Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden helps me for Lodges connected directly with Adyar. You have made co-operation impossible by your attack on Dr. Steiner. I leave London in a day or two, and England on the 23rd, so it is too late for you to see me. I have been here for some months, and could have seen you earlier.

Sincerely yours,

ANNIE BESANT

I think it would have been difficult to be more loyal to a colleague than I was to my disloyal colleague, who was attacking me both publicly and privately.

The following 'Protest and Appeal,' addressed to me formally as President of the T. S., was received by me at the end of January, 1913. It has been answered by the transfer of the German Charter to Lodges which are loyal to the fundamental principles of the T. S. So long as I remain President, I shall guard those principles.

"The Council of the German National Society (Section) of the Theosophical Society has on the 8th of December, 1912, carried the resolution that all members of the Order of the Star in the East shall forthwith be excluded from this German National Society. We, the undersigned, being members of this National Society and also members of the Order of the Star

in the East *protest* solemnly against this attempted oppression on account of our religious beliefs. Such oppression is contrary to the Constitution of the Theosophical Society, which has the object to recognise the Brotherhood of man without distinction of religious beliefs; and we *protest*, therefore, against this maltreatment as heretics.

“At the same time we *appeal* to you as President of the Theosophical Society, that this wrong shall be redressed, and that expedient means shall be applied by which we shall further be in the position to remain members of the German National Section of the Theosophical Society.

(Signed by a number of members, headed by

Dr. HUBBE-SCHLEIDEN.)

Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden was informed by the Executive of the late Section, under date January 21, 1913, that he would be excluded from the Annual Convention of the German Section of the T. S., apart from his membership in the O. S. E., because “as the author of the *Botschaft des Friedens* you have shown a disposition of mind that must be regarded as one totally hostile and destructive to real Theosophical work. For that reason we cannot any longer acknowledge you as a true co-worker of the German Section T. S.” The exclusion of the oldest member of the T. S. in Germany from its Annual Meeting, on the ground that he held views different from those of the majority, ought to be enough to convince our harshest critic that to allow such action within the T. S. would be to menace the liberty of every Fellow.

NOTICE

We hold over the monthly Financial Statements of the T. S. and the Pañchama Free Schools, owing to the length of the Supplement this month.

Annie Besant: Vasanta Press, Adyar, Madras.

Publishers: Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

FINANCIAL STATEMENT THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 11th February to 8th March, 1913, are acknowledged with thanks :

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
Mrs. E. Fagan, for 1913	18	12	0
Mr. J. G. Alayadeera and Mr. G. D. Jayasundera	20	0	0
Presidential Agent, Ireland			
Annual dues of 4 old members for 1913, £1-0-0			
Charter fees ...			
Annual dues of 7 new members for 1913, £3-10-0			
<u>£5-10-0</u>	82	8	0
Mr. Frank Wade, Cairo, for 1913	15	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, for 1913, £2-10-0	37	8	0
New Zealand Section, for 1912, £26-16-0	398	13	0
Mrs. Janet Augusta Boyd (1912 and 1913) £2-0-0	30	0	0
Australian Section, part payment of, for 1913, £25-0-0	371	5	0

DONATIONS

			Rs.	A.	P.
Mr. N. H. Cama, Secunderabad	10	0	0
Mrs. Owen, to garden account £2-2-0	30	0	0

PRESIDENT'S TRAVELLING FUND

Australian Section, £3-2-0	46	0	9
French Section, £40-0-0	594	2	1
			<hr/>		
			Rs. 1,654	0	10

A. SCHWARZ
Treasurer, T. S.

ADYAR, 8th March, 1913.

The following receipts from 9th March to 7th April, 1913, are acknowledged with thanks:

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

			Rs.	A.	P.
Miss J. L. Guttman, Germany, £1-8-0	21	0	0
Mrs. Edwards, for 1913	15	0	0
Mr. V. R. Menon, Singapore, for 1913 (5s.)	3	12	0
Mme. T. F. Drugmann, Brussels, £1-0-0 for 1913	14	13	1
Count Mde. Prozer, for 1912 and 1913, £2-0-0	29	12	2

DONATIONS

Mr. A. Ostermann, Olmar, donation to Adyar Library	1,500	0	0
Federies Volles Varges in Bolivan, donation to Tandjur and Kandjur Fund, Adyar Library, £2-0-0	29	11	3

PRESIDENT'S TRAVELLING FUND

Donation from Theosophical Society in England and Wales, £100-0-0	1,500	0	0
			<hr/>		
			Rs. 3,114	0	6

A SCHWARZ
Treasurer, T. S.

ADYAR, 7th April, 1913.

OLCOTT PAÑCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 11th February to 8th March, 1913, are acknowledged with thanks:

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Miss Helen Denton, Detroit, £4-4-9	63	6	0
Australian Section, T. S., £1-0-0	14	13	8
Mrs. Owen, £2-0-0	29	13	2
Mangalambal Ammal, wife of Mr. S. Bhasker Aiyar, Executive Engineer, for March 1913 ...	10	0	0
Madame Zelma Blech	70	0	0
Donations under Rs. 5	1	10	0
	Rs. 189 10 10		

A. SCHWARZ

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O. P. F. S.

ADYAR, 8th March, 1913.

The following receipts from 9th March to 7th April, 1913, are acknowledged with thanks:

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Nadar Sangam, through Mr. K. Panchapakasam, Kadambur	9	14	0
Mr. M. V. Rege, Pleader, District Thana (Food Fund)	5	0	0
Mr. Pranjivan Odhavjee	10	0	0
In Memory of M. P. S. (Food Fund)	10	0	0
Donations under Rs 5	2	2	0
Mangalambal Ammal, wife of Mr. S. Bhasker Aiyar, Executive Engineer, for April 1913 ...	10	0	0
	Rs. 47 0 0		

A. SCHWARZ

Honorary Secretary and Treasurer, O. P. F. S.

ADYAR, 7th April, 1913.

NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Wolverhampton, England ...	Wolverhampton Lodge, T. S.	11-1-13
Ilkley, Yorkshire ...	Ilkley Lodge, T. S.	11-1-13
Skien, Norway ...	Gjemso „ „	13-1-13
Ovie Rendalen, Norway ...	Star „ „	20-1-13
Oran, Algeria, France .	Dharma „ „	1-2-13
Kilaiyur, Tanjore, India	Sri Kailas „ „	12-2-13
Belfast, Ireland ...	Lotus „ „	20-2-13
Thirukannapuram, Tanjore, India ...	Maitreya „ „	22-2-13
Kathumannarkoil, S. Arcot, India ...	Sri Rajagopal Lodge, T. S.	22-2-13
Bhuvanagiri, S. Arcot, India ...	Sri Chamandeshwari Lodge, T. S.	22-2-13

North Vancouver Lodge (Canada), University Heights Lodge, San Diego, and Blavatsky Lodge, Chicago, have been dissolved.

ADYAR,
8th March, 1913.

J. R. ARIA,
Recording Secretary, T. S.

Annie Besant: Vasanā Press, Adyar, Madras.

Publishers: Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

The following receipts from 8th April to 10th May, 1913,
are acknowledged with thanks :

ANNUAL DUES AND ADMISSION FEES

	Rs.	A.	P.
Miss L. Guttman, Germany, 10s. for 1913 ...	7	8	0
Presidential Agent, South America, £79-2-11 for 1912	1,168	14	7
Indian Section, part payment for 1913 ...	1,800	0	0

DONATIONS

Mr. N. H. Cama, Khammamet	10	0	0
Rs. 2,986 6 7			

A. SCHWARZ,
Treasurer, T. S.

ADYAR, 10th May, 1913.

OLCOTT PAÑCHAMA FREE SCHOOLS

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

The following receipts from 8th April to 10th May, 1913,
are acknowledged with thanks :

DONATIONS

	Rs.	A.	P.
Miss Cruz, Adyar	10	0	0
Mr. Schurman, Adyar... ..	15	0	0
"A Friend," Adyar	500	0	0
Dr. Voute	21	13	0

	Rs. A. P.
Mrs. Kempster	6 0 0
Mr. Laurits Rusten, Minneapolis, U. S. A. ...	6 3 0
Donations under Rs. 5	3 14 0
	Rs. 562 14 0

A. SCHWARZ

Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, O. P. F. S.

ADYAR, 10th May, 1913.

NEW LODGES

Location	Name of Lodge	Date of issue of the Charter
Duaca, Venezuela ...	“Gloria del Maestro” Lodge, T. S. ...	1-1-13
Milan, Italy	Ars Regia Lodge, T. S. ...	17-2-13
Bayamo, Cuba	Rayos de Luz “ ” ...	17-2-13
Los Angeles, California	Krotona “ ” ...	21-2-13
Hollywood, California ...	Hollywood “ ” ...	21-2-13
New York City	Unity “ ” ...	25-2-13
Bordeaux, Gironde, France	Harmonic (Bordeaux) Lodge, T. S. ...	28-2-13
Le Mans, (Sarthe) France	Perseverance Lodge, T. S.	7-3-13
Furstenwalde-Spree, Germany	Furstenwalde “ ” ...	10-3-13
Holland	Bussumsche “ ” ...	10-3-13
Kristiansund, Norway ...	Kristiansund “ ” ...	24-3-13

LODGES DISSOLVED

Location	Name of Lodge
Milan, Italy	Leonardo da Vinci Lodge, T. S.
Milan, Italy	Lombardia Lodge, T. S.
Trieste, Austria	Apollonio Tianeo Lodge, T. S.
Bordeaux, France	L’Effort Lodge, T. S.
Nice, France	Chris. Rosenkreutz Lodge, T. S.
Scandinavia	Vidar Lodge, T. S.
Brussels, Belgium	Anglo-Belge Lodge, T. S.

ADYAR,
8th May, 1913.

J. R. ARIA,
Recording Secretary, T. S.

Annie Besant: Vasantā Press, Adyar, Madras.

Publishers: Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras, India.

THE THEOSOPHIST

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SUPPLEMENT TO THE THEOSOPHIST FOR
APRIL

G. S. ARUNDALE

We publish the following with great pleasure :

DEAR SIR,

It is, we feel sure, hardly necessary to inform you how great a work the Central Hindū College has accomplished since its establishment in Benares in the year 1898. As anniversary has succeeded anniversary fresh signs of its vigour and of its far-reaching influence have ever been given to the public at large ; and however much many may differ as to the suitability of its methods of work, however much some may even be on principle opposed to the combination of religious with secular instruction in schools and colleges, every broad-minded lover of India will eagerly agree that the Central Hindū College is the heart of a great national movement which cannot but bring its own share of useful service to the Motherland.

The college has been the means of bringing together a band of workers second to none throughout this land in point of intellectual attainments and noble enthusiasms, and many have been the testimonials from Government and from private individuals as to the influence of these workers over the young men entrusted to their care. Among this band of workers the name of George S. Arundale, the present honorary Principal, must be well-known to you, for in the annals of Indian Education hardly any name can be more worthy of honour, hardly any name evokes more gratitude. For, by the compelling power of his genius and his lofty character, he has brought home to the Indian youth—ardent in his patriotism and eager in his enthusiasm for India's ancient glories—that there exist

even now, ready to guide the children of the Motherland to deeds which shall bring them near to her heart, teachers in some degree at least resembling the teacher of old who taught his pupils the way to make their India glorious. The college has now, largely because of him and those who work with him, a definite message to proclaim.

The college has shown to the outside world that the ancient ideals of Āryavarṭa are not dead but more potent than they ever were before: the college has shown, in the relations between its teachers and its students, that the ancient ideal of the instructor and pupil may be translated into modern terms and be made a mighty inspirational force—to the teacher to purify himself to train his pupils, to the pupil to be worthy, in his dealings with men, of the greatness of his teacher. And the college has declared that patriotism is not sedition, that deep reverence for the throne is the consummation of Indian Dharma and the basis of India's future prosperity, material and spiritual.

Many indeed are the young men who have caught vivid glimpses of such ideals from their beloved Principal, and who thus have learned while young to consecrate their lives to a service of India which knits them closer to their families, the units of national life, while at the same time opening their eyes to the needs of their great country as a whole. Mr. Arundale has lived for ten years among his students, loving India with them, sharing their joys with them, bearing with them their sorrows, and guiding them to their destinies. He has won their trust and their affection, for he has shown them how to love their Motherland, and no teaching can be more priceless, no gift more precious.

And now he is leaving us. He asks for no recognition of his work, nor would he be what he is were he to do so; but we who know the nature of the life he has evoked for India's service deem it our duty, as servants of the Motherland, to keep vigorous and inspiring the new force which is ours. We venture to think that no better way of perpetuating Mr. Arundale's work could be found than that of linking him in some form to that apotheosis of the Central Hindū College—the Hindū University of Benares, and we have decided to endeavour to collect sufficient funds so that a portrait in oils of one who has done much for Indian youth may be placed in

some suitable position within the precincts of the University, to remind the generations of students who shall read within its walls of a most loving friend and teacher. As this will not involve any considerable expenditure we have further the intention of devoting the surplus to the erection of rooms, or perhaps a small wing or building, within the University, preferably in connection with one of the Boarding Houses, to be named after Mr. Arundale, in honour of an Englishman who has shown in his own life that Indians and English may work together in loving brotherhood in a common work.

We feel sure that there are many in India who will be glad to become ministers of India's gratitude to one who has called himself an adopted son, and so we make a public appeal to all lovers of India to help us to do what is after all a duty and a privilege.

Donations will be received by the Hon. Secretary of the Committee, Pt. Iqbal Narayan Gurtu, M.A., LL.B., Benares City.

The following have already joined the Arundale Memorial Committee:—

Mrs. Annie Besant, P. T. S., President, Board of Trustees, Central Hindū College, Benares.

The Honourable Sir N. G. Chandavarkar, Kt., Judge, High Court, Bombay.

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Babu Bankey Behari Varma, Honorary Secretary, C. H. C. Old Boys' Association, Benares.

Pandit Iqbal Narain Gurtu, M. A., LL. B., Honorary Head Master, C. H. C. School, Benares, and General Secretary, Indian Section, Theosophical Society, Benares.

C. S. Trilokekar, Esq., M. A., C. H. C., Benares.

The Honourable B. Brajnandan Prasad, Vakil, Moradabad, and some others.

OU

The following
March:—

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Price: Ans.

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CONTENTS: Christ

Agro

Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, APRIL 1913

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The charm of Mr. Jinarajadasa is great. The *Bibby's Annual* speaking of him said:

Although Mr. Jinarajadasa does not write in his own language, it will be seen that he is a master in ours, and not only has he given a message which is full of sound sense, but it is couched in words which are full of charm.

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

VOL. I

(MARCH)

No. 3

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

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(MARCH)

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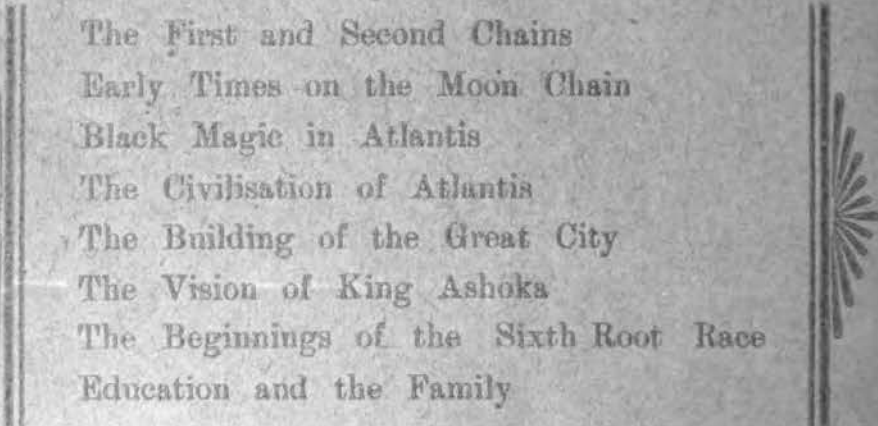
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The Theosophical Society was formed at New York, November 17, 1875, and incorporated at Madras, April 3, 1905. It is an absolutely unsectarian body of seekers after Truth, striving to serve humanity on spiritual lines, and therefore endeavouring to check materialism and revive religious tendency. Its three declared objects are:

FIRST.—To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour.

SECOND.—To encourage the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science.

THIRD.—To investigate the unexplained laws of nature and the powers latent in man.

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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

I FIND in the *Lichtbringer*, the German organ of the Order of the Star in the East, a pleasantly worded message from Alcyone.

MY DEAR DR. HUBBE-SCHLEIDEN,

May I through you thank all the German members of the Order of the Star in the East for the loving greeting they have sent me. I hope that millions of men in Germany will listen to the message which the great Teacher will deliver when He comes; and I pray that His blessing may rest on all of those who are already preparing the way for His coming.

In His love

J. KRISHNAMURTI

It is clear that he, at least, does not regard himself as the great Teacher, and the distinction which was so unintelligible to Mr. Justice Bakewell is clear enough to the person concerned!

* * *

It is interesting to see the desperate efforts made by the *Hindu* of Madras, à la Mrs. Partington, to stop

with its mop of abuse the advancing Atlantic of Theosophy. Even the judgment of Khan Bahadur Osman Sāhab, has had no effect in checking the steady inflow of new members into the Theosophical Society in India. Malice has at last overreached itself, and the solid fact that thousands of respected Indians are Fellows of the T. S. and are entirely unshaken by the vitriolic attacks of our enemies, and that they honour and love Mr. Leadbeater and treat with contempt the false charges made against him, outweighs in the mind of the public all the epithets and libels so plentifully supplied. And the fact that our enemies, with their pretence of morality, have no word of honest indignation for the father who blackened his innocent son with false charges of revolting crime, makes its fairly clear that it is not immorality that they object to, but that their sole aim is to injure Theosophy. After a while the public will recognise that the steady defence of Mr. Leadbeater and the rallying round him of the Theosophical Society does not mean that Theosophists are indifferent to morality, but that they know that he is a man of pure and noble life, and this cannot be driven out of their knowledge by libels manufactured in America and taken as evidence in Madras without proof. When the present illusion is over, people will recognise that, as so often before in history, they have been betrayed into shameful injustice.

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I was invited to give a lecture on Theosophy on board the *Persia* and very willingly did so. The chair was taken by General Sir Henry Mohun, D. S. O., and the interest aroused was shown by the enquiries next morning for literature in which to pursue the study. 'Theosophy and its Bearing on Life' was the

subject, and it proved itself a very attractive one. Some amusement was caused by a reference to the belated attitude of the *Times* on religious questions, belonging to the nineteenth century rather than to the twentieth and its naïve statement that it had regarded Mysticism as an “exploded superstition,” when it found itself obliged to report the Dean of S. Paul’s lectures on the subject.

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By the way, the *Times* article on Theosophy in India was much garbled in transmission. Reuter—or the Indian newspapers quoting him—carefully omitted the fact that Theosophy is regarded as a “backward movement” because it is “an encouragement to Hindūs to consider, as has been justly said, that ‘their Gods, their philosophy, their morality, are on a higher plane of thought than the West has ever reached’. Theosophy must, of course, be allowed to run its course, but it should have no approval, or the semblance of it, from the government.” There lies our crime in the eyes of the *Times*, or is it in those of Sir Valentine Chirol? We have aroused the Hindūs to the value of their own great literature, and have awakened their self-respect. The article would have been less useful in India as a weapon against Theosophy, if it had been honestly quoted, for it would have been seen that it treated with contempt the religion of two hundred and fifty millions of British subjects. It was not quite honest of the *Pioneer*—if it knew this—to omit from its telegram the reason for the condemnation of Theosophy. The *Times* has also printed the falsification of the judgment of Mr. Justice Bakewell in the High Court in relation to Mr. Leadbeater, sent out from Madras and corrected after

it had done its work of injury. It is a little difficult to struggle against the deliberate distortions sent out to every country from Madras, but in the long run "Truth conquers, not falsehood". They who "live in the Eternal" can afford to wait.

* * *

There was one painful matter in connection with the trial—the treachery of some members of the Esoteric School. They gave to our opponents the documents they had sworn to keep private, and thus exposed our most sacred religious feelings to ridicule, and our holiest beliefs to misrepresentation. The result of this is the cessation of our private journal the *Link*. In the police-court trials, in that atmosphere poisoned with the emanations of crime, our most cherished religious ideas have been profaned and blasphemed. A Mussulman, a Christian, a Hindū would have been respected, but the Theosophist is fair game. None the less, we may count it privilege and joy to suffer thus, for here and there some groping soul may have heard, even in this way, the first notes of the celestial music which hereafter shall fill all life with melody. Even for one such, it has been worth while to suffer through these weary months.

* * *

I have received from America a copy of a journal entitled *The Divine Life*. Fourteen pages out of twenty-four are devoted to abusing the Theosophical Society, the Order of the Star in the East, Alcyone, and others. The Editor promises that "we shall fully criticise their principles and practices in the further issues". Some people have odd ideas as to what constitutes the 'Divine Life'.

* * *

The Theosophical Educational Trust has started well. It has bought for Rs. 40,000 from Babu Govinda Das, a fine plot of land near Shānti Kuñja, Benares City, whereon the necessary buildings can be raised. When the Hon. Paṇḍit Madan Mohan Malaviya declared publicly that Theosophy should not influence the Hindū University, I saw that the University had no place for me, nor for any one loyal to the Theosophical Society. The University Committee has been glad to get hold of the College, built and supported largely with the money of Hindū and non-Hindū Theosophists. All that is to be taken over; the services of Theosophists all over the country have been freely given to collect funds; they have contributed largely, believing that the Hon. Paṇḍit was friendly, and that the President of the Theosophical Society was a welcome co-worker. Now, we suddenly find that we have been deceived, and that Theosophy is in no way to be recognised. When I saw this, I resolved to hurry the formation of the Trust, so as to be ready to continue the work on the lines we had always tried to follow. We shall have two Schools at Benares opened on July 7th. There will be a boys' College and a girls' School opened at Gorakhpur on July 1st. The large self-supporting School at Bankipur comes over to the Trust, as does the High School at Madanapalle. In other places action is also being taken, and before the year is out we shall be in full swing of work. That is our answer to those who have tried to ruin us.



The Distressed Indian Students' Aid Committee, of which Mrs. Herbert Whyte, F. T. S., is Hon. Secretary, has just issued its second Annual Report. The

Committee is a very strong one, with Sir James Wilson, K. C. S. I., as Chairman, and with three members of the India Council, the Educational and Assistant Educational Advisers to Indian Students, and other well-known people as members. Its work is most useful in helping students stranded in a foreign country, and as all the work is done by efficient volunteers, the office expenses are extraordinarily low. The superior landlord of our T. S. Hostel for Indian Students in London has become bankrupt, but it is hoped that some arrangement may be come to which will prevent the closing of this useful Students' Home.

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The liking for Theosophical Summer Schools has spread to Germany, and a 'Theosophische Ferienkurse' is to be held in Weisser Hirsch, near Dresden, from June 25th to the end of July. An admirable programme has been drawn up, and courses of lectures are to be delivered by Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden, Herr Ahner, Frau Irma von Manziarly, Herr Anders, Herr Gorsemann, and Herr J. Cordes, Austrian General Secretary. Herr Gorsemann's lecture-cycle on Wagner's Operas is peculiarly suitable to its surroundings. We heartily wish success to our German brethren in their efforts to spread a knowledge of Theosophy in their Fatherland.

*
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New Zealanders do not seem inclined to submit to the tyranny of orthodoxy. The Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association of Greymouth invited Miss Christie to lecture to them on Evolution, in an old Kirk which had been turned into a Hall. The Moderator, who had control over church property, closed the hall, much to the disgust of the would-be audience. The

Y. M. M. I. A. thereupon disbanded, and its members are engaging themselves in the study of Theosophy. In Westland, a neighbouring town, some Roman Catholic larrikins disturbed the Theosophical meeting, and locked lecturer and audience into the Hall! However, they were set free by an energetic friend, and were none the worse for their temporary imprisonment. In Australia the 'Golden Chain' is spreading, some three thousand applications from children having lately come in, as the result of the insertion by Mr. Studd, F. T. S., of the Golden Chain promise in the Journal of the Education Department, Victoria.

* * *

A curious story comes from the north of India. There is a man who has formed a group to pray for the early coming of the Kalki Avatāra. He declares that the Kalki Avatāra is born in India and was fourteen years old in 1910. He says also that several great souls are already born into the world and that others are coming. In the prayer book used by this group reference is made to the R̥shis Devapi and Maru as the forerunners of the movement. This man is a Brāhmaṇa, and knows neither English nor Persian; he knows nothing of the Theosophical Society, nor of the coming of the Lord Maitreya, so it is interesting to hear what is practically our own story under other names. It is not however, surprising, as there are Hindūs scattered over India who are in touch with the White Lodge.

Our readers must have noted an interesting article on 'Time and Eternity' from the pen of J. S. Mackenzie,

LL.D., Litt. D., in our May number. Mr. C. W. Leadbeater has written on the same subject of Time in the June *Adyar Bulletin*. After describing what we mortals call Time and what it means to us he proceeds to describe 'God's time'. He says:

That other time is God's time; and in *that* time what we call our past is not irrevocable, but is constantly changing, though always in the direction of improvement, or evolution. It may be said that the events of the past cannot be changed; but that statement is after all an assumption. The important events of the past are our contacts with other egos, our relations with them; and these relations *are* being changed, whether we know it or not; for they are in this direction at right angles to what *we* call time, which at present we are unable to appreciate.

But just as it is now possible for us to become conscious all along our line instead of only at one point of it, so will it in the far-away future be possible for us to acquire a consciousness which shall contain *the whole square*—a consciousness equivalent to that which now seems to us the Divine Consciousness. Probably then the whole process will be repeated, and we shall find that the whole square is moving at right angles itself; but it is better to try to grasp one facet of the idea at a time. In the same way our railroad is not only being carried round from west to east as the earth rotates upon its axis, but it is also being carried through space at a far swifter rate as the earth revolves round the sun; and it has yet again an additional and quite different motion as the whole solar system revolves in its incalculable orbit round some far greater central sun.

He quotes the late Mr. C. H. Hinton on this transcendental view of Time and we may draw our readers attention to *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. i, p. 69 and Vol. ii, p. 466. This article of Mr. Leadbeater should be carefully studied by every Theosophical student.



HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

A CHAPTER OF HER PAST

By A. L. POGOSKY, F. T. S.

IF one were to take a geographical map and mark on it Helena Petrovna's movements during the period 1848-1872, it would present the following picture: From 1848 to 1851,¹ travels in Egypt, Athens, Smyrna and Asia Minor, *the first* unsatisfactory effort to penetrate into Tibet; in 1851 (the date is given in her own notes) a visit to England, where occurs her first meeting with the Master who appeared to her in her childhood, and whom she called her Protector; from 1851 to 1853

¹ The years are taken from Mrs. Besant's pamphlet, *H. P. Blavatsky and the Masters of Wisdom*, published in 1907. Other articles on this subject give comparatively the same dates.

travels in South America and a journey to India, the *second* attempt to reach Tibet, and return *via* China and Japan to America; from 1853 to 1855 or 1856, wanderings through North and Central America, and move to England; from 1855 or 1856 to 1858, return from England *via* Egypt to India, and the *third* vain attempt to penetrate Tibet. Here we encounter a discrepancy. The Countess Wachtmeister, who stood nearest to Helena Petrovna during her last years, in her speech at the Leipzig Theosophical Society, meeting on 30th September in 1899, said that her first journey to Tibet happened in 1856.¹ In December, 1858, Helena Petrovna suddenly appears in Russia, stays with her relatives first in Odessa, then in Tiflis up to 1863; in 1864 she at last penetrates into Tibet, whence she goes for a short time to Italy (in 1866), then again to India, returning *via* the mountains of Kumlung and the lake Palti once more to Tibet; in 1872 she passes through Egypt and Greece to her relatives in Odessa, and thence in 1873 she goes to America; and this ends this period of her life.

These wanderings over the face of the globe, lasting some twenty years—even if we omit the four years spent with relatives—seem at first sight quite aimless, because we have to do not with one bent on scientific research, but with a woman who had no profession whatever; and the only indication of her real aim is the oft repeated endeavour to reach Tibet. Besides this indication, we have no definite information as to this period of her life. Even relatives whom she warmly loved—her sister and aunt, to whom she was tied by

¹ The Countess Wachtmeister added an interesting detail of this journey: as foreigners were not allowed to enter this country, the Hindūs who came to meet her at Darjeeling put her in a car and covered her with hay, and in this way she went through.

tenderest friendship—even these two knew nothing of this epoch of her life. For some time they felt sure she was no more among the living.

In the *Memories of Madame Ermoloff*, who knew all the circumstances of Helena Petrovna's maiden life, we find a little detail, not mentioned anywhere else, which may have had an important influence on her destiny. At that time there lived in Tiflis a Prince Galitzyne, a relative of the Viceroy of the Caucasus, who often visited the Fadéeffs, and was greatly interested in this original young lady. He was considered, as Madame Ermoloff puts it, "either a Freemason, or a magician, or a fortune-teller".¹

Immediately after the departure of Prince Galitzyne from Tiflis came the sudden decision of Helena Petrovna to marry a very unsuitable old gentleman, M. Blavatsky. Putting together these circumstances and the subsequent flight from the husband's house, it seems likely that, in conversing with the 'Magician' Prince Galitzyne, a man well-informed upon, or at least interested in, the phenomena of mediumship and clairvoyance, Helena Petrovna imbibed many hints affecting her decision to break with the limitations of a young lady's life in society. It is very probable that she told her sympathetic listener of her visions, and of her 'Protector,' and received from him information, and perhaps even the address of that Egyptian Copt who is quoted as her first teacher in Occultism. Confirmation of this lies in the fact that, on reaching Kerch with her servants, Helena Petrovna sends them back from the steamer,

¹ H. P. Blavatsky's relatives replied to my inquiry that Prince Galitzyne was indeed very often with the Fadéeffs before Helena Petrovna's marriage, but whether he was an Occultist or not they could not say, but thought it very likely.

and, instead of going to her father, as her relatives and servants believed, she travels to Egypt, not alone, but with a friend, the Countess Kisselva. It is possible that this meeting with a companion was a mere chance, but it might have been previously arranged. If my surmise is true, all the character of her disappearance in the East changes: instead of being an aimless hunting for adventures, it appears in the light of a definite striving towards a definite aim.

Three years later occurs the important event of this epoch of her life: her first meeting with the Master. This meeting, in London, in 1851, is mentioned by H. S. Olcott, the Countess Wachtmeister and Mrs. Besant. The full significance of this meeting can be understood only having regard to her heroic, glowing devotion to her Master, which never weakened, but overcame all difficulties, remaining till her last breath. This devotion, revealing the whole capacity of her greatness of soul, was the brightly burning beacon directing all her future actions; by its light, all her wanderings, all her bizarre experiences, and her oft-repeated efforts to reach Tibet—where she hoped to approach Him—are invested with a new, and deep meaning. Her foes and those who judge by appearances surmise that the mystery of her life hides something objectionable, or why should her life not be open, just like that of anybody else? Yes, she had something to hide, but it was no commonplace adventure which filled the mysterious part of her life, but the indomitable striving of a big soul after a big aim.

To be able to understand this side of her life, one must know what discipleship means, what it consists of, what responsibilities it puts on the disciple, and what is the attitude of a disciple of an occult school towards the

Master in the East. Without a slight idea of these things, a true understanding of the life of Helena Petrovna, who undoubtedly was a disciple of high Adepts of eastern Wisdom (Brahma-Vidyā) is quite impossible. To Europeans, who have lost every idea of Esotericism, the very existence of the eastern Masters, living quite a separate life somewhere among the inaccessible Himālayan Mountains, unknown to any but a handful of dreamers—Theosophists—seems a fairy tale. But this attitude completely changes as soon as one begins to understand the inner meaning of the religious teachings of India. The difference between the intellectual and spiritual life of the materialistic West and that of the mystic East is very deep, and the misunderstandings arising in the one concerning the most vital life of the other are natural. But in the East no one doubts the existence of high Adepts of Divine Wisdom.

In the *Boston Courier* of 18th July, 1886, with reference to the accusation brought against Helena Petrovna of having fabricated fictitious communications with non-existent Masters of Wisdom, appeared a protest signed by seventy paṇḍiṭs, from a nursery of scholars of the ancient Indian religions, stating that Mahāṭmas or Sāḍhus are not a fancy of Madame Blavatsky, but are superior Beings, the existence of whom no enlightened Hindū can doubt, who were known to the elders, and with whom many Hindūs, not in the least connected with the Theosophical Society, are in constant communication. This is a testimony of eastern scholars. But western scholars too, at least the advanced ones, do not deny the possibility of supernormal psychic powers, which in the majority of men lie latent, but which will develop in time to their full degree of manifestation.

Once admit this, and it is quite illogical to deny the possibility of higher and yet higher degrees of psychic and spiritual evolution, involving the existence of 'superior Beings,' whose spiritual powers and gifts are as yet unknown on *our* level of development. Many are confused by the mystery surrounding Them. But there are very grave reasons for this mystery. One of the more comprehensible of them to a European mind lies in the fact of the natural refinement of the nervous system which must take place in such cases—the fact that such sensitive organisations must suffer excessively from our modern surroundings and modes of living; this will be easily understood by anyone who has 'sensitive nerves'. If we picture this sensitiveness increased to a much greater degree, it is easy to imagine a limit beyond which the noise and vibrations of modern city life, and the crowding together of a multitude of inharmoniously attuned human natures may be felt as an actual danger and injury. In this lies the main reason why people who have reached a high degree of saintliness, inevitably implying extreme sensitiveness of the whole nervous system, always sought solitude, hiding in deserts and lonely places. If a man with exceptionally fine psychic development—following his life's aim—is forced to remain in the crowd, he must suffer greatly, and, the higher his stage of development, the less able is he to stand the gross noises of modern city life¹ without certain measures of precaution known to Occultists.

If one has but the slightest idea of occult phenomena one can truly say, in analysing H. P. B's. life,

¹ It is well-known to H. P. B's nearest disciples, how she suffered from physical noises.

that this whole period of it was firstly a preparation for discipleship, then discipleship itself ; while the last years of her life bear clear evidence of a definite spiritual mission. Many features of her life, as well as the character of her literary work, prove it. Firstly, the Stanzas of Dzyān, for which all three volumes of her *Secret Doctrine* serve as commentaries, could be accessible only to a disciple of an Adept, who, for reasons of the highest order, considered it right and necessary to give them to the world towards the end of last century. Otherwise, the Stanzas would have been known a long time ago, if not to western scholars, at least to eastern paṇḍiṭs ; but this was not the case, and the Stanzas were actually given to the world for the first time through H. P. B. Had this not been really so, the learned Brāhmaṇas in India would have risen in loud protest to expose the imposture of this woman who claimed for herself the merit of the first transmission of so precious and ancient a document, more particularly as she belonged to a race of secretly despised barbarians.¹ The other book, *The Voice of the Silence*, does not reveal her discipleship only to Europeans, who have lost touch with religious Esotericism ; those who understand the real meaning of the line “ *Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life and few they be that find it,*” and know what the eastern religious path means, see clearly that H. P. B. was a disciple of the esoteric school of the East ; for only *there* was she likely to find such sentences as these—permeated through and through with the spirituality of the ancient East. Only a true chelā, moulding his spiritual life on new lines with mighty efforts, burning

¹ Mlechchas.

all his lower nature in the fire of inward battle, is able to give expression to the experience of the Spirit as H. P. B. did in her *Voice of the Silence*.

The second proof of her discipleship is afforded by her constant communications with the Masters of the East, to which we have frequent testimony from Europeans and Hindūs. These communications were of varying character; they were seldom held directly on the physical plane, but more often by writing, and still oftener they were of a clairvoyantly psychic nature, to which sphere belong the so-called 'astral' communications, when the form of the absent was clearly seen and his voice heard. But in the stage reached by the psychic powers of Helena Petrovna such communion between Master and disciple (Guru and chelā, as they put it in the East) can be as definite and continuous as physical communion. Between them something like a wireless telegraphy seems to have been established. Many witnesses testify how, even in the middle of a lively conversation, when Helena Petrovna's attention was riveted on a definite subject, she would suddenly stop, as if listening to something, and after this there appeared invariably either a letter or inner directions, which she immediately set herself to fulfil. No one, at such times, ever heard any sound; her open inner ear alone clearly distinguished the words uttered by the Master, which were conveyed by the magnetic currents playing between them. All such phenomena, such as clairvoyance, clairaudience, psychometry, telepathy, inspiration, etc., considered as supernormal not so long ago, begin to be registered in the annals of scientific research, but modern science will not be able to explain them till it

recognises the spiritual nature of man, his spiritual evolution. Up to now only Occultists can truly discern all the 'abnormal' psychic phenomena, but they do not consider them abnormal; they consider them to be powers of the human soul developing prematurely and one-sidedly, therefore inharmoniously. In the normal progress of evolution these powers open very gradually and slowly and in definite, mutual correspondence, whereas by forced evolution they can only manifest in an inharmonious and therefore undesirable manner, as is the case with most mediums, who have developed their vehicles before the development of the Spirit. Or they can develop *through orderly inner culture*. In the last case a teacher is needed, who himself has gone through a similar training; besides, it is necessary to be initiated in the higher spiritual spheres, and if the disciple has enough spiritual strength to bear the tremendous efforts required for the conscious inner rebuilding of the whole of his psychic nature, then he can outstrip his race in an extraordinary way. These forces, which in others act as yet cosmically, will be mastered by his own will; he will be their master, and therefore a great quantity of energy in him will be liberated for the higher spiritual work. On the other hand, such psychic powers as are developed prematurely, and are not submitted to the consciousness and will, can only harm him who possesses them; he is not lord, but slave of these powers, which master and confuse him. Although his prematurely developed inner eye and ear catch the coarser vibrations of light and sound of the unseen world, he does not become more spiritual and intelligent. He is unable to analyse them, and does not understand the mutual relations existing between

the facts of the super-physical world. An orderly training of higher psychic powers has its science, its strict principles, its discipline, its experience, its many stages, its masters and its schools; and one of these eastern schools accepted H. P. B. as a disciple. The fact is proved by her last years, when the results of the systematic training of her powerful gifts as a medium were clearly evident. "Then (1859 to 1860) all these phenomena were beyond her power and control," writes her sister W. P. de Jelihowsky, "but when we saw her again in 1884, all these manifestations of unseen agents were obedient to her, they were *never* manifested without her will, and ceased instantaneously by her wish. The same change occurred with regard to her practice of clairvoyance. At one time she saw things *without any desire*, things which did not interest either her or her surroundings; twenty years later she could transfer her spiritual sight wherever she wished, and saw what she *wished* to see."¹

These psychic powers, developed to full consciousness and fully subservient to her will, prove indisputably that her psychic development went through the orderly training of an occult school. These powers can be subdivided into several groups: (a) 'Suggestion,' calling forth various illusions—in light, sound, touch, taste and smell—in those who are under the suggestion; (b) clairvoyance of all kinds—the reading of other people's thoughts and moods by change of aura in the subject read; (c) communication from a distance with those who are gifted in the same or a higher degree; (d) a greatly developed intuition (super-consciousness) which made her able to obtain knowledge by means unknown to the

¹ *The Russian Review*, 1891.

majority of people, such as the reading of the *Ākāsha*, the cosmic chronicle of the world; (e) precipitation of objective pictures by will-power on paper or other material. The pictures obtained by H. P. B. in this way, by putting her hand on a clean sheet of paper, were submitted to experts in 1895, after a period of seventeen years, and they could clearly see the design, as though it were made in water-colours, blue, red and green pencils, ink, and gold. In all such cases the concentrated imagination appears as the creator, force and matter as its working tools. All these methods are known only to the eastern schools of Occultism, no western medium owns them; (f) phenomena requiring knowledge of the primitive forces of nature; of the law of cohesion forming the various agglomerations of atoms; and the nature of ether, its composition and potency. It would be useless to enumerate her other powers, as they could only be explained by one who knows as much as H. P. B. knew herself.

Further evidence in favour of her high occult development is given by her determined silence about all the circumstances of this period of her life. This fact is especially important in the case of one so frank and unreserved in character. Her relatives state that she never considered what she said, nor before whom she was speaking. This did her great harm, giving her opponents a handle against her. One who knows the conditions of occult training will find such a silence not only perfectly natural, but the best testimony that a certain man really was a disciple of an occult school. One may live with a disciple under the same roof for a whole life-time, and not realise that he belongs to any such school.

Further proofs we find in her persistent assurance that *she is not* the author of her books, but only a tool, only one who writes under dictation, etc. If this had not been so, if the Master had not been behind her, if she had herself invented *The Secret Doctrine*, with its innumerable references and quotations, she would have been not only a person of immense learning, acquired in an unknown way, but also the greatest genius imaginable, for such an individual creation as her *Secret Doctrine* cannot be found in any epoch. What could make her deprive herself of the deserved fame, honour, and esteem of her contemporaries, and persist in ascribing her personal creativeness to imaginary phantoms? What power could make one who by her own efforts acquired such a store of knowledge disown it in favour of a creation of her own imagination, calling forth insult, distrust, derision and misunderstanding from all sides, even from near and dear friends? Only a hopeless insanity could bring about such an incredible state of things. Helena Petrovna was accused of many failings, but never of *this* one.

The foregoing probably throws sufficient light on the true meaning of the second mysterious period of her life. The few facts known to her friends concerning this period give indication of the same qualities as characterised her last years, which were spent in the presence of many witnesses: the same iron will, the same heroic courage, the same unlimited devotion to an idea, the same fiery enthusiasm, the same indomitable energy. This second period of her life may have been rich in brilliant personal experiences; one may be sure at any rate that such experiences as she did have were of no trivial description. It is also possible that, being

often without money during her wanderings, she had to earn her living by means which did not correspond with her social position, and may easily have evoked gossip and undeserved suspicions. This looks the more probable when one recollects the daring nature of her disposition, which stuck at no obstacles, and must have shown many a characteristic calculated to irritate the Philistine.

One of the episodes of her journey through Mongolia, mentioned in *Isis Unveiled*, gives some idea of the kind of situation she had to encounter during her wanderings. It was in 1855, when she was twenty-four years old and was trying to reach Tibet for the *third* time. She started from Calcutta with three companions, passing through Kashmir under the guidance of a Tartar Shaman. Her companions did not go far: two of them were sent back by Government agents and the third got ill with a terrible fever. The fearless Helena Petrovna went on alone with the Shaman, yearning after the 'forbidden land'. During a rest in the Mongolian steppe, under a tent, the Shaman agreed to show his young companion the effect of the talisman which he constantly wore. Without any explanations, he swallowed it, and almost immediately fell into a deep trance. Two hours were spent by the young woman in company with the rigid body, in solitude, in a Mongolian desert, and these two hours appear to have been a very interesting time, for she made the Shaman's astral body travel all over the world and tell her what her friends were doing. One of these friends, an old Russian lady, even appeared to her in person, in a corner of the tent, with a letter in her hand. It was found afterwards that this lady, while reading a letter at the time, had

lost consciousness and had "seen Helena in some desert place, inside a gypsy tent". Helena Petrovna finally sent the astral body of the Shaman for help; and in a little while a whole party on horseback arrived at the tent and extricated her from a rather unpleasant situation.

I may here quote an interesting document, relating to her second sojourn in Tibet, between the years 1866 and 1871, and published in Mrs. Besant's book, *H. P. Blavatsky and the Masters of Wisdom*. This document was delivered in an extraordinary way to Helena Petrovna's favourite aunt, N. A. Fadéeff, who thus describes its appearance in a letter dated 26th June.¹

I wrote to Mr. Sinnett two or three years ago, in answer to one of his letters, and I think that I told him what occurred in connection with a letter received by me phenomenally, when my niece was on the other side of the world, or when to speak the fact, no one knew where she was—which was exactly the thing that troubled us. All our enquiries had ended in nothing. We were ready to believe her dead, when—I think in the year 1870 or soon after—I received a letter from the Being whom you call, I think, Koot-Hoomi, which was brought to me in the most incomprehensible and mysterious way, in my own house, by a messenger with an Asiatic face, who vanished before my eyes. This letter, which begged me not to be anxious and assured me that she was safe, is still in my possession, but at Odessa. When I return I will forward it to you, and I shall be very glad if it is of use to you. Excuse me, but it is difficult, almost impossible for me to believe that there can be people sufficiently stupid to think that either my niece or yourself, invented the men whom you call Mahātmās. I do not know if you have long known them personally, but my niece spoke to me about them, and that very fully, years ago. She wrote to me that she had seen and re-knitted her connection with several of them before she wrote her *Isis*. Why should she have invented these personages? With what object? and what good could They do her if They did not exist? Your enemies are neither wicked nor dishonest, I think; they are, if they accuse you of that, only idiotic. If I, who am, I hope, to remain to my death a fervent Christian, believe in the existence of these men—

¹ *Loc. cit.*, p. 8.

though not in all the miracles alleged about Them—why should not others believe? I can certify to the existence of one of them, at least. Who could have written to reassure me in the moment when I most needed such reassurance, if it were not one of these Adepts they talk of? It is true that I do not know the writing, but the way in which it was delivered to me was so phenomenal that no one, save an Adept in occult science, could have accomplished it. It promised me the return of my niece, and the promise was fulfilled. Anyhow, I will send it to you in a fortnight, and you will receive it in London.

The letter was duly forwarded ten days later, enclosed in a note from Madame Fadéeff; it was written on Chinese rice-paper, “backed with the glossy hand-made paper one sees in Kashmir and the Punjab, and enclosed in an envelope of the same paper. The address is: ‘To the Honourable, Very Honourable, Lady Nadeijka Andriewna Fadéeff, Odessa.’ In one corner, in the handwriting of Madame Fadéeff, is the note in the Russian language in pencil; ‘Received at Odessa, November 7th, about Lelinka (H. P. B.’s pet name), probably from Tibet. November 11th, 1870, Nadeijka F.’ The note says: ‘The noble relatives of Madame H. Blavatsky have no cause to mourn. Their daughter and niece has not departed from this world. She lives, and wishes to make known to those she loves, that she is well, and feels very happy in the distant and unknown retreat that she has chosen. . . . Let the ladies of her family comfort themselves. Before eighteen new moons have risen, she will have returned to her home.’ Both the note and the envelope are written in the now familiar handwriting of the Mahāṭma K. H.”

A. L. Pogosky

DISCRIMINATION

By JANET B. MC.GOVERN, F. T. S.

(*Concluded from p. 328*)

IF Occultism is to be a working power in our lives in the sense in which James defines Pragmatism, then must it be made a practical thing, capable of application to present-day problems. In no respect is this more markedly the case than in that which has been called the Feminist Movement of to-day. This subject has been so admirably treated by Bhagavān Ḍās in his recent book *Science of Social Organisation*, that but little remains to be said, except as the result of personal observation of the Woman Movement, carried into both the political and economic fields, by one who is both a westerner and a woman.

Personal observation corroborates both ancient occult and modern scientific statements (see Havelock Ellis) on the subject. Woman is the complement, not the duplicate of man, the co-operator, not the competitor. "Could we make her as the man" not only "sweet love were slain," but also would be slain all those functions intellectual and spiritual, as well as physical, for which woman, as woman, exists. Very literally: "Woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse," and it is in her diversity that her power exists.

Were one incarnation the only life of the soul on earth, then perhaps naturally, at this particular stage of evolution, might the soul clothed in woman's body cry out for the privileges and (superficially considered) the wider opportunities which modern civilisation has given man in the fields of economics and politics ; more particularly would this be justifiable where—as not infrequently happens in this transitional era—mental aptitudes and inclinations are masculine rather than feminine, in the narrower sense of these words.

To one, however, who accepts the hypothesis of reincarnation such an attitude of mind is impossible, logically considered, since—conceding reincarnation at all—it must be conceded that experience both as man and as woman is necessary for the perfectly developed soul. Ruskin's statement to the effect that the future of civilisation lies in the hands of the women of to-day is (to the discriminating) obviously true, for as wife (or as mistress), and as mother, woman's influence is literally unbounded, either for good or evil. It is she who sets the standard for the citizen of to-day—her husband—and the citizen of to-morrow—her son. "Woman exists for the sake of husband and son" is a truism, not brutal but ideal; "either sex alone were half itself"—the centripetal and centrifugal forces respectively—and the moment this fact is lost sight of, *i.e.*, when woman, instead of being the co-operator, becomes the competitor of man, then is civilisation demoralised, and woman herself the chief sufferer in consequence.

This ideal is true, whether judged from the occult or the scientific viewpoint—the two being a unity when not superficially seen ; and it does not imply that woman

is a toy, only to be “braided and jewelled and kissed,” but rather emphasises the necessity for the higher education of woman, that she may be, in the true sense, ‘helpmate’ to husband and to son, intellectual, as well as emotional, a stimulus and an inspiration, rather than a clog. In other words, woman’s education should be such as best to fit her, ethically, intellectually, and physically, for the most perfect fulfilling of ‘woman’s rights’—wifehood and motherhood—and experience has shown that in this education the influence of masculine instruction and intellectual attrition, as well as of feminine, is desirable.

The modern western woman—such as is not infrequently found to-day—whose time is so filled with “contemplation and meditation upon cosmic consciousness” that she has no time to devote to husband and children—these in consequence being neglected as regards the needs of every-day life—is, to the discriminating mind, less advanced than the sweet wife, referred to in *The Light of Asia* :

Sujata, loveliest
 Of all the dark-eyed daughters of the plain ;
 Gentle and true, simple and kind was she,
 Noble of mien, with gracious speech to all
 And gladsome looks—a pearl of womanhood—
 Passing calm years of household happiness
 Beside her lord in that still Indian home,
 Save that no male child blessed their wedded love.

Then afterwards when “that jewel of her joys”—
 a male child—was given her, and she, in thankful
 reverence, worshipped the Lord Buddha, recounting
 to him the simple and exquisite code of her life,
 He said :

Thou teachest them who teach—
 In thee is seen why there is hope for men—
 As thou accomplishest may I achieve !

Another point upon which discrimination bids some emphasis be laid is that we are not worthy of that which we have received, along Theosophical lines or otherwise, if we make no effort of our own to add to the store of knowledge, or at least to amplify some fragment of it by individual study (which does *not* mean mere committing to memory), and, as far as time and capacity allow, by experiment on our own part. Is there not too much of a tendency on the part of some of us to sink into mere parrot-like repetition of truisms and of statements made by earlier, or by more advanced, students and investigators? It is quite possible to yield to none in reverent love, or in profound gratitude to those further on the Path, whose greater intellects or more advanced occult development have made possible for our understanding the Knowledge which we now hold, and at the same time to realise the danger of stagnation on our own part. This phase of Discrimination is as greatly needed in Occultism as it is in other branches of science, where it is perhaps more generally recognised.

Stagnation in any direction is but the first step to retrogression, and no one was more on the alert that Theosophy should not crystallise into a hard and fast dogma, become a thing of 'authority' only, than was the great-souled, broad-minded H. P. B., with her constant warning against the apotheosis of personality, her own or any other, and her plea for the upliftment of the abstract, the impersonal; also her constant reminder that if Theosophy lives but to become another sect it will have failed of its mission.¹

¹ The latter point was also emphasised by Mrs. Annie Besant in her lecture, 'The Work of Theosophy in the World,' delivered at the Queen's Hall, London, July 7, 1905.

From which follows sequentially another point, not to be overlooked by the true seeker after the Wisdom of God; that is, that all of the Divine Wisdom given out in any age is not, never has been, and never can be, contained in any one vessel; that each organisation is, as it were, but an arc of the one whole, the splendid Truth, which none of these bodies know, or ought to pretend to know, in its entirety. This fact is occasionally lost sight of apparently by certain members of every organisation, filled with zeal for that particular organisation, but lacking in discrimination, consequently mistaking the fragment for the entirety. The partisan spirit is fatal to the earnest wooer of Theosophia.

We are reminded in the *Doctrine of the Heart*, (page 29): "Knowing as we do that our Society [the Theosophical Society]—or for the matter of that every movement of any consequence—is under the watch and ward of vastly wiser and higher Powers than our little selves"; and this is a reminder which should be unnecessary to the well-balanced, discriminating Theosophist, who is quickened with the *spirit* of the true Theosophia, rather than paralysed with the *dead letter* of party spirit, who recognises that "every movement of any consequence" serves its purpose, the more so when it is willing to recognise that the others have each a purpose also to serve.

To the discriminating mind it would seem certain that when the soul has evolved to the point implied in S. Paul's great declaration concerning Love (I *Corinthians*, xiii), when such a soul truly lives in the "united spirit of life" which it consciously realises as its "true Self," then will open to it the Gateway of Initiation, irrespective of organisation or party affiliation. Label

counts for nothing; the inner spiritual reality for everything.

Each uplifting spiritual movement is but as a note in the perfect harmony, which, lacking any, would be incomplete; or as it is put in 'Abt Vogler' (Browning): "On earth the broken arcs; in heaven, the perfect round." Only instead of the "broken arcs," one prefers to think of many small circles—each representing a different phase of the Wisdom of God—interlacing to form the perfect Great Circle.

What is wanted to-day is, to quote Matthew Arnold, "lucidity of mind and largeness of temper, in a strife of imperfect intelligences and tempers illiberal".

Discrimination bids us beware that we do not mistake the part for the whole, but remember these words:

Stone by stone, mankind is building a new Earth: a mansion of many chambers, wherein are warmth and comfort, toil and play, school and home, and every room has doors opening into every other room. Soul by soul, it is building a new Humanity; it is making men after the pattern of strength, beauty and love. And in that mansion these mortals shall gather—the children shall fill its heights with laughter, the men set its walls resounding with their excellent labour, the women touch it with the grave miracle of motherhood. Harmoniously they shall live and toil and play. And the name of that mansion where these mortals are to dwell?

It has many names. Each leader, prophet or poet gives it a special name. But these are only words for the real name, which no man yet knows.¹

In order to maintain a just sense of proportion, of relative value, of discrimination between the label and the reality which the label should represent, as implied in the preceding paragraphs, it is essential that there be not lost, or that such be cultivated, if it be not ours already, the "saving grace of humour". It has been

¹Just as Christianity—apparently, from intelligent research—was the pleroma, or fulfilment, of the various spiritual movements of that era—on which point see *The Pleroma*, by Dr. Paul Carus.

said that an Occultist is never without a sense of humour—a self-evident truth, since the genuine Occultist is perforce a being of intelligence, and the greater the intelligence, the better developed the sense of humour—another term for the sense of proportion. “Wit,” it has been aptly said, “is a needle for pricking gas-bags”—the most effective weapon against shallowness and presumption, sham and self-righteousness, the weapon used by many of the most effective reformers in all ages.

“The second-rate poet always takes himself seriously,” is an axiom in literary circles. Second-rate intelligence, whatever the line of its expression, takes itself always *au grand serieux*, losing all sense of the *ridiculous* and hence of proportion. Nothing so much as a true sense of humour—than which, parenthetically, nothing is further removed from either buffoonery or inconsequent giggling—helps us to maintain equilibrium, to keep a sane, wholesome, unsoured, optimistic, outlook upon life. As has been well said :

There is no virtue in bearing crosses of our own seeking. Many a misguided man prays for strength to bear burdens that do not belong to him, and for grace to endure trials that he has gone out of his way to make for himself. Life's blessings outweigh its burdens, its joys outnumber its griefs, and a prayer for common sense and a healthful outlook is quite as necessary as a prayer for grace. There is nothing more blinding than tears of self-pity.

Were this more generally borne in mind there would be less cant, less ostentation, less pose of ‘responsibility’; the man who bears most genuine and most vital responsibility makes least display of it; there would be a more general recognition that the most powerful forces are the most silent ones. Life would be simpler, saner, happier, more courageous.

Only as men and women hold that sense of proportion, only as they maintain that sunny optimism, only as they are without cant and without affectation, will they in any true sense be called upon to become helpers in that mighty wave represented by the present-day Movement—known in its different phases by different names—which is sweeping mankind on to a new and to a more splendid civilisation, a civilisation where Brotherhood shall be not talked, but shall be lived. True it is :

There is everywhere a striving after a saner, fuller, and more wholesome life, for something more vital and simpler. There are everywhere signs that the ugliness of cities has reached its limit; that the power of commercialism has palled; and once more men and women are returning to the rhythm of life long ago broken by the rush and whirl of machinery, and are seeking beauty in colour and form and sound as men found them in olden days when they saw in all beauty, whether in nature or in art, a manifestation of the Gods they worshipped.

Before each individual lies the choice of becoming in the New Era either an accelerator or a clog. Those who would be as wings to carry the New Movement forward must discriminate between the real and the counterfeit; must above all things avoid hypocrisy—to self as to others; must remember that there is a lower, as a higher, aspect to all things; that in no respect is there greater liability to subtle self-deception than in mistaking self-centredness and personal pride of a not particularly admirable sort for true humility.

La Rochefoucauld says :

Pride transforms itself in a thousand different ways, but it is never better disguised and more capable of deceiving than when it conceals itself under the garb of humility.

And Massillon says :

Pride conceals itself only to be discovered, runs away from praise only that it may be followed, disclaims

compliments only to gain them, scorns itself only as a bid for praise. Pride has a thousand compensations imperceptible to ourselves and nothing is rarer than humility for its own sake.

To which may be added the biting skit of Southey :

And the devil was pleased, for his darling sin
Is the pride that apes humility.

True humility—that noblest and rarest of virtues, which unconsciously sacrifices “the self to the Self impersonal”—does not parade itself; it is the most effectual armour against gossip and slander; for a man of sterling humility, a corollary of a true sense of humour and proportion, is wise enough not to bother about what ‘they say,’ nor, of all things, to resort to petty slander and back-biting in return.

A sense of humour is conducive to true simplicity—absence of pretence and pose, than which nothing is more fatal to the would-be Occultist. All intelligent persons who have been thrown at all with children know how difficult it is to impose upon them; how quickly a little one will see through sham, pose, cant and buncombe. In this respect—as in others—he must verily become “as a little child” who would know the kingdom of heaven, a kingdom which, as the discriminating of all ages and races have recognised, may be manifested on earth as well as in the world beyond death.

He who would learn Discrimination can do no better than take as his watchwords: Purity, Simplicity, Serenity, Gladness.

Janet B. Mc.Govern

THE RITUAL OF PLAY

THE SYMBOLISM OF CHILDREN'S TOYS AND GAMES

By CLAUDE BRAGDON

Author of *Seven Essays on Theosophy and
Architecture etc.*

GOD loves all little children, those souls, "trailing clouds of glory" lately fared forth from His presence into this stained world of sad dreams.

And that His blessed little ones, in the first bewilderment of their changed surroundings, shall not too soon forget the precious secret of His love, they are reminded of it, in their toys and in their games. These things become to them, all unconsciously, the very ritual of their worship. That is why playing children, like praying Mystics, though happy, are so often of so serious a mien.

Most children are instinctively religious in the psychological, not the theological sense of the word: their souls open to true transcendentalism as naturally as flowers open to the sun. It would seem as though of life's profound secrets they had only to be *reminded*, and not taught.

That instruction is always the most apt and enduring which springs from interest, from delight; and as the child's interest and delight are in its play, here is a

natural channel for instruction which a wise parent would do well to utilise.

The following interpretation of children's games and toys makes no pretence of being exhaustive, neither are the imputed meanings anything more than suggestive, for every symbol, from the very nature of symbolism, means many different things. All that has been attempted is to gain recognition for the truth that child's play is symbolic, and inspire the parent first to perceive, then to explain and interpret these allegories to the child. This will have the effect of stirring into growth those fine flowers of the mind and spirit, even while the little hands are engaged in the mastery of the mere machinery of existence. By these means the child will early acquire those keys which open the portals to the transcendental life.

DOLLS

The body is but the doll of the higher nature, for without the ministrations of its divine mistress the body is only a stuffed and painted image, its flesh no better than wax, its bones than sawdust. Just as a child plays with its doll, so does the soul attend the body, determining, directing, and manipulating the manifold activities of its "reflex personality".

Teach the child by means of this symbol that as it loves and cares for its doll, so it is loved and cared for by the divine part of its own nature.

KITES

A kite is an ambition toward the Highest, held firmly against the buffeting winds of circumstance by the strong string of common sense. It is hard, sometimes, to get a kite into the air: again and again it

tumbles, just as new resolutions are so desperately hard to keep. But once aloft it easily rides the breezes, going, like a good habit, 'of itself'. The great thing in a kite is to have it easily balanced. This is a matter of adjustment, and adjustment to life saves the high-soaring ideal from disastrous plunges and falls.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that as it walks the ways of earth it should send up to God some part of its nature to be held there aloft, serene and calm.

TOPS

We are all tops set spinning from the hands of God. What we call our life, our sustained rotation about the point of personality, is but His love. Because, like the top's motion, this life inheres in us, we cannot think of it as other than our own.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that as the top can stand only as long as it is in motion, effort and activity keep the soul fixed and firm amid the temptations of the world.

QUOITS

The stake is Ambition, the rings are Opportunity. To excel in pitching quoits it is necessary to regard each ring pitched, as the only one, focussing all effort and attention upon that. So in life, to attain any ambition, each opportunity must seem to be the last. Perhaps this is the reason why, though the soul has lived many lives, we do not remember them.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that the skill gained in many abortive efforts paves the way to ultimate success.

THE RETURN BALL

(A ring for the finger, to which is attached an elastic cord, and on the other end of the cord, a ball.)

The child's hand is the bosom of the Father : the ring is the spirit, forever in union with the Most High. The ball is that eager and adventurous desire nature which flies forth, questing concrete experience, and would return never but for the soul—the stretched string 'attached' both to Heaven, its home, and to earth, its lodging for a night. The soul pursues its earthly lover gladly, but only that, when the outgoing impulse slackens, it may bring that poor prodigal back home.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that into whatever hell of suffering he in his sightlessness may wander, there is always that in him through which he may attain the Light.

BALL

A ball is a thought : it flies wherever it is directed, to a distance and with a velocity proportional to the power which propelled it. If a ball is thrown too high it falls short; if it is thrown too low it hits the ground and, diverted by some chance obstacle, may fail to reach its destination. Similarly, if one's thoughts soar too high they lose in practical efficiency, while if they fly low, they are diverted by every trivial circumstance.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that while he is learning to throw a ball swift and straight, to catch it with certainty and to return it nimbly, so in sending out thoughts he should be accurate and forceful, and in receiving the thoughts of others he should be receptive and alert. Teach him that just as he should keep his eye on the ball, so he must keep his mind upon the thought.

FIREWORKS

Pick apart your bomb or rocket (carefully, though!) : what do you find? Ugly gray powder, little black things like stones; strings, perhaps, and a paper fuse or two. Yet out of this scant handful of seeming dirty rubbish can come sound great enough to drown out thunder, light bright enough to eclipse the arrayed constellations

of the midnight sky. And all that is needed to liberate this latent beauty is *a little spark of fire.*

Though in our unilluminated moments we seem such poor and pitiful creatures, there is a dynamic power in us, which, set free by some spark of love or ambition, may "magnify the Universal Soul" to the amazement of mankind.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that fired by some noble passion, the heart of the humblest may blaze forth into transcendent beauty, like a rocket in the night.

THE HUMMING WHEEL

(A hollow tin wheel, with holes in it, hung on a double axis in the middle of a loop of soft string, and alternately tightening and slackening it at the right intervals, the wheel is made to revolve rapidly backward and forward. When it attains a certain speed of rotation it gives forth a musical note.)

The wheel is a symbol of our terrestrial nature. The soul (the string) communicates to it the rhythm of its life movement, and so converts an inert and voiceless thing into a harmoniously vibrating vehicle for sensation.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that if it would hear the song of life it must discover and observe the rhythm of life.

THE SKIPPING ROPE

The skipper leaps at those intervals established by the rhythm of the revolving rope: if he jumps a moment too soon or too late the rope will trip him.

We should seek to discover and respond to those cyclic movements of the universal soul by means of which we are able to transcend the plane of every-day existence. But if we attempt to precipitate our moments of illumination, or to prolong them beyond their natural term, we lose all sense of the rhythm of existence.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that in life, as in rope-skipping, the secret of success is to seize, but never to over-stay, the opportune moment for action.

STRING FIGURES

(The Cat's Cradle)

A piece of string is perhaps the simplest of all playthings, and the most universal. The invention and manipulation of string figures is a favourite amusement in all quarters of the world. This order of diversion is popular not alone among children, savages and peasants, but among serious-minded men and women, who exchange their devices in the same way that chess players send one another their games and problems of chess. Learned articles have been published, and books written on the subject of string figures, which readily rises to the dignity of a cult.

This forming of intricate and ingenious patterns on the hands with a simple loop of string is a symbol of *art*. For art is the intention of consciousness upon such simple and universal things as sounds, forms, colours, with the effect of organising and arranging them into significant and rhythmic pattern, pleasing to the senses and eloquent to the mind and soul of man.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that it is not so much the richness of his endowment which matters, as the use he may be able to make of any talent, however meagre, of which he stands possessed.

JACK STRAWS

It is impossible to win at the game of Jack Straws, unless all one's attention and effort are concentrated upon one straw at a time. Hesitancy at the wrong moment, or the attempt to release two straws from the pile in a single trial, both spell disaster. This game is an apt symbol of the complex life of to-day and the manner in which it should be dealt with. Each morning we are confronted with a heaped pile of tasks,

duties, problems, solicitations to enjoyment. Success and happiness depend on our wisdom in choosing, and having chosen, the single-mindedness and concentration we are able to bring to each. Failure is sure to follow if in attempting one thing we cannot help thinking about another, or if we try to do too many things at once.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that sureness, deftness, concentration, so necessary for the trivial game of Jack Straws, are not less necessary in the great game of life.

STILTS

If a man essays to elevate himself artificially above the level of ordinary humanity on the stilts of a special morality, he is in a state of unstable equilibrium: his only chance of safety, like that of the stilt-walker, lies in unceasing shifting about.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that if he sets himself up as superior to other children he is in constant danger of a fall.

HIDE AND SEEK

In the game of Hide and Seek, the child, after an interval of 'blinding,' seeks out his scattered playmates one by one. So does a person, after the lethal interval of death, seek out those kârmically linked to him, resuming and carrying forward relations established in antecedent earthly existences.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that life is a seeking and a finding, a sport of the soul, interrupted but never ended, carried on with familiar, dear, immortal companions.

SNAP THE WHIP

In the game of Snap the Whip the secret of not being thrown when the jerk comes lies in holding tight to the hands of one's companions on either side.

In the great crises of life a man needs first and most the support and sympathy of his friends and those he is sure of only if he holds to them firmly and loyally at all times.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that in life as in the game of Snap the Whip, the farther away one is from the leader, the greater the danger of being thrown down and left behind.

SKATING

The act of skating is a condition of falling, the fall prevented from becoming complete by the skill of the skater in so adjusting the weight of his body in relation to its centre of gravity that the perpetually imperilled equilibrium is never irrevocably lost. Learning to skate is therefore learning to fall and to recover in such rhythmic sequence and with such certainty and swiftness that when the art is mastered delightful motion ever triumphs over immanent disaster.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that in learning to live, as in learning to skate, there must not be too great fear of falling, for only by falling can one learn. As Blake says: "You never know what is enough unless you know what is more than enough."

FISHING

The suspense and excitement of fishing finds its analogue on the higher arc of the spiral of life whenever the hook of desire is cast into the deep waters of experience. The stern joy of the struggle between the fisherman and the captive fish finds its parallel in the exultation which comes at the moment of achievement of any desired object; and the feeling deep in the heart of the fisherman when he sees his spent victim gasping its life out at his feet, corresponds to that distaste and disillusion which forever dogs the footsteps of gratified desire.

Teach the child that the fascinating and cruel sport of fishing is a thing to be experienced, perhaps, but in the

end outgrown ; just as that see-saw of consciousness between wanting and having the petty objects of ambition, however native to the terrestrial nature, is neither native nor necessary to the soul and is therefore to be outgrown.

SWIMMING

In swimming, perhaps more than in any other sport, *confidence* is a prime requisite. The feeling that water will as easily sustain the body as engulf it is a great factor in learning to swim. This is proven by the fact that a beginner often succeeds in keeping afloat when he imagines he is being supported, but fails as soon as he learns that the support (which he only imagined) has been withdrawn. The swimmer must trust his medium, submerge himself to the utmost: the higher he tries to keep himself out of the water, the more frantic must become his efforts to keep from going under.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that in the life of the spirit there must be faith, there must be trust.

Claude Bragdon

EARTH AND INFINITY

There's part o' the sun in an apple ;
 There's part o' the moon in a rose ;
 There's part of the flaming Pleiades
 In every leaf that grows.
 Out of the vast comes nearness ;
 For the God whose love we sing
 Lends a little of his heaven
 To every living thing.

Augustus Wight Bomberger,
 in the *Outlook*

THE BASES OF THEOSOPHY

A STUDY IN FUNDAMENTALS—PHILOSOPHICAL, PSYCHOLOGICAL,
PRACTICAL

(*Concluded from p. 341*)

By JAMES H. COUSINS, F. T. S.

CHAPTER IV

Theosophy in Personal Practice

WE have now examined the principles underlying the bond of universal brotherhood to which every candidate for Fellowship of the Theosophical Society must give assent. We have seen that the broad religio-philosophical teachings which form the basis of the *Theo-sophia*, when applied to human activity in its historical, horizontal, or extensive aspect, explain the inter-relationships of humanity, and impel towards an illuminated toleration in respect of the inevitable differences in human affairs which are inherent in a relative State. We have seen also that applied Theosophy is only another term for practical altruism. We have moved from the universal to the general. Let us advance our consideration a stage further, to the particular, to the point of view of the human unit—not the unit as unit merely, but the consciousness awakened to the things which distinguish it from all other

consciousnesses, and awakened also to the things which link it up with every other consciousness and with the whole.

In a former part of our study we considered the bearings of the psychological fact that the active consciousness—which is the relative expression and limitation of the Self—cannot ever be in full possession of the total consciousness, which is the distillation of our accumulated experience in this or other lives, for the very simple and conclusive reason that the part cannot include the whole. It has been said that the past is all that we possess. The truth is, we do not possess the past : the past possesses us. We are not the sovereigns of the larger consciousness : we are its obedient servants. Its essence has passed into the blood and tissue of our life, and reappears in those inevitable reactions to new experiences which distinguish our conduct in any set of circumstances from the equally inevitable conduct of our fellows. The minutiae of past experience have been sifted in accordance with our own particular genius ; they have been classified, generalised, sublimated, and transformed into faculty. This transformation into faculty, that is, faculty as the media of a developing consciousness, would appear to be the ultimate end of experience.

But when we have realised these truths, which are involved in the great fundamental doctrine of the Divine Unity actuating and nourishing diversity, we have not come into possession of a merely mechanical universe. In all the concerns of humanity, in the aggregates called nations, and in the individuals, we are constantly faced with the idiosyncrasies of the x quantity, the something behind the *persona* which cannot be caught

and put under a microscope. It is not a mere glimpse of the totality of human experience behind the temporary personality. In the history of a particular entity it appears to remain unaltered in kind through all the fluctuations of physical and mental experience. The nearest approach to an expression of it is the word *temperament*. It runs like a strand through the heart of the twisted rope of life, but its beginning is somewhere beyond the life. It is the inherent thing against which the earliest experiences are smitten into infant faculty. In the Theosophical view it is itself a totality of faculty developed through experience in past lives, and carried forward as the distinguishing characteristic of the present life. Whistler and Leonardo da Vinci were painters. They both used the same materials; but Whistler might not feel complimented if a picture by Leonardo were accidentally attributed to him. Say the name Dante to a student of literature. Then say the name Hugo. You have touched two stops which evoke entirely different responses in the mental instrument on which you have played. Yet these poets, and others that might be named of equal distinction and equal distinctiveness, put words into lines with rhythm and rhyme. Behind the analysable work there is the impalpable but intensely real worker.

It is not necessary here to enter into a discussion of the doctrine of reincarnation. For our immediate purpose of uncovering the philosophical, psychological, and social bases of Theosophy we need only emphasise the wide distinction between the temporary, active consciousness—the personality—and the more stable, though by no means permanent, inner consciousness—the individuality. But while we bear in mind this distinction,

we must also bear in mind the fact that between the personality and the individuality, as between all else in the universe, there is no final gulf fixed: each is part of the other. However distinct any two personalities may be even when in closest contact; however distinct each personality may be from its own individuality at a given moment in time and space; we have to recognise an influx from the vertical side of life as being responsible for the processes of memory and continuity; we have to acknowledge an interaction of powers from the thither side of the personality that makes recognition and understanding possible; and the more actively these powers of the vertical life operate in human intercourse, the more is that intercourse raised above the things pertaining to the transitory personality, and made to vibrate harmoniously.

Just here is the problem of all education—of the child in the school, and of the adult awakened to the educative value of life. The problem is, how to discipline and intensify the active consciousness so as to bring within easy reach the accumulated treasures of the deeper consciousness. We cannot hope to make the boundaries of the personality coincide with those of the individuality; but we can endeavour to expedite transit so as to bring about a metaphysical if not a physical shrinkage of our world; we can whip up the slow trundle of the stage-coach into the three thousand six hundred revolutions a minute of the apparently stationary and silent turbine.

But why should we seek for this intensification and expedition in the active consciousness? The most obvious answer, on the lowest level, is that if we do not, we shall find ourselves in the rear in the race of life.

The western world has developed to a high pitch the propensity to 'hustle'. It does not seem likely to relinquish it: indeed it is more likely to impart its speed to some extent to the East, than to slow down, for a considerable time to come. As a matter of self-preservation, therefore, it behoves us to strive after physical and mental fitness. It is in answer to this exigency of modern life that there has arisen an immense interest in physical culture and in various forms of mental training. In probably the vast majority of cases the matter is taken up from a wholly selfish motive. Professors of muscle-training and brain-training hold out elaborate promises of success, chiefly in the way of getting the better of one's fellows. But the Theosophist knows that, however low the motive may be, any attention to the bettering of the physical and mental instrument can only in the end result in the enrichment of the general life of the community. The physical qualities now so eagerly sought after are not brute force or destructiveness. They are qualities of resilient strength, of quick response to stimuli, of endurance. Their practice is an exercise in co-operation, and whatever the ostensible aim of the practitioner may be, the real end will be far beyond him. The same may be said of the mental culturist. His object may be to acquire powers whereby to get the upper hand of his neighbour, but here or hereafter the betterment of his mental vehicle can only result in the betterment of his entire world.

These things are plain to the Theosophist. He understands their purport in the evolution of the race, and he takes his share in helping the numerous movements for hygienic and dietetic reform, bodily development and mental improvement. He endeavours also

to expedite their progress by infusing through them the spirit of Beauty, and to this end he invokes the aid of the muses of poetry and the drama and of the plastic arts. By means of the quickening power and exaltation of rhythm in movement and in sound, he seeks not merely to develop the life on the sensible side, but to lift the active consciousness into the realms of the super-sensible ; to transfigure the physical with the spiritual. In this way he ambitions the dignity of co-working with the centripetal tendency in the whole and in its parts, the tendency to surmount the horizontal phase of life, and by making the *persona* less gross and domineering, so to speak, and more transparent and tractable, to forward the process of indrawal or redemption. This is the further answer to the question, which we have stated to be the aim of education: Why should we seek to intensify and expedite the operation of the active consciousness ?

But the methods whereby the Theosophist seeks to pursue the true education (*ducere*, to lead) of himself and his fellows, are not exhausted when he has trained his thinking apparatus and his machinery to the utmost of their possibilities. He will not have gone far in physical discipline, and especially in the practice of concentration and meditation, before he will experience in uplifted moments a curious sense of power beyond that which he is normally capable of exerting, and a feeling that, if something would only push him, he could overleap the boundary between the world of sense and the world that he feels with increasing vividness to be just beyond his finger-tips. He touches the deep significance of the English poet's words :

Our hearing is not hearing,
And our seeing is not sight.

He is filled with an intense desire to force himself through and past the indirect and complicated processes of the senses into the realm of immediate cognition. The desire is a prophecy. All along the ages there have been those who have borne witness to the reality of such extension of faculty as is called clear-seeing (clairvoyance), clear-hearing (clairaudience), and true dreaming. In the materialistic phase in the West through which religion and science have both passed, these 'superstitions' were argued out of existence. But to-day an extraordinary outburst of abnormal faculty has snowed over the arguments; the brain-trace theory of mental processes cannot find a trace of itself; and radio-activity has lit the way of physical science, that was paved with ultimate atoms, into the world of Spirit.

In the development of these faculties of the inner Self, the Theosophist sees a powerful reinforcement to the redemptive movement in humanity. But, like all else in the relative universe, such powers may be put to uses on a lower level than their possibilities. A strong and active body may, because of lack of development of the finer influences of the soul, become only a means to tyranny over weaker bodies; a mind highly developed in one direction, and unsweetened by love, may become only an exponent of astuteness; the faculty of telepathy may be exercised in uncharitableness; the gift of healing may be squandered in personal gain. Against these possibilities the Theosophist seeks the safeguard of spiritual character, whose outward and visible signs are compassion for all God's creatures, purity of motive, and disinterested action. He knows that the command "Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be

added unto you," is the universal law of attainment ; and so, with his aspiration directed toward union with the Divine Unity, he seeks to withdraw his activities from those phases of life that make for separateness. He is therefore more intent on developing the similarities that he observes in his fellows, with a view to finding common ground for sympathy and cooperation, than dwelling on differences, unless such differences illuminate and aid the synthetic process. He puts his heel upon pride in himself. His desire is to be a servant to the least of his brethren in order that he may bring them to the knowledge of their divine inheritance. But his humility is not a pose : it is not the obsequiousness that degrades : it is the native air of one who has become conscious of his royalty in the Spirit, and has also become conscious of the royalty of his fellows in the Spirit, whether they are conscious of it or not. Spiritual pride is an abasement, and an assertion of personality and separateness. Spiritual humility cannot sink below the level of its divine vision ; but its vision is beyond the personality ; it encloses and permeates all life ; it is an assertion of the essential oneness of the universe. And so, while the Theosophist aims at the perfecting of his physical and mental instrument, he only regards the instrument as *instrument*, and he only regards its perfectionment as a means, not as an end ; and while he aims at the development of lapsed or latent powers within himself, he does not concern himself with them as *powers* for the glorification of the personality, but as extensions of media whereby he may the more fully and rapidly unfold his higher consciousness, and exalt his active consciousness, so that the twain shall ultimately be as one, and the divine marriage

of the man-woman within himself be accomplished in love that seeketh not its own, but seeketh only the good of all; and he knows with joy that in his efforts to climb above the swamps and mists of the lower life, his feet are on the open and ascending road of evolution, aided by those ahead, and accompanied by the Universe in the homeward march of the worlds.

This, then, is the gift of Theosophy to humanity: a philosophy based on the fundamental laws of nature, realised in the consciousness, warmed by the glow of religious enthusiasm; a religion, not as creed, but as purified and poised emotion, made sure and stable in reason; to the thinking man and woman, a key to the mysteries of life and a revelation of the divine Order; to the Theosophist, an irresistible urge to live out his religious philosophy in a wise, earnest, unremitting activity for the good of all.

James H. Cousins



INTUITION AS SEEN BY THEOSOPHY AND PHILOSOPHY

By ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

DURING the last five or six years there has been a good deal of change in the world of thought with regard to certain subjects, which, up to that time, were almost exclusively monopolised by the people who are called Theosophists. Theosophists have indeed very much in common with the various religions of the world, but, on the other hand, many things that in the

ordinary religious world are matters of faith, are to us matters of study, and ultimately of knowledge ; so that a number of things which many believe on authority come gradually to us to be matters of science rather than of faith ; of definite and ascertained knowledge instead of a belief based either on sacred books or on ecclesiastical authority. But there are many other things which belong more to the ordinary domain of science or philosophy, where we have for the most part stood alone : not recognised by science as accurate in the statements made, because ordinary science could not verify them ; looked at somewhat askance by the recognised schools of philosophy, which tended during the latter part of the nineteenth century more and more in the direction of materialism, whereas Theosophy opposes the materialistic view of life and of mind. Hence we have been a good deal alone, but during the last five years things have altered very considerably on the side of science. Science has been trying to understand something of the subtler constitution of matter, and, in dealing with that, it at once entered on the domain that we had regarded as exclusively our own.

One illustration will suffice to indicate this *rapprochement*. We have talked a good deal about what we call the human Aura, a certain cloud-like appearance surrounding the whole of the physical body and taking somewhat of an egg-shaped form, this cloud being made up of finer matter than the gaseous physical ; because of this, the cloud shows various colours when its particles are thrown into vibration. Colours, it is well known, may be seen by refracting ordinary white light, or, if the sun be looked at through a fine handkerchief, a disc or fringe of colours may be obtained by diffraction.

Now, Theosophists have observed that one way of causing changes of colour in the Aura is by arousing certain feelings belonging to our emotional nature, so that if a person feels anger, or pride, or affection, or any other emotion, it is at once shown by a great wave of colour sweeping through the whole of this egg-shaped cloud.

Last year a book was published in London by Dr. Kilner under the name of *The Human Aura*—a name taken, as he said, from Theosophists. He has done more than observe this Aura : he has enabled other people to observe it with the physical eye through an arrangement of glass screens containing a liquid. By this arrangement of screens part of the Aura becomes visible—the coarser part of it. This part of the Aura shows the condition of the person's health, and so on. And if we compare the drawings he has made with drawings issued by Theosophists many years ago, we at once recognise that we have both been looking at the same thing. Theosophists have looked at it clairvoyantly, while Dr. Kilner, by looking at it through an ingenious physical arrangement, is able to see the hitherto invisible cloud.

Further investigation is likely to take place after this scientific confirmation of one part of Theosophical studies, and the more such investigation goes on, the more important the Theosophical view of the human constitution, as regards the material side of man, will be seen to be : it will come under scientific observation and pass into ordinary belief.

But, when we come to deal, not with the physical side of man, but with the consciousness of man, we are in a different region ; consciousness cannot be observed

by sight however refined, but can only be known by the evolution of our own consciousness to higher levels, whereon we become conscious of that higher level in another person. This great difference between bodies and consciousness must always be remembered, that, whereas bodies, of whatever kind, may be susceptible to vision where the ordinary vision is by organs composed of materials similar to that of the bodies, no extension of vision can bring within its powers that which we know as consciousness.

We are dealing with an entirely different category when we are thinking of consciousness, and the only way of knowing that it exists in any particular phase is by possessing that phase in our own consciousness ; then the one consciousness can contact the other, and can come into such touch with it that that which is present in the one becomes present in the other. All spiritual experience recognised in every religion is of this nature. The spiritual consciousness of an individual becomes so awakened that he knows a spiritual consciousness outside himself, comes into direct contact with it, so that he is absolutely certain that that other consciousness exists. It is in the form of the spiritual consciousness that this idea is more familiar than in that of the instinct and the intuition with which I would now deal. I mention the spiritual consciousness merely because in all religious books of a lofty character we find testimony to the existence of this religious consciousness, to the possibility of the person who is deeply devout coming into a personal relationship with God, and a relationship of a character which no argument can shake, which no amount of scepticism can persuade the person who has experienced it to

disbelieve. He *knows* he has had that experience: in his heart he is absolutely certain of it. The whole testimony of Mystics in all ages, of great saints, of religious teachers of a high order, shows that it is possible for man to come into direct touch with the divine consciousness by raising the human to a point above its normal level.

Let us accept that view for the moment. It is the view of every thoughtful religious person and of every idealist, but it is a view which would not be recognised by a large number of scientific people, although step by step they are coming to it. There is a good deal of testimony on this matter in the writings of Sir Oliver Lodge, who, in studying psychology, has realised the possibility of this super-physical consciousness in man, and states definitely that every one of us only uses a very small part of our consciousness in the physical brain. There is much more outside the brain than works through it, and that larger consciousness, which is the greater part of every one of us, is a consciousness which may more and more illuminate the consciousness in the brain as it is carefully cultivated by meditation, prayer, contemplation, and so on.

It was not, however, until quite lately that philosophy dealt with consciousness in this more extended way. If we take any philosophical book of the last century by the philosophers of Germany, Britain, or France and if we study the philosophical textbooks used in our Universities, in all these we find that intellect is the only faculty in man to which the arguments in philosophy are addressed. Although it is perfectly true that in some of the Indian Scriptures we find it stated quite definitely that by the intelligence

we cannot realise God, still the ordinary philosophical schools confine themselves to the intelligence. I must exclude one division—the Vedānta—which in the East has gone far, and leads man on to the direct knowledge of God.

Lately, however, a new philosopher has arisen, Mr. Bergson, who is putting forward a theory of human consciousness which comes very closely into touch with Theosophical ideas, and, although he puts the thing in a way other than our way, he none the less definitely declares that man has a faculty within him which is capable of developing and which is different from the intellect and superior to the intellect ; that that faculty is closely related to instinct, not to intelligence, and that it is along that line, if it can be followed, that man may hope to know many things which the intellect is unable to grasp.

His view should be studied by Theosophists in order to utilise the suggestions which it makes, if we find that they throw light on some of the problems which are interesting the thoughtful world at this time. Very often it is possible to induce people to accept a light which is offered to them simply for the sake of seeing by it, and it is rather from that side that I would put the Theosophical idea of consciousness. I contend that, if the Theosophical view of human consciousness is understood, a student is able to grasp very much more rapidly this new philosophical theory, and to convince himself perhaps that it is on the right lines. Thus a very long step forward is taken towards the philosophical side of religious belief, and so it is possible to present some points of religious belief, which tend to be rejected by the outer world of the intellectual, in a way

which they cannot toss aside as unworthy of consideration. One may perhaps fairly say that in the presentment generally made of the Christian Religion, the philosophical side has been far too much left out.

Mr. Bergson is supposed to be the coming man. He is supposed to have taken up philosophy where it was practically dropped by the German School, so that his is a new departure on a line which is being recognised as full of promise for the future of philosophy in Europe. The ideas he puts forward are original from the standpoint of philosophy and are of enormous importance to religion. He puts intelligence and instinct as two modes of consciousness, originating in a simpler condition common to both—a simple form of consciousness into which enter rudimentary instinct and intelligence and from which both have grown up. He then defines intelligence as that mode of consciousness which deals with matter, and which uses mechanical apparatus outside itself in its investigations. Along this line, he says, you must have a world of law; you must have a geometrical and mechanical theory of the universe. You deal with matter, rather than with life. You deal with objects, rather than with functions. And he maintains that you must, in a general way, distinguish intelligence by its manipulation of inorganic matter, forming out of this its apparatus, using it and studying it in all its phases; so that from the intelligence we obtain a mechanical philosophy, regarding the world as a machine in which play the various laws of chemistry, physics, and so on, but in which life, as a distinct and separate thing from matter, is ignored. Intelligence, says Bergson, is unable to understand Life. It can only observe the facts produced by Life in matter.

It cannot cognise Life itself; therefore it cannot truly cognise consciousness.

He then goes on to define instinct as that which works from within, while intelligence works from without; that which uses an organ which it often creates or improves in order to direct the Life of which it is a continuous expression. In an instinct which we see in the animal, the animal is working through some internal organisation, and is directly exercising life by means of this organ, which is part of itself, and which becomes more and more perfected by the activity of the life within. Then, he says, if it be possible for us to get hold of this instinct, it will bring us into direct relation with Life. And he goes on to say that instinct is only a germ which is probably capable of evolution, when it will become intuition, and he defines intuition as self-conscious and unselfish instinct—a very important definition if it be true. If we can get hold of instinct, develop it along much higher lines, consecrate it to the general service of the race rather than to the preservation of the life of a single organism; if in that way we can widen its scope, making it general instead of special, unselfish instead of selfish, self-conscious instead of conscious—then we shall evolve a faculty which has to Life the relation which intelligence has to matter, and which will be capable of solving for us the profound spiritual intuitions already existing to some extent, and putting them into an order which we shall realise as natural and sequential; we shall thus find ourselves with a vast universe of knowledge which intelligence is quite unable to grasp.

He argues very carefully and very subtly to bring himself to this position, and he maintains that by using

only intelligence in a universe which is made up of matter *and* consciousness, we are practically like people working with only one hand. Intelligence and instinct springing as they do from a common source, are never found quite pure; they have developed along different lines. Instinct has been the method by which the animal has preserved itself and maintained its growth; intelligence is the line along which man has travelled, gradually subduing external nature to himself. Now, this fact that evolution is not a continuous line but a constant branching is being recognised by science. Different qualities are brought out and perfected in each branch along its own line; one quality or set of qualities is evolved along one, and another set of qualities along another. The great fact of sex, especially in the animal and the human kingdom, is the separation of a life-function which in the lower organisms is found expressing itself in a single organ, whereas, as evolution produces higher forms of bodies, the two sexes arise out of the common sex found in the lower organism; in one sex the emotional side is more highly developed, in the other the intellectual. As evolution goes on there is a blending observed in these, but if we take the types at their extremes, we find that to be true.

Then, looking at intelligence and instinct, Bergson further points out that these two are working in inverse ratio to each other—the greater the intelligence the less the instinct, the greater the instinct the less the intelligence. But is it possible for the human race, having intelligence developed to a very high point, to set to work to develop along the other line, and to become all-round instead of lop-sided, as we are to-day? Can we develop instinct in a higher form, having already

developed intelligence? "The intelligence seeks things which it can never find, while the instinct finds things that it would never of its own accord seek." That is a brief epigrammatic way of putting what is a significant truth. By virtue of the intelligence man is always seeking after knowledge, continually endeavouring to pierce further and further, and to gain more and more. But, says Bergson, you cannot go beyond a certain point with your intellect; you desire to find out certain things about Life, about Spirit, but your intelligence has entirely failed to enable you to reach these. He assures us that man has not the capacity by the intelligence of finding these things, which nevertheless he is always seeking after. He has a notion that they must exist, yet he cannot find them.

Now, Bergson holds that there is a quality which, if it can be developed, will bring man into direct touch with Life, Consciousness, Spirit, and that quality would be the instinct we find in the animal kingdom superimposed on the human intelligence. It is curious how that comes back to the Indian theories as to the relation of Spirit and matter: Spirit is given as a man with eyes but no legs; matter is imaged as a robust man with good legs but no eyes; and so it is said that Spirit with his vision must be carried on the back of matter with its strength, and then the two together will be able to go forward, carrying us to true knowledge. That is very much the idea of Bergson. There is this faculty in us—embryonic; but it is the faculty which will enable us by the stimulus of the intellect to find out the higher truths of life. Only we must remember that we can never evolve it by increasing the intelligence, which is on a different line; this quality belongs to the instinctual nature which deals

with Life and which forms *from within* the apparatus by which Life can function ; therefore only along that line will it develop the intuition, the unselfish, self-conscious instinct.

That view of man is true ; at least it is full of hope. It opens up a new line of evolution hitherto altogether unacknowledged by ordinary philosophy. How does that fit in with the teaching of the constitution of man which Theosophy has been engaged in spreading over the world during the last thirty-six years ? Spirit, soul and body is a division which we recognise as one which is exceedingly useful in that very simple form ; to divide man into a triple constitution expresses a profound truth ; the existence of the Spirit who is divine in his essence ; the existence of the soul—the connecting link between the Spirit and the body ; the body with its senses, whereby the soul can observe and thus come into touch with the outer world. The soul has the intellect, or intelligence, by which the man can think and reason on observations ; the Spirit is in a different category ; he knows the things of the Spirit, that which the intellect cannot grasp, that which the senses cannot observe.

Now, we allege that the Spirit is triple in his nature, and that triple nature of the Spirit inevitably exists by virtue of the derivation of Spirit from God Himself. This triplicity is asserted in all the great religions of the world. Man, from the Theosophical standpoint and from the ordinary religious standpoint as well, derives his Spirit from God. You have it in the old phrase : “ Let us make man in our image, after our likeness.” Hence it ought not to be at all difficult for anyone to grasp the idea that the human consciousness

is triple. The human Spirit—the reflection of the divine—is triple in its nature although not yet fully developed, unfolded in all its divine powers. The highest aspect of Spirit has Will, or Power, for its expression in human consciousness; Will, or Power, is the highest aspect of the spiritual nature, the immediate reflection of the Father in the Christian Trinity. Then comes the Intuition aspect—that which sees, which recognises the unity of all consciousnesses by their likeness to itself; that which we sometimes call the Christ-nature in man, because it belongs to the divine sonship; that stage through which the average man passes when—to use a Christian phrase—Christ is “born in him”; the condition which S. Paul desired for all those who were converted by him. He called them still carnal, and expressed the wish that Christ might be born in them. That is a phrase Theosophists often use for this awakening of the intuitional aspect in consciousness, the reflection of the Wisdom which is always related to the second Person in the Christian Trinity. You will remember how it is said that Wisdom ever abides with God, and by wisdom the Universe was built. The third aspect is that which is sometimes called the Creative Intelligence, or the activity reflecting the Creative Spirit of the Christian Trinity.

Having these three aspects manifest in our own thought of God, reflected in our own Spirit as the divine image in ourselves, it is not difficult to grasp the Theosophical idea that this Spirit really shows out the aspects of Will, Wisdom, and Creative Activity. Hence we are thoroughly at one with Bergson in regarding intellect and intuition as two different aspects, but we go

somewhat further than that; we see that these aspects of the Spirit reflect themselves in vehicles of denser matter, and that that reflection behaves exactly as reflection occurs in our physical world. A mountain is imaged in a lake. The foot of the mountain is close to the shore in the water; the middle of the mountain is deeper down; the peak is the deepest of all. That is the law of reflection; that which is highest in the object is reflected lowest in the mirror at its base. Intellect and mind are as object and image closely connected with each other. Intuition—higher than intellect—reflects itself lower down in emotion and instinct; while Will—the highest of all—reflects itself on the physical plane as the instigator of action.

That which shows itself in our emotional nature, to which instinct is so closely related, is joined to the higher intuition and not to the intelligence at all: that is connected with mind in the lower. Let us think for a moment how it works out practically. How is it that we come into touch with higher realities of the spiritual world? If we want, for instance, to reach an experience of the Christ, how would we address ourselves to the gaining of that experience? Not by long intellectual arguments as to the nature of Christ, the relation of Deity and manhood—that would leave us cold, but by an impulse of aspiration and of love, by an intense longing of the heart to come into touch with Him: thus we awaken intuition, thus we are able to contact Him, not by an intellectual argument but by a strong emotion. That is the experience of every religious person. It is the appeal to the emotions, to the heart, which awakens a response in that second aspect of the Spirit which we know as the Intuition, which then comes directly into

contact with the Christ, who is the divine representative of that side of the human Spirit.

Many of us have experienced this practically, to whatever religion we may belong, whatever may be the name which we give to the Object of devotion. But few devotees take the trouble to understand it theoretically. And yet, surely by adding to our faith knowledge of this higher view of our own nature, our faith would become stronger, not weaker. We should there have done exactly what Bergson wants ; we should have used intelligence to stir up the intuition, which finds that which the intelligence recognises but is unable to reach. That is the process that unconsciously some may have been following. I am only suggesting that it should be followed consciously. Let us realise that we have within our reach the power which, rightly directed, will awaken in us the higher spiritual nature and enable us to come into direct contact with the spiritual world ; then that which we have done instinctively by love and emotion, we may do consciously and deliberately by the awakening of the intuition, the higher aspect of instinct.

The two theories in fact run side by side—this Theosophical view of intuition and Bergson's view, which he is now putting forward as a new departure in philosophy. He is throwing into an argumentative philosophical form, which appeals to the western mind, that view of human constitution which Theosophists have been teaching more along the eastern way of deliberate personal experience and the gaining of knowledge by such experience. We teach the use of meditation. We follow the deliberate self-conscious method, whereby from the emotional nature we can evolve the

intuitional. The whole of the practice of that on the intuitional side is directed to cause vibrations in the matter through which the emotional side of our nature expresses itself, and these are answered by vibrations from the matter in the higher spiritual world, through which is expressed the intuitional.

We have seen in our investigations into the past that the way in which man became individualised depended on the part of his lower nature which was stimulated into activity; that those in whom the mind was chiefly stimulated by devotion became individualised by the intellect—the intellect answering the effort of the mind; that those who became individualised by pure devotion were answered from the spiritual world by that part of the spiritual nature we call intuition; while those who were stimulated into action by devotion received a response from that region of the Spirit which we call the will aspect, that which is the third in the great human trinity.

If a man makes himself familiar with the Theosophical conception—which is easier to grasp than the philosophical—he will find himself able to understand this new departure in philosophy more easily. It fills up very many gaps which Bergson leaves unfilled. He has not yet quite definitely recognised the connection between instinct and emotion. Doubtless he will recognise that, because we can see in the animals how strong emotions are developed and closely united with, almost indistinguishable from, instinct. I have not read all Bergson's works and I may be doing him an injustice, but he certainly does not fully recognise this in his book on *Creative Evolution*. He shows there the value of the intellect, but he does not show this close

connection between instinct and emotion necessary for effectively utilising his theory. Bergson puts before you a very beautiful study—intelligence on the one side, instinct on the other. These are the different lines along which evolution has gone. But we need a bridge. We need to know *how* to do what he says is so desirable, to add intuition to the highly developed intellect. And we need help to find that part of our nature which we can evolve along these higher lines, and so make all-round the evolution which is lop-sided.

Hence I believe it will be useful to all, without becoming Theosophists, to study the human constitution as it may be found described in Theosophical books. Let a student take that as a theory, and see whether it does not give him the practical information he wants in order to turn Bergson's valuable philosophy into a guide for human life and conduct. Man's power over nature is growing out of all proportion to his personal evolution. He is developing power much more rapidly than consciousness. He is evolving the strength of his own mind far more than he feels and recognises his obligations to those around him in our social organism. We must try to evolve this side more rapidly unless our civilisation is to perish, as all former civilisations have perished, leaving man to build again from barbarism, and climb again to the point we have reached in our present civilisation. In this civilisation there is much that is really priceless for the future of humanity, and yet we see surging up around us forces that threaten to tear down, to destroy, to pulverise.

How, then, can we prevent these forces from overwhelming civilisation as they have overwhelmed civilisations as great as our own, over and over again, in the

historical past? I see no way save that of trying to direct our knowledge to the evolution of human nature, the evolution of the individual. We have splendid theories of social organisation and no materials with which to build them; great architects' plans as to a perfect society, with remarkably imperfect people to build after the plans. But there are ways of swifter evolution of human nature and human character within our reach, placed there in order that society may meet this crisis better than ever it has done before. On the one side Philosophy is bringing a theory intellectually defensible, gaining a hearing in the world of thought; on the other side Theosophy brings to us practical methods of swifter evolution. Shall we not then awaken in ourselves and others the desire to study and to understand? May not this juxtaposition of a popular philosophy and of a very ancient and profoundly religious teaching stimulate us into further thinking and lead us to apply the philosophical theory to our personal evolution?

Annie Besant

A SOUL'S PROGRESS

By EVA M. MARTIN, F. T. S.

God took a formless spark of Life Divine,
And made a soul ; touched it, and prisoned it
Within a cage of dull and heavy flesh.
The soul grew dim with fear. It could not bear
The Splendour of His Face, could not endure
The Glory of His Touch. Shaking, it rushed
To hide within the warm, dark flesh—and found,
Once merged in it, that there was no escape.
“ Poor shrinking thing,” God said ; “ be not afraid.
This house shall be a haven, yea, a wall
To shield thy sensitive and starry frame.
The world that waits thee teems with sharpest pains
And keenest blisses—so impetuous
That they would shatter thy frail soul-substance
With silver swords of feeling, if they reached
It straight, undulled by passage through these nerves.
Therefore—and also that thou mayst find scope
For growth—I give thee body ; and the quick
Vibrations that would cause thee agony
Shall fail to pierce its unresponsive wall,
And thou shalt dwell within it, safe and glad.”
But the soul wept, torn by a great new fear.

"I am alone! I am alone!" it cried.
 "My senses all are dead. I cannot see
 With these weak eyes the pure, ethereal tints
 That made my world till now. I cannot hear
 With these dull ears the perfect harmonies
 That filled me with delight. Locked in this shell,
 So dark, so terrible, how can I reach
 To Thee or any other soul? . . . O God!
 I could bear every pain if I were free!"
 "Thou must bear pain, but canst not bear it free,"
 God answered. "All thy fellow-souls are wrapp'd
 In fleshly houses like to thine, that act
 As shields between the violent world and them.
 Each is alone, yet each can love thee still.
 When thou hast learnt to pass beyond the flesh,
 Even while locked within it, thou art free—
 But this thou canst not learn, except through Love."

The soul passed down into the crowded earth,
 Helpless and hopeless—a dumb prisoner.
 It gazed at other souls through puzzled eyes,
 And, after long bewilderment, at last
 The joy of sight, the joy of lovely sound
 The ravishments of scent and taste and touch,
 It learnt to know, and revelled in their use.
 It lived, and sinned; desired, and loved, and died;
 Not once but many times; and at each death
 Matter grew false, while Spirit grew more real:
 But in each life earth-joys seemed miracles
 Because it had forgotten Spirit ways.
 Yet there were times when memory flashed back.
 Ah, then the pent-in soul no comfort found
 In any of the body's dear delights

That else had held it sensuously enthralled.
“I am alone!” it cried. “I am alone!
I who could once plunge gloriously deep
Into the Fount of Being! I who could
Express all thought and joy and love without
The use of barricading words! I who
Could See and Hear and Know! I who could Sense
All radiant Truth by growing one with it—
I am alone, alone! There is no help.
The souls I love are prisoners. Words fail,
Looks fail, touch fails, to draw us close, to make
One known unto another’s inner Self.
None can come near me. I can turn to none
For help or comfort. I beseech Thee, God,
Break down this body! Set me free again!”
But God kept silence, and the soul’s flame quaked
With terror of the soundless Universe.
Held in the body’s deadening embrace,
It could not hear the stars and planets sing,
Nor the earth chant her slow, majestic psalm:
It could not hear the sun and moon converse
In threads of music over boundless space:
It could not hear the sea call to the clouds,
Nor the wind speak to the still mountain-tops.
It could not feel the waves of Thought, of Love,
That swept around its walls, nor could it see
Their iridescent colours flowing by.
All seemed one deathly Silence, void and black,
In which it hung alone, dumb, deaf, and blind.
“O God,” it whispered, piteous and low,
“Where art Thou? Hast Thou too fled far away?
If Thou art gone I crave for nought but death.
For Love’s sake, speak! For Love’s sake, come to me!”

But God spoke not, nor came. Yet, suddenly,
At that great name of LOVE the soul awoke
Out of its livid dream of loneliness.

“When thou hast learnt to pass beyond the flesh,
Even while locked within it, thou art free—
But this thou canst not learn, except through Love.”
Some angel brought the words back, down a stair
Of crumbling memory . . . “Have I not loved
Enough?” the soul thought sadly. “Have I not
Learnt all Love’s wonder, power, and cruelty?
Love’s passion and Love’s calm? Love’s hope and fear,
And glory and despair? Can I learn more?
Can I love more? . . . Love, teach me! Teach me, Love,
Until I AM LOVE learnt and known and lived!”

And slowly the blank darkness passed away,
Till e’en with body’s eyes the soul could see
Beauty and Love triumphing everywhere—
Beauty and Love and Truth, the Three in One.
Armed with new knowledge, dimly it perceived
That sin and pain were passages to light—
Dark ways that led, through surfeit of desire,
From earthly things to heavenly. It saw
That in a strain of music, a bird’s song,
A picture or a poem; in a kiss,
A touch, a glance from loving eyes; in all
Things that speak Harmony, a soul may find
Dim omens of the glories that await
Its further growth, when freedom from the flesh—
For ever, not for moments—shall fling wide
Infinite doors of wonder infinite.
“God knew,” it cried, “when He placed living souls
In sheaths of flesh, that the worst grief to bear

Would be the grief of mortal loneliness.
He knew the dumb, fierce struggle that would rage
Within each heart, the struggle to break through
These long-resisting barriers of speech
And touch and look. He knew the agony
Of wild despair at failure, and the Fear
Of Nothingness that would o'erwhelm each soul
Pent in its blinding, stifling body-sheath,
Shut off from God's Soul and the souls of men.
And, knowing this, He filled the world with cures
For loneliness to be found out through Love.
First, Nature, with her fellowship of trees ;
The ocean's splendour, the embracing sky ;
The wind's touch, and the peace of mountain-lakes ;
The voice of rivers and the face of flowers.
All these are Love, are Truth. Then human things :
Kind faces ; acts of perfect sympathy ;
Warm, understanding hearts ; soft touches, smiles,
Laughter, and little children's kisses ; hands
That clasp and cling. These too are Love—are God
Speaking through Love. And more than these He gave.
When man's despair accumulated, vast
And ponderous upon the groaning earth,
He sent great Spirits, each in their own time,
Who, wrapp'd in veils of flesh, could yet show forth
The Truth of Spirit, and could lead men up
To soaring heights of sacrifice and peace.
What greater helps than these could He devise,
All to be found through Love? . . . Ah, Love's pure flame
Undimmed by any thought of self, shall lift
At length all souls to union with God !
I am no more alone ! Through Love I am
One with the heart of Nature, as I am

One with the soul of Man ; and at the last
 I shall be one with God, unveiled and free.
 I have been sore deceived by sin and death,
 Evil have thought and wrought—and learnt its fruits ;
 Until my need for Light o'erpowered all else
 And drove me from the evil to the good.
 My need less, my desire had been less, too.
 Ah, now at last I learn, I long, I grow !
 Through sin and suffering I grow towards God !
 The day will come—again through thee, O Love !—
 When I shall pass at will beyond the flesh
 Though locked within it still, even as now
 I pass from it in moments of pure joy :
 And then, again through thee, will dawn the day
 When I shall dare to meet all things that are
 In heaven or earth, without the body's shield
 Of slow, dense nerve and brain—to feel and know
 At last the Only Truth ! yea, I shall dare
 To meet God unashamed face to face,
 To stand before Him in a ring of light,
 While sounds and colours never dreamed before
 Throb, flash, and burn amid the reeling worlds ;
 While old stars die and new ones flame to life
 Around His Head ; and universes swing
 Beneath His Feet with unretarded speed,
 And suns and moons sail past His piled Throne.
 And I shall hear a voice say from the Height :
 ' Thou hast learnt well Love's lesson. Thou shalt be
 Alone no more, nor pent in bonds of flesh,
 But one with Me for all Eternity.'
 And on the Wings of Love I shall fly past
 His shining Knees, between His star-white Hands,
 To nest within His Heart for evermore."

For countless æons the soul lived and learnt,
Passing through many fleshly births and deaths.
And at each birth the body grew more fine,
More sensitive to the surrounding world's
Highest vibrations, till the low ones—those
Of falsehood, cruelty, or avarice,
Of hate, of all self-seeking—lost their power
To penetrate so purified a shell.
And at each death the soul fled joyfully
Away from Matter, to the regions where
Dwells naught but Spirit, glorious and free.
Through the most exquisite and poignant waves
Of bliss and pain on earth, of bliss in heaven,
The soul passed shuddering, half-drowned at times
By the vast Feelings it experienced ;
Until through Feeling and through Love it grew
From a faint spark that quivered at God's Touch,
First, to a flame of many-coloured joys,
Then to a fire, pure-white, immaculate.

Thus, grown too fair and light for house of flesh,
It left the last illusory, thin veil
Of Matter, and beyond the highest plane
Yet known, it soared 'mid shining Presences
To where God dwelt, made manifest in form
Of Life and Light, Alone yet All in All.
In wordless ecstasy of joy it stood,
And gazed and loved and worshipped. And God spoke :
“ Soul, now make choice. To realise thy dream
Of sweet eternal unity with Me,
Or to strive on, an individual life,
To work and help, to yearn and agonise,
Attaining heights of purity and grace

And beauty vast beyond expression ; there
To find at last, through Love, the One Supreme,
The LOGOS, Ultimate and Unmanifest,
WHO speaks through Me, of WHOM I am the Voice
And the Appearance only. Choose, O Soul! ”

The Soul paused, hovering, amazed and dumb,
At the Feet of God. Other souls, flame-like, rose,
Passed and re-passed, fluttered, and prayed, and hung
Upon His Brow, His Lips, adoring Him.
Some sought His glowing Heart, there to enjoy
Infinite rest and close communion ;
Some floated rapturously out through Space,
Their radiant auras streaming in the Wind
That blew among the worlds. And the Soul clasped
God's Feet, and clung, and looked upon the host
Of wheeling planets, blue and green and gold,
The crowded myriads of stars, the chains
Of circling universes. Right and left
Plunged comets hissing fire ; wild nebulae
Swirled in the fathomless and vibrant Gulf.
Star beyond star, sun beyond sun was there,
Universe looming beyond universe—
All hanging unsupported in the vast
And limitless abyss, and yet all linked
By one stupendous miracle—by Light !
Light flying wingless over dizzy space,
Uniting star to star and world to world,
Spanning the Void with LOVE made manifest !
The Soul, beholding these emblazoned swarms
Of Love-attracted, Light-united spheres,
Pulsated with the Cosmic Harmony
That chained them each to each and all to God.

Was not here scope for further life and work,
 For further growth—for love? From looking down
 And out, the Soul looked up to where the Face
 Of God Made Visible shone luminous. . . .
 And lo! around, above, beyond, what Cloud
 Of Radiance more radiant than God?
 What Breath of Truth and Beauty more sublime
 Than any yet endured? GOD beyond God.
 The WORD beyond the Word. . . .

“ I choose to strive
 Further! I choose to suffer more! I choose
 Through help of Love to reach yet greater heights.
 I will forego the Everlasting Bliss,
 And, veiled once more in matter, will return
 To guide and help those countless myriads
 Of souls who climb through darkness towards the light.
 O Infinite God of Love, receive my vow!”

So chose the Soul; and was o'erwhelmed with flood
 Of poignant and miraculous ecstasy,
 While all the suns and moons in rhythmic chant
 With stars and planets loud and louder sang:
 “ A Soul has chosen to renounce his Rest,
 To suffer and become a Sacrifice.
 He would not enter in the Heart of God,
 But now God's Heart doth beat and burn in him.
 He shall be Christ of a new world; and God
 Of a yet uncreated universe.
 Through Love he chose: through Love he shall attain.”

Eva M. Martin

THE ĀRYANISATION OF EGYPT

By R. B. D. B.

SOME interesting information which may bear upon the above is to be found in a book entitled *An Egyptian Oasis*, by R. Beadnall, Esq., an ex-official of the Survey Department of Egypt.

West of Thebes, at a distance of not less than 100 miles from the Nile, and separated therefrom by a waterless sandstone plateau over 700 feet high, lies the Oasis of Kharga. This is a cup-shaped depression, on approximately the same level as the Nile Valley at that latitude, and forming what may fairly be termed the easternmost projection of the Sahara Desert.

Several wells in this depression afford a constant but not over-abundant supply of water from the surface-water sandstone to a small and by no means industrious population. Mr. Beadnall left the Egyptian Government Service in order to take up the management of a Company whose object was to develop this Oasis by utilising the artesian water which is to be found in a lower bed of sandstone. This last is separated from the upper or surface-water bed by a band of impermeable grey shale which, in Northern Kharga, has a depth of about 75 metres (250 feet).

His work entailed residence in the Oasis and gave him an unrivalled opportunity for studying its geological

formations and ancient systems of irrigation ; in the course of this he was surprised to find indubitable evidence that the greater part of the floor of the depression had at one time been the site of an immense lake. Subsequent investigation led him to conclude that there were two lakes, the northern, about 50 miles long by from 5 to 10 miles wide, being separated by about 10 miles of comparatively speaking high ground from the southern lake, which was about 30 miles by 10 in extent. A comparison of levels will give some idea of the volume of water therein contained.

The general level of the floor of the Oasis is about 60 metres above the sea, but at some spots much lower altitudes have been reported, as, for example, 21 metres at Kasi Zayan ; and one level of only 2·6 has been noted.

The highest level of the lake was 85 metres, and it seems to have stood for a long time at 70. We can infer therefore that when it was at its highest, its mean depth was 80 feet, with a maximum of over 200.

The following extracts from Mr. Beadnall's book will sum up most of the information it affords on this portion of his subject :

It is, of course, obvious that the lake was, geologically speaking, of comparatively recent date In a pit sunk for surface-water in the neighbourhood of headquarters some fragments of pottery were found at the base of the deposit. these were without question *in situ*, and proved that the lake was contemporaneous with man Further search led to the discovery of human settlements apparently on the margin of the lake. In these localities large quantities of broken pottery were found associated with the bones of domesticated animals, while the fresh-water gastropod (*Melania tuberculata*) was found to be abundant in some of the beds the lake continued to exist well into the historic period There is good reason to believe that the depression was inhabited previous to the formation of the lake The evidence is the discovery of an earthenware pipe embedded *in situ* in the lake clays, at a height of 42·85 metres, of the type used by

the ancients for lining their water channels It is possible therefore that as a result of the industry of the ancient well-borers—following their initial discovery of these deep-seated sources—the long-confined waters welled up with irresistible force and gradually flooded the country There is another explanation which it is advisable to keep in mind . . . The very existence of artesian water depends on the presence of porous strata overlaid by impermeable beds. If one or other of the porous beds, charged with water under pressure, should, through the action of denudation on the overlying beds, become exposed at the surface, the waters would escape through natural springs in very large quantities. This might indeed continue for a long period of time, until the bed was nearly depleted and the pressure reduced to nil.

It will be observed that Mr. Beadnall merely hazards the above suggestions as to the possible cause of the formation of these fresh-water lakes, but there are difficulties in the way of their acceptance.

The piercing of the impermeable clay would hardly be made by several bores simultaneously, nor would the hole that first tapped the artesian water be likely to be of large diameter, as the water welling up “with irresistible force” would quickly drive away all the well-sinkers in the neighbourhood, thus leaving the filling of the lake to be dependent on a single orifice. Moreover this would account for only one of the two lakes, and leaves out of consideration the fact that these bores, unless lined, are apt to silt up.

His second hypothesis is not altogether convincing. One would suppose that he would have mentioned the locality where the impermeable bed of clay had been pierced by the comparatively modern denudation, especially in view of the great difference in level of the floor of the Oasis, and that, had such a place been discovered, his Company would have made their deep-level bores thereat, instead of adopting the costly and in this case fruitless, expedient of placing their bores where hundreds of feet of rock and clay had to be

penetrated before there was a chance of the deep-seated supply being tapped.

Mr. Beadnall also calls attention to the existence of a line of folding and faulting which, running North and South roughly, cuts the site of the northern lake longitudinally into two halves, and says that the earth movements to which it owes its origin have had similar disturbing effects on the underlying and hidden water-bearing strata.

It is here that Mr. Leadbeater's article affords matter for reflection, and the following is put forward as a third hypothesis to account for the existence of the lakes. When Poseidonis sank beneath the waves, a ripple passed over the surface of the globe, raising the bed of the shallow Sahara Sea and causing huge tidal waves in the Mediterranean. This earthquake would most certainly affect both the water-bearing and impermeable clay strata of the Oasis, splitting the latter, and allowing the penned-up waters to escape through fissures which would, in the course of years, close up again.

Reference to Map IV of Scott-Elliot's *Atlantis* shows that the coast line of the Sahara Sea was further west than Kharga, which would account for the "vast salt swamp" mentioned by Mr. Leadbeater. This third hypothesis fits in with the observations of Mr. Beadnall. The present floor of the Oasis would have been inhabited by man prior to the formation of the lake, while the latter, having come into being in 9,564 B. C. would have existed up to the commencement of the 'historic period' of Egypt.

It now remains to be seen whether there is any trace of the tidal wave mentioned by Mr. Leadbeater. The

following observations made by the writer of these notes may throw light on this point as well. The level of Cairo is 20 (20 metres above sea level); six miles N. E. of Cairo is the new town of Heliopolis, at level 43, connected therewith by an electric railway. The latter passes through a cutting at Pont de Roubbel at an approximate level of 30 or rather more; about 3 metres below the top of the cutting is a bed of mud, resting on and overlaid by desert sand.

On the $\frac{1}{50000}$ Survey Map of Egypt the nearest level to the Pyramids (Mena House) is shown as 28 and that of a spire above the level of the base of the great Pyramid as 55. The mud above referred to could only have been brought to its present position by water, and a comparison of the above levels will bear out the accuracy of Mr. Leadbeater's description that "there remained only the Pyramids towering in lonely desolation".

Compare also the Arabian traditions quoted by Mr. Donnelly on p. 331 of his *Atlantis*, which linked the Pyramids with the flood.

R. B. D. B.

AN ORDINATION OF BUDDHIST MONKS

By F. L. WOODWARD, M. A., F. T. S.

AT the edge of the lake at Kandy, hidden away among the trees, there stands an ancient monastery, secluded and unknown to many of the visitors who throng the courts of the Temple of the Tooth on the other side. It is the Malwatte Vihāra (Flower Garden Retreat), the residence of the head of the Buddhist Order in Ceylon, the Mahānāyaka Thero, or Lord High Abbot of the Siam Sect of monks. Here is performed the ceremony of admission to the ranks of the brethren of the yellow robe. An ordination may take place anywhere, provided that it is conferred by a chapter of ten elders, *thera's*, or monks of ten years' standing; but the seal of importance is added by the ceremony taking place at this Kandy head-vihara, and this is usually done on Wesak Day, the great Buddhist festival, the full moon day of the month of May.

To be ordained a monk is a solemn step, and to be ordained upon this day of days, when the heart of every Buddhist is fixed upon the Birth, the Illumination, the Preaching of the Good Law, and the Parinibbāna or final passing away of the Teacher of Gods and men, and here in this place, where for centuries the succession apostolic has been preserved, confers a spiritual touch and awakens associations that are in their way unique. Youths from distant villages have come up, attended by their relatives

and friends, to receive the robes and take the vow of *pabbajjā*, renunciation of the worldly life. A boy may not do this till he is at least eight years of age. At the age of twenty he may receive full ordination (take priest's orders, as Christians would say) or the *upasampada*. Till then he is called a *samanera* or novice. All alike, whether novices, or elders, are termed *bhikkhus*, begging monks, and form the Saṅgha or Order of the Buddhist 'Church'. On this day, too, are present many *samanera*'s, attended by their tutors, who have come up to Kandy from monasteries throughout the island.

It is the evening of Wesak Day, and all the place is lit with lamps which cast their stars upon the still surface of the lake, and white-robed forms move to and fro. The hollow booming of the big tom-toms reverberates among the huge overhanging trees. A flight of stone steps leads up from the road to the ordination-hall, now crowded with monks and laymen. A solemnity pervades the atmosphere which is not dissipated by the subdued chatter of the numbers squatting at the lower end. As we enter the hall, the first thing that strikes the eye is the great glass-enclosed Buddha, before whose calmly-seated cross-legged form blink numberless little lights, amid the heaped-up offerings of many-coloured flowers, in front of which, facing outwards, is seated the aged High Abbot, the president of this gathering. Next to him, on either side, in order of seniority of ordination, are ranged the elder monks, and down the two sides of the hall are rows of juniors, in yellow robes of various hues, orange and ochre, russet and lemon, for the hue varies according to the process and times of dyeing. At the bottom stand the candidates, along with a gorgeously dressed figure in the Kandyan national dress, a

ratemahatma, or chief, who is the head *dāyaka* or trustee of the temple, befrilled and padded out in white muslin and linen, his fingers decked with jewelled rings, an imposing figure of a man, in strong contrast to the meek and simply-clad close-shaven monks, an ivory-topped garden of sunflowers. The white-clad laymen squatting on the floor form an appropriate background to this scene.

In thought one is carried back two thousand and five hundred years, and pictures to oneself the first giving of the robes by the Master Himself. "Come, monk! (*ehi bhikkhu*)"—this, and nothing more, marked the admission of Yaso, the eager youth, to the perpetual brotherhood of the sons of the Buddha. In aftertimes, when applicants were many, He gave permission for the robes to be conferred by a chapter of ten elders, with a view to a time when He should be no longer with them, and this ceremony has been performed unchanged, age after age, until the present day. One receives the impression that these yellow-robed shaven-headed monks, with their typical cast of features, are a rock of conservatism on which the waves of centuries of thought have beaten and been rebuffed, confused and ineffectual. Our western ways, our tongue and thoughts have passed here as the foot-prints of the seagull on the ocean's wave, as the gusts on a rocky promontory, "tempest-buffeted, citadel-crowned".

A voice calls the gathering to order. Silence falls for a moment, soon broken by the rumble of the sonorous Pāli invocation, which has resounded down the centuries.

Namo Tassa Bhagavato Arahato Sammasambuddhassa.
Glory to Him the blessed Saint, the all-enlightened One.

A youth in layman's garb comes forward. He is decked with jewels and fine clothes, lent him for the occasion by relatives and friends, the trappings of the worldly life which he has donned to enhance the effect of the sacrifice he is about to make, and which he will presently doff in exchange for the beggar's robes. He is led by a monk who has been his spiritual guide (*upajjho*) during his preparation, who has trained him in the Doctrine (*dhammo*) and the discipline.¹

Standing before the president he bows low and says :

“Give me leave. Lord, in compassion confer on me the robes. (*Kneeling*) Lord, I beg the robes of thee.” (*thrice.*)

He now presents to the abbot the bundle of yellow robes, which he is to don, saying thrice these words :

“Lord, in compassion take these yellow robes and confer them on me for the ending of all sorrow, for the winning of the Peace.”

He holds out his folded palms, on which the old monk replaces the bundle with trembling hands and fastens the band round his neck, repeating the *mantram* forwards and backwards :

Kesā Lomā Nakhā Dantā Taco
Taco Dantā Nakhā Lomā Kesā

This formula sums up the transitory nature of the human form, compounded as it is of

Hair o' the head, hair o' the body, nails, teeth and skin ;
Skin, teeth and nails, hair o' the body, hair o' the head.

Then rising he retires with his sponsor and another monk, who disrobe him of his finery of borrowed

¹ I have translated the ritual, with a little condensation, from the Pāli text of *Upasampadā-Kammavācā* (ordination chapter) as given by Dickson (Journ: R. A. S. 1873). His version will partly be found in Warren's *Buddhism in Translations*.

plumes, and while the process goes on—for he wears a series of gaily coloured suits, one over the other—prompted by them he chants the stanzas as he assumes the mendicant's yellow robes.

*Patisankhā yoniso cīvaram patisevāmi
Yāvad eva sītassa patighātāya unhassa patighātāya.
Damsamakasa vātātapa sirimsapasamphassānam
patighātāya
Yāvad eva hirikopīna paticchādanattham.*

Thoughtful and wise I don the robe
To guard me from the heat and cold,
From flies and gnats, from wind and sun,
From snake-bite, and to hide my shame.

From bare necessity, not for luxury, he puts on the robes, which, under the old dispensation, were made of rags picked from the dust-heap, (see the sermon at the end). Bhikkhus of the present day carry umbrellas, fans, wear silken robes sometimes, and sandals; some carry purses and otherwise conform to the changing times.

Now he returns, led by his sponsor, and, again standing before the president, bows and says to his tutor.

“Give me leave. Lord I bow before thee.

Have patience, lord, with my faults.

May the merits I have won be welcomed by my lord.

'Tis meet to give to me the merits that my lord has won.

'Tis well. 'Tis well, and gladly I receive them.

Give me leave. Out of compassion, Lord.

Give me the Three Refuges and the Precepts Ten.

(*Kneeling*) Lord, I beg the Refuges and Precepts.”

(*thrice.*)

The precepts are given and repeated by the candidate in faltering tones, with occasional promptings from

the tutor. (To the eight given in 'A Buddhist Sabbath' add these two.)

"From the use of high or wide couches or seats—I promise to abstain.

From taking gold or silver—I promise to abstain. These ten precepts I undertake to keep. (*Rising and bowing to his sponsor*).

Give me leave. Lord, I salute thee and accept with thanks." (*As above*.)

Such is the ceremony of *pabbajjā*. If duly qualified for the full orders the candidate now retires a moment and returns to make an offering to the abbot and says:

"Give me leave. In compassion. Lord, give me thy aid (*nissāyam*). (*Kneeling*). Lord, I ask thy aid. (*thrice*) Be thou my spiritual guide." (*thrice*.)

The president. "'Tis well."

The candidate. "'Tis fitting. Lord, give me leave. I accept. (*thrice*) From henceforth the elder is my charge (*nissāyo*) and I am his." (*thrice*)

He rises, bows and retires alone to the end of the assembly, where his begging bowl is fastened on his back. The tutor now goes to him and leads him up to the president. Another monk stands up and the two address the *saṅgha* (gathering of monks).

The sponsors (*Acting for the assembly*). "Give us leave. (*Then to the novice*) Thy name is (*e. g.*) Nāga?"

C. "Give me leave. 'Tis so."

S. "Thy spiritual guide is Tissa the elder?"

C. "Give me leave. 'Tis so."

S. "*Namo Tassa Bhagavato Arahato Sammāsambuddhassa.*" Glory to Him, the Blessed Saint, the all-enlightened One.

¹ *The Theosophist*, March, 1913.

First a spiritual guide is to be obtained. This done, we must enquire about the bowl and robes, thus: "Is this thy bowl?"

C. "'Tis so, Lord."

S. "And this thy upper robe?"

C. "'Tis so, Lord."

S. "And this thy under robe?"

C. "'Tis so."

S. "Go and stand yonder." The candidate retires backwards and stands at the end of the hall. Now one of the sponsors addresses the assembly.

"Listen, reverend brotherhood. This Nāga desires ordination from the reverend Tissa. If it is seasonable to the brotherhood, I will instruct Nāga."

They bow to the Lord Abbot and go down to the candidate and cross-examine him thus:

S. "Hear now, Nāga. 'Tis time to tell the truth and speak of facts. In the midst of the brotherhood of monks, when asked 'is it true?' 'tis right to make reply 'Tis true,' or as the case may be. Do not hesitate. Be not distressed in mind. I will ask thee thus:

Hast thou diseases such as these: leprosy, boils, dry leprosy, or phthisis, or epilepsy?"

C. "Nay, Lord."

S. "Art thou a human being, a male, a freeman, debtless, no soldier of the king? Hast thou thy parents' consent? Art thou of full age, and are thy bowl and robes complete?"

C. "Yea, Lord."

S. "What is thy name?"

C. "Lord, my name is Nāga."

S. "What is thy preceptor's name?"

C. "Tissa, the elder, Lord."

The examiners now return to the top end and bow to the Abbot. One of them says, addressing the Order : "Listen, O monks. Nāga desires ordination from the Venerable Tissa. He has been admonished by me. If it be seasonable to the brethren that he should approach, let him be told to approach." (to Nāga). "Come hither."

The candidate comes forward, and, between the two monks, bows and kneels, saying : "O, Lord, I ask the brotherhood (*saṅgha*) for full ordination. May the reverend order have compassion on me and lift me up!" (*This thrice.*) He rises and bows.

The elder to the Order : "Listen to me, O reverend order. This Nāga is desirous of ordination from the reverend Tissa." (The same as the above examination.) He turns to the monks and says :

"He is free from the hindrances. His bowl and robes are in order. He asks the ordination from the venerable Tissa."

He now thrice 'puts the motion' to the chapter of monks, saying : "If any approve of the candidate, let him be silent. If any object, let him speak."

If no objection be made, both bow to the Abbot and announce the decision. "Nāga is ordained under the venerable Tissa. The brotherhood approves. This is their decision (*esa ñatti*). Thus I take your decision."

The ordination is now over and the formula of examination is repeated with each candidate. If there be many, as on this occasion, the proceedings are very long, the patience of the audience is exhausted and the monks find it hard to fix their attention on the words, as they had been enjoined to do. A buzz of conversation arises from the lower end. Then, when all have been duly ordained, an elder rises and exhorts

the new monks, who stand before him reverently, as follows, with the time-honoured admonitions.

The preacher. “Now should the shadow be measured.¹ The exact time must be declared. The portion of the day must be recorded. In conjunction these things are to be told. The four supports (nissāyā) of the monk and the four forbidden actions must be told. Food collected in a bowl is the monk’s support. Thus fed must ye strive, as long as life shall last. These are the extra allowances :—food given to the Order as a whole, occasional food, invitation food, ticket food, fortnightly meals, full-moon feasts, and food of the day after the full moon.

The candidates. “Even so, Lord.”

P. “Robes made of rags are the monk’s support. Thus clad must ye strive, as long as life shall last. These are the extra allowances : Robes of linen, cotton, silk, wool, hemp, or made of all these five.

C. “Even so, Lord.”

P. “A seat at the foot of a tree is the monk’s support. Thus seated must ye strive, as long as life shall last. These are the extra allowances : A residence, a lean-to, an upstairs building, a walled house or a cave.”

C. “Even so, Lord.”

P. “Ammonia² as medicine is a monk’s support. Thus physicked must ye strive as long as life shall last. These are the extra allowances :—butter, cream, oil, honey and sugar.”

C. “Even so, Lord.”

The Four Forbidden Actions.

¹ The exact time and date of ordination are to be recorded for future reference in case of dispute, for seniority in the Order depends solely on priority of ordination.

² Pūtimuttam

P. "The sexual act must not be practised by a fully-ordained monk, nor any act of bestial nature. The monk that follows this pursuit is no monk, no son of the Sākya clan. Just as a man whose head is severed from the trunk can live no longer, so is a monk who follows this pursuit a monk no longer, no son of the Sākya clan. Thus restrained must ye strive, as long as life shall last."

C. "Even so, Lord."

P. "Things not given to him a fully-ordained monk must not take with thievish intent, were it even a blade of grass. The monk that takes thus thievishly a little coin, or half a coin or anything worth as much or more than that, if it be not given, is no longer a monk, no longer a son of the Sākya clan. Just as a withered leaf, once severed from the stalk, hath no longer any part in greenness, even so the monk who takes dishonestly what is not given, is a monk no longer, no longer a son of the Sākya clan. Thus must ye refrain, as long as life shall last."

C. "Even so, Lord."

P. "No living thing, e'en were it but an ant, must be deprived of life, with intent to slay (*sancicca*), by a fully-ordained monk. Moreover, if a monk slay a being of human form, even by slaying a foetus in the womb, he is a monk no more, no more a member of the Sākya clan. Just as a rock once split in twain can never be rejoined, so is a monk who takes life, with intent to slay, a monk no more, no more a member of the Sākya clan. From this act ye must refrain as long as life shall last."

C. "Even so, Lord."

P. "No superhuman powers are to be claimed, not even to the extent of saying 'I delight to live in a lonely

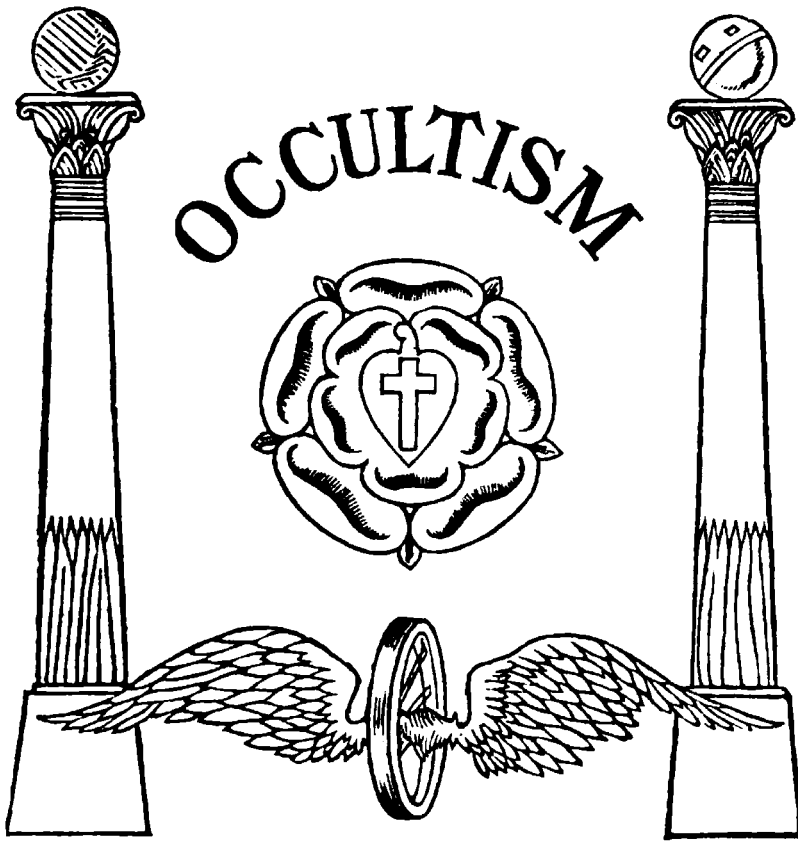
hut,' by a fully-ordained monk. If a monk deceitfully, for gain, falsely lay claim to superhuman qualities, be it the Trance,¹ the Ecstasy,² the Absorption,³ the Path⁴ or the Path's Fruit,⁵—he is a monk no more, no more a member of the Sākya clan. Just as a tall palmyra palm, whose top has been cut off, can never put forth shoots again, so a monk, who deceitfully, for gain, falsely lays claim to superhuman powers, is a monk no more, no more a member of the Sākya clan. These things ye must avoid as long as life shall last."

C. "Even so, Lord."

Our ceremony is now over and the night is far spent. The newly-robed bhikkhus go forth with eager hearts, hoping to tread the Path by living in the ancient way; and surely, sooner or later, they shall attain, for not for naught do Buddhas take birth in this world of ignorance; and we, who in thought have been carried back to ages long ago, descend again to the world of *rikshas*, hotels, gas-lamps and railway trains.

F. L. Woodward

¹ *Jhāna*, ² *Vimokkha*. ³ *Samādhi*. ⁴ *Maggo*. ⁵ *Phalam*.



MY OCCULT EXPERIENCES

By JOHAN VAN MANEN, F. T. S.

WITH

Explanatory Notes by C. W. Leadbeater, F. T. S.

(Concluded from p. 409)

X. MUSICAL FORMS

OF visual impressions akin to Mr. Leadbeater's descriptions and pictures in the book on *Thought-Forms*, I have experienced none. Music sometimes suggests forms to me, but without accompanying vision.

There is a phrase in the *Kreuzer Sonata*, for instance, which suggests a waterfall or a big wave breaking with a deep boom. Such suggested forms, however, I do not intend to describe. They seem to belong to the simpler and more exterior forms of mechanical association.

22. *A Cathedral and Angels.* In Amsterdam I once heard Bach's *Missa Solemnis* executed by Mengelberg's famous band. At a given stage I saw the walls of a magnificent Gothic cathedral slowly arise. The lines and disposition of these walls were in harmony with the strains of the music, and as the music proceeded so did the walls rise up. At last they were completed up to the roof. At this point a new *motif* or a new movement commenced, and the picture followed suit; the roof remained absent, but instead of further construction angels came from above, descended and flew upwards again. There was a system of graceful response and counter-response between these angelic visitors, bringing messages from on high and answering from below. It was a sort of chorus and anti-chorus. All this again was in complete harmony with the music. Then again the music changed and the vision disappeared. What puzzles me specially in this vision is the appearance of orthodox angels, *parfaitement en règle*. I don't believe in them in the Christian sense and form, and had no reason to think on ecclesiastical lines. I knew that the composition was a Mass; but I was merely following and enjoying the music as music.

In speaking about this matter with a friend recently, she told me that she had once had a similar experience. Hearing some music she suddenly saw a gigantic face, and though she hears very much music she had never had another such vision.

These two experiences here related, are, I think, different in nature from what I call the suggestions arising from listening to music. With these one can trace the link, with the former that is not the case. So I have always associated a certain composition by Chopin with Morocco, most likely because whilst hearing the piece played for the first time, I was reading Hall Caine's *Scapegoat*, and because the melancholic and exotic nature of the music fitted in on that occasion with the mood produced by the book.

XI. NATURAL BEAUTY

One experience in connection with the beauty of natural scenery stands isolated. It is remarkable enough to relate, however.

23. *In the Vosges.* Some five years ago I made a motor trip in the Vosges with my friends Mr. A. Ostermann, Professor O. Penzig, and Mr. Leadbeater. We left Colmar, in Alsace, went to Gérardmer, in France, and returned to Colmar, crossing the beautiful pass named the Schlucht. We went home towards evening, and when we neared the Schlucht the sun was setting. Alsace with its quaint old towns and villages, itself a broad, flat and verdant valley in which the Rhine winds its silvery stream, flanked on both sides by the Vosges and the Black Forest, both equally beautiful—Alsace is altogether a delightful country. On this occasion the beauty of the Vosges struck me again greatly, and whilst the motor-car was spinning ahead I tried to drink in all the beauty of hillside and valley, of clouds and sun, of pine-forests and rocks. Suddenly a sharp curve of the road changed the position of the car and a new view

lay spread out before our sight. At that very moment, a sensation of utter ecstasy, of utter beauty, struck me, so to say, full in the chest ; a sensation of such overwhelming happiness and at the same time such strangely deep and endless sadness, that I had to take a firm grip of myself not to cry out. As a matter of fact I felt tears well up in my eyes, and the slightest provocation would have made me weep. The emotion was purely an artistic one, and that accounts for the happiness, but I am ignorant why sadness should have been mingled with it.

This emotion, provoked by either artistic or other causes, I have never before or since felt in any like measure. I am not an emotional man in these matters, and I have seen, in three parts of the world, enough beautiful scenery to make me look in vain for an adequate reason for this particular experience. Furthermore I had motored some thousands of miles in and around Alsace without ever experiencing such a feeling. Therefore I simply note it down and add it to my record.

XII. LECTURING EXPERIENCES

I once had an interesting experience whilst lecturing at Rotterdam.

24. *A Sea of Light and Lightness.* One winter evening I lectured in a fairly big hall in Rotterdam. There was a biting frost, and I came away with a formidable cold. In the midst of the lecture, quite of a sudden, I felt the atmosphere change. A sense of lightness and buoyancy came over me which changed my feelings altogether. At the same time I was aware that I was surrounded by a brilliant (non-physical) light of

rich golden colour. The change of atmosphere was so complete and total that it seemed as if the air before had been of mud and slush in comparison with the rarity, refinedness and purity of that which I was now breathing. Simultaneously I was conscious that, instead of being as it were wholly immersed in my subject, I was listening to myself with a corner of my consciousness. It seemed as if my voice had changed also. There was a curious metallic ring in it which was new to me and which pleased me very much. This lasted for some phrases, I think some minutes, five or ten at the utmost, if so much as that, and then the old conditions set in again. The contrast between the feeling of the atmosphere during and before the experience made a very vivid impression on me.

25. *Other Phenomena connected with Lecturing which are not of my own experiencing.* I have several times been told by friends in my audiences that they have seen luminous halos around my head or even figures behind me. In some cases a stately Hindū wearing a turban has been described. I mention this in order to make the catalogue complete, but as the information comes from others I am not responsible for it. I myself have never seen such forms, and the above Rotterdam experience is the only case in which I have experienced a 'light' phenomenon myself. It is amusing that in that case no one of my audience told me he had seen anything of the kind.

• XIII. APPARITION AT A DISTANCE

The following two incidents concern me, but they are not within my own personal knowledge. Still I think they ought to be mentioned for completeness' sake.

They relate to my appearance, without my knowledge, to others—these others being in the waking state. I have two examples.

26. *Advice at a Distance.* Some years ago a young man, fairly psychic and, I think, also very weak-willed, came several times to me for advice and to talk Theosophy. He was at that time in all sorts of difficulties, financial, domestic and otherwise. He was a black-and-white artist. One day meeting me, he said: "I thank you very much for the advice you gave me yesterday." As I was not aware of having seen him on the day before, I asked him what he meant. He told me that he had stood in one of the streets, leaning against a wall in a state of despondency, and that I had appeared to him and had spoken some cheering words of advice. I had no reason whatever to doubt his good faith. The important point is that I must have been up and doing at the time he mentioned. If I had been asleep the explanation might have been easier.

27. *A Visit aboard a Steamer.* The second case of my being told that I appeared was aboard a steamer from Hull to Holland. A friend of mine, travelling on that ship, related to me that she had seen me (I think at about 7 A. M.) and she described my costume completely, a description which tallied with the clothes I was then habitually wearing. I do not know whether I was asleep at the moment of the apparition; I also am ignorant if I, or rather my simulacrum, said anything. I, at the time, was in England.

XIV. KĀRMIC PROBLEMS

I remember twice, at least, in my life having been in serious danger, from which I escaped unhurt. There

is no need to invoke hidden intervention to explain the safe endings, but to make sure not to pass by even faint indications I note them down here.

28. *Trick Cycling.* When I was a boy of some twelve years I happened to read in a paper a story of how a cyclist rode down the steps of the Washington Capitol. I may about the same time have seen some trick cycling in a circus. I was then living at Haarlem, not far from the sea-side resort Zandvoort. With a friend of my own age I went one day to Zandvoort, where there is a big flight of stairs, divided into three series of steps, leading from the station below to the Gallery on the top of the dunes.

When returning to the station we came to the steps, and the sight of them was too big a temptation. I said I would cycle down them. My friend, who was wiser, protested, but I was obstinate. He ran down the first flight. I started on my adventurous ride, but immediately lost control over the machine and came down crashing, banging and bumping, rapidly gathering speed. Fortunately my friend caught hold of the cycle and I fell down without hurt, the machine being only slightly damaged. There is no doubt that he saved my life. But now I ask myself: "An incident of such importance for me, and my present incarnation, can it stand utterly unrelated to my personal karma?" How easily my friend might have missed the grip, how easily might he have become afraid or have lost his head! Was there something lying at the back of his action which made it fatally necessary that he *should* be there to be a karmic agent? Of course, I do not forget God Chance, nor the purely rationalistic explanation; but are they enough? This incident is therefore not so much an occult experience as an

experience giving rise to an occult problem! What is the nature of the determining factor which in a crisis leads to a solution in one definite direction with far-reaching and incalculable results, where any other solution would have led to equally far-reaching results of an entirely different character? This seems to me a very difficult problem indeed, only answerable with certainty by Occultists.

29. *In the Gorges d'Héric.* A similar but less obvious case occurred to me a few years ago in the south of France. Mr. Leadbeater and I were staying in the beautiful district of the southern Cevennes, in the department of Hérault. We used to take long walks, and one day we went to the Gorges d'Héric, descending through them into the plains. We lost our way, and darkness overtook us before we had passed out of the Gorge. We had no guide, no lamp, and no knowledge of the country. At a given moment I, leading the party, crossed—in the dark—the stream over a series of boulders, and so we transferred ourselves from the right to the left bank of the stream near the bottom of the Gorge. At that spot we found a path, and, gropingly following that, reached a point where we saw spots of light. Some shouting brought peasants with lanterns, and eventually we came home safe and sound. Now the peasants told us that had we followed the Gorge for only a quite small distance, we should have come to a sudden drop of some thirty metres, a well-known danger-spot in those parts, where quite frequently some one or more unfortunate tourists, in the same plight as ourselves, meet their end by falling over the edge. Now what I want to know is: what made me cross the stream at that particular spot in the pitch dark? I do not know it in the least.

I could not see a track, and on the other side, though there was a path, we had to feel our way along it. May it be that I 'picked up the trail' as a dog does, or was it a case of inspiration?

As said before I record these two cases more as involving problems than as being occult experiences in the true sense of the word, for (faithful to H. P. B.'s injunction) we should be attentive to the smallest details.

XV. UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCES

Most of the visions related up to now are of a pleasant and elevating nature. I have also experienced some unpleasant sights which should not be omitted from this catalogue.

30. *An Unwelcome Visitor.* One evening when just about to step into my bed, in Amsterdam, I saw a sort of elemental creature of a most objectionable kind sitting on my pillow. It consisted of a soft round body from which, at what may be called the waist, some ten long necks extended, each one something like the neck of a swan. These necks wriggled and twisted and wound through each other as snakes do. The evil eyes in the heads leered and sneered in a wicked way. The colour of the thing was green, that particular slimy and filthy green associated with old stones which have lain in a gutter for a long time, or with the stomach of some frogs. The creature gave an impression of softness and decay, like a jelly-fish or cuttle-fish. Besides, it spread a horrible and filthy stench. Its height was something over a foot. It happened that I was absolutely tired out on that evening, and that I had but one thought, that of

rest. I felt that the creature could not *do* anything to me, and I was in no mood to wait or to try some elaborate magic. So I jumped into my bed and laid my head on the pillow, thinking at the time : " There is no room for both of us here ; either you go, or I." And at the moment I lay down the creature burst up, as it were, and disappeared. I have never seen it or its brothers since.

At the time I wondered much if a creature like this may have had any connection with the origin of the story of Medusa's head.

31. *Undesirable Cattle.* On a few other occasions I have seen creatures, seemingly of the same class. I remember in particular a herd of cattle-like beings, somehow a cross between calves and elephants. They had the trunks of elephants (only the ends resembled the snouts of pigs), and something of the build and size of calves. They were white in colour, with a suggestion of leprosy in the whiteness, and these bodies gave the impression of corruption. All over the bodies were festering circular sores, like red flowers on a white field, altogether nauseating. I am reminded in thinking of them of Mr. Leadbeater's description of the hosts of elementals which he saw tramp past him when he had his experience on the Adyar river island (*The Perfume of Egypt*, 'A Test of Courage'). In this case also the malignant gleam in the eyes of the creatures was the chief characteristic. The beasts spelled evil.

XVI. SUNDRIES

With the above cases I have practically exhausted my personal experience of things psychic or occult. It only remains to gather together and enumerate a few

items which fall within the scope of this article without being readily susceptible of special illustration.

32. *Thought-Action on Dreamers.* There are two cases known to me in which I, awake, exercised thought-influence on different other persons who were then asleep. The interesting point to me was to hear the reports of their dreams, and to note the dream symbolism, which had completely transformed the formal side of the transaction, but had kept it absolutely intact from a symbolical point of view.

The two cases were slightly dissimilar in nature. In the first, I was in a highly excited and turbulent state of mind of an undesirable nature. A very good and intimate friend of mine slept in the room next to me. He was asleep when I was still lying awake. Next morning he told me that he had had a vivid dream about me being in a burning house, and that he had rushed up to help me and to extricate or rescue me from the danger. I recognised at once the 'fire of passion' in the burning house, and could not but feel grateful for my friend's astral loyalty.

In the second case I was deliberately thinking of another person with regard to a certain course of action. Next day that friend told me that he had dreamt that I had come to him, and my appearance and conduct as he described it tallied *mutatis mutandis* with my thoughts of the previous night. Only I, knowing the details, knew also what his description meant; whereas he, not having any data to go on, could not see further than his mere recollection, symbolising but not explaining the affair.

33. *Dream Interpretation.* I have noticed that I am very often able when a dream is told to me, to give on

the spur of the moment and quite spontaneously an interpretation of it to the dreamer, with which he is satisfied. Again, this is merely a note in passing, which is given only for what it is worth. I have never studied dream-books, or dream interpretation, and am not specially interested in the subject, except so far as it forms a branch of general psychology.

34. *Running Water.* Running water, I notice, has always a strange fascination for me. Whether it be a waterfall, rapids in a river, a swiftly rushing stream, waves by the sea, merely rain or even water running from a tap, the motion and sound always please me. I like sitting near a stream or staring at the sea. The sound nearly always suggests voices to me, in a language I do not understand, but *might* understand if I just could get a little bit more *inside* it.

An American author describes something similar in a recent story. An invalid is lying in a hospital, wearily awaiting convalescence:

She listened. Rushing down the valley in the large grounds, there was a stream—a liquid, unending, deep chord of many broken notes! . . . The sweet hollow silver of the booming water divided, changed into voices that called, talked, laughed. There were long, low sentences; there were single questioning words; there were murmuring names spoken, and tender half-sounds, all unhurried, all contented and sure and adequate. She did not catch definite words, only intonations, the rise and fall; but the steady strength of the voices seemed to lift her weakness and bear it out on a calm flood. The stream was her friend; the voices of the stream were unreal voices, yet peace-giving.

I thought that this feeling might have something to do with the water elementals, but recently whilst motoring in a particularly noiseless motor-car I experienced the same feeling in hearing the smooth swish of its revolving machinery.

35. *An Anecdote.* To finish this lengthy article I relate an insignificant little anecdote about a dream I had the other night. It is amusing.

I dreamed I was in London, where I moved through parts I know well in my waking consciousness. Suddenly and without any transition I was in Paris, which I know equally well, physically, continuing my wanderings which I had begun in England. The curious thing is that the action was unbroken and did not change, whereas the scene was cut clean in two halves. It was like a conversation begun in English and continued in French without change of subject, listener or speaker.

And herewith my catalogue is complete.

Johan van Manen

EXPLANATORY NOTES

The special picture seen in the twenty-second experience may well have been of this nature. Our author wonders that he should have seen angels in the curious and anatomically incorrect form usually adopted by Christian painters; but he is perhaps overlooking the fact that what he saw was not his own thought-form, but probably that of the composer. There is still another possibility—that it may have been the thought-form of some devout auditor, who had heard the composition frequently, and associated it with such a vision as is described; but it is on the whole more probable that we owe so large and so well ordered a form to the marvellous genius of the great musician.

The gigantic face seen by a friend is a phenomenon that we can hardly pretend to diagnose without a good deal more information than is given to us. If the music was devotional in character, it may perhaps have been someone's idea of a Divine Face. Or again it may have been a real apparition of one of the great musical angels, or possibly a personification of some of the great powers of nature.

The twenty-third experience comes evidently from a definitely exterior source. As our author points out, he has seen many beautiful landscapes in various countries, yet they have never produced upon him at all the same kind of impression. Indeed, I believe he had passed over that very spot at other times without unusual agitation. Clearly, therefore, the emotion was not his own, but was impressed upon him from outside. The most probable explanation is that someone of acute perception and intense artistic feeling had recently been admiring the view from that particular spot—had perhaps even been painting it; and that our author happened just at that moment to be sufficiently in sympathy with the mental attitude of that artist to absorb and to reproduce fully all that he felt. Another possibility is that for the moment our author came into union with the angel or great nature-spirit ensouling that particular part of the country. This hypothesis, however, is less likely than the other, since he describes a strong feeling of sadness as part of his experience—an emotion which is little likely to have been part of what may be called the sensations of Nature itself. Either of these temporary unifications of consciousness with another entity is possible to any sensitive person; but he must have within himself the sympathy to understand and the power to respond.

The twenty-fourth experience implies not so much a change of atmosphere as a change of consciousness in the lecturer. It is evident that he at least partially left his body, so that he was able to watch himself from without. The part of himself which was temporarily freed from physical limitation was able to see the mental conditions surrounding him; and the rich golden colour which seems to have been so prominent a feature is exactly what might have been expected as an expression of the mental activity which was being put forth by the lecturer. The description of the difference between that and the physical atmosphere is most graphic; it constitutes precisely one of the little touches which manifest so clearly the author's accuracy, and appeal so strongly to those who have passed through a similar experience. It seems evident that he must have carried with him in his externalisation a certain amount of his etheric double, since he was still able to hear his own physical voice, although with an alteration which suggests the inclusion of higher notes than those perceptible to physical ears, and probably also a compensating exclusion of some of the latter.

This being a subjective experience, dependent upon a partial projection of the speaker's consciousness, there is no reason why any member of the audience should have noticed it. In the cases described in paragraph 25, there is no change of consciousness in the speaker, but a temporary accession of sensitiveness in certain members of his audience. The halo seen round the head of a lecturer has often been described. It is one of the easiest non-physical phenomena to see. The mental activity of the lecturer projects this strong yellow light, all of it focussed in the upper part of the

aura, and therefore surrounding the physical head, so that it readily becomes visible to vision even slightly raised above the normal, especially if it happens to be projected against a dark background. The presence of an Oriental stranger on the platform is also by no means unusual, and it would be rash to assume, as our students so often do, that the visitor is necessarily a great Adept. Even after years of reading on the subject, it seems to be difficult for our students to grasp the utter naturalness of the astral life, and to understand that those who have left their physical bodies (either temporarily or permanently) may be just as much interested in a lecture as if they still retained the coarser vehicle. Astral visitors may attend any lecture anywhere, and they constantly do so; but probably the percentage of such visitors is higher at Theosophical lectures than at others, because those who study our subjects are a little more likely than others to know something of their capabilities along these lines. Naturally our subjects have a special interest for Orientals, and Indian members of our Society, whether living or dead, are likely to watch with comparatively keen interest the endeavours to spread their ideas in western lands. It often occurs also that they good-naturedly endeavour to assist the lecturer by suggesting to him additional ideas or illustrations; and if any member of the audience happens for the moment to develop sufficient sensitiveness to catch sight of such a visitor, a legend immediately grows up like that which our author describes.

The appearances described in paragraphs 26 and 27 are examples of a very interesting class about which our information is as yet defective. In the second case it seems probable that the author was asleep, and so we

have merely an ordinary astral visit; but in the former of the two cases he distinctly says that he was awake and going about his work in one place, though at the very same time he appeared in another and gave some useful advice. Several possible explanations of this phenomenon may be offered. It may be a case in which some invisible helper, seeing a poor man sadly in need of counsel and comfort, resolved to give it to him, but took for this purpose the form of a friend who was well known to him, in order to make the advice more natural and acceptable. Another possibility is that our author as an ego was watching with interest a person whom he had already tried to help, and—seeing him urgently in need of further assistance at a time when his own physical body was otherwise employed—materialised a thought-form of himself through which he could convey the ideas which he wished to give. Either of these hypotheses would satisfactorily explain the appearance described by our author; but there are other cases on record in which neither of these suggestions seems appropriate. The double of the late Mr. W. T. Stead, for example, can hardly be supposed to come under either of these heads. It seems rather to be a case of an intensely strong thought-form made of him by another person, and then occupied and energised—whether by his own ego or by someone else we have not sufficient evidence to show. In rare circumstances personation on the physical plane by a materialised astral entity becomes possible. There is, however, no reason to suspect anything of that sort in the case described, for we have no evidence to show that anyone but the young man to whom our author spoke was conscious of his presence at that time and

place, so that the phenomenon may have been simply subjective.

Experiences 28 and 29 are not, strictly speaking, occult at all, but we may certainly take them to represent items in the working out of the destiny of the persons concerned. It clearly was not intended by the Powers directing his evolution that our author should perish at the age of twelve in a cycle accident. And since that was not intended, it became necessary to circumvent him in his little effort at self-destruction. The easiest way to do this was through the hands of his companion, who seems to have arrested him precisely at the only point of his descent where such interference would have been possible. I do not know that we are bound to infer anything more than courage and promptitude on the part of that friend; but if more be necessary, the presence of some invisible helper to steady the friend's hand, and show him exactly what to do and when to do it, would surely be sufficient to account for what happened. And in this case, when I speak of an invisible helper, I do not at all necessarily mean to imply a member of the band of Theosophical students who devote themselves especially to such work. Any dead person of promptitude and resource who happened to be on the spot may have shown the boy-friend how to do what was necessary, and strengthened him in the action. The very fact that he ran ahead to the only place where he could check the headlong descent seems to show that a certain amount of prevision was exercised—most likely not by the boy. Another possibility is that the author's ego awoke to the danger of the situation. He was unable to control his juvenile personality, which had apparently taken the bit between its teeth, and

was in a condition of excited determination. The ego may have found it easier to control for a moment the other boy (who was apparently not excited) than his own lower manifestation; and we have the yet further possibility that the ego of the friend saw here an opportunity of a good piece of work. Or indeed he may have undertaken it at the urgent request of the other's ego; for this is something which one sees not infrequently in ordinary life. A personality may for some reason take up obstinately some line of action of which the ego behind does not at all approve; and when that happens it is sometimes actually easier for that ego to induce a friend or friends to remonstrate and advise, than to act directly upon the fragment of himself which by its stubbornness has shut itself away for the moment from higher influences.

We should say Theosophically that "it was not in his karma" that our author should come to an untimely end in that particular way; and therefore, since he insisted on making so wild an experiment, he put somebody to the trouble of interfering with its natural result. I know that many similar cases are allowed to pass without interference, and consequently end fatally. In them we are bound to assume that there is something in the stored-up karma of the person concerned which can discharge itself in that particular way, and consequently there is no interference with his free-will. Evidently our author was needed for other work later, and consequently in his case the interference took place. Readers may think that this is very much like the old Christian idea of a Providence which watched over every moment of our lives. It is precisely the reality which lay behind that idea—the difference being that we do not recognise any principle of arbitrary selection,

but hold that such interference can take place only under the working of natural law.

In case 29 we have no proof as to whether the guiding force was that of the ego or some friend, or whether it may have been, as our author himself suggests, the action of some sort of survival of animal instinct. From what we were afterwards told by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, it would appear that there had been cases in which no such interference took place. Once more, we can only say that he was not destined to die at that time and in that particular way.

The unpleasant entities described in paragraphs 30 and 31 are specimens of low and undesirable forms of life which prey almost exclusively on the emanations produced by a particular type of emotion. Their appearance must, I fear, indicate the presence somewhere in the neighbourhood of a person in the habit of yielding himself to unrestrained sensuality. At least, that is almost certainly the origin of the peculiarly objectionable creature described in 30, and the form of the story suggests that it had been intentionally sent by someone. Those mentioned in 31 may have been of the same nature, but may also have been attracted by abnormal manifestations of aggravated envy and jealousy. The author may be congratulated on his courage in so entirely ignoring the horrible beast which he describes. Assuredly most of us would have spent some time and trouble in driving it away or dissipating it, instead of calmly lying down to sleep, secure in the conviction that it could do no harm.

In the first case mentioned in paragraph 32, the author's astral body was in a turbulent condition—

which means not only brilliant colour and energetic vibration, but also great temporary expansion and vehement pulsations extending over a considerable area. The friend sleeping in the next room could not but be within the sphere of influence of these alarms and excursions, and when his attention was attracted by them, his innate spirit of helpfulness immediately asserted itself, and he pluckily rushed in to try to re-adjust matters.

In the second case, the writer gives us scarcely sufficient detail to enable us usefully to comment upon it further than to remark that during sleep people are specially susceptible to thought-influence, and that each ego has usually his own system of symbolism into which he would be likely to translate whatever was impressed upon him.

In 33 we see the manifestation of a useful and valuable faculty—evidence of an ego which is quick to read the symbolism of other egos, and has the power of impressing the results of his knowledge upon his own physical brain. As to paragraph 34, I incline to our author's suggestion that it does indicate that he is in special sympathy with the element of water—with what have sometimes been called water-elementals, or perhaps rather nature-spirits; and I would suggest that the sound of machinery which he describes as having produced upon him a similar effect, produced that effect precisely because it *was* similar, and so gave subconsciously a suggestion of the sound of water. Such a sound consists of a set of vibrations which evidently exercise a special soothing influence upon the writer, and obviously similar vibrations would produce a similar result, even independently of the mental suggestion conveyed by them.

The concluding anecdote gives us a characteristic example of the instantaneous changes which are possible when one functions in the mental body. It might happen equally well in the astral, but not quite without at least a momentary sense of transition. The strong probability is, therefore, that our author was at the moment of this experience using the mental vehicle; but that also implies that he may not really have been either in London or Paris at all. He may simply have been moving among his own mental reproductions of parts of these two cities.

It is one of the peculiarities of this set of stories that the hero of them appears to be more at home in the mental world than the emotional—that so many of his glimpses of higher consciousness show him to be using the causal or mental vehicle rather than that astral body in which most of us have to be content to begin our superphysical voyagings. But students who may be disposed to look enviously upon such capacity may console themselves by the thought that each line of development has its special perils, and that ready use of the mental body brings with it a dangerous facility in criticism which, if indulged to excess, may hold a man back from those still higher realms which are the kingdom of the humble and the especial inheritance of those that be pure in heart.

As a concluding note I can only repeat what I have suggested in the beginning, that the man who has had this singularly complete series of experiences ought to have had more—and even yet should have many more—since they clearly show a degree and type of sensitiveness which is very well worth cultivating, with a view to practical results. We must all thank our author

for having thus so fully and so carefully unbosomed himself. He may assuredly take unto himself such reward as is involved in the knowledge that what he has written will be useful to many, and will help them to understand and to co-ordinate similar happenings in their own lives. Few students have such a wealth of varied experiences; fewer still have the faculty of stating them so clearly and so impersonally; so we may end, as we began, with thanks and congratulations, and (let me add) with high hopes for the future of the author.

C. W. Leadbeater

INVISIBLE HELPERS AND OUR SOUL-CULTURE

By A THEOSOPHIST

IV

VERY early one morning last spring when the sunshine was streaming in upon me through the open windows above my bed, I was awakened out of sleep by a chorus of busy birds settling their domestic differences outside on my window-sill. When I sat up to watch them, they seemed to resent the interference and flew away, leaving me to continue my rest. I must quickly have fallen into a doze, dreaming that I was seated in my own room deeply engrossed in meditation. In this dream-consciousness I seemed to hear the visitors' entrance-bell ring. Regretting the interruption, I reluctantly rose and oddly enough went upstairs to receive my visitor instead of downstairs as would have normally been the case.

The room I entered at the top of the house was quite strange to me. It was large and lofty, with dormer windows and a vaulted roof. My husband met me on the threshold of the room, and in presenting our visitor to me pronounced the name of one of our Theosophical Worthies whom I had never met but with whose writings I was very familiar.

On meeting a stranger, it has been my habit for years past to search the countenance for evidences of

spiritual unfoldment; not for criticism, but to discover a comrade. On the present occasion, when greeting this newcomer, I noted the marked evidences of very great self-discipline and high-minded purpose depicted in the expression of the mouth and lips; also that the forehead and eyes both revealed deep spirituality, whilst the countenance as a whole conveyed to me a profound impression of innate refinement and nobility of character.

In my dream, however, I most clearly understood that the corporeal presentment of the man I was greeting had no actual resemblance to his real physical body. On the contrary, it was just a form shadowed forth to my consciousness by means of some materials stored up in my brain-cells, and used as a symbol to portray the special points and inner characteristics it was one purpose of this dream to impress upon my attention.

Together we moved forward to the fire-place, which was built of small oblong rose-coloured tiles, set with white cement. The fire was blazing most brilliantly, but had a mysterious centre which seemed to be *one glowing incandescent light*, quite unlike anything I had ever seen before. Looking at my companion who was now seated beside me, I saw that his boots, very large heavy ones saturated with water, were placed in front of the glowing fire; also that his feet, clothed in fine white woollen socks, were set upon the hearth, the soles placed close up to, and directly in front of, the glowing incandescent centre of the blazing fire.

In my dream it was distinctly conveyed to my mind that the boots saturated with water symbolised the astral vehicle, replete with astral knowledge and experience. The feet, and the colour and quality of the socks, I understood, were symbolic of the understanding

and its condition. All of these I saw were exposed to the transmuting forces of the Divine Fire by my companion's strong will and firm purpose.

Reverently and humbly I turned to gaze once more into the midst of the mysterious glowing light. A feeling of intense awe overcame me, for I could perceive no limits to its unfathomable depths, and yet I seemed to be looking right through this light straight into the *Forever* into the very Heart of all Life and Being. Absolutely still, yet absolutely living, this transcendent centre of essential light began to affect me as if it were some supreme magnet. I began to long intensely to throw myself right into its very midst, but could not compass it, because whilst I had stood gazing into this ineffable light all power of movement had left my limbs. The cry of the Psalmist, "All my bones are poured out like water," rose up in my heart. Shaken with the awful intensity of my longing, exclaiming passionately, "O my God, these things are too great for me," I awakened from my dream, but by no means from the consciousness of that overwhelming desire to throw myself into that mystic centre of living light. Nor indeed did this overwhelming desire diminish as the day advanced. In fact, during several succeeding days it deepened so much in intensity as to become all-absorbing, even to the point of interfering with the proper execution of my daily duties. At last so vivid did this ever-present consciousness of that mystic light become, and so overmastering was the passion in my heart to yield to its compelling magnetism, that I realised that a condition of mind had arisen which required prompt attention, if I were to maintain my true mental balance.

Knowing that my position was analogous to that of an infant crying passionately for an object unsuited to its development, and that the vision of that ineffable light would never have been given to me if it were incapable of being translated into an inspiration for the perfecting of my present earthly life, I set myself to meditate deeply upon the matter, and commenced by facing the vision and looking once again right into the very Heart of it with courage and restraint. Continuing to hold the dream-picture of that unfathomable light steadily in my imagination, it gradually assumed the definite outline of a sun. Restraining the passionate desire to plunge right into its very midst with all the power of my mind, I faced the luminous body steadily for a short time until I saw a globe approaching it from one side. This globe, which was an image of the earth, passed in front of the sun after the manner of an eclipse, and remained a dark body in the centre of the sun for some moments. Continuing to watch, I saw that the luminous brightness of the sun began to burn through the earth until it too became as bright and luminous as the sun itself, one with it, and yet always remaining the earth, with the earth's own characteristics. Then illuminated and ever-glowing, it passed away from the face of the sun and disappeared from my consciousness. This image of the earth was followed by a series of emblematic objects representing the qualities and kingdoms of the earth. First, the mineral kingdom was represented by a great mound of rough broken stone; this, following the exact path of the earth-globe, passed also in front of the sun as a dark body; then, becoming luminous and one with the sun, moved onwards and passed out of my consciousness.

Earth and rocks, trees, plants, and animals—all were successively represented and all passed through exactly the same programme. When the turn came for the human race to appear, the first representatives were such terrible apparitions of vice and degradation that I could hardly bear to look upon them, but they too passed in front of the sun and left its face glorified, and yet themselves. Grade after grade of humanity came forward in one long continuous stream of men and women, each representing a mode of humanity more spiritual, noble and refined than its predecessor.

At this point I was obliged to interrupt my meditation, but I had none the less learnt therefrom all that was requisite for my needs, great as they had seemed to be. I knew that wherever I was, or whatever I was looking upon, whether upon the beauties of nature or the hideous works of sordid men—whether my service led me into converse with those who were wise or with those who are fast in the bonds of ignorance and vice—I knew that in one and all I had but to look in order to realise the unfathomable all-pervading centre of Divine Light working within as a burning, transmuting force. I knew that everything that I could touch, whether with my soul or my body, afforded me, through the portal of love and compassionate service, an immediate entrance into the ineffable depths of that “Sacrificial Fire which fills the earth, the heavens, and all the regions that are stretched between”—“in which we live and move and have our being,” and which eternally IS.

A Theosophist

IN THE WOOD

By ELLIOTT O'DONNELL

Author of *Ghostly Phenomena, Werewolves, etc.*

I

IT was a cold night. Rain had been falling steadily, not only for hours but days—the ground was saturated. As I walked along the country lane, the slush splashed over my boots and trousers. To my left was a huge stone wall, behind which I could see the nodding heads of firs, and through them the wind was rushing, making a curious whistling sound—now loud, now soft, roaring and gently murmuring. The sound fascinated me. I fancied it might be the angry voice of a man and the plaintive pleading of a woman, and then a weird chorus of unearthly beings, of grotesque things that stalked along the Cornish moors, and crept from behind huge boulders.

Nothing but the wind was to be heard. I stood and listened to it. I could have listened for hours, for I felt in harmony with my surroundings—lonely. The moon showed itself at intervals from behind the scudding clouds and lighted up the open landscape to my left. A gaunt hill covered with rocks, some piled up pyramidically, others strewn here and there; a few trees with naked arms tossing about and looking distressfully slim

beside the more stalwart boulders ; a sloping field or two, a couple of level ones, crossed by a tiny path, and the lane where I stood. The scenery was desolate—not actually wild, but sad and forlorn, and the spinney by my side lent an additional weird aspect to the place which was pleasing to me.

Suddenly I heard a sound—a familiar sound enough at other times, but at this hour and in this place everything seemed different. A woman was coming along the road—a woman in a dark cloak with a basket under her arm, and the wind was blowing her skirts about her legs.

I looked at the trees. One singularly gaunt and fantastic one appalled me. It had long, gnarled arms, and two of them ended in bunches of twigs like hands—yes, they were exactly like hands—huge, murderous looking hands, with bony fingers. The moonlight played over and around me—I was bathed in it—I had no business to be on the earth—my proper place was in the moon—I no longer thought it—I knew it. The woman was close at hand. She stopped at a little wicket gate leading into the lane skirting the north wall of the spinney. I felt angry ; what right had she to be there, interrupting my musings with the moon ? The tree with the human hands appeared to agree with me. I saw anger in the movements of its branches—anger which soon blazed into fury as they gave a mighty bend towards her as if longing to rend her in pieces.

I followed the woman, and the wind howled louder and louder through those rustling leaves.

How long I scrambled on I do not know. As soon as the moonlight left me, I fell into a kind of slumber—a delicious trance—broken by nothing save the murmurings of the leaves and the sighing and groaning

of the winds—sweeter music I never heard. Then came a terrible change—the charm of my thoughts was broken, I awoke from my reverie.

A terrific roar broke on my ears and a perfect hurricane of rain swept through the woods. I crept cold and shivering beneath the shelter of the trees. To my surprise a hand fell on my shoulder ; it was a man, and like myself he shivered.

“ Who are you ? ” he whispered in a strangely hoarse voice. “ Who are you ? Why are you here ? ”

“ You wouldn’t believe me if I told you,” I replied, shaking off his grasp.

“ Well—tell me, for God’s sake, man ! ” He was frightened, trembling with fright. Could it be the storm, or was it—was it those trees ? I told him then and there why I had trespassed—I was fascinated—the wind, and the trees had led me thither.

“ So am I,” he whispered, “ I am fascinated ! It is a long word but it describes my sentiments. What did the wind sound like ? ”

I told him. He was a poor, common man, and had no poetical ideas—the wildly romantic had never interested him—he was but an ignorant labouring man.

“ Sounded like sighing, groaning and so on ? ” he asked, shifting uneasily from one foot to another. He was cold, horribly cold. “ Was that all ? ”

“ Yes, of course ! Why ask ? ” I replied. Then I laughed. This stupid, sturdy son of toil had been scared ; to him the sounds had been those of his Cornish bogies—things he had dreaded in his infancy. I told him so. He didn’t like to hear me make fun of him ; he didn’t like my laugh, and he persisted : “ Was that all you heard ? ”

Then I grew impatient and asked him to explain what he meant.

“Well,” he said, “I thought I heard a scream—a cry! Just as if someone had jumped out on someone else and taken them unawares! Maybe it was the wind—only the wind! but it had an eerie sound.”

The man was nervous. The storm had frightened away whatever wits he may have possessed.

“Come, let us be going,” I said, moving away in the direction of the wall. I wanted to find a new exit, I was tired of paths.

The man kept close to me. I could hear his teeth chatter. Accidentally I felt his hand brush against mine; his flesh was icy cold. He gave a cry as if a snake had bitten him. Then the truth flashed through me—the man was mad; his terror, his strange manner of showing it, and now this sudden shrinking from me, revealed it all—he was mad; the moon and trees had done their work.

“I’m not going that way,” he said. “Come along with me; I want to see which of the trees it was that cried!” His voice was changed, he seemed suddenly to have grown stranger. There was no insanity in his tone now, but I knew the cunning of the mad, and fearing to anger him, I acquiesced. What an idea! One of the trees had cried; did he mean the wind? He grew sullen when I jeered at him. He led me to a little hollow in the ground, and I noticed the prints of several feet in the wet mud; then I saw something which sent the cold blood to my heart—a woman bathed in blood lay before me. Somehow she was familiar to me. I looked again—then again. Yes! there was the dark shawl, the basket, broken it was true, with the contents

scattered, but it was the same basket ; it was the woman I had seen coming down the road.

“My God! Whatever is this?” the man by my side spoke. He swayed backwards and forwards on his feet, his face white and awful in the moonlight—he was sick with terror. “Oh, God! it is horrible! horrible!” Then with a sudden earnestness and a crafty look in his eyes he bent over her. “Who is it?” he cried. “Who is the poor wretch?” I saw him peer into her face, but he didn’t touch her—he dreaded the blood. Then he started back, his eyes filled with such savageness as I had never seen in any man’s before; he looked a devil—he was a devil. “It’s my wife!” he shrieked. “My wife!” His voice fell and turned into what sounded like a sob. “It’s Mary! She was coming back to St. Ives. It was her cry! There—see it—confound you! You have it on your arm—your coat—it is all over you!” He raised his hand to strike me; the moonlight fell on it—a great coarse hand, and I noticed with a thrill of horror a red splash on it—it was blood! The man was a murderer! He had killed her, and with all the cunning of the madman was trying to throw the guilt on me.

I sprang at him with a cry of despair. He kicked, bit, and tried to tear my arms from his neck; but somehow I seemed to have ten times my usual strength. And all the while we struggled, a sea of faces waved to and fro, peering down at us from the gaunt trees above.

He gave in at length; and I held him no longer with the iron grip, and help came in the shape of a policeman.

The man seemed to grasp the situation easily. There had been a murder, the man whom I had secured

was known to him. He was a labouring man, of unsteady habits; he had been drinking, had met and quarrelled with his wife. The rest was to be seen in the ghastly heap before us.

The wretch had no defence, he seemed dazed, and eyed the bloodstains on his face and clothes in a stupid kind of way.

I slipped five shillings into the policeman's hand when we parted. He thanked me and pocketed the money; he knew his position and mine too—I was a gentleman and a very plucky one at that. So I thought as I walked back to my rooms, yet I lay awake and shuddered as visions of the nodding heads of trees rose before me; and from without, across the silent rows of houses, lanes and fields, there rose and fell again the wailing of a woman—of a woman in distress.

II

The murder in the spinney was an event in St. Ives; the people were unused to such tragedies, and it afforded them conversation for many weeks. The evidence against the husband was conclusive, he had been caught red-handed, he was an habitual drunkard, and he paid the penalty for his crime in the usual manner. I left St. Ives; I had seen enough of Cornwall, and thirsted for life in London once more; yet often at night, the sighing of the wind in the trees sounded in my ears and bade me visit them once more. One day as I was sitting by my fire with a pile of magazines by my side, taking life easily, for I had nothing to do but kill time, my old friend Frank Wedmore looked me up. We had been at Clifton together in the far-off eighties and he

was the only friend of the old set of whom I had lost sight.

He had not altered much, in spite of a moustache and a fair sprinkling of white hairs. I should have known him had I met him anywhere. He was wearing a Chesterfield coat, very spruce and smart, and his face was red with healthy exercise.

“How are you, old chap?” he exclaimed, shaking hands in the hearty fashion of true friendship. I winced, for he had strong hands.

“Oh, fit enough,” I said, “but a bit bored. But you—well, you look just the same, and fresh as a daisy.” I gave him the easy chair.

“Oh, I’m first rate—plenty of work. I’m a journalist, you know. Plenty of grind, but I’m taking a bit of holiday. You look pale. Your eyes are bad?”

I told him they got strained if I read much.

“I daresay you will think me mad,” he went on, “but I’m going to ask you rather a curious question. I remember you used to be fond of ghosts and all sorts of queer things.”

I nodded. We had had many such discussions in my study at school.

“Well, I am a member of the Psychological Research Society.”

I smiled doubtfully. “Well, you can’t say they have discovered much. The name is high-sounding, but nothing beyond.”

“Never mind. Some day, perhaps, we shall show the public that at present it is only in the early stages of investigation.”

Wedmore lit a cigarette, puffed away in silence for a few seconds, and then went on:

“I am undertaking a little work for the Society now.”

“Where?”

“In Cornwall. Ever been there?”

I nodded. Wedmore was very much at his ease.

“Been to St. Ives?”

I knew by instinct he would mention the place. He thought I looked ill, and told me I had been overdoing it.

“It is merely a case of ‘flu’,” I assured him. “I had it six weeks ago, and still feel the effects.” The woman in the hollow was before me; I saw again her shabby shawl and the blood round her throat.

“There was a murder down there, a short time ago.”

“I heard of it,” I remarked, casually. “It was a wife-murder, I believe.”

“Yes! just a common wife-murder, and the fellow was caught and hanged.”

“Then why the ghost?”

“Well, that is the odd part of it,” Wedmore said slowly, leaning back in his chair, his long legs stretched out. “I have heard from two St. Ives artists—I beg their pardon, golfers—that screams have been heard in the spinney about twelve o’clock at night. Not the time for practical jokers, and the Cornish are too superstitious to try their pranks in unsavoury spots. And from what I heard, the spot is singularly uncanny.”

“They haven’t seen—anything?” I asked.

“No, only heard the cries, and these are so terribly realistic and appalling that no one cares to pass the place at night; indeed, it is utterly banned. I mentioned the case to old Potters—you may have heard of him,

he is the author of *When the Veil is Cleared Away*—and he pressed me to go down and investigate. I agreed—then I thought I would look you up. Do you recollect your pet aversion in the way of ghosts?”

I nodded. “Yes, and I still have the aversion. I think locality exercises a strange influence over some minds. The peaceful meadow scenery holds no lurking horrors in its bosom, but in the lonesome moorlands, full of curiously moulded boulders, grotesque weakness must affect one there; creatures seem to come, odd and ill-defined as their surroundings. As a child I had a peculiar horror of those tall, odd-shaped boulders, with seeming faces—featureless, it is true, but sometimes strangely resembling humans and animals. I believe the spinney may be haunted by something of this nature—terrible as the trees!”

“You know the spinney?”

“I do. And I know the trees.”

Again in my ears the wind rushed, as it had on the night in question.

“Will you come with me?”

Wedmore eyed me eagerly. The same old affection he had once entertained for me was ripening in his eyes; indeed, it had always remained there. Should I go? An irresistible impulse seized me, a morbid craving to look once more at the blood-stained hollow, to hear again the wind. I looked out of the window, the sky was cold and grey. There were rows and rows of chimneys everywhere, a sea of chimneys, an ocean of dull, uninviting smoke. I began to hate London and to long for the countless miles of blue sea, and the fresh air of the woods. I assented, when better judgment would have led me to refuse.

“ Yes ; I will go. As for the ghost, it may be there, but it is not as you think ; it is not the apparition of a man ; it may be in part like a man, but it is one of those cursed nightmares I have always had ; I shall see it, hear it shriek, and if I drop dead from fright you, old man, will be to blame.”

Wedmore was an enthusiast ; psychical adventure always allured him, and he would run the risk of my weak heart, and have me with him.

A thousand times I prepared to go back on my word, a thousand tumultuous emotions of some impending disaster rushed through me. I felt on the border of an abyss, dark and hopeless ; I was pushed on by invisible and unfriendly hands ; I knew I must fall, knew that the black depths in front would engulf me eternally. I took the plunge. We talked over Clifton days, and arranged our train to the West. Wedmore looked very boyish I thought as he arose to go, and stood smiling his good-bye in the doorway.

He was all kindness, I liked him more than ever. I felt my heart go out to him, and yet, somehow, as we stood looking at one another, a grey shadow swept around him, and an icy pang shot through my heart.

III

It was night once more, and the moonlight poured in floods from over the summit of the knoll where the uncanny boulders lay. Every obstacle stood silhouetted against the dark background. A house with its white walls stood grim and silent ; the paths running in various directions up and alongside the hill were made doubly clear in the whiteness of the beams that fell on them.

There were no swift clouds, nothing to hide the brilliance of the stars, and it was nearly midnight. The air was cold—colder than is usual in St. Ives. The lights of many boats twinkled on the bay, and Godrevy stood out boldly away to the right, looking not more than a mile or so away. There were lights to be seen in St. Ives itself. The town was absolutely still and dark; not a voice, not a sound, not even the baying of a dog.

It was very ghostly, and I shivered.

Wedmore stood by my side. I glanced apprehensively at him. Why did he stand in the moonlight? What business had he there? I laughed, but I fear there was but little mirth in the sound.

“I wish you would stop that infernal noise!” he said. “I am pretty nervous as it is.”

“All right,” I whispered. “I won’t do it again.” But I did, and he edged sharply away from me. I looked over his head; there was the gaunt tree with the great hands—I fancied the branches were once again fingers; I told him so.

“For God’s sake, man, keep quiet,” he replied. “You are enough to upset anyone’s nerves.” He pulled out his watch for the hundredth time. “It’s close on the hour.”

I again looked at the trees and listened. Suddenly, although there had been absolute silence before, I heard a faint breathing sound, a very gentle murmur. It came from over the distant knoll. Very soft and low, but gradually louder and louder, and then as it rushed past us into the spinney beyond, I saw once more the great trees rock beneath it; and again came those voices, those of the woman and the man.

Wedmore looked ill, very ill I thought. I touched him on the arm. "You are frightened," I said. "You, a member of the Research Society, you afraid!"

"Something is going to happen!" he gasped. "I feel it, I know it—we shall see the murder—we shall know the secret of death! What is that?"

Away in the distance the tapping of shoes came through the still night air. Tap—tap—tap—down the path from the knoll. I clutched Wedmore by the arm. "You think you will see the murder, do you? And the murderer?"

Wedmore didn't answer, his breath came in gasps; he looked about him like a man at bay.

"And the murderer! Ha! It comes from there! See, it is looking at us from those trees. It is all arms and legs, it has no human face. It will drop to the earth, and then we shall see what happens!"

Tap—tap—tap. The steps grew louder—nearer and nearer they came. The greater shadows from the trees stole down one by one to meet them.

I looked again at Wedmore, he was fearfully expectant; so was I.

A woman came tripping along the path; I knew her in an instant—there was the shabby shawl, the basket on her arm—it was the same. She approached the wicket. I looked at Wedmore, he was spell-bound with fear; I touched his arm. I dragged him with me.

"Come!" I whispered, "we shall see which of us is right. You think the ghostly murderer will resemble us—resemble men. It won't. Come!" I dragged him forward. Had it not been for me he would have fled, but I was firm. We passed through the gate; we followed the figure as it silently glided on. We turned

to the left. The place grew very dark as the trees met overhead.

I heard the trickling of water and knew we were close to the ditch.

I gazed intently at the trees: when would the horror drop from them? A sickly terror laid hold of me. I turned to fly.

To my surprise Wedmore stopped me; he was all excitement. "Wait!" he hissed, "wait! it is you who are afraid. Hark! It is twelve o'clock!"

And as he spoke, the clock of the parish church slowly tolled midnight.

Then the end came.

An awful scream rang out, so piercing and so full of terror that I felt the blood in my heart stand still. But no figure dropped from the trees. Not from the trees, but from behind the woman, a form darted forward, and seized her round the neck; it tore at her throat with its hands, it dragged and hurried her into the moonlight, and then, oh! damning horror, I saw its face—it was my own.

* * * * *

The world in general laughed at the strange tale of Francis Wedmore.

The madman he had led at midnight, gibbering into St. Ives, did not convince the sceptical readers of the London dailies with his corroboration. But the St. Ives people knew and understood. It is on account of this that the spinney so soon lost its ghosts, though the wind whistles as dismally there as ever.

Elliott O'Donnell

THE SPHINX

By ANNIE BESANT

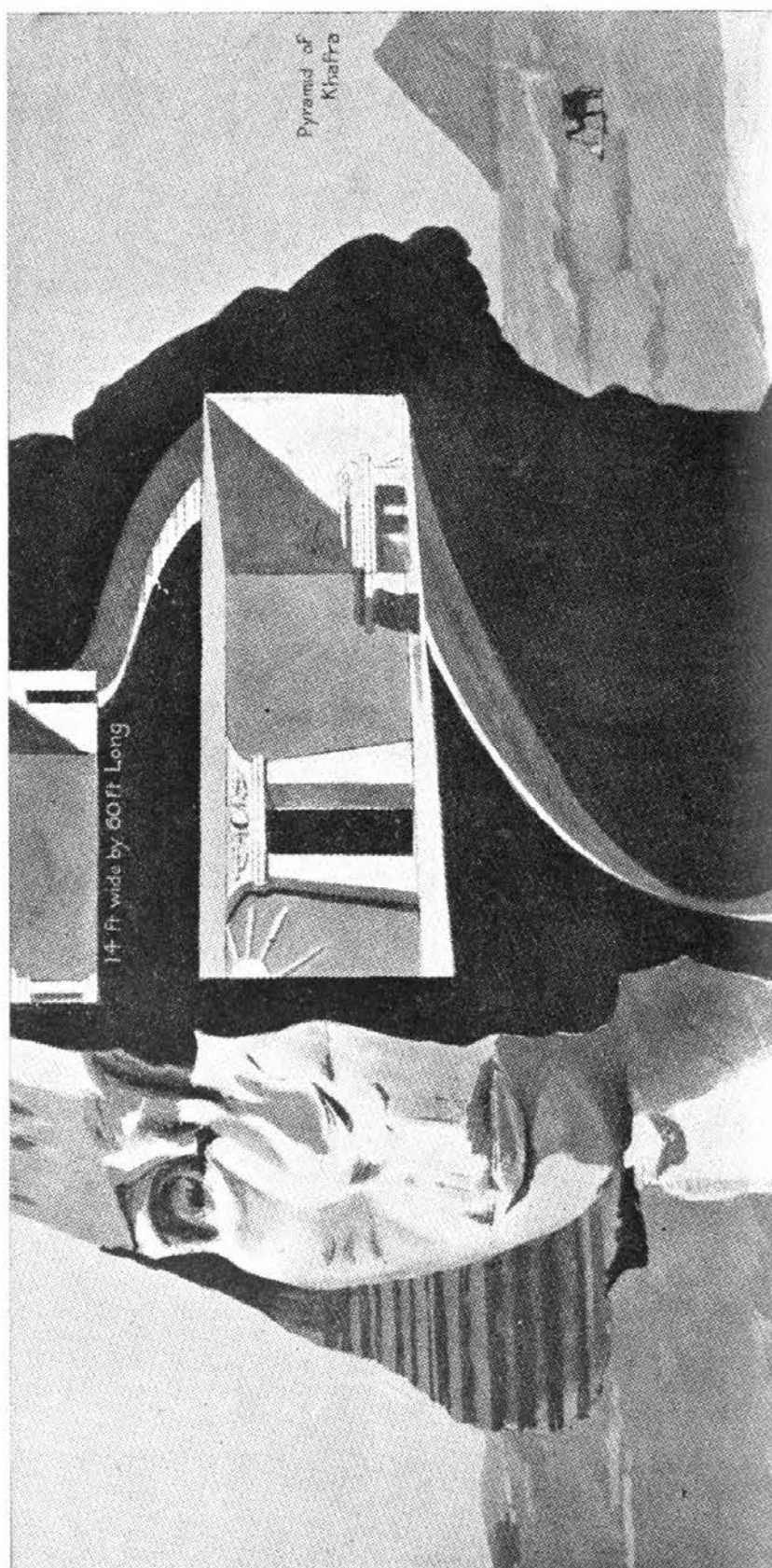
THE picture of the supposed interior of the Sphinx, which we present to our readers by the courtesy of the *Times of India* and the *Sphere* is one which does credit to the imagination of its artist. The statements about it first appeared in an American 'Sunday Edition,' but were apparently well substantiated.

I have, however, received a letter from a member who spent the winter in Egypt, and who read the accounts which appeared in the London press. He and his friends could find "no signs of excavations at the Sphinx, though Professor Reisner was excavating about a mile away, on the other side of the Pyramids." Still they thought there must be some truth underlying the precise statements made, until shortly before they left Cairo. Then they found the following decisive contradiction in an Egyptian newspaper :

The American press lately announced that Professor Reisner, the Harvard Egyptologist, had communicated to the authorities of the Harvard Semitic Museum and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts the results of his investigations of the Sphinx. Elaborate details of a number of remarkable discoveries were published and apparently emanated from the Harvard and Boston Museums. But it appears all these stories were the fictions of American journalists, for Professor Reisner, writing to us from Kerma in the Sudan, states that the story of the excavations at the Sphinx is absurd and from beginning to end is a fabrication, the origin of which he is not able to ascertain at such a distance. He adds: *I have never excavated at or in the Sphinx.* I have never intended, nor do I now intend, to do so.

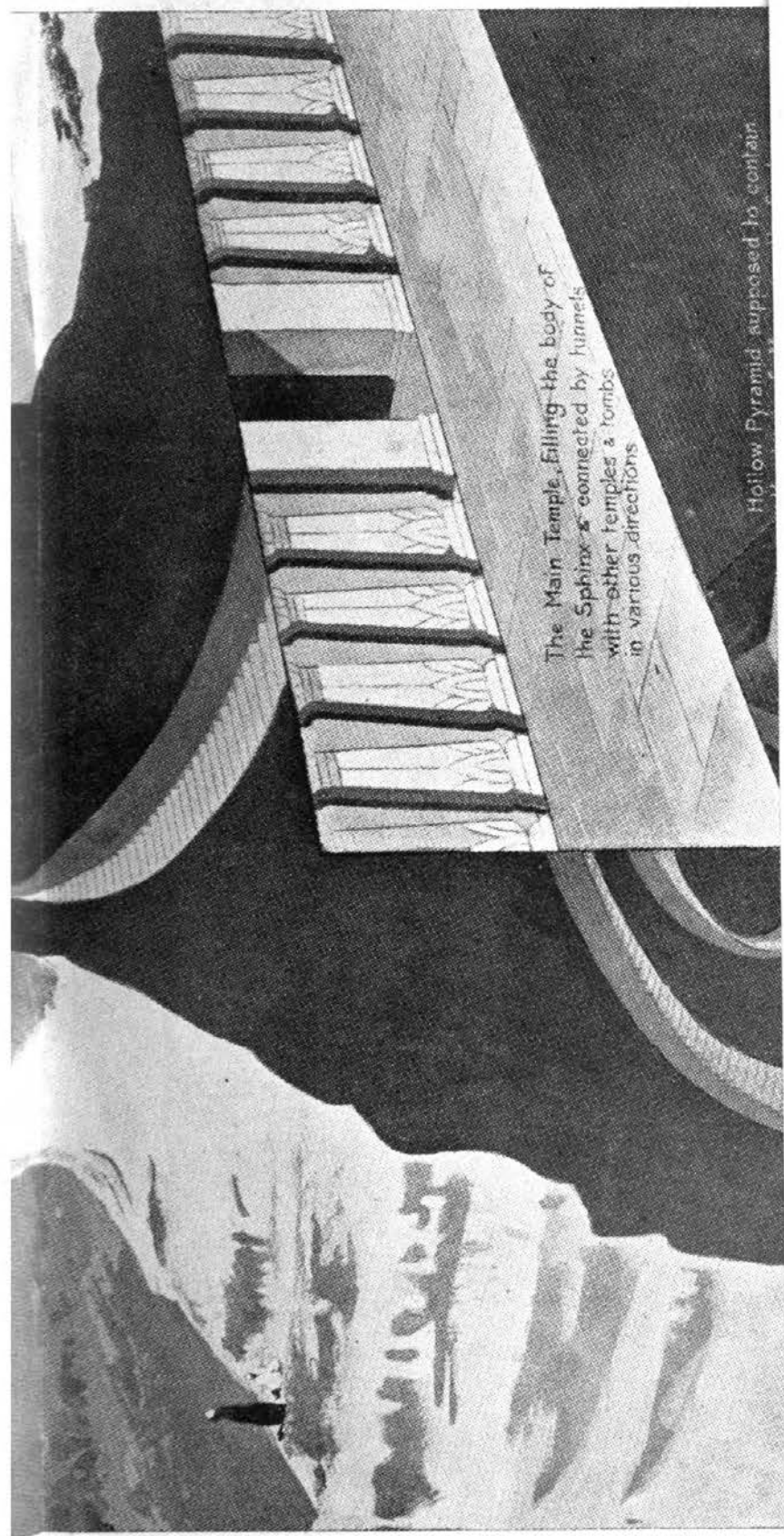
This is certainly decisive, and places the story among the many hoaxes perpetrated on a confiding public.

Annie Besant



Pyramid of
Khafra

14 Ft wide by 60 Ft Long



The Main Temple, filling the body of
the Sphinx & connected by tunnels
with other temples & tombs
in various directions

Hollow Pyramid supposed to contain

QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

REVIEWS

Instinct and Experience, by C. Lloyd Morgan, D. Sc., LL. D., F. R. S. (Methuen and Co., Ltd., London. Price 5s.)

Dr. Morgan begins by stating that he approaches his subject from the standpoint of biology; he disregards the mode of origin of the world and its final end and purpose, holding that these belong to metaphysics and not to science. While, on the surface, this attitude may appear to be rational and impartial, it is fairly obvious that if the world be an expression of a cosmic life, any investigation into its problems that ignores that life must be but partial and may be misleading. Nature's processes are not stored in water-tight compartments, but are guided by an all-pervasive life. A painter who refused to recognise the body under the folds of the garments that clothed it would give us but a lifeless picture.

Instinct is regarded by Dr. Morgan as a complex biological response to a group of stimuli, originating prior to experience but, later, modified thereby. Heredity builds the organism which responds, and here experience comes into play, by affecting and gradually modifying the organs, for experience embodies a meaning, and this meaning gives it a guiding value. Dr. Morgan analyses the processes which go on in the higher and lower brain-centres, and illustrates his theory by tracing the behaviour of a young moorhen swimming and diving for the first time. The description of the machinery is subtle and instructive, but one seeks in vain for the power by which it moves. For those who wish only to understand the machine, the process described is enough. Consciousness is the property of the cortical centres of the brain, and experience is correlated to this; hence instinctive motions become perfected by acquired experience and by the play of intelligence thereon. "Conscious guidance is specially correlated with cortical conditions."

Instinct belongs to the sub-cortical. Hence Dr. Morgan separates innate mental tendencies—belonging to the cortex—from instincts belonging to the sub-cortical centres.

Naturally, our author disagrees with Bergson, whose view of instinct as related to life, the internal, while intellect is concerned with matter, the external, is to him a bringing of metaphysics into science. But to many it is this very connection which gives value to Bergson's ideas, because he sees life as acting on a mechanism. Students will do well to study Dr. Morgan, as the keen dry light of science can never be aught but useful in the search for truth.

A. B.

The Lost Language of Symbolism. An inquiry into the origin of certain letters, words, names, fairy-tales, folklore and mythologies, by Harold Bayley. Two vols. (Williams and Norgate, London. Price 25s. net.)

Our review of this book must be a short and a sad one. It is a complete and irredeemable failure. We sincerely condole with the author in having run across a publisher with such an indiscriminating reader that he could pass this work. Its acceptance and publication is a cruel injustice inflicted on the writer. For many reasons this is a pity. The material execution of the work, for one, is excellent. Would that the labour and care expended on it had been devoted to contents more worthy of them! Another reason is that we recognise the author's zeal and enthusiasm, his guilelessness and industry. Had these qualities been given scope after sufficient preliminary training in methods and facts, something useful might have been the result. As it now stands the book is worthless, and if—one sincerely hopes that it may not be so—the book sells at all, it will only serve as a bulky prop for mischievous superstitions with regard to language, history, mythology and mysticism generally.

The author believes he has discovered a new basis for the rendering of the etymological elements of language in general. He does not seem to be aware of the existence of phonetic laws or etymological canons anyhow. He has quite anew started out to discover a science of etymology of his own, with the result that the etymological labours of the last century seem to have remained unknown to him. As

a result he has produced a work on the level of those of Court de Gebelin and Fabre d'Olivet, only more fantastic than these. He discovers a root *ak* in Herakles, which is like discovering a root *eg*, in bridegroom. He solves the otherwise unknown etymology of dog, by referring it to dogma and to the Venetian Doge. This *is* a find! And, lastly, the word pigeon is not derived from *pīpio*, as Skeat would have it, and does, consequently, not mean a 'chirper' but is to be resolved into *pi ja on* and means 'Father of the Everlasting One'.

In short, if the writer had read, studied, and digested the ten simple canons of etymology, covering only some twenty lines of print, as prefixed to Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary of the English Language*, then this alone would have prevented him writing at least nine-tenths of his work, and it would have also prevented its publication, precisely one century too late.

The book, besides its text, contains the neat and clear reproductions of over one thousand and four hundred water-marks of various paper makers. They are interesting but seem to have very little connection with the text. The text itself does not seem to sustain any single fixed thesis, but rather a never-ending stream of disjointed observations, very loosely knit together, and with some vague mystical tendencies together with the linguistic obsession permanently in the background. The merit of the book is solely one of intention; the execution is altogether a dismal failure.

J. v. M.

Science and the Infinite, or Through a Window in the Blank Wall, by Sidney T. Klein. (William Rider & Son., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

The idea running through this attractive little book is the old but ever new quest for the Reality underlying appearances. The eight 'views' are brief but bright essays on philosophic puzzles such as space and time, tinged with a type of Mysticism characteristic of much New Thought literature, and replete with scientific illustrations well adapted to impress the popular imagination. It is by introspection rather than by intellect that the author urges his readers to follow his endeavours to pierce the veil; and he certainly makes a most praiseworthy attempt to describe his own method, which strikes us as peculiar, but

which seems to have at least proved the inadequacy of words to express the higher flights of consciousness. The chapter on 'Mysticism and Symbolism' contains a neat theory (to one who is not a Mason) ascribing the origin of the Gothic arch to a symbolical interpretation of the equilateral triangle in Euclid I, i, and later on in the book we are taken for some exciting tours through the solar system to the limits of astronomical discovery; but we must confess that these mysteries seem as remote as ever, though, unlike ourselves, the author seems to expect that death will make all clear. Inconclusive as they may appear, such books as this make people think—which is a good deal.

W. D. S. B.

Great Issues, by Robert F. Horton. (T. Fisher Unwin, London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

The tone of the book is undoubtedly Christian, but that broader Christianity born of later days, and less confined by doctrine and dogma than the strictly orthodox would approve. Not yet has the writer quite reached the point of admitting the brotherhood of all religions, for he says: "But if it may appear too latitudinarian to say that the religion of all good men is the same, there can be no hesitation in admitting that the religion of all genuine Christians is the same, to whatever age or Church they belong." But this may be said in order to safeguard himself from a wrong interpretation of a former phrase: "Christianity is not so sharply marked off from the religions of the world as dogma and exclusiveness lead us to think." He bases his faith on Christianity on its 'fruits'—"The best fruit which is hitherto found in humanity." It is the application of the Christian spirit to the Great Issues of life which forms the theme of this interesting volume. The essays are written quite simply, and are easy to read and to understand, but the author has rather an irritating habit of introducing quotations in quantity throughout, and he puts in little stories here and there. Possibly these devices may give the book a popular touch, but one feels one would rather have a more uninterrupted exposition of the author's own opinions than the somewhat chequered effect he has produced.

T. L. C.

The Light of India, by Harold Begbie. (Hodder and Stoughton, New York, Toronto, London. Price 1s. net.)

This is one of the books which ought never to have been written, or, if written, never published, for it can but stir up hatred and encourage bitterness. Hindūism is called "an idolatrous superstition surviving from the dark night of paganism"; a "British-looking gentleman in a more or less European suit of clothes" is a Hindū who "believes that the world is flat; his god is a mixture of Bacchus, Don Juan and Dick Turpin"; and so on. "I found myself saying very often as I walked in the wide and magnificent streets of Indian cities: 'All these people believe that the world is flat.'" Why, "these people" knew that the earth was a ball rolling in space when all Christendom believed it was a disk with a vaulted firmament over it, "so fast that it cannot be moved"! Hindūism, Mr. Begbie tells us on another page, is a mental disease—quoting, he says, Sir Monier Williams. "Terror is the spirit of Hindūism." "All the unrest in India which is treacherous, unscrupulous and bloody-handed comes from the Brāhmaṇas." "Hindūism is the absurdest superstition imaginable." It "contains absolutely nothing which can be of the very smallest service to the evolution of humanity." It is not worth while to spend more time over Mr. Harold Begbie. The excuse for him is that he obtained his information from a Salvationist, and Salvationists go merely among the lowest types. It is as though a Hindū described Christianity from the views of costermongers in the New Cut.

A. B.

The Diamond Sūtra, (Chin-Kang-Ching) or Prajñā-Paramitā. Translated from the Chinese, with an Introduction and Notes, by William Gemmell. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

This latest translation of *The Diamond Sūtra*, a title given, so says the text, by the Lord Buḍḍha himself, is evidence of the increasing attention which Buḍḍhist philosophy is attracting in the West, and forms a fresh link between the Teacher of the Law and those who are ready to turn from the excitement of western civilisation to the path that leads to Nirvāṇa.

To attempt to describe the scripture itself would be presumption. It is with reason admitted to be one of the most paradoxical of Buddhist scriptures, and is apt at first reading to leave a curious sense of emptiness. But the student who is accustomed to the eastern method of teaching knows that 'hard sayings' and negative statements are deliberately intended to throw him back on his intuition, and so he does not expect to find spiritual truths formulated in cut and dried definitions. Through all the picturesque repetitions which form the setting of such discourses there runs a positive message which seems to be complementary to the well-known negative aspect—that truth cannot be perceived until the mind is free from passion. "What immutable Law shall sustain the mind of that disciple, and bring into subjection every inordinate desire?" In answer to the natural question, comes the Buddha's opening pronouncement: "By this wisdom shall enlightened disciples be enabled to bring into subjection every inordinate desire!" And the message goes straight to the root of all thought and subsequent action. "Not assuming the permanency or the reality of earthly phenomena, but in the conscious blessedness of a mind at perfect rest."

Even the teaching here given, difficult as it must necessarily be, seeing that it was "delivered specifically" for those who have "entered the stream," is spoken of as being nothing more than a raft to bear them to "the other shore". Those who wrangle over creeds would do well to ponder over the sublime sweep of the following stanza.

The Lord Buddha addressed Subhūti, saying:

What think you? Has the Lord Buddha really attained to supreme spiritual wisdom? Or has he a system of doctrine which can be specifically formulated?

Subhūti replied, saying:

As I understand the meaning of the Lord Buddha's discourse, he has no system of doctrine which can be specifically formulated; nor can the Lord Buddha express, in explicit terms, a form of knowledge which can be described as supreme spiritual wisdom. And why? Because, what the Lord Buddha adumbrated in terms of the Law, is transcendental and inexpressible. Being a purely spiritual concept, it is neither consonant with Law, nor synonymous with anything apart from the Law. Thus is exemplified the manner by which wise disciples and holy Buddhas, regarding intuition as the Law of their minds, severally attained to different planes of spiritual wisdom.

The practical charity which is so plainly insisted on in the more popular teachings is here almost taken for granted as the natural outcome of spiritual enlightenment. The following stanza gives a glimpse of the stupendous gap in development between such an one and ourselves :

Subhūṭi, regarding the third Paramiṭā (endurance), it is not in reality a Paramiṭā, it is merely termed a Paramiṭā. And why? Because, in a previous life, when the Prince of Kalinga (Kaliradja) severed the flesh from my limbs and body, at that time I was oblivious to such arbitrary ideas of phenomena as an entity, a being, a living being, or a personality. And why? Because, upon that occasion, when my limbs and body were rent asunder, had I not been oblivious to such arbitrary ideas as an entity, a being, a living being, or a personality, there would have originated within my mind feelings of anger and resentment.

We leave the merits of the translation as such to the judgment of Oriental scholars, but may add that the choice of words produces an effect that scholarship alone might have missed—the subtle touch of comprehension that catches the magic of the teacher. This faculty is further evident in the selection of parallel passages from Max Muller's translation of the *Vagrakkhedika*, Beal's *Kin-Kong-King*, Arnold's *Light of Asia*, Cockburn Thomson's *Bhagavad-Giṭā*, and others; and nowhere more strikingly than in the brief references to the New Testament. In fact one wonders how any intelligent person can remain blind to the one fundamental process which all the various systems of religious philosophy are framed to portray. Other extracts from Eitel, Edkins, and others give valuable sidelights of information. A full and instructive introduction is contributed by the translator, and it will interest Theosophists to know that he speaks of 'The Diamond Sūtrā' as representing the Mahāyana school of Buddhist thought founded by Nagarjuna. Certainly this is a book for the few who have the will to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.

W. D. S. B.

A Brief History of Modern Philosophy, by Dr. Harold Hoffding, translated by Charles Finley Sanders. (The Macmillan Co., New York. Price 6s. 6d. net.)

No better estimate of this work as a whole can be given in a few words than that of the translator in his preface. He says: "The book is clear, compact and comprehensive. The various schools are analysed and criticised and the thread of continuous development is constantly kept in view. . . . The

student is constantly aware that a familiar spirit is safely guiding him through the bewildering maze of philosophic problems and tentative solutions." The author begins his history at the Renaissance and continues it up to the present day, discussing at the end Bradley, Eucken, Bergson and other contemporary writers. To say that a book on this subject written by a man of Professor Hoffding's reputation among scholars is highly to be recommended, would be superfluous; but it may not be out of place to remark that even the general reader will find it pleasant reading, comprehensible, and invaluable as a book of reference in case he wishes to see a balanced and reliable epitome of the work of any western philosopher of note since the days of the Revival of Learning.

A. de L.

The Present and the Future Christ, by the Rev. F. R. Montgomery Hitchcock, M. A., D. D. (S. P. C. K., London. Price 2s. 6d.)

The author in his preface describes his little book as "practically a spiritual commentary upon the Fourth Gospel, intended more for devotional reading than for deep study". It is in this attitude we must approach it. The study is based on the seven "I ams" of Jesus, to be found in S. John's Gospel. These sayings, Dr. Hitchcock contends, stand above all criticism, for they are "too sublime and divine to be invented even by a Mystic like S. John," and they are utterances in which "the Lord Jesus seems to speak *in propria persona*". On each of these sayings of Jesus the author dwells, giving the result of much careful thought, and showing how those words spoken nearly two thousand years ago are still living and inspiring, even pointing to their continued influence, until Christ shall again come to Earth in the fulness of time. The inspiration of the present is the hope of the future. This series of meditations on the present and future Christ will doubtless be very helpful to its readers, and will appeal especially to the devotional type. It should be studied in connection with the Fourth Gospel, as practically all its teaching is drawn from that source, and its aim is to share with others some of the inspiration which the author himself has drawn thence.

T. L. C.

The Laws which govern the Course and Destinies of Religions.
[No Author given.] (The Year Book Press, London. Price 7s. 6d.)

This is a curious and somewhat mysterious book. Not only is it published anonymously, but the laconic Prefatory Note states: "These Lectures were prepared but not delivered, with the exception of one, and that in a very summary way."

The author adds that he issues them nevertheless in the hope that they may draw more attention to a particular aspect of a great subject which hitherto has not received the attention to which it is entitled.

This latter phrase sums up, indeed, the real value of the book, of which the title is the most important part. That title is fine and suggestive; the text itself is well-meaning but fairly mediocre, neither distinguished by depth of thought, or learning, or philosophical insight, nor by gracefulness of style, nor by subtlety of understanding. We do not mean to say that the book is wholly useless, but it is certainly not a great book, which it would have been if its subject-matter had fully come up to its title. There are elementary divisions and analyses of the mechanism of religions (rather in the meaning of church organisations than of spiritual movements), which are useful as starting points but do not carry us very far. Yet the claim is rightly made that the subject dealt with is one apart from so-called comparative religion as well as from church history.

As a first attempt at what may be called the study of the physiology of religion (in its physical embodiments) the work may be welcomed. It also may incite further thought and research on the subject, but it is a mere A. B. C. and not by any means a complete grammar of the science announced in the title. The English in which it is embodied is far from elegant and in places is not even correct.

J. v. M.

The True Religion, by Henry Phipps Denison, B.A. (Elliot Stock, London. Price 5s net.)

To the Theosophical student we fear the book must prove a disappointment since the author appears to have taken for granted that the entire history of the 'True Religion' is contained in the records of Judaism and Christianity. He begins his historical sketches therefore in the garden of Eden and concludes them with the recent Catholic Revival, it not having occurred to him evidently to seek for any evidences of the 'True Religion' outside these limitations of time and space. And what according to Mr. Denison is the 'True Religion'? "The Catholic Faith, the Apostolic Ministry, Bishops, Priests and Deacons, the old Catholic worship, Reverence for sacraments, quiet perseverance in old paths, order." Unfortunately it is possible for all this external paraphernalia to be in full swing among a people who nevertheless remain sunken in ignorance, filth, degradation and cruelty, so that we do not feel very satisfied with this attempt at definition on the part of Mr. Denison, preferring indeed for its practical simplicity that conception of spirituality and compassion outlined by the first Christian Bishop: "Pure religion . . . is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world." Every great religious movement has sooner or later fallen into the hands of the Philistines of formalism and ritualism but Mr. Denison laments that Modern Catholicism has not only the 'Philistines behind,' it has the 'Syrians before'. By the Syrians he designates the undenominationalists, among whom we suppose he would class Theosophists. We agree that they are 'before,' but not in order that they may attack as he implies. They are before because they are pioneers and have to blaze the trail. They are before because they have realised with Lowell that

"New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward
Who would keep abreast with Truth."

In a word, they are 'before' because they have perceived, what has not yet dawned upon Mr. Denison, that a stationary religion can never satisfy an evolving humanity.

K. F. S.

The Individual and Society, by James Mark Baldwin, D. Sc., LL.D. (Rebman Ltd., London. Price 6s. 6d. net.)

This is a very interesting and sensible book in which preference is given to neither of those conflicting forces, the individual and society, but an honest attempt is made to reason out the manner and nature of their interaction and mode of working. For this interpretation the author conceives of Society as "a mode of organisation *sui generis*; its matter is psychological; its rules of organisation are those which characterise the personal development of minds in relation to one another: it can be understood only by the knowledge, direct or indirect, of the motives and movements of minds capable of certain modes of intercourse". The book treats from the point of view of resorting to sociological interpretation for the results of social psychology. From the interaction of society and the individual Mr. Baldwin deduces that "the effective group shows a character of tempered individualism, that is, a tendency to competition, rivalry, self assertion, for personal advancement tempered by the requirements of group life as a whole". It is decidedly novel to find business treated as a philosophy but it is very well worked out in a stimulating chapter in which the nature of business, its method and morality are all considered with the satisfactory result that—"If there is one maxim of business morality which I think the considerations of a more philosophical sort justify, it is 'love excellence,' excellent goods, excellent men, excellent business and social relationships." The summing up of the whole thesis is: "There is but one human interest when all is said and this is both individual and social at once." Written "under very exact and exacting limitations of space," a great deal of matter and of argument has been compressed into a small compass with the result that, clear though the style is, a fuller treatment of certain points, a development of the argument, might to the untrained psychologist or sociologist seem occasionally desirable. It thus provides a good mental discipline to those who will take the trouble to think over what they read and to work out the conclusions in more detail for themselves.

E. S.

The Universe of Ether and Spirit, by W. G. Hooper, F. R. A. S., F. S. S. (T. P. S., London. Price 4s. 6d. net.)

In an introduction to this book Mr. Macbeth Bain recommends it "to any truth-loving soul," after naively confessing that he has not read it; we happen to have read it, but can recommend it all the same. It is a simple but happy blend of scientific speculation, liberal Christianity, and personal experience, relieved by a sprinkling of modern philosophy. As far as precise information goes, the student of Theosophy will probably find this exposition somewhat elementary, but we gather from numerous references that the author's previous work *Aether and Gravitation* expounded some original theories concerning the constitution and function of the ether of space, for he here assumes much as already proved. His purpose in this later work seems to be more religious than scientific, and so the word ether is evidently used as little more than a mental bridge from which to view the whole universe as a manifestation of spirit. Granting that the hypothesis of a substance interpenetrating all known forms of matter is scientific, it is perfectly logical to regard such a substance as "the garment of spirit," which is the poetical expression the writer adopts; but, though the present tendency of scientific opinion with regard to the ether renders it a most illuminating symbol of the Divine Immanence, the word ether cannot well be extended into the domain of the superphysical without losing in scientific status.

However, the chief value of the book lies in its virile sincerity as a testimony to the reality of the higher life and an appeal to all who seek to test its laws for themselves; and as such it is likely to prove of great benefit to Christian readers whose devotion is practical and tempered with common sense. The collection of quotations is a useful feature, though the arrangement slightly errs on the side of redundancy, possibly owing to the conventional form of theology on which it is moulded. But to catch the delightful enthusiasm of the author, one has to read the book.

W. D. S. B.

An Introduction to the Study of Adolescent Education, by Cyril Bruyn Andrews. (Rebman Ltd., London. Price 5s. net.)

This book deals fearlessly with the problem of education, and contains a great many thoughts that will give the reader to think furiously. The writer is not afraid to state his views nor does he hesitate to strike hard at one of our most cherished national institutions, the Public School.

State schools have, in his opinion, two advantages :

(1) They are day schools, so the young scholar has the benefit of a certain amount of regular home training.

(2) They are the subject of political controversy which is growing ever more and more keen, so the education received will tend to be on the most approved methods, and will not be conducted on rigid or fixed lines.

Education is not a science which admits of unalterable dogmas or sweeping generalisations. The living truth of one generation becomes sterile in the next. The environment of the adult alters; the surroundings during adolescence should change in sympathy. The finest education of to-day will to-morrow unfit the adolescent for his future life; and if we allow any rule to guide us in the science of education, it should be a theory of constant change and sympathetic variation.

The state school may be said to attempt to adapt its curriculum to the present needs, and is suitable as a rule for the dreary routine which is still the lot of many of our working classes; but the boarding school is conservative, and does not march with the times. The author says :

But among the directing and wealthier classes the case is different : to these we look for initiative, ability, originality, imagination and wide sympathies, and the expensive and prolonged education they receive does little to develop these qualities. The large preparatory and public schools in England have few points in common with the free and potent life which will be the future of most of the boys, and unless we believe that a training under one set of conditions adapts boys to a life which is to be led under totally different circumstances, we shall find much to blame and little to praise in the life of most of our large boarding schools.

The author is in favour of co-education. In the present day, when men and women work side by side in every walk of life, he feels that if in adolescence they were to work together, it would be an excellent preparation for later life.

The restrictions of the existing boarding schools—the rules which cramp, the compulsory games, the discipline which

turns out boys of one type, stultifying their individuality at a time of life when they naturally and instinctively seek for self-expression—are, in the author's opinion, inimical to the adolescent and are causes for the immorality which prevails so largely within their walls. It is no use shutting our eyes to *facts*. "Few seem to realise that when we turn from immorality in disgust we are doing our best to further its continuance." We should consider the matter calmly and temperately. Mr. Andrews thinks that the restrictions of boarding school life, often accompanied by a system of *espionage*, are an incentive to the boy thus hedged in, to seek an outlet for self-expression in an undesirable way. The dreadful results of immorality which are pictured to him in order to deter him, cease to have much effect when he sees older boys, given to the same practices, among the athletic heroes of the school.

It is not possible here to enter into the questions of reform with which Mr. Andrews deals, but they all tend to give to the boy a freer environment, and one calculated to let him grow up *himself* rather than 'cut to pattern'.

This is a book which all parents should read. It would scarcely be too much to say that it is *the duty* of every parent to read it. The public schools are too much a part of English life to be abandoned, but reforms within them might well be effected, and there should be a certain constant 'fluidity' in the course of education, to suit the changing times. In theory one feels quite convinced by Mr. Andrew's arguments, but when one sees what an amount of good a public school does for some boys, one cannot help thinking that after all there is something in such training.

The most valuable portion of the book is where the author grapples fearlessly with the problem of immorality in schools, and to that point too much attention cannot be paid, and the more the question is *openly* threshed out, and thoroughly discussed among parents, the better it will be, for surely some ways and means (and our author indicates a few) will be found to direct the same force turned now on secret vice, into noble and healthy channels.

T. L. C.

Astrology: How to Make and Read your Own Horoscope, by Sepharial. (William Rider & Son, London. Price Ans. 12 or 1s. or 25c.)¹

The fact that two editions of this little handbook have already been called for and exhausted, points to the conclusion that the West is really waking up to the practical value of the science of astrology. In the East of course the drawing up of the horoscope is almost as much a matter of course as the naming of the new-born child. The time seems to have gone by when western astronomy could afford to float the claims of her elder sister to a little careful investigation, if only on account of her antiquity, since so long ago as the year 2154 B. C., we find her held in high esteem at the Court of the Chinese Emperors. Surely a science that Aristotle incorporated in his philosophy, Bacon and Newton found worthy of their attention, and Tycho Brahe and Kepler applied to the problems of life—in the case of the latter, particularly, with brilliant success in his ‘marvellous forecast of the rise and fall of Wallenstein,’ as our author informs us—such a science is not beneath the notice of the man in the street. As Sepharial very sensibly puts it :

... These are stressful times, and we have to be economical in our efforts. We have strength enough to carry us through, but neither strength enough to thresh the wind nor time enough to fish in puddles. What then does astrology offer to the patient worker? First and foremost it will enable him to gain an insight into individual motive and character which no other science can possibly afford. It will enable him to know himself, his own strength and weakness, and so fit him to deal harmoniously with others . . . he will know whom to cultivate and whom to avoid . . . he will choose his path in life with the confidence that it is for him the path of least resistance and therefore of greatest progress . . . he will see the end from the beginning . . . he will find causes for inexplicable things . . . Rightly employed astrology cannot fail to improve the man who makes of it a serious study fitting him to be of greater use to others and of higher service to the race at large.

We do not however ask our readers to accept the word even of an authority like Sepharial that astrology is a fascinating and fruitful study; let them experiment for themselves and thus “let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind,” and not in that of another. This little book is a capital one for a beginner.

K. F. S.

¹ Obtainable at THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

The Secret of Life, by Henry Proctor, F. R. S. L. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London. Price Rs. 2 or 2s. 6d. net.)

The type of book of which the present volume is a good example is one which is very common in these days of 'Higher Thought,' and one which to many people has proved very useful. Those to whom it will especially appeal are such persons as are groping after new and more spiritual interpretations of life than the one given by orthodox Christianity. A great many very large subjects are superficially touched upon—the author relying on the industry of his reader in looking up the scriptural references with which his text is copiously besprinkled. We cannot regard conversion to Mr. Proctor's views as an end in itself—but merely as a means; we can only hope that its readers may be lured, some by the defects of the author's conception, some by its merits, to a study of a deeper and more scientific presentation of spiritual truth.

A. de L.

There Is No Death, by the Venerable Basil Wilberforce, D. D. (Elliot Stock, London. Price Re. 1-4 or 1s. 6d. net.)

The problem of Death is one that has perplexed humanity for many ages. The separation from those we love causes most of us a grief which is surely unreasonable for those who believe in an after-life. But human nature is inconsistent, and we are apt to give way to such grief. Archdeacon Wilberforce is not one of this number, however. He feels that our dead are not really separated from us, and that we can get into touch with them, in a spiritual sense; but we have to rise to a certain level. It is by our own spiritual development that we may rise to communion with those who have left the physical plane. The author fears, and rightly so, the possibility of deception if one employs a medium to communicate with the dead, for entities on the astral plane are apt to impersonate those whom we know. Although in this book there is no indication of the teaching of reincarnation, yet the thoughts are almost entirely Theosophical. The breadth of view of Dr. Wilberforce is well known, and we unhesitatingly recommend this book, coming from the pen of a dignitary of the Church of England, to all Christians—especially the clergy.

T. L. C.

The Scientific Basis of Religion, by Rev. J. O. Bevan, M.A., (George Allen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

This is a simple but admirably worded reply to cheap attacks on religion in general and Christianity in particular, such as are still heard in London parks. Probably 'the man in the street' is by this time rather tired of the anti-religious humorist, whether he appear in print or on the platform; so much has public attention been diverted from forms of belief to lines of action. But undoubtedly many an earnest young man is at times shaken and chilled at finding himself drifting between the Scylla of mediæval theology and the Charybdis of blank negation; and for such this book cannot fail to clear the mental atmosphere by its healthy common-sense, and restore some measure of confidence in the exponents of Christianity by reason of the tolerant and candid attitude of the author, who, though a clergyman, is evidently in sympathy with scientific thought. A wide field of speculation is traversed by means of miniature essays, which mostly go straight to the point in terse and homely language, and, though the scientific element is scarcely as conspicuous as the title leads one to expect, the author is content to appeal to reason without recourse to scriptural or traditional authority. At the same time one is not surprised to find the religious outlook somewhat limited by a perfectly natural and dignified allegiance to the Bible. We imagine that this crisp little production will re-assure many unsettled minds in search of a more satisfying basis of belief.

W. D. S. B.

The Moral and Religious Challenge of our Times, by Henry Churchill King. (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

This book has quite an exceptional interest for the Theosophist when studied in the light of recent events in the Society to which he belongs; for Mr. C. H. King, its author, President of Oberlin College, has one guiding principle, one touchstone whereby all things are tested—economics, science, religion, morality, philosophy; and that touchstone, that principle is *Reverence for Personality*.

It is for him the Ariadne thread which will safely guide the thoughtful man through the maze of conflicting ideals and complex relations of modern life; on it Christianity is based;

in it morality is rooted ; and through it alone will the sovereign nation of the future be established.

The problems with which we are faced are individual, racial, national, and *international*. Owing to external changes that have taken place and are taking place among the nations, the range of the problems is extended ; and owing to internal changes in the world of thought, their vital significance is enhanced ; in other words these problems are being transferred to the humanistic plane.

They involve questions of distribution of wealth, the right place of amusement, the dangers of "the lower attainment," the passion for material comfort, "the insane rush of our times," "the sense of the complexity of life and of conflicting ideals," "the lack of the sense of Law in the moral and spiritual world," "race prejudices and antagonisms". These represent the challenge of external conditions, and the qualities required to cope with them, as described by Mr. King, read like paraphrases of portions of the *Gītā*, with a local application. One chapter is devoted to the elements of encouragement in this modern 'Kurukṣhetra,' its call to great achievements, and its promise of splendid development. He concludes by saying :

One cannot review even the external conditions of the new modern world without a quickening of the pulse and a stirring of moral determination. . . . Its dangers and problems are threatening ; but its resources also are immense, and the elements of encouragement deeply significant. . . . Intelligent and unselfish co-operation for the highest ends is now possible to men, as never before in the history of the race.

"The moral and religious challenge of the new inner world of thought" is no less striking ; the developments in scientific and historical research, in psychology, sociology and comparative religion have introduced many new factors, calling for a re-adjustment of our mental outlook and probing the heart of our religious and moral convictions.

Mr. King is a theist and a Christian of what has been called the 'athletic type'. He says : "For myself, I cannot doubt, either, that the world's experience bears unmistakably toward the Christian religion. Under the double pressure of the scientific spirit and of the social consciousness of our modern civilisation, it is becoming more and more difficult to keep belief in any other religion. The Orient is certain to feel this more, the deeper its knowledge of the modern world of thought

becomes." At the same time he does not undervalue other religions, for in another passage he says :

The progress of comparative religion makes certain, also, that more and more religious education will make use of the contribution of *the entire religious consciousness of the race*, especially of oriental thought, and that religious faith everywhere will share in increasing degree in the best insights of all.

One extremely interesting section of the book treats of "The Lessons of the Historical Trend of Western Civilisation". In it the outstanding features of the ancient and modern periods are contrasted and the moral-religious significance of each is outdrawn and emphasised ; the religious, economic and social blunders that have arisen out of a misinterpretation of the underlying principles of western civilisation are impartially discussed ; and the relation of these principles and characteristics to moral-religious convictions is shown to be fundamental.

In another section the author applies his guiding principle—reverence for personality—to the problems of the American nation in particular, and upholds the ideals towards which that nation should strive, embodied in what he calls 'the new Puritanism'. Such lofty ideals might well find world-wide application. "The new Puritanism calls the nation, therefore, at once, to a deeper spirituality, to a sounder and broader view of man, and to a vigilant and victorious moral life."

The last chapter gives the arguments in favour of the adoption of this principle in all international relations and concludes with these words : "But whether or not it is to be given to America, or to the English-speaking peoples as a whole, or to the still broader Teutonic races, or to some other people or group of peoples, to lead in the world's civilisation of the future ; we may not doubt that reverence for personality will continue the guiding principle of all human progress, and that we are advancing towards the goal of a civilisation in which that principle shall be completely regnant."

Mr. King's book is one of those which can be marked 'in constant circulation' in any Theosophical library ; for it holds the interest of the reader from beginning to end, and provides much material for thought.

A. E. A.

Conduct and Its Disorders: Biologically Considered, by Charles Arthur Mercier, M.D., (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London.)

Biological Aspects of Human Problems, by Christian A. Herter. (The Macmillan Co., New York. Price 6s. 6d. net.)

Biological Fact and the Structure of Society, by W. Bateson, M.A., F. R. S. (The Clarendon Press, Oxford. Price 1s. net.)

These three books follow lines so nearly parallel that they afford an instructive instance of the advantage to be derived from studying a subject through the medium of independent minds of similar bent.

The aim of the first book is to classify and relate the most general forms of human activity from the point of view of biology, and it must be admitted that such an undertaking appears at first sight almost unwieldy in the magnitude of its scope. But the skill of the author in confining his attention to plain statements of common observation has avoided the confusion which would have inevitably followed any digression into the province of psychology or religion.

The attitude is judicially scientific without being technical, for the author's fund of experience in the treatment of insanity enables him to speak with authority on the much-disputed boundary which distinguishes normal from abnormal conduct.

The welfare of the race, irrespective of the individual, is regarded as nature's ultimate aim, and is therefore taken as the starting-point of all normal motives for conduct, whether instinctive or reasoned, and as the standard by which all conduct is judged. On this foundation, with which probably everyone will agree as far as it goes, is built a logical structure of considerable ingenuity and interest, which may be taken as a straightforward summary of man's average development compared with that of the higher animals; in fact some of the author's deductions from the habits of animals form not the least attractive feature of the book, especially his convincing testimony to the marked development of reason.

From the biological standpoint assumed by the author, life consists in the pursuit of ends; the sense of capability is pleasure, and any limitation of capability is pain.

It cannot be said that the book contributes any distinct acquisition to common knowledge, but it is certainly useful to

have the prevailing scattered notions on the subject clearly recorded and neatly pigeon-holed; while the tedium of much that is obvious is continually relieved by touches of sound common sense and dry humour. One of the cleverest bits that we remember follows up Helmholtz in defining the biological aspect of beauty as a sensation affording the maximum of stimulation with the minimum of fatigue; and, when we read in confirmation of the relative nature of beauty that the less developed require more drastic stimulation than the more highly developed, we are even reminded of Theosophical literature. The book is eminently healthy reading and by no means the purely medical reference volume that its somewhat forbidding title might imply.

The second book appears to be more ambitious in its object, which is argumentative rather than analytical. It is an undisguised advocacy of the mechanistic view of life applied to human relation; and, as such, is bold, honest, and cleverly worked out. The late author's general plea for a clearer understanding of the laws of our complex bodily mechanism is obvious common-sense, and no sane person will grudge the science of biology all the success it deserves as a means to perfect health; but if the biology of the future is to be cramped by premature conclusions such as the 'scientific fatalism' of this book, it is scarcely to be welcomed as a guide to conduct. Fortunately, however, biologists are mostly concerned with the eliciting of facts, and are content to leave the philosophical interpretation of such facts to individual opinion; so that, while we grant the author the same right to his opinions as anyone else, we refuse to regard biology as limited by them to the extent which he seems to suggest.

The book opens with a technical justification for regarding the physical body as a mechanism, and proceeds to apply the same arguments to the problem of consciousness and the will, in the attempt to reduce consciousness to a refined form of nervous discharge, and the will to an illusion which produces the sensation of freedom as a stimulus to action, just as hunger provides the stimulus necessary for nutrition. Apparently the author assumes that man can provide either suitable or unsuitable conditions for unlocking the possibilities of protoplasm (else, where is the purpose of his recommendations?), so that he is saddled at the start with at least two gods

—protoplasm and science. The former is considered as manifesting primarily in the two instincts of self-preservation and reproduction, which form the subjects of the second and third parts of the book. The fourth part deals with the higher human faculties, such as the literary and artistic, and attempts to show how they are all derived from the two elementary instincts already mentioned, which sounds rather like deriving the sun from a London fog. But occasionally the author forgets his dismal gospel and discusses social and artistic topics on their own merits, betraying a cultured idealism which suggests some higher origin than a happy combination of "protoplasmic reactions". The book may quite well provide intelligent exercise for students who are not afraid to investigate all sides of a question.

The third is the Herbert Spencer lecture delivered in February 1912. It is full of broad suggestions for the application of biological research to sociology. The lecturer commences by remarking on the advances that have been made quite recently in the study of heredity, notably by Mendel and Galton, and draws attention to the possibilities of physical and mental development that a deeper and more widespread knowledge of natural law would open out. We are glad to find that he recognises the extreme danger of public interference, in the absence of more definite data on the complex factors and issues involved, and we agree with him that even the segregation of the unfit has reached a limit in America—where, it is said, the doubtful precedent of sterilisation is being introduced. The germinal idea which is thrown out as a clue to social progress lies in the appreciation of the fact that society is an organism, though as yet only imperfectly organised; and, though the socialistic policy of limiting abnormal accumulation of property is approved, the unnatural levelling tendency of democracy is exposed with shrewd insight. The more humane treatment of criminals on medical lines, and the need for keeping the population within the bounds set by natural means of sustenance are questions which the lecturer has deftly touched on in the course of a contribution which represents the true spirit of scientific enquiry. The lecture worthily fulfils its purpose as an incentive to future effort in this particular direction.

W. D. S. B.

NOTES AND NOTICES

The Adyar Bulletin, June, is a very interesting number. Mrs. Besant concludes her paper on 'Giordano Bruno,' and Mr. Leadbeater contributes an article on 'Time'. This is particularly striking as it contains an entirely new theory regarding time, showing that there exists another kind of time from that with which we are familiar. Mrs. Gagarin outlines Ideals of Theosophical Service, and her paper contains a very practical summary of the Ideals at which all Theosophists should aim. 'Blind Eyes,' a poem by Miss Eva Martin, is delightful, and is written by a sure hand and with that delicacy of touch which distinguishes the true artist. 'The Mark of the Mystic' by W. D. S. Brown is an illuminating little paper; and a charming poem 'Yet a little while' by Mrs. Foulkes is included. Of the permanent features; 'Students in Council' has been crowded out this month, but Hector contributes an extremely interesting 'From Twilight to Dawn,' and 'When Friends Meet' contains a discussion—perhaps at too great length—on evolution in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. A number full of good things.

May I be allowed to call attention to the fact that when reviewing *The Rise and Fall of Nations*, by W. J. Balfour-Murphy, for the January number of THE THEOSOPHIST, the reviewer seems to have overlooked the very points in the book which make it of signal interest to Theosophists; more especially as it is written by a non-Theosophist? I. In his philosophical survey of a considerable portion of European history, the author puts forward logical arguments to prove the inherent divinity in man, refuting the materialistic doctrine that man is a body, and—perhaps—possesses a soul; maintaining, rather, that "man is a soul, to which the body serves as a temporary habitation"; and upholding the teaching that "humanity reaches her highest plane when she teaches man to know himself". II. The book, as a whole, is a scientific, historical analysis of the paralysing effect that rigidity of dogma has upon all spiritual growth. (Most of us will be able to recall some of Mrs. Besant's many remarks upon this subject!) III. It con-

tains an impassioned plea for patriotism founded upon the brotherhood of man—a brotherhood within nations, according to the author, in view of the present state of society. IV. The reference to the death of Hypatia, with its resultant suppression of all teaching as to reincarnation ; the death of Hypatia being cited as one of the three events marking the overthrow of intellectual freedom, which was followed by many centuries of intellectual torpor.

Y. B.

Les Dieux Chez Nous, by George Pioch (Librairie Ollendorf, Paris), is a collection of short, and not interesting, sketches of characters to whom the writer gives the names of the old-world Deities. It appears to be a chance medley of unconsidered trifles. *Meditations*, by Hermann Rudolph (T. P. S., London, Price 3s.) is "a Theosophical book of devotion including directions for meditation" which a certain type of people might find useful. *Facts and Fancies or Hallucinations*, by B. H. Piercy (Fowler), is not devoid of fancies and hallucinations. *Modern Miracles*, by J. Wallace-Clarke (Fowler), is a contribution to "health-culture" by "the application of Faith and Will-Power". *God a Present Help*, by H. Emilie Cady, (Fowler 1s. 6d) is a revised and enlarged edition of New Thought ethics and doctrines. The same author's *Lessons in Truth* (Fowler 1s. 6d), is a course of twelve lessons in practical Christianity. *Religion of Love* (T. P. H., Adyar, Madras, India), contains the hundred admirable aphorisms of Shāṇḍilya with Samskr̥t text and English translation, which are very useful for people treading the Path of Devotion. They are supplementary to the *Nārada Bhakti Sūtras*. *Nyria*, by Mrs. Campbell Praed (Messrs Rider and Sons, 2s.), is issued in a very handy form with a coloured frontispiece. It is a reincarnation story of special interest to Theosophists, and readers of this Magazine will remember Colonel Olcott's notice of the book when it was originally published. We have received *Saṅgīt Sār*, compiled by H. H. Maharaja Sawai Pratap Sinha Deo of Jaipur and now published in seven parts (Rs. 15) by the Poona Gayan Samāj, who are to be congratulated on the issue of this excellent piece of work.

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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE following letter appeared in the *London Times* of June 2nd, but I fear that the misrepresentation of the judgment sent out from Madras will be repeated far more often than the correction. Respectable journals correct errors, but others do not.

NARAYANIAH *vs.* BESANT

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

SIR,

Returning to England, I read your summary of the above judgment. You will, I am sure, permit me to correct an error of fact. The Judge did not say that Mr. Leadbeater was "an immoral person"; that was the distorted version sent out by a hostile agency in Madras. The judgment as signed by the Judge states that Mr. Leadbeater holds opinions "which I need only describe as certainly immoral". The Judge rejected the accusations of the plaintiff as to immoral conduct, and stated that the plaintiff had "attempted to strengthen his case with lies," an opinion which your summary omits. Most men hold the immoral opinion that a man is not greatly to blame if he should yield to his 'natural passions,' and I have known doctors even advise this course where marriage is impossible. Governments provide facilities for celibate soldiers, and few care that thousands of women are thus ruined. Yet it would hardly be fair to characterise as "an immoral person" every man who does not insist on absolute celibacy outside marriage. Personally, I hold that all advice save that of absolute celibacy outside marriage is immoral, but would not venture to brand as "immoral persons"

all who hold a more lax view. Every one who knows Mr. Leadbeater personally is aware that his conduct is impeccable, whatever his academical opinion may be, and that this opinion is based on the desire to shield women from ruin by a sin which destroys the woman for life while the man goes scot free.

Sincerely,

ANNIE BESANT

Theosophical Society, 82, Drayton Gardens, S.W.

May 31.

*
* *

Mr. Studd of Melbourne made a great success by inserting in the Victorian Government School papers the pledge of the Golden Chain. He writes to me that he has received six thousand applications for membership. This should encourage members in other countries to take similar action wherever possible.

*
* *

The large Queen's Hall was packed on June 1st, and our readers will find elsewhere in our pages the comment of the *Christian Commonwealth* on the meeting. It is satisfactory to find that the cruel slanders of some Indian papers have not in any way affected English public opinion. It has been a relief to escape even for so brief a space from the poisoned atmosphere of Madras into the cleaner air of English public life, and to be treated once more as a human being.

*
* *

It is sad to see in the *Abolitionist*, the organ of the British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection, so harsh an attack on Miss Lind-af-Hageby. She fought a gallant fight, and won the admiration of judge and opposing counsel for her eloquence, her ability, and her fine and generous temper. She has done in the past yeoman's service to the anti-vivisectionist cause, and

deserves the thanks of all lovers of mercy and righteousness, whether or not the late action was well-advised.

* * *

The British Society for the Abolition of Vivisection held a crowded meeting in the Kensington Town Hall on June 5, Lord Channing in the chair. I was one of those who had the privilege of once again lifting up their voices against the crime of cruelty sheltered under the name of science. Future ages will look on the tortures inflicted to-day on behalf of science with the same horror as that with which we now regard the tortures inflicted in the Middle Ages on behalf of religion. The modern Inquisition is as ruthless as the earlier one, and will share the fate of its predecessor.

* * *

Another crowded meeting was that of June 3rd, in the Chelsea Town Hall; it was held by the London T. S. Lodges to hear an address from the President. It is a great happiness to see the steadiness of the T. S. under the attacks made on it in India. Never before, during its stormy history, has it remained so perfectly unaffected by the fury of its enemies.

* * *

I had the sad pleasure of calling on Mrs. Pankhurst in the Nursing Home to which she was carried on her second temporary release from prison. Her body is being shattered under the tortures of starvation, but her spirit remains undaunted. She has the true spirit of the martyr, the willingness to suffer, even unto death, for that which she believes to be her duty, and history will enrol her among its heroes. We do not ask for what beliefs martyrs suffered; we look at their motives, and do homage to the courage which can suffer but

cannot betray that which is held as true. The inefficiency of the Government has created an impossible situation, and if this prolonged martyrdom should end in death, the victory of militancy will be secured. Once more it will be said: *Le cadavre est à terre, mais l'étendard est debout*, and the standard of militancy will go forward to inevitable triumph. I cannot but regret that violent methods will once more have succeeded where law-abiding ones have failed, but history will brand with the heavier censure those who, by denial of justice, outwore the patience which had lasted for more than forty years.

* * *

The Russian T. S. has added itself to the others that have officially notified their support and approval in the difficulties in which the Madras and Benares enemies have involved me. The Lodges voted individually, and then the Executive. They are good enough also to express a wish that I should remain President for life. This is intended specially as a protest against the violent invectives of the late German T. S. Speaking of the latter, I am told that Dr. Steiner has issued in a pamphlet a categorical denial of the statement I took from others, that he had received any education from Jesuits. As he feels strongly about it, it seems a pity that he did not deny it when published in Germany, instead of leaving it to mislead the public; as, however, he now denies it, I, of course, withdraw it. I wish his adherents would withdraw their numerous inaccuracies, such as M. Schuré's statements about Mr. Leadbeater; he gives a remarkably untruthful recital of events which never occurred.

* * *

The second lecture at the Queen's Hall was delivered to a densely packed audience. The lectures are being published verbatim, as usual, by the *Christian Commonwealth*, and will be issued later, probably with those delivered in Stockholm, in book form. The lecture of June 8th was on the 'Restoration of the Mysteries,' and the following quotation from S. Clement of Alexandria was remarkably apposite to recent events. Speaking of the teachings given in the Mysteries, he wrote respecting giving publicity to them before the multitude :

Scarcely could anything they could hear be more ludicrous than these to the multitude ; nor any subjects on the other hand more admirable or more inspiring to those of noble nature.

The ruthless cruelty with which our private beliefs were lately dragged out and made the subject of mockery would be universally condemned if shown towards Christians, Hindūs or Musalmāns. Our older readers will remember how Mr. Foote, the Secularist, was imprisoned for blasphemy because he ridiculed certain Christian teachings. But the sauce for the Christian goose is not sauce for the Theosophical gander, nor do we wish to imprison any one. Indian law punishes this kind of thing—the wounding of religious feelings—when the wounded feelings belong to members of the great faiths who have numerous adherents. But the Theosophist may be mocked without danger, as he is one of a small minority and will certainly not resort to riot in self-defence.

* * *

England is, however, becoming more civilised in its treatment of Theosophists, and from time to time a straw is thrown up which shows the direction in which the wind of public thought is blowing. One of these is

the kindly tone in which the great literary journal, the *Athenæum*, now speaks of Theosophical literature. It remarks, for instance, on Mrs. Despard's contribution to the "Riddle of Life Series":

Theosophy may well be the religion of the Woman's Movement, since it owes so much to womanhood in the personalities of Madame Blavatsky, Mrs. Annie Besant, and the author herself. To-day, when it may appear that we mark time materially and outwardly, it is well to read such a book and re-assure ourselves that, inwardly and spiritually, there can be no such thing as pause; that the leaven represented by noble lives of sacrifice is working everlastingly to the leavening of the whole.

The Woman's Movement, truly, has much in common with Theosophy, for it is inspired by that spirit of love and of joyful sacrifice for others which is the very heart of the Divine Wisdom.

* * *

Again, in a note on the Queen's Hall lecture of June 1st, the *Daily Herald*, speaking of "that mystic philosophy which the materialism of our working lives hides from us," remarks:

None could help recognising the innate purity, the great "striving after better things," of Mrs. Besant's peculiar yet enthralling philosophy.

It is a new thing for the London dailies to report anything of Sunday Theosophical lectures, but several of them gave space to notices on this occasion. One spoke of the great interest in Theosophy which was shown by the drawing of such large audiences.

* * *

Viscountess Churchill and Lady Emily Lutyens gave a reception to meet the President of the T. S. on June 10th, and some four hundred guests were present; it was a very interesting gathering, composed largely of people who influence public opinion by their intellectual

or social eminence, and I addressed it on 'Theosophy and India'; it was pleasant to meet there a number of public men who showed strong sympathy with me in the struggle now going on in India, and who realised that the reactionary party which is trying to destroy me is the party which is the real danger in India, and is essentially anti-English. The legal cases are merely on the surface, the causes lying in the hidden depths of the opposition to the friendly co-operation between the English and the Indians in the service of the common Empire, of which our Theosophical work has long been the symbol. This is, of course, obvious to all who know India, and who have watched the campaign against the Society and its President carried on by Mr. Tilak's organ and its supporters in the press. Supper and much conversation concluded a pleasant evening.

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Professor Gautier, of the Sorbonne, says that vegetarians "suffer from lack of energy and weakened will-power". This is really rather funny, for it is so absolutely the reverse of the facts. The most energetic people I know are vegetarians, and they have also a 'staying' power, an endurance, as marked as their energy.

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The *Oriental Review* is delightfully mixed in its metaphors, if a quotation from it in the *Hindu* should be accurate. It says of the "Besant-Leadbeater boom": "The bubble is burst however, and the antics of misguided people will not serve to give life to it." The antics of people well or ill-guided can scarcely vivify a bubble.

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One of Babu Bhagavan Das Sahab's wild accusations against myself has brought down on him the wrath of a

lover of the Jesuits. All the world knows that the Jesuit body contains many of the most learned as well as of the most devoted and holy members of the Roman Catholic Church, and any religious body might well be proud of such an order. Antagonism has arisen against the Jesuits because of the political dangers which their presence in some countries has connoted, and their undeniable war against liberty of opinion. These regrettable faults are found also in other organisations, which do not rival them in devotion or in saintliness of life.

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A Theosophical lecture was given while we were still in the Red Sea; the audience was a curious one, being partly democratic—the steamer was going to Australia—and partly autocratic. The problem of the application of Theosophical teachings to methods of Government raised much discussion afterwards.

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The weather has treated us well and we have had calm seas, except for slight monsoonish ruffling between Aden and Bombay. (These two notes are written on July 3rd.) Even the monsoon has been kind to us, and our steamer, the *Delta*, has been very steady. To-morrow morning will see the shores of India rise above the horizon. For the first time, since 1893, I shall greet them with regret.

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Professor Homersham Cox honours the T. S. with his hostility, and informs an interested world in the *Modern Review* that in private conversation he has urged those interested in the Hindū University “to have nothing to do with the European Theosophists, or

else the whole thing will be ridiculous from the beginning. Theosophy is now, however, so thoroughly discredited that it is not necessary to insist on this any longer." Presumably we have here one of the reasons for the Honourable Paṇḍit M. M. Malaviya's change of front as regards Theosophy. The C. H. C., chiefly run by Theosophists, having been secured, and much money collected from Theosophists having been paid in to the Hindū University, Theosophy may be cast out. Mr. Cox, however, may find himself mistaken as to the "discredit". The other body which is to be regarded with suspicion is "the Indian Civil Service". "Speaking generally, the Civil Service must always be opposed to the higher education of Indians. There is hardly a member of that Service from the Joint Magistrate to the Commissioner who does not freely express his dislike of education in private conversation." This libel on the Service of which so many members have worked hard for the higher education of Indians is a very cruel one. It is reprinted in the *Hindu* of July 4th. There are many misstatements of fact in the article in which the above occurs, as, for instance, that the C. H. C. has an English teacher of Hindūism. Babu Bhagavan Das Sahab and Mr. Subramania, who taught in the College and the School respectively, will be surprised to hear that they are English, although the former has evidently been engaged lately in a study of the Christian Bible, in order "to turn the Bread of Life into stones to cast at his enemies". Mr. Cox may well have imagined that no Hindū could accuse anyone of having committed the "unpardonable sin" against that Holy Ghost!



I am glad to hear that our Pañchama School boys and girls here had a royal time on Lord Hardinge's birthday, and enjoyed themselves all day long.

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I have received a thoughtful and courteous letter from a Roman Catholic gentleman about the priesthood, in reference to my repetition of a statement made in a document used by my opponents in the recent cases. I sent the following answer :

I thank you for your courteous letter. I quite agree that priests gain power to remain pure through the Holy Sacrament. The point I mentioned was that Mr. Leadbeater learned the advice he has given in a few cases when he was a member of an organisation of priests. *It was not for themselves*, but was an effort to save women from being ruined by the passions of uncontrolled men. I know enough of the priesthood to respect the vast majority of its members as men who lead holy lives. I am sorry that the misunderstanding of what I said has caused pain to any.

It would be surprising to see so much excitement caused by my repetition of a harmless fact were it not that, for the moment, all the available vials of wrath are poured out on my devoted head ! I sent the following explanation to the Madras papers immediately after my return :

Sir,—As I was leaving England for India I saw letters in Indian papers from the Bishop of Madras and some Roman Catholics, complaining of my statement that Mr. Leadbeater had brought over the advice complained about from the celibate priesthood of the Church. It is difficult to see why this fact should be treated as a slander by me. It was stated in 1906, and was put in as evidence in court by Mr. C. P. Ramasvami Iyer and Mr. Shama Rao in their respective cases, and was published in the paper without protest from either bishop or priest. It does not suddenly become a slander because repeated by me from the evidence brought out by my opponents. The complaint should be laid against them, not against me. But the Church is in no way responsible for the advice given by the priests in question any more than the Theosophical Society is responsible for one of these priests continuing to hold the opinion accepted long before he entered the T. S. However

much one may differ from them, one ought to recognise that they were men of holy life, honestly grappling with a terrible problem, and seeking to save women from the unbridled passions of men. Abuse of these priests does not solve the conditions which bring tens of thousands of women annually in the West to shame and early death. I disapprove the advice because I believe the problem can only be solved by self-control in marriage and rigid celibacy outside it, but I recognise the noble motive of the slandered priests, however mistaken their effort. The harm done would have been confined within very narrow limits had not the matter been made public by theological hatred, as it would not have gone beyond the confessional and the doctor's consulting room.

P. & O. S. N. Co.,
S. S. "MONGOLIA."

ANNIE BESANT

27th June, 1913.

The Bishop of Madras and the Roman Catholics who are so angry write as though I had accused the priesthood of immorality. One understands the Bishop of Madras, as he is bitterly antagonistic to Theosophy, and any stick is good enough with which to beat the Theosophical dog, but the Roman Catholics should be more reasonable.

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Mr. Leadbeater, with the generous consideration for others which ever marks his conduct, has withdrawn from the Theosophical Educational Trust, lest the unjust prejudice against him should handicap the Schools of the Trust in relation to the Education Departments in the different provinces, and render their recognition difficult. How ashamed another generation will be of the persistent persecution which blackens the name of a man whose radiant purity of life is manifest to all who know him. But the ignorant project their own shadows on the snow, and then say that the snow is befouled. It may appear to be so while they are there, but when they remove themselves it

shines out in its pristine whiteness. The darkness is in them, not in the snow.

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The Theosophical Educational Trust seems to have been formed exactly at the right moment, and bids fair to wield a very powerful influence in India. The Madras Education Department has sanctioned the transfer to it of the Madanapalle High School, and we are consulting the Department as to the raising of the School into a College. The Madras Presidency is very badly supplied with Colleges, and the demand for tuition enormously exceeds the supply, so that thousands of youths, eager for the higher education on which their whole future depends, find themselves walking the streets when they should be studying in the classrooms. Appeals reach me asking me to open a College in Madras, but I hesitate to make any move in that direction at present, much as I would like to help these lads, as I have tried to help their predecessors for the last twenty years, not wholly unsuccessfully. It is a pity that so many Madras people leave all these young men unhelped, while they engage themselves eagerly in crippling those who have helped in the past and are willing to help in the present.

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The legal proceedings must inevitably keep me much in Madras, but as soon as dates are fixed by the Courts, I hope to make short lecturing tours in order to visit our Lodges, and also to raise funds for building on the lands which have already been bought or given. Our Schools and Colleges should play a useful part in the national life, as they will bring boys of all faiths together, but striking a new note, the Theosophical, by

recognising their various religions and incorporating religious teaching into the curriculum, instead of ignoring religion altogether, "making a desert and calling it peace". In the class-room, in the playing-fields, in the hostels, Hindūs, Buddhists, Pārsīs, Christians, Muhammadans, will study, play and live together. Separate kitchens will have to be provided to meet the present customs, but in all else union may be achieved. The attempt is the first of its kind, as it is undenominational by inclusion of all religions, instead of being undenominational by the exclusion of all.

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It is very interesting to watch the trend of social and political reform in England, and to see how changes are being proposed which, a few years ago, were put forward by prominent Theosophists and were regarded as utopian. The idea of separate local Parliaments in all the countries in the Empire, and of one Imperial Parliament consisting of representatives of each, is making its way into "practical politics," and the Irish Home Rule Bill now before the country, and the open advocacy of civil war should it be successful in Parliament, are rendering this solution the only way out of the position. Another very interesting question has lately been discussed in the *London Times*—the treatment of habitual criminals. General Booth advocates the system which I have been urging, of refusing liberty to those who are congenital criminals until they have been trained into honesty and industry. He writes:

The real difficulty, in the vast majority of cases, is in the minds and hearts of the criminals themselves. They thieve because they are thieves and like thieving, and like it in spite

of the temporary risks and inconveniences it involves. From which, it seems to me, two things follow :

1. That it is folly to allow men who have forfeited their privileges as free members of the community to pass from under control until they have proved their disposition and ability to live honestly. The going in and out of prison is a double curse—it ruins most effectively most of those who suffer from it, and it spreads the infection among hitherto innocent men. When a man has proved himself, by certain infallible signs, to be a criminal by choice, he should be required to show that he abandons that choice before regaining his liberty.

2. But if it be possible to change the preference to which Mr. Lilly refers when he quotes the words of Our Lord Jesus Christ “all these evil things come from within”—and this was certainly also Our Lord’s teaching—then every influence in favour of promoting that change should be brought to bear on the prisoner.

Labour colonies, not penal but educative, are necessary, and the congenital criminal should be taken in hand as a child, and brought under good influences. Captain Arthur St. John writes :

Is it sentimentalism or cant to say that when a person has been proved to be a confirmed criminal he should not be allowed complete freedom until he has satisfied a responsible body of persons that he has become a safe and desirable citizen, and that in the meantime his treatment should be educative? Is it sentimentalism or cant to say, as the last International Prison Congress said, that “no person, no matter what his age or past record, should be assumed to be incapable of improvement”?

Dr. Cobb declares :

The “pseudo-humanitarian school,” as Mr. Lilly dyslogistically calls those who disagree with him, deny that vindictiveness, deterrence, or retribution (all thinly disguised forms of anger) form any part of the law of nature, or should form any part of human law. They maintain that retribution as invented by man in his twilight days is neither a moral thing nor a successful method of dealing with crime. Its direct action hardens, or makes more cunning, but does not affect the free will, while its indirect action is far less beneficial than is commonly thought. It is a melancholy fact that all that our current penal theory and practice do is to produce a number of criminals, of whom 75 per cent. are recidivists. Could there be a more ghastly comment on the ethical utility of Mr. Lilly’s theory of punishment?

On one point both sides are agreed ; it is the volition—the *liberum arbitrium*—which is the *crux* of the problem. Mr. Lilly thinks that the infliction of pain is the most suitable instrument for securing a good will, but the whole history of our criminal laws proves the contrary. What really is effective, and exclusively effective, is education with its consequent raising of the general moral standard. We may agree to segregate the professional criminals if we first of all agree that when segregated they shall be made to understand that they are there to be educated, not punished. This may be called pseudo-humanitarianism. To me it seems sound sense.

Here is the gist of the question admirably put. The criminal is “to be educated, not punished”. He is a savage born into civilised surroundings, and must be treated as an undeveloped being, a child so far as morality is concerned. He is not fit for liberty of body while he is a slave in soul. But he is to be helped to become fit for it, and for that end he was born into a society of more advanced souls. That he should become worse rather than better for the contact with them is a social crime; he is the victim of a condition for which his elders are responsible. In this fact lies the *motif* of the tragedy of ‘Society and the Criminal,’ that has so long been played in the world-theatre.

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The Ramanathan College for Girls at Jaffna, Ceylon—which has been founded by the well-known Hon. Mr. P. Ramanathan, and is carried on under the direction of himself and his wife—is an institution full of promise. It accommodates two hundred boarders, and has adapted modern methods of education to eastern requirements. Its special object is to serve the great Tamil community, and Tamil literature forms an important part of the curriculum. May the noble institution flourish, and train Hindū girls into truly Āryan womanhood! That such a place should be founded is a mark

of Indian progress, and is another sign of hope for the future. Ceylon has a very large Tamil community, and Jaffna has a Hindū Boys' College of which our good Theosophical Brother, Sanjiva Rao, is now Principal.

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Mrs. Shiva Kamu, one of Miss Arundale's and Miss Palmer's pupils at the C. H. C. Girls' School, has passed the Matriculation Examination of the Allahabad University, and the late Principal will be very proud of this first-fruits of her self-sacrificing work. The higher classes of the School have been discontinued by the C. H. C., but are going on in the Vasanta Āshrama under Miss Palmer, B. Sc., Miss Arundale's co-worker and successor. Mrs. Shiva Kamu remains at the Āshrama to continue her studies, and we may hope to see one or two other ladies successful next year.

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The *Bookseller* says :

Mr. H. G. Wells will contribute to the July issue of *Cassell's Magazine of Fiction* an article entitled 'The Future is as Fixed and Determinate as the Past,' and will endeavour to show that it is scientifically possible to forecast broadly what will happen in the centuries to come.

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I am very glad to congratulate a dear friend and co-worker, living at Adyar, G. Soobhiah Chetty, on his inclusion in the list of birthday honours. The bestowal on him of the title of Rao Sahab is as gratifying to his friends as it is well-deserved by himself.



THEOSOPHY

A CRITICISM AND A PLEA

By **ITHURIEL**

I say again, every earnest Theosophist regrets to-day from the bottom of his heart that these sacred names and things have ever been mentioned before the public and fervently wishes that they had been kept secret within a small circle of trusted and devoted friends.

H. P. BLAVATSKY—*Key to Theosophy*

MOST criticism of Theosophy up to the present time has proceeded from those who are prejudiced against our system of thought on personal or religious grounds. As a rule it is based on crass ignorance of the teachings propounded in the literature; or instigated by some fanatical notion that Theosophy must be wrong,

and therefore must be fought and derided. Such sympathetic criticism as has come to the notice of the present writer in most cases very distinctly bears the aspect of a request for more information, so that it can hardly be regarded as criticism proper. The former kind can only be treated by us psychologically; the latter by the supplying of pertinent and useful information to those who thus clothe their requests in a pseudo-critical garb.

True criticism must be based on sympathy and knowledge; sympathy with aims plus a knowledge of facts. Criticism devoid of appreciation, in some respects, is not unlike logical sequence, the working out of which does not necessarily call for a comprehension of the conclusions reached.

A certain amount of courage, however, is required of the Theosophist who ventures to criticise that system of thought which brought very life to him and which he knows has brought very life to thousands of his fellow-students. Yet, where love is blind to facts the door is opened to intolerance and fanaticism. And, though Ultimate Truth is not for man—truth to each man is but the horizon of his own spiritual outlook—so much as he *can* get of truth may serve as a corrective to love's tendency to overflow into the mind region where, as a matter of fact, it has no business.

My criticism has to do with facts and their interpretation, and also, to an extent, with the attitude of some of those to whom the common Theosophical interpretation of these facts appeals.

One of the claims of Theosophy—its 'scientific' claim—is that it supplies us with an interpretation of natural phenomena, and of the laws underlying them.

But it goes further. It not only presents an elucidation of perceivable things, but attempts to give one of the faculty of perception itself, the consciousness. It undertakes the explanation of superphysical as well as of physical phenomena, whether the former be regarded from the point of view of the five ordinary senses or from that of other avenues of perception. Given the existence of these metaphysical phenomena—and their reality cannot be denied—a scale is required for measuring them. The scale provided by our Theosophical system will constitute the first point of my critique.

When looking at the world from a purely sensual point of view, I can only express what I observe in terms of previous sense-experience, whilst my audience can only translate my interpretation of my experiences into terms of experiences of their own. My image-making faculty—my imagination—cannot go beyond a very limited range of previously noticed objects, or their parts. Mentally I may combine the parts of objects as fancifully as I wish, and am perfectly at liberty as to comparative size, but I do not exceed my previous sense experiences. So that, if I am being told of a new and, to me, strange kind of phenomenon, say a superphysical one, I only image it in physical terms such as I am used to, with, perhaps, a qualification that this conception is only provisional.

Now we are told of the existence of various worlds, like the physical, the astral, the mental, *etc.*, of which there are seven, each divided into seven sub-planes, analogous (and here is the tangle) to the sub-planes of the physical world. Of the latter, however, hardly more than with three do we come into conscious touch, they thus being to some extent known to us. So that

those of us who have not as yet developed distinct psychical senses are taught to base our comprehension of some forty-nine 'sub-planes' (and that refers to what is called 'the lowest cosmic plane' only) on a very slender consciousness of three physical states of matter. This is not, it would seem to the writer, a very scientific method of procedure. No scientist worthy of the name would venture to generalise on only three half-understood facts. If I happen to live in a valley from which I can see just three mountain peaks it would be rather rash for me to conclude that the whole world is covered with mountain peaks ranged in an order similar to that of those visible from my valley. But then we are told by those who *do* have their extra-physical senses sufficiently developed to establish points of contact for their consciousness, that this series of three is to them considerably extended, so that, though they may not as yet know by conscious contact that there are those forty-nine worlds, their existence to them is a less unscientific conclusion than it is to those who as yet only know three.

However, we are also told by our psychists that each sub-plane is not merely an extension of the previous one, except perhaps when they happen to belong to the same plane. For instance, the first sub-plane of the astral is not merely a refinement of the seventh sub-plane of the physical world. A new aspect of matter comes into play, or, rather, a superior aspect of force manifests itself through this substance, giving it qualities that cannot possibly be comprehended by our physical consciousness, such, for instance, as are often referred to as four-dimensional. Also, for example, whilst physical matter is static in principle, astral

matter is essentially the opposite, requiring an effort of the will to keep it steady. So that we have on the one hand the statement that there are these various sub-planes of matter, material and spiritual, and on the other hand the warning that we must not believe these sub-planes to be what they are represented to be by the very statement describing their existence!

It is a significant, but apparently little recognised, fact amongst students of Theosophy that the further we get away from the physical world the less intense becomes the distinction between the self and the not-self, the subject and the object.

In the physical world this distinction to us is most pronounced. We here have little difficulty in knowing what belongs to our personal organisation and what is outside it. A chair, a table, a street, the sky and the sea, they are all things of which we are cognisant, but with which we have no unavoidable connection. They do not apparently depend upon our imagination; on the contrary, our imagination seems to be dependent upon them. Things are somewhat different on the astral plane. There our self-consciousness and our not-self-consciousness are not quite so separate. There, when contemplating any object, we must identify ourselves with it to a considerable extent to become aware of it at all. This, of course, applies to persons as well. The novice in the astral world will often identify himself with some other disembodied entity, especially when moved to sympathy with his condition. He will do this sometimes to such an extent that his consciousness actively participates in the thoughts, the feelings, and the vicissitudes of the other person. In certain regions the landscapes, buildings, and other objects surrounding

the inhabitant are not only created by his and his fellows' imagination (based in the main on preceding physical experiences), but are actually part and parcel of his and their existence in those regions. This principle is further extended on the mental plane where the ordinary earth-being's heaven surroundings *are* himself : here the man and his world are one. He may not recognise this to be so, and indeed, in most cases does not ; but that is due to the habits of consciousness which he has acquired on one plane and which he has transferred to another, thus giving his new world an entirely fictitious value. On the buddhic plane this Self-identification extends itself over all living creatures of the regions below, the man thus becoming omniphilous, whilst on the nirvāṇic level it enfolds the entire Solar System in one living, throbbing embrace.

It need hardly be repeated that nothing is more untrue than to speak of this process as a gradual extinction of individuality, culminating in Nirvāṇa. On the contrary, it is a progressive widening of the consciousness to embrace more life, to respond with more simultaneity to both the without and the within, until, at the final stage of human evolution, man's consciousness presents an exact balance between the infinite heights of this Logos System and the infinite depths of his own being, the impact and the response being simultaneous.

It will thus be seen that it becomes more and more impossible to represent as separate physical facts what really are superphysical noumena-phenomena. And this difficulty increases the further we get away from the physical. Here our avenues of consciousness are separate and distinct. We can only appreciate things in succession. When I listen to a far-away sound I

firmly close my eyes so as not to be distracted by even the diffused light that falls on the retina through lightly-closed eyelids. In the main we can only pay attention to one thing at a time. Hence our sense of succession, or, as it is usually called, time. But as *we* extend from plane to plane, this one-at-a-time consciousness also extends, until finally, as we reach the highest spiritual world it is possible for us as men to reach, we find that we have, or rather *are* an all-at-a-time consciousness. It is here that time and space meet. Here, or rather *thus*, we have a solution of the Present, Past, and Future; and the I, There, and That, problems.

Interpretation, therefore, by appealing to the succession-imagination of the physical brain must necessarily remain inadequate. Occult truths can never thus be properly stated. Whatever can be said in this way may serve one of two purposes: the guiding of the consciousness as it widens to embrace superphysical worlds; or else the aiding of the purely spiritual advancement of the soul. It should not be used overmuch to satisfy mere intellectual curiosity; though, indeed, an intellectual stimulus is sometimes required to accelerate spiritual awakening.

The whole tendency of modern Theosophy is in the direction of explaining the mechanics of microcosmic and macrocosmic activity. As the physicist seeks after the principles regulating the interaction of inorganic, and the physiologist after those of organic matter; the chemist after the laws of analysis and synthesis; the astronomer after cosmic processes; so the Theosophist seeks after all of these laws, principles and processes, insists upon interrelating them, and applies them every one to metaphysical phenomena. He therefore

may be said to concern himself with 'higher physics,' 'higher physiology,' 'higher chemistry,' and 'higher astronomy'. However interesting these studies may be, it is very clear that, just as the mathematician may not legitimately concern himself with higher mathematics until he has thoroughly mastered all that pertains to the elementary part of his science, so the man who wishes to gain an understanding of the 'higher anything else,' should first become thoroughly conversant with the lower branches of his proposed line of study. Else he will only be a dabbler in knowledge that excites his curiosity, that tickles his mental palate, and that will remain shrouded in attractive, and at last irritable mystery.

To the writer it would seem that there is a crying need, amongst Theosophists, for an intelligent comprehension of the exact and natural sciences, more especially of mathematics and logic. Not indeed so much for the sake of these sciences themselves, but rather for the purpose of training the mind to understand and appreciate the value of phenomena in their simultaneous relations to each other (space) and their mutual successive relations (time). For unless the ideas of space and time are properly definable to one's mind, their mystic negation cannot be appreciated intellectually and the chasm between the 'normal' and the 'religious' experiences remains unbridged.

Now it is perfectly legitimate, before taking up any special line of study, research, or meditation, to try to obtain a bird's-eye view of the entire human field of knowledge under cultivation. This not only will facilitate the prospective student's realisation of his own particular bent, but it will also help to adjust his mind

to a proper valuation of any special branch of work in connection with the whole scheme, resulting in a balanced judgment and a sense of right proportion. But that is as far as Theosophy should go on its mechanical or scientific side, and no further. To state anything but the broadest principles exoterically must necessarily befuddle the mind of the average Theosophist, make it lazy, and unfit it for independent development. He should indeed get enough to excite his interest, but not enough to make him feel satisfied with what he is getting.

Now there are signs that our psychic researchers do not recognise the importance of this view. That we have a book dealing with the analysis of chemical elements, taking up the subject more or less where physics and chemistry of the ordinary schools are constrained to lay it down, is a sign of excellent scientific tact. Such a book, however, as *Thought Forms* does in an inverse sense for Theosophy what, say, Fox's *Book of Martyrs* does for Roman Catholicism, *viz.*, it is sensational; it appeals to the curious, the fearful, and the fanatical, and leaves a somewhat unpleasant taste in the mouth of the student of actual facts. Also it may serve as a deterrent, or at any rate as a wonderful picture book with a moral! The same applies, though of course to a very much milder extent, to *Man Visible and Invisible*. To represent pictorially superphysical phenomena may satisfy the physical consciousness, but it does not by any means satisfy the true occult researcher. In pre-Theosophical literature, symbol was the chief means of conveying that knowledge of superphysical facts that the mind could grasp; and if it could not grasp that, it was a sure sign that that mind was not prepared for superphysical knowledge.

Theosophy has sometimes been accused of being a hyper-materialistic system of thought; and so it is from a purely intellectual point of view. For this reason it seems essential to the writer that only those individuals should have access to occult truths who are prepared to run their spiritual development parallel with their intellectual enlightenment, lest Theosophy initiate a far more subtle and dangerous materialism than that which at the outset it was sent to counteract.

At one time it may have seemed necessary to substitute a higher kind of materialism for the crude variety that was ravaging spiritual Europe during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Spiritualism was popularised, and the Theosophical theories were advanced. They have served their primary purpose: the lower materialism is dead; to continue to fight it would be quixotic. For this reason Theosophy ought now to advance spiritually rather than intellectually.

Now the question is, can it do so by means of our present Theosophical literature? Of course, the answer may be both Yes and No, since this depends on the reader rather than on the book. Yet, in spite of a somewhat voluminous literature, there is as yet lacking, it would seem, the exact kind of books for that purpose, books which, when studied at all, cannot but have one result—the spiritual enlightenment of the reader. The Scriptures of the great sages of all times, especially those of ancient India, of the *Veḍa*, the *Veḍānta*, the *Upaniṣhaṭ*, have not up to the present acquired sufficient popularity amongst our western Theosophists. Many, if not most of them, have attached themselves intellectually or emotionally to the Bible (or even the *Bhagavad-Gītā*) trying to substitute for its native expressions,

parables, lessons, and teachings, the dollars and cents, the pounds and pennies, the annas and pice of Theosophical nomenclature. They are veritable money-changers in the Temple. It does not necessarily cause them to understand better these Scriptures. But it is a pretty occupation for the mind to sort out and store away each idea on its own Theosophical shelf—a kind of Theosophical stamp collecting!

Wherever we meet with such an attempt at uniformity we may feel sure that there is as yet no understanding. Understanding needs no uniformity: it recognises the Same under all disguises. It is the mere intellect which seeks to arrange, systematise, and cramp. But the wise man refuses to continue a Sisyphus. He uses his mental energies to interpret rather than reconstruct; his mind becomes the messenger of the Gods, the Hermetic Mirror which reflects, and from which he can read the Divine Wisdom, Theosophia.

To the understanding of many Theosophists there still seems to be considerable confusion as to what constitutes spirituality. To some it is purity in its 'highest sense'. But purity, after all, merely refers to each thing as it should be ideally, and unconfused by the admixture or the contact of any other thing. To others spirituality means purposefulness. But may not the millionaire or the seeker of evil be as purposeful as the willer of good? What of devotion—Is not the vivisectionist as devoted as the Theosophist, as desirous to uplift and benefit the race? What of devoutness?

Spirituality, in the occult sense, has little or nothing to do with feeling devout; it has to do with the capacity of the mind for assimilating knowledge at the fountain head of

knowledge itself—absolute knowledge—instead of by the circuitous and laborious process of ratiocination.¹

In fine, spirituality is man's capacity to come into conscious touch with the aspect of Omniscience of the Deity, and is independent of the avenue through which it is attained.

The only method of arriving at the maximum of *scientific* truth accessible to humankind is to look at each phenomenon with the consciousness belonging to the plane on which the phenomenon occurs, unvitiated by the consciousness of any other plane. It does not help us much to interpret superphysical phenomena through the ordinary physical consciousness. By doing so they lose for us that which essentially brands them as superphysical, and they take rank with the physical. It is for this reason that, as long as we rely upon our physical intellect only for the understanding of things, this understanding cannot but be materialistic. The main objections to a materialistic world-view are (1) that it impairs the possibility of the development of our latent super-intellectual faculties; and (2) that it is merely enumerative (cumulative) as to facts, instead of comprehensive, and therefore distinctly inadequate. It makes little difference how far this materialistic tendency is carried; whether it comprises three, forty-nine, or seven times forty-nine sub-planes.

It is not my intention to speak in a derogatory way of the Theosophical teachings as expounded by H. P. B., A. P. Sinnett, and their successors, in saying that, if viewed from the succession-standpoint of the mind, they are partially, but only partially and fragmentarily true; but they are not wholly true. They are more or less

¹ *Esoteric Buddhism*, by A. P. Sinnett, p. 192 (6th American Edition.)

correct as a translation of superphysical actuality into the language of earth, water, and air. This language, however, is utterly inadequate to serve as a medium of exposition. Like most other translations this one may stimulate a desire for first-hand acquaintance with the original, create a wish to break the Seal and open the Book. But it can never satisfy the seeker of Occult Truths. All the teaching, as we have it, concerning the higher planes of nature, their phenomena, and their inhabitants should be regarded as a scaffolding we may use for the construction of a grand and wonderful mansion of beauty and truth ; but it is only a scaffolding which will have to be knocked down when our spiritual structure nears completion. Besides, it is only one of a number of possible aids to the construction of a habitat for the Spirit. There are many different ways to arrive at Truth. But to mistake the scaffolding for the building, the means for the purpose, fits the Theosophist as little as it does the average religionist. His means may be more adequate, but for this very reason they are so much more easily mistaken for the end.

Theosophy, as it stands to-day, is indeed a system of thought that may satisfy some types of highly intellectual thinkers. The man harassed by doubts and tortured by the terrible suffering of his fellow-men ; the man who resents the unequal division of labour and its products ; the man who sees but the increase of selfishness and cruelty in the advance of civilisation ; the man who regards the entire animal kingdom as a bloody battleground : to these men the teachings of Theosophical mechanics come as a balm and as a boon. If they do not give ultimate answers, peace of mind is assured at least for a time, until the mental vision has become accustomed

to the wider outlook and begins to distinguish the limitations of the new horizon. But in the meantime the higher emotions have an opportunity of coming to the surface and being cultivated, emotions which in the stress of existence had been pushed into the background. Theosophy also gives directions how to handle these emotions to the best advantage, how to transform them into genuine religious experience. So that it is clear that, though the mind is temporarily set at rest by the explanations Theosophy has to advance towards the solving of the more common riddles of life, this putting at rest of the mind and this temporary solution of tantalising questions is not the chief aim of the system, if indeed it is aimed at at all. The principal purpose from this point of view is surely the fanning of the latent and long suppressed and nearly extinguished mystic spark, in order that it may flame up in holy ecstasy, before the new perplexity of the intellect makes its appearance ; whereupon the latter can be dealt with as it deserves.

There are other and even more important matters that call for the attention of the critic. When we come to deal with our conceptions of beings of other worlds than ours they become, in the main, only matters of words. Names and titles are freely flung about even in ordinary Theosophical conversation. Over and over again I have heard the word LOGOS pronounced with as much reverence as the word rock, and with less comprehension of its meaning. If that is a result of Theosophical teachings—as I cannot but think it is—there is something radically wrong with our exoterising of occult truths. The word Master by us should be used with as much circumspection as is the word

JHVH by the Hebrews. It would seem, however, that familiarity with terms tends to breed contempt for the truths they are to convey.

An underhand discussion seems to be going on in Theosophical circles as to the standing in the occult world of some of our leaders. No doubt they stand high, at any rate in some respects; and honour and reverence is due to them, as to others, on that account; but not on that account alone. To many of us they represent the bellows that blew away the ashes of superstition from the smouldering fires in the grates of our inner lives. What heights they have reached in the occult world is solely their business and none of ours. And how can we measure them? Be they Arhaṭs or Asekas, disciples or renegades, they have earned a gratitude and we have contracted a debt that it will be difficult for us to satisfy. It is molish blindness for any of us to reject their unconscious claims because their attitudes do not happen to agree with what we have imagined their attitudes should be; because their sense of the weight of certain facts and principles differs from the importance we attach to them; because their way of handling certain problems would not be our way, were we in their positions. But it is also foolishness on our part to accept blindly and credulously every statement they make without first testing it on the touchstone of our own consciousness. Let us consider such statements provisionally without either accepting or rejecting. Already H. P. B. recognised the danger involved in the former course when she said: "*All Theosophical books must be accepted on their merits and not according to any claim to authority which they may put forward.*" All that the best

teachers can do is to prepare our mental food. But we have to bite it and chew it and swallow it and digest it ourselves—and carefully; and it is well to consider in this connection that the more that intellects have to be catered for, the greater will have to be the individual adaptations. Indigestion amongst Theosophists is not conspicuous by its absence.

To the writer it would seem that the primary purposes of Theosophy are: (1) to spread far and wide the doctrine of karma and reincarnation; (2) to inspire teachers that will go out into the world to spread that doctrine; (3) to point the way to such men and women as are prepared to advance simultaneously along intellectual and spiritual lines. The three purposes at present advanced by the Theosophical Society (with which, however, I am not dealing in this article), namely the forming of a nucleus of universal brotherhood, the study of comparative religion, the investigation of Occultism, as may readily be recognised, are secondary to those above enumerated. They were not so thirty-seven years ago. Since then the doctrine of human brotherhood has spread and the study of comparative religion become appreciated. These two therefore are gradually falling outside the specific Theosophical pale. Not that Theosophy can do without them: our *Weltansicht* could not be presented shorn of these aims. But they are becoming such obvious and widely recognised human requirements that they are ceasing to be specifically Theosophic. It is less of a necessity now for arguments to be adduced in their defence in our literature than it was thirty, twenty, or even ten years ago.

Theosophy then is not the *ultimum dictum* of Truth: it is not even a universally helpful system of

thought. But it has advantages that are unsurpassed—I am tempted to say unsurpassable—for dealing with contemporary conditions. Properly to judge a thing one should not ask whether it is wholly good or wholly bad: no thing is either. But its advantages should be weighed against its disadvantages either in universal or particular application, and one's view formulated accordingly. So our Theosophy is not wholly good, not wholly acceptable. But, if properly understood and not driven to death, it is a system that may stimulate spiritual activity, that may anæsthetise to a certain kind of intellectual suffering, and that fulfils the needs of the times.

One of Theosophy's deadliest enemies is orthodoxy of the petty variety. What we need is a progressive spirit even in our presentation of the Most Ancient Wisdom. We must retain our relative position to the *Zeitgeist*. When he threatens to catch up with us, on we must go: not too far in advance to be out of his sight; nor so close as to be indistinguishable from him; but near enough to stimulate him to pursuit, and forward enough to point the way.

Ithuriel

THE FOOL

By BARONESS M. D'ASBECK, F. T. S.

IN a certain village, there once lived a fellow whom everybody called 'the fool'. He was always happy. His simple face shone with satisfaction. People who had had experience of life and complained bitterly about it, looked upon him with contempt. They were sure he had never had any real feeling. Their hearts were full of bitterness far deeper than that known to the Fool, as they thought.

Nobody knew how it befell that he had become a fool and nobody cared, so that it was not even known what form his folly took. So far as one could see, he did nobody any harm. He took long walks into the country, he talked with the cattle, the horses and the hounds, and conversed with the little children who were never at all afraid of him. But when intelligent people made their appearance upon the scene, then the Fool took flight and making gestures as though to defend himself from the attacks of insects, he exclaimed: "Ah, I know you. You want facts . . . discussions . . . explanations . . . but they are for intelligent people! I am a fool and I never discuss anything," and off he would go, with his broad grin, kicking at the pebbles as he went, with child-like *abandon*, his nose in the air.

One day a traveller arrived in the little village. He came from afar. They said he was a lover of the Truth, in other words, a Philosopher. He had been seeking Truth for a long time. He had spent nights and days over the search, but alas! Truth, though ever more beguiling and bewitching to her suitors, is not so easily to be taken captive. Just at the moment when the Philosopher felt most sure that he had her at last, she escaped him. He complained bitterly, that, having renounced all worldly pleasures as he thought in favour of a lasting happiness, he had fallen victim to a Being as cruel and capricious as Truth. Sometimes a rumour reached him that some one had succeeded in finding her. Filled with new hope, he would take the road again, but upon arriving at his destination, he never saw anything in the least resembling her. He made many inquiries to know where he might be most likely to find Truth. They told him she had quitted France in disgust because there they had disputed her divine origin. They had dared to tell her that she was born out of the dust like everything else. Then the Philosopher repaired to Germany only to find that there Truth had fled before an attack upon her life.

It appeared they had attempted to cut her in two ; Truth Noumenal and Truth Phenomenal. The Philosopher then sought her in England, where he knocked hopefully at the door of a *confrère*. The latter however laughed at him.

“I have only two stories to my house, friend,” said he, “science dwells below, and above, in the lumber room, if you seek, you will find the ‘unknowable’ ; but what do you mean by asking me for Truth ?”

By this time the Philosopher was quite discouraged. He had lost the scent, nevertheless he was determined not to abandon the chase. Starting off again, he arrived at the village where the Fool dwelt. As he passed along a road that ran along the mountain side, a voice suddenly hailed him: "Hi! Hi! stop! you below there! Whither away so fast with your eyes fixed on the ground? Do you not see the glorious sun sinking behind yonder mountain?"

The Traveller lifted his eyes and saw, seated upon the wall above him, a quaint figure. The face wore an expression of innocence and good humour whilst the grey eyes were full of penetration and silent wit. He sat upon the wall with his legs crossed and his hands clasped over his knees and smiled knowingly.

"Where am I going?" repeated the Traveller.

"Why, to yonder town."

"What for?"

"Why, to sleep."

"And of course you are in a tearing hurry. . . . Good Heavens! what a hurry people are in. . . . and after all. . . . I wonder, where do they go with their haste?"

The grey eyes seemed to question the Beyond for a moment, then the Fool turned briskly to the Traveller: "But can you not sleep here?"

The Traveller began to lose his temper: "After all what business is it of yours?" he was about to say, but perceiving the benevolent expression of the Fool, he was softened in spite of himself and he only said: "I come from far and I go far."

"But where do you go?" asked the Fool. The Traveller looked him full in the face. Who was this

strange being who thus dared to cross questions with a stranger as though he were an old acquaintance, and yet had none of the rude familiarity of the peasantry. What did it mean, this child-like innocence, this goblin wisdom?

Said the Philosopher to himself: "I will even tell this fool the object of my journey and since no wise man has been able to give me a satisfactory reply, I shall not waste any more time by addressing myself to this simpleton." Then the Philosopher spoke gently to the Fool and said: "I go to seek Truth."

"To *seek* Truth!" echoed the Fool, and he threw up his hands into the air, and laughed so much that he almost fell off the wall. Then suddenly he became serious and said to the Philosopher: "But do you know what is that Truth that you seek? If not, you may find her without recognising her—and if you knew," he added significantly, searching the face of the Philosopher with his piercing eyes, "you would not travel so far to find her. So there!"

He drummed with his heels upon the wall and sniffed the air.

"What a delicious evening to be sure! No, my friend, Truth has not gone to the devil; she is here, now, above us, before us, within us."

"Alas!" replied the Philosopher, "that may be, but even so Truth is difficult to find. I, for example, seek these many years, but I only find contradictions."

"Then why seek?" asked the Fool pensively.

"Well to be sure, what next?" fumed the Philosopher quite offended; "where then if you please, did you find her? you who speak as though you knew everything."

“Yes, I have seen her,” said the Fool, “and ever since that day, I ceased to be a man. For to be always uneasy, always grasping, never to be satisfied, that is what it is to be human! In this frenzy, the human race rushes past all the treasures of existence without perceiving them, just as you passed by the glory of the sunset, absorbed in your silly thoughts. Yes, I was human once; how I suffered! but then, after I had thought too much and felt too much, I ran away into nature . . .”

The grey eyes became so gentle, that the Philosopher remained silent, full of wonder.

“But you were asking questions,” said the Fool, awaking from his reverie. “Dear me, it is long since I spoke with a human being. How long, I cannot say, since I do not play at carefully dividing Eternity into days, hours, and minutes, in months, years and centuries, as you do. But if you would find Truth, take your hat off. It addles your brains. Do you not understand that all that people call civilisation is in league against Truth? you who are pent up in your houses, and bound up in your clothes, how do you expect Truth to reach you? You fly from nature, which is Truth in the physical world. And if these were physical barriers only that you erected! But the scaffoldings of your ideas! of your systems! you must empty your brain, friend, and then, perhaps Truth will condescend to enter it.

“Be still also and do not rush about over the earth. Truth is certainly not going to run after you when you put on your hundred league boots to chase her and are flying away from her all the time as fast as your legs can carry you! And then, of course, you must be silent if you wish that Truth should speak

Such is the pride of men, that a being like myself, who has no roof but the Heavens and no dictionary but Nature, who is simple, who is silent—why they call him a fool! And then, love tenderly all that you see . . . you may learn that there are other intelligences than the human, and you may begin to understand these intelligences. Then you will come much nearer to a vision of Truth.”

The Fool turned to the little bunch of daisies plunged in fresh water and lifted them tenderly: “This little bouquet is as important as you, and holds the same mysteries.

“You know the stupid game that lovers play, tearing away the petals of the daisies, one by one in order that, dead and dispersed, these may prophecy their destiny. You, savants and philosophers and scholars, you do the same with facts and theories and human beliefs. You tear them away from the flower to which they belong, and you drag these dead things into your studies which smell of mildew and decay, and with that you think to reconstruct a universe—a live universe! And moreover, you are astonished not to succeed in your attempt!” The Fool went into peals of laughter, drummed with his heels more noisily than ever. And for the first time in his life the Philosopher felt himself to be utterly ridiculous.

M. d’Asbeck

THE DISCRIMINATION OF THE SELF

By P. H. PALMER

THE extraordinary growth of what is called Christian Science must be considered one of the most striking among the many portents of an age of awakening. A time there was when the reality of the spiritual order was not seriously questioned, but with the lapse of centuries the minds of men have become more and more engrossed in and mastered by material things, and the certitude which aforesaid prevailed concerning the realm of the immaterial has been lost. But the hour of this darkness is passing, some gleams of light appear faintly in the sky, and men are stirring uneasily in their sleep. Vague dreams—incoherent and irrational oftentimes—flit through their troubled minds. There is an intense yearning for the daybreak among all grades of men, and it seems as if there is no new doctrine of the soul, however illogical and ill-evidenced, which can be propounded but it will be welcomed by some few enthusiastic adherents. For any light is better than the Stygian darkness which holds sway over the morasses into which men have wandered.

There was thus a place for Christian Science in the awakening of dormant souls, in spite of its rather obvious guessing at truth and its somewhat *unmeta*-physical first principles. Had these been more truly

philosophical and less removed from scientific accuracy they might have failed to fire the imaginations of men and women in the manner and to the extent which they did.

Yet enquiry into these 'principles,' some comparison of this philosophy with those that are older, can scarcely be forbidden, even though we should conclude concerning the philosophy, as of the wine, that the 'old is better'.

Let not what shall be said be construed as an attack upon the more reasonable doctrines of Christian Science—for these also are an expression, though perhaps through a distorting medium, of the innermost Reality which the adherents of Christian Science seek as much as we. The writer has friends in this body also, and their sanity is not to be questioned, nor their goodness of heart, nor their works of mercy, yet the wonder frequently arises as to how much they accept without examination or how far they understand the metaphysics upon which their Science is professedly based. While there is here therefore no antagonism to these, or others like them, there is some attempt to enquire into the premises upon which their arguments are founded, some examination of the metaphysics of the Science (which have nothing whatever to do with its practice of healing), and there is also here a desire to indicate a few lines of thought which may prove helpful to any who are struggling to discern between the form and the substance in this direction.

Surely the 'self-evident' propositions of this Science form the most bewildering medley of words without meaning ever submitted for the unqualified and unreasoned acceptance of men. Be it noted they are not

submitted for our judgment, which is of 'mortal mind' and hence of error! but we are asked to accept without comment, and by a prostitution of the intellect, statements which Mrs. Eddy says are self-evident "*to me*"; apparently not recognising the fact that what is self-evident is so to all normally constituted minds and cannot reasonably be disputed.

Let us at once acknowledge that there is this much of truth which we hold in common, that we both conceive of mind as fundamental to all being, and inseparable therefrom. Perhaps a quotation from Romanes' lecture on 'Mind and Motion' may help to clear the issue :

Let it be observed that we do not even require to go so far as the irrefutable position of Berkeley, that the existence of an external world without the medium of mind, or of being without knowing, is inconceivable. It is enough to take our stand on a lower level of abstraction, and to say that whether or not an external world can exist apart from mind in any absolute or inconceivable sense, at any rate it cannot do so *for us*. We cannot think any of the facts of external nature without presupposing the existence of a mind which thinks them; and therefore, so far at least as we are concerned, mind is necessarily prior to everything else. It is for us the only mode of existence which is real in its own right; and to it as to a standard, all other modes of existence which may be *inferred* must be *referred*. Therefore, if we say that mind is a function of motion, we are only saying, in somewhat confused terminology, that mind is a function of itself.

Christian Science appears to have taken an inverted view of Berkeley's position, and to be of the opinion that the inhibition of certain tracts of conscious feeling annihilates the external facts from which those feelings arose. If this were all, we would suggest that an operation destroying certain brain centres would be a comparatively easy method of attaining the altitude of abstraction which they seek.

In this comparison of Christian Science and Theosophy we are inevitably led to a consideration of the

varying levels and contents of consciousness, and it is here that the two find their common ground of agreement, while here also is the point of departure to their eventual divergency. Both agree that Reality is One and that forms are not reality, but the Christian Scientist wilfully shuts his eyes, and having discussed the unreality of forms, forthwith denies their existence *in toto*. To satisfy his demands nothing would serve except the Night of Brahm, when manifestation should cease. He seeks not merely to know but to become and to function as the Absolute; and all that is relative and conditioned is incontinently relegated to the limbo of 'mortal mind,' without any accurate disclosure of the nature of this exceedingly useful drudge and whipping-boy.

Theosophic doctrine, from whatever quarter it is given, recognises varying levels of consciousness, but they are not mutually antagonistic or exclusive, and possibly we may conclude that all below the level of Buddhi would be comprised under Mrs. Eddy's term, 'mortal mind'. Herein is some agreement between us, for we also consider these lower levels as in their nature temporary, and in their use illusory (though the illusion has also its purpose). But we do not deny the existence of these lower levels, regarding them as necessary stages in the upward ascent of the soul. Some day we expect to transcend these forms and lay them aside for ever, but not while still prisoned in the flesh which renders the forms necessary and even compulsory. In saying these forms are unreal we do not mean that they do not exist, but that their existence is conditional, changeable, and impermanent, and so differing from the unchanging, uncaused, absolute Reality whose outer

vestures they are. As says the Nature Spirit in *Faust*:

Thus at time's roaring loom I ply,
And weave for God the garment thou seest Him by.

Further, the Theosophic position is lucid enough when it posits the Ego as possessing these lower levels and functioning there at will. For since these are not Itself, but merely its vehicles, it is plain that when the Ego can adequately organise these lesser instruments they can then be left to function automatically in the affairs to which they are related. For instance, the body can be taught to work without conscious supervision, controlled solely by the automatic reflexes and the subconscious areas of the brain. Similarly the mind when habituated to its regular work will act more consistently when left unattended than when constantly checked and controlled. In witness whereof we need only mention as a matter of common knowledge the fact that with words of whose spelling we are doubtful, the arrangement of letters which first presents itself from the automatic subconscious region is almost invariably accurate, while the result of conscious effort in this matter is often misleading. The true path must thus be found, not in the denial of these valleys in favour of an exclusive devotion to the heights, but in the domination and organisation of the soul's inheritance of faculty upon all levels until they can be left to take charge of themselves and of one another; which, of course, is a condition partly achieved by the race so long ago that we have forgotten its origin, and are only confused if we attempt to recapitulate the steps by which this organised self-domination was reached.

But Mrs. Eddy claims for herself and for her followers a state of consciousness appropriate only to pure, unconditioned being, having no relation to anything outside itself, and this necessarily leads to the venial heresies and pardonable (even lovable) inconsistencies of the Christian Scientist when his life is judged by the deeper implications of his book.

Mrs. Eddy seems also most solemnly to blunder in confounding together the Transcendent and the Immanent. Not only Mrs. Eddy and her followers, but others also, appear to us to miss the way somewhere in their search in this direction. The *Bhagavad-Gītā* is quite clear upon this point :

Nor is there aught, moving or unmoving, that may exist bereft of Me. . . . Whatsoever is glorious, good, beautiful, and mighty, understand thou that to go forth from a fragment of My splendour. But what is the knowledge of all these details to thee, O Arjuna? Having pervaded this whole universe with a fragment of Myself, I remain.

But so many appear to confound this unmanifested remainder with the reality within the manifestation.

Mrs. Eddy says "God is Life," and forthwith proceeds to deny the existence of manifested life, *i.e.*, the only life of which we can be said to have knowledge. On our part we say that God is Life, and is in all things, so that the very dust beneath our feet has something vital in it, and this vitality is the secret of such permanence as it possesses. But she sits there firmly declaring that there is no life and hence no God in matter. If this be so we can only remark that her book appeared to us to consist of very material leaves and markings thereon, and the only conclusion to be drawn is this—that since it is a material book it has nothing of life, or of God, in it. A conclusion not

likely to prove acceptable to her followers, but logically following from her own statements.

To distinguish the real from the unreal, the noumenon from the phenomenon, the true and abiding from the false and transitory, is undoubtedly one of the hardest lessons set before humanity in its schooling, and it would appear that the present stage is devoted largely to this problem. The gross materialism of the age, its worship of success, of wealth, of the accomplishment of action, whether good or bad, its strenuousness in outward and material things and the resulting indifference to the larger matters appertaining to the Spirit, are of the gravest concern, and are perhaps insufficiently apprehended by those whose lives are fortunately placed above the fret and corrosion of anxiety concerning material considerations. From this devotion to material concerns arises the indifference, or even antagonism, displayed (not by the masses alone, but also by those whose heredity has given them the opportunity of devotion to higher interests) towards the ancient religions. It also accounts for the decreasing number of those who enter upon the Path through the gateways which it is one of the functions of those religions to keep open.

In the last analysis, all knowledge is a knowledge of consciousness, and to know oneself fully and entirely is to pay less attention to the outward surrounding and circumstance of the conditioned being, and to pay a greater regard to that hidden spring whence arise these manifold activities, these thoughts, feelings, ideals, inspirations, which are not of the external world nor derived thence nor directed thereto, but which merely find occasional form and expression therein.

“Know Thyself,” is the ancient word, and if we knew that which we call our Self fully and entirely we should know all that it has been since Time was, we should know all the causes which have conspired together to produce the present effect. At this very moment we are the sum and product of all that has preceded us, and the Self hidden behind the personality of the moment, which personality is often no more than a phase of feeling, holds the record within it of all past racial and individual experience, effort, and achievement.

So the Self lies at the root of all being and experience, and (having attained but ‘conditional free will’ as yet) expresses itself as best it can through such vehicles and by such means as it can find; ever striving towards Self-realisation, that is, to the expansion and expression of the Real which is the secret of its innermost nature.

But a deeper implication lies here to be revealed. We have already spoken of the individual as the sum of his experience, which must be held to include emotion, reasoning, and devotion. So that the fuller, richer, and more widely diversified those experiences have been, and the greater their depth of meaning, which is the spirit of thought and mental experience, the more complete and rounded will be the individuality, which is one outpouring of the Self. But here lies the stumbling block over which somehow we seem destined to trip, namely the recognition of the Self as something other than its experiences, and apart from them; in short as the substance in which those experiences inhere. This also is of Discrimination, and is seemingly not to be found perfectly by way of the study of scholastic

psychology. Yet perhaps in this connection a further quotation from Romanes may be permitted :

Each of the mental sequences at that time was a result of those preceding and a cause of those succeeding ; but behind all this play of mental causation there all the while stood that Self which was at once the condition of its occurrence and the *First Cause* of its action. It is not true that that Self was nothing more than the result of all this play of mental causation ; it can only have been the First Cause of it. For otherwise the mental causation must have been the cause of that causation, which is absurd. Who, or What it was that originally caused this First Cause, is, of course, another question, which I shall presently hope to show is not merely unanswerable, but unmeaning. As a matter of fact, however, we know that this Self is here, and that it can thus be proved to be a substance, *standing under* the whole of that more superficial display of mental causation which it is able to look upon introspectively—and this almost as impersonally as if it were regarding the display as narrated by another mind. I say, then, that the theory of Monism entitles us to regard this Self as the *fons et origo* of our mental causation and thus restores to us the doctrine of Liberty with its attendant consequence of Moral Responsibility.

Thus we again, though this time by the method of modern philosophy, arrive at the conception of a Pure Self, uncaused, *i.e.*, outside our categories of causation, and transcending its own manifestations. But while it transcends these, it is also limited by them, and the manner in which these limitations are set forth by Romanes in the remainder of the lecture quoted from will provide an admirable corrective for those who imagine that 'willing' is 'being,' since it is shown that thwarted will (unable to achieve its object) is no more than desire. This is indeed true and may be shortly stated in this way, that "desire is the will for the unattainable".

But such an attitude as this of Romanes is exceptional among our modern teachers, though on that account it is the more to be welcomed. On the other side, Professor William James, sympathetic and wide

as is his thinking, can yet in a critical moment make no more of personal identity than this, that it is a thought among other thoughts. A thought that persists, if you like, but still a Thought and not a Thinker. This is a helpful view in many respects, but depressing when considered in its relation to the continuance of the individuality, when the particular eddy in the mind-stream which gave it birth shall have swirled at last into stillness and merged itself in the general current flowing elsewhere. We should thus have no guarantee of the continuance of any one thought when the conditions which bound them all together were broken, even though that thought were the thought of ourselves, and Descartes' famous maxim, *Cogito, ergo sum*, being reversed, would become the death-knell of human hope for immortality.

From so desperate a position we are rescued by this intuitive perception of a Self that is not so much the Thinker as the Observer of thought. The writer has often in discussion compared consciousness to a point of observation where the Ego looks out upon conditioned existence. As the eye is a gateway through which the outer world enters upon the soul, or the ear, or the senses generally, so also consciousness is a mind-process, the analysis and synthesis of varied notions and life-experiences, which is observed by the Ego immersed in the stream. We may picture the matter to ourselves as though we were watching the time-flow through an aperture of varying dimensions. When at its widest we are exalted, keenly alert, viewing a wide expanse of the experiential field, which need not be entirely on the physical plane, but may be, and often is, purely mental; when it is narrowed we are dull,

listless, unobservant ; while in sleep we might, except for our dreams, consider it to be temporarily closed. Thus we arrive at the conception of a being which transcends the temporal thought of our earth-life, and the conditioned reasoning of the physical brain ; and since it persists but little changed through all the evanescent current of life and thought, we have some warrant for our belief in its permanence in spite of bodily dissolution. But this discrimination is seemingly only to be attained by an act of introspection which shall divide not only 'myself' from what I feel and do, but also 'myself' from what I think.

Subject and Object there must be, and neither of these is the thought which relates them. A thought must correspond to some object by which it is evoked even as my thought of a tree must correspond to some real tree, or to some general idea of a tree which my stored-up sensations present to me, so my thought of Self and of Self-identity must be evoked by some reality which, even if it cannot be explained, cannot be explained away. Yet it may be objected here that the object of thought may have no real existence other than as a figment of the imagination, so that my idea of Self may be no more than a fantastic notion of the mind.

But this is merely to shift the ground and not to alter the quality of the argument ; for the question is immediately pertinent as to where this figment of a diseased imagination arises. In some diffused, incoherent psychic Nothingness ? or in some focalised centre thereof ? or will it not prove easier and more rational in the end to concede that Thought and Thinker are not one, but two, and that thinking is not one of the functions of this sublimated Self, but rather a faculty to

be as clearly distinguished from it as are the organs of sight and hearing?—a faculty working by its own laws (which we concisely name Rationality) and presenting the results of its labours to the Self as apperceptions. Thus does the Self become known to us by the method of elimination, of negation, by denying to it all that belongs to the level of its manifestations, and leaving to it no more than substantial—and nothing of phenomenal—existence; or, if we must give to it some positive shape it shall be the Observer, that to which all our life and thought relates, and from which it acquires its consistency and continuity.

The meditative effort involved appears to be two-fold. First the recognition of the individuality with its special and particular history, experience, and acquirements, and then the close and indissoluble connection subsisting between it and the one Reality below all forms, even the form of individuation. This is to discriminate the Self from the SELF—the Self inward and individual, derived and conditioned, and the SELF transcendent, unique, and unlimited. And discrimination of the SELF from all forms and external shows must include the discrimination thereof from forms of thought also, for the SELF, this absolute SELF, knows utterly, apart from all reasoning, which is a quasi-mechanical deductive operation, proceeding from the known to the unknown, through a faith that these two must be in some respects equivalent and of one nature.

But the SELF, knowing all things because substantial with them, needs not deduction, nor sight, nor hearing, nor any presentation of ideas verbally clothed. '*Esse*' and '*percipi*' are indeed one and the same thing in this high state, and to know the SELF

would be to know absolutely, without the intermediation of any forms of relativity, since relations are between discrete parts, while the knowledge of the SELF is the knowledge of that which is identified with all that is. This is the exaltation of the Mystic, when, lifted above himself, and passing beyond the ordinary forms of mental life, he beholds in one vision 'all he had thought, or hoped, or dreamed'; a state where passion is hushed, reasoning silenced, the outward forgotten, and the innermost reality alone makes its presence felt to the chastened soul.

Now it would appear that the difference here between the Christian Scientist and the Theosophist lies in this, that the former seeks absorption in the Divine by the loss or submersion of the individuality, by a numbing of the intellectual process rather than by its purification, intensification and ultimate transcendence. This method denies rather than affirms, in spite of the positive form of its mantrams, and hence is negative. The true follower of the Discriminative Yoga, on the other hand seeks to lift himself to a higher level of consciousness, *i.e.*, of *knowing*, by the recognition of the unreal and false, by their elimination from the notions of the mind, by the transcendence of forms of whatever kind, and combining with this an intenser and ever increasing apprehension of the Reality which manifests itself as notion or idea in the mental sphere, as desire or appetency in the emotional, and phenomenally in the physical world. This is of the positive order, and the positive pole is that of affirmation, of building, the synthesis of scattered entities; it is activity and progress. The negative pole is that of passivity, of dormancy; is will-less, retrograde, atavistic and disintegrative.

It may also be suggested as a kind of parable (and indeed all speech upon these matters is parabolic) that the Divine has also its subliminal and its supra-liminal consciousness, and that the Christian Scientist immerses himself in the former, while the discriminating seeker climbs the mountain peaks to find the latter. In a way the one is concerned with the Immanent, vainly imagining that this is all, while the other endeavours to proceed through the Immanent to the Transcendent. The Christian Scientist loses his individuality, his separate-ness, by deprivation : he attains Nirvāṇa in the popular but misunderstood sense, loses himself in the All to gain, and to give, nothing. He becomes the All, or imagines he does, but the All does not enter into him. But the true contemplative regards himself rather as a centre through which, when cleansed and purified, the Other which is not This, may find a channel for out-pouring, so that This may eventually become the Other by means of these selected and specialised centres of interpenetration, illumination, and transmutation.

For the problem is also two-fold in this respect : having discriminated the unreal to discriminate the Real as well. It is not the recognition of falsity (negative) but the knowledge (positive) of truth which shall make us free. The Christian Scientist has attained to a knowledge of the transitory nature of forms, but does not appear to have discovered the Real notwithstanding, for he mistakes the form of his attempted apprehension of the Divine for the Divine itself, and rests content in a form which is none the less a form although it appears to be new, and which, must not be considered as true intuition or mystic knowledge *because* it is delirious and incomprehensible. Indeed the writer can but enter his

protest at the unmeaning nature of the phrases which contain the 'Articles' of Christian Science—words without meaning and strung together—and it is doubtless true that whether read forwards or backwards, or in any other way, they mean the same thing, but what that meaning is cannot be discovered by the 'mortal mind' of the average man. The Reality as the heart of things may not be Rationality, or that word may not be an adequate definition thereof, but Rationality is one of its manifestations, and we suppose one of its permanent attributes also, and nothing is gained by the ignoring of forms; the only real gain is in their mastery, the only real progress possible is by recognition of the forms, not by ostrich-like heedlessness of their presence.

At this point it may be well to make some reference to the problems of pain, disease and sin, for the Christian Scientist has been taught to hold some rather peculiar views upon the matter. Now pleasure and pain are both affections of the conscious state, and of these more than of all else it is true that they have no existence except in our knowledge of them. They are subjective conditions set up in the mind by the meeting of the world without and the world within, the insurgence of the Not-I upon the I; and the twin conditions of disease and pain carefully considered, would appear to provide a working model of the difference between 'things-in-themselves' and our knowledge of them. For pain, as a conscious state, bears no sort of likeness to the disease from which it arises. Indeed we may, and often do, experience feelings of pain without being in the least aware of the nature of the physical cause, and were there no other source of information than our pain-feeling we should remain ignorant of the character of

the most common ailments. Disease is distinctly one thing and our pain-consciousness another, belonging to two different orders of being. Now the mental denial of pain-feeling may be so complete as to obliterate the feeling from the consciousness, but this by no means implies that its physical counterpart, or cause, is destroyed.

The Christian Scientist, denying the validity of his sensations of pain and disputing the existence of the disease which has appeared to manifest itself in his 'mortal body,' does not behave consistently when he admits the presence of those joys and pleasurable feelings whose place of origin is identical with that which produces his pain, *viz.*, a visible, tangible, extended world, of which his body is part.

The question which faces us would appear to be, not whether one shall deny or confess the existence of either pain or pleasure, or the existence of a pain-provoking world, but whether we are to be ruled by these affections of the conscious state, or shall not rather rise above them, rejecting them as motives or compulsions to conduct, and ruling our souls by reference to a higher ideal. The horror of pain, sin, disease, and all *unpleasant* things displayed by the Christian Scientist, while it is the antithesis of morbid asceticism, inevitably must lead, if logically followed out, to some taint of selfishness or self-seeking, or hardness of heart, even in the best of them, being indeed an ever-present motive for choosing personal ease and gratification.

Thus is the choice ever before the soul—whether to live in the outward-seeming, seeking pleasure and avoiding pain, or dismissing both these as alike unimportant, seeking to live in the inward truth ; in stability of soul

regarding the Self as eternal and untouched by the accidental features of the changing external life, but not unmindful of these conditions, especially in so far as they consist of the afflicted states of others.

So we can turn to more satisfactory considerations. Doubtless there are many who will proceed as far as this in their discrimination, that they will relinquish the outward world as not of their being, learning by the transitory and unsatisfying nature of their possessions therein that the Eternal they seek abides not there. Dismayed, and mayhap confounded, by the frailty of the reeds whereon they leaned and the friendships with men and the universe, whereon they had built and in which they had trusted; reduced to hopelessness, though not to despair, by the vanishing of their familiar forms of thinking; recognising with consternation the rapidly dissolving nature of even that which seemed most permanent; they do at last turn inward to themselves for salvation. Shall we approve then, and say this is the end? But it is not the end; indeed to the true Seeker it is no more than the beginning. As says the *Gīṭā*:

Among thousands of men scarce one striveth for perfection; of the successful strivers scarce one knoweth Me in essence.

For the soul still looks backward to the forms of its own creation. Some yearning for the vehicle of its pain and hard-won learning still lingers with it. Some fear of the darkness, the loneliness, that surround the Deity chills their hearts and hinders their feet upon the path which leads to the perfect day. But the last remaining hindrance upon the pathway is more subtle than the others; closely inwoven with the fibres of the soul's being is its love for itself, for that fleeting phase

of its conscious earthward existence which we call personal. Yet in the end this too shall be seen to be no more than a form (indeed it frequently is but a mood) and hence not eternal. Hard it is to say that That in which I have known myself and in which I have at times seen mirrored the image of the Eternal, That without which it would seem I am *not*, is also but temporary and must pass when its brief season is over. For we no longer measure 'brevity' or 'length' as men do. To us also "a thousand years are but a day" in the making of man; and this coral-like structure or personal feeling, the aggregate of manifold experiences of the outer world and the soul's dealings therewith, must also cease ere the Real beneath it returns to its place in the Real from which it came.

Shall we grieve therefore? If we are wise our tears will vanish in expectancy, for the greater must lie before us since we are leaving the lesser behind; and "when half-Gods go the Gods arrive".

The Life-tree, Ygdrasil, whose roots are in the kingdom of darkness and death and whose upper branches reach the heavens, is no unfit emblem of the eternal substance of our being. For the tree is one and lasting, root and stem and branches are all of one substance and endure through the 'day and the night'.

Though the leaf be gone as to its outer form, its work—the summing up of what it was—remains. Its life, the spiritual essence and value of all its hours of labour and effort, is retained in the age-enduring monarch, who is the permanency of which they are the impermanency.

P. H. Palmer

WHO ART THOU, LORD?

By M. L. FORBES

Who art Thou, Lord, the keeper of the deep,
The builder of the ways by which we go,
Some to the sweetness of the dreamless sleep?

In different ways the world is waking, lo!
That is a mockery which was once divine.
Thy seers have spoken feebly. No one knew.

As from the crater flows the molten flood,
In deadly struggle is the soul athroe,
Leaping to catch the distant call of good.

And floods of light are quenching every claim,
For what was truth and creed of yesterday,
The flight of years gives bitterness and blame.

We creep upon our way with shadowed eyes,
Nearing the point, the mystic Hercules.
To it the great round system ever flies.

Gripped in the deadly maelstrom of the night,
Strange whispers haunt the waking hours anew.
Thou art the Angel of the Infinite;

And Thou that Mystery, Thou that Man of Might.
The Waiting Wonder, none shall ever know,
Save he that vieweth that great Star aright.

Out of the depths where stars in whiteness shine,
Like points of light, from a deep blur of blue,
My soul looks up to reach Thee, O Divine.

The record of Thy name is writ afar
In beauty in the everlasting skies.
I lift my eyes, O Crowned Conqueror.



BEFORE THE DAWN

By EVA M. MARTIN, F. T. S.

THERE seems, in these present days in which we live, to be a great and wide-spreading reaction from absorption in the material facts of existence to contemplation of the deeper spiritual realities which those facts conceal—or rather, which, when looked at rightly, they reveal to us. This is one of the most interesting phenomena of an age that surely surpasses in interest, in almost every department of life and work

and thought, any other of which we possess a record. An upheaval, it may almost be called, of interest in spiritual things, is seen not only in art, but also in religion, and has completely revolutionised the daily life and the mental outlook of immense numbers of people. Some even go so far as to say that material things have no existence, that it is given to us, here and now, to realise, even to prove, that nothing IS save Good. Others, while recognising the present existence of limitation, and consequently of evil, look upon matter only as a veil, grown marvellously thin in places, through which we may perceive the strange and beautiful shapes of the realities of things.

On every side do we find unmistakable signs of this new uprush of spiritual perception. Social reformers have for some time been realising rapidly that the distribution of indiscriminate charity is not the only, and is very far from being the best way of helping the less fortunate members of the human brotherhood. Religious thinkers are gradually realising that Truth, when shut in by barbed-wire fences of prejudice and dogma, has a way of escaping its warders, and springing up in new places beyond the fences which are set up with such toilsome care and guarded so jealously. In a word, they are beginning to think more of Truth, and less of the fences within which it is confined. In many other branches of human activity and interest similar signs of the dawning of the new era may be seen, but my present object is to draw attention specially to those appearing in the realms of literature, music, and art, since in these, as we are often told, lies the truest reflection of the mental and spiritual life of a nation; though indeed the movement of which I write

is in no sense confined to one nation, but is a world-wide movement, of whose breadth and depth only those who are in the heart of it can attempt to judge.

In literature it is to the poets that we must look, first of all, for evidences of the new era ; for poets, ever since the beginning of time, have had clearer eyes than the rest of humanity, and ears more delicately attuned to the distant spirit-harmonies which reach most of us only as broken notes and fragments.¹ But it may here be argued that even if we find the signs we seek, no real proof will have been gained, simply because all poetry is concerned chiefly with an inner, spiritual world of imagination. And this is true. All real poetry does—must, if it be poetry at all—let in the light of imagination upon its subject, be that subject never so material ; but there is some poetry that deals not at all with the material side, not even with the material beauty, of this so strangely two-sided universe ; poetry which may be likened to an open window wherethrough gleam visions and float melodies, fair and sweet, but unfamiliar to our waking eyes and ears. And there is also poetry which, while treating of the beauties of the material and visible world, yet ‘sees through’ these outer appearances to the hidden beauty of the reality that lies behind.

We are led to believe a lie
When we see with, not through, the eye,

said Blake, and it is poems of such ‘true vision’ that I have in mind. From the present day, back into the far past of literature, poems showing this influence—the influence of Mysticism, we may perhaps call it—gleam

¹ It has been put into a single sentence by one of them : “ The literate, the erudite, the learned, mount by means of ladders ; poets and artists are birds.”

out like shining pearls in the treasure-house of the world's poetry. In all periods and languages they are found. Such poems are concerned with worlds lying within and beyond the material world seen by our bodily eyes; the mystic worlds of loveliness which some poets find behind the eye-delighting world of Nature's beauty, as Wordsworth in his immortal 'Ode,' and 'A. E.' in so many of the poems in *The Divine Vision*; the inner soul-worlds to which others attain through the beauty of religion, as Henry Vaughan in 'The Night,' and Francis Thompson in 'The Hound of Heaven,' and the vast worlds of imaginative symbolism of which William Blake was the great exponent, and with which so many modern poets—especially those of the 'Keltic revival'—have concerned themselves.

In spite of all that is heard in these days about our miserable lack of any great poetical genius, I think it can be claimed that more poetry of the kind just indicated is being written among us now than has been the case in any known epoch of our history. The only period that might—if we knew enough about it—be excepted, is that of the ancient Keltic bards, such as Ossian and Taliesin; but our knowledge is so vague and legendary that we cannot tell whether they were isolated stars, or only two out of many poets whose works are lost to us. Let those who doubt the truth of this claim take at random a dozen books by modern poets. Francis Thompson, Christina Rossetti, Walt Whitman, Edward Carpenter, Stephen Phillips, Alfred Noyes, Clifford Bax, A. E. Waite, Anna Bunston, William Watson, Fiona Macleod, Katharine Tynan, W. B. Yeats, 'A. E.,' Alice Meynell, John Freeman, H. E. Hamilton-King, are a few of the names that suggest themselves.

Note roughly how many of their poems are concerned with material things, such as the bodily beauty of woman, nature's outward beauty, or the splendours of human achievement, and how many with things beyond the range of the material senses. I venture to say that the large majority will fall into the latter category. Then let them take any good anthology of English poetry in the past, and make the same comparison. They will find mystical poems, certainly, and some very lovely ones, but even in this wide range of centuries—and much more in any one period—they will find a far greater proportion of love-lyrics, (exquisite and unrivalled in their perfect choice of words), sonnets to the Moon, to Sleep, to Morning, sweet verses to flowers and shepherdesses, odes to Spring; innumerable poems, in fact, inspired by the things whose outward beauty charmed the poet's eye, or stirred his passions and emotions.

I am not attempting to compare the style, or the value *as literature*, of the works of old and new poets. But even in these respects it is notoriously difficult to pass a fair criticism on contemporary work, and we must always remember that modern poets are attempting a task of supreme difficulty. They are trying to confine within the limitations of language and metre the essence of those things "which cannot be spoken". Few of them succeed more than very partially, but the attempt in itself is magnificent, and may it not be that a future generation will carry to fuller perfection the work now tentatively begun? When this happens—and surely there is every hope of it—our English poetry should show forth such a spiritual radiance as will clear away for ever all the old controversy as to the relative value of

thought and its expression. We shall see once for all that the poet's message and the medium of words through which it is delivered—in other terms, the soul and the body, or the ensouling Spirit and the revealing form—are but two sides of the One Truth. If the poet's thought is flawless, the form of his poem must be flawless too. Otherwise he will have created but an imperfect medium, holding an incomplete idea. This is the stage which many of our modern poets seem to have reached. Their spiritual perceptions are further developed than their powers of expression but all honour is due to them because they are, to the limit of their powers, trying to fulfil what we have been told is the true and ultimate aim of poetry—"to keep open the great road that leads from the seen to the unseen". The modern poet's attitude towards life in general, and towards nature in particular, seems to be summed up in these four lines by one of their number (Richard Le Gallienne)—lines very telling in their simplicity, and holding a great truth in a few words:

Up through the mystic deeps of sunny air
I cried to God : " O Father, art thou there ?"
Sudden the answer, like a flute, I heard :
It was an angel, though it seemed a bird.

And now, since there are always those who will scoff at poetry as impractical, unnecessary and useless, let it at once be said that others than poets are pointing the same way, and pointing it no less definitely. By no means can this be more plainly shown than by a consideration of the striking increase of novels lately issued which deal almost solely with the inner, spiritual lives of human beings as opposed to their surface lives of fortune and event. Some there are that go even further than this, that for their

interest depend entirely upon the revelation of some mystic or hidden side of life, in a fashion which no novelist of, say, fifty years ago, would have dared to attempt, even had he so desired. We will take, for the sake of illustration, a few at random. There is *The Column of Dust*, by Evelyn Underhill, a book wonderful in every sense of the word, whose first and last chapters are masterpieces of imagination and of expression. The daringly original conception is in almost every detail excellently carried out, and there is one passage, that of the vision of the 'Shining Tree,' any idea of the beauty of which can only be conveyed by quotation, though it is unfortunately too long to be given here in full:

It sprang upon her consciousness out of the patchy, sunny world of paving-stones, window-boxes, and pale blue sky; complete, alive, a radiant personality, whose real roots, she was sure, penetrated far beyond the limitations of the material world. She gazed, astonished, into the heart of it; saw the travail and stress of the spirit of Life crying out for expression, the mysterious sap rushing through its arteries, the ceaseless and ritual dance of every speck of substance which built it—that eternal setting to partners which constitutes the rhythm of the world It broke, like an imprisoned angel, through the concrete prosperities of the street; its airy filaments enmeshed a light which she had never seen before. In that light it dwelt, solitary: apart, yet very near. . . . She saw each leaf fierce and lucent as an emerald, radiant of green fire: blazing—passionate with energy—a verdant furnace, wherein the transcendent life was distilled, cast into the mould of material things. . . . It gave her a vision of another universe; of the whirl through space of countless planets, all teeming, feathery, flowery, to the angelic eye, with some such radiant inflorescence as this . . . She saw it thus for an instant, the shining, glassy, pulsating thing. Then, as it seemed, another veil was stripped from her eyes, and she saw it in its unimaginable reality, as it is seen by the spiritual sight; remote, and more wonderfully luminous, the fit object of her adoration.

The Watcher's voice cried within her, "Ah, beautiful, exquisite world! Here at last is the meaning, the Real, the Idea! Why did I not understand before?"

Then there is *The Education of Uncle Paul*, by Algernon Blackwood, a book brimful of spiritual beauty

and poetic imagination. The passages descriptive of the awakening of the winds at dawn in the lost forest, and of the migrating of the spirits of the trees, are the most perfect expressions of a haunting and exquisite loveliness that pervades the whole book. "Who could ever believe that *that* man," says Uncle Paul, of the great child-heart, catching sight of himself in a mirror, "wants above all else in life, above wealth, fame, success, the knowledge of spiritual things, which is Reality—which is God?" And a little further on we find this passage:

Like many another mystical soul he saw the invisible foundations of the visible world . . . In his contemplation of Nature, for instance, he would gaze upon the landscape, the sky, a tree or flower, until their essential beauty passed into his own nature . . . For him everywhere in Nature there was psychic energy. And it was difficult to say which was with him the master passion: to find Reality—God—through Nature, or to explain Nature through God.

Again, take the following paragraph from *The House of Souls*, by Arthur Machen:

Now I know that the walls of sense that seemed so impenetrable, that seemed to loom up above the heavens and to be founded below the depths, and to shut us in for evermore, are no such everlasting impassable barriers as we fancied, but thinnest and most airy veils that melt away before the seeker, and dissolve, as the early mist of the morning about the brooks.

And this from Maurice Hewlett's *Open Country*:

Surely, in a world of wonders, there's room and to spare for the Souls of things, seen only by poets but felt by all country people . . . So long as youth is clean and quick and eager, so long will Artemis the Bright fleet along the hill-tops—and that will be for ever and ever, the Lord be praised!

And, lastly, this from *The Creators*, by May Sinclair:

He was a seer; a man who saw *through* the things that other men see. . . To him the visible world was a veil worn thin by the pressure of the reality behind it.

Other novels which could be quoted to the same effect are too numerous to mention, but the similarity of thought in these unconnected passages gives a striking indication of the spiritual forces that are at work. If we look back to the days of George Eliot, of Charlotte Brontë, of Scott, of Fielding, of Jane Austen, of Trollope, of Thackeray and Dickens—who, in any of their times, could have been found to write novels such as those we have been quoting? Who—still more vital question—could have been found to read them? Neither fame nor literary value is here under consideration. The point is that now-a-days such novels *are* written and not only written, but read. Truly, the times have changed, and perhaps Blake, when he said that “if the doors of perception were cleansed, everything would appear to man as it is, infinite,” was voicing no extravagant impossibility (as his contemporaries no doubt considered it), but a truth to be literally realised at no such very distant date. No survey of present-day literature such as this—incomplete though it must necessarily be—can omit Maurice Maeterlinck, a modern seer, who, after suggesting that a ‘spiritual epoch’ may be upon us in these days, goes on to say:

A spiritual influence is abroad that soothes and comforts. . . Men are nearer to themselves, nearer to their brothers. . . Their understanding of women, children, animals, plants—nay, of all things—becomes more pitiful and more profound. The statues, paintings, and writings, that these men have left us may perhaps not be perfect, but none the less does there dwell therein a secret power, an indescribable grace, held captive and imperishable for ever. . . Signs of a life that we cannot explain are everywhere, vibrating by the side of the life of every day.

In another place he says that “perhaps the spiritual vases are less closely sealed now than in bygone days,” and in a most memorable passage he suggests that,

owing to this growth of the soul of man, Hamlet, if he were to walk among us now, would be able to say many things for which, in his own day, he (or Shakspeare for him) could find no words:

The soul of the passer-by, be he tramp or thief, would be there to help him. For, in truth it would seem that already there are fewer veils that enwrap the soul; and were Hamlet now to look into the eyes of his mother, or of Claudius, there would be revealed to him the things that, then, he did not know.

Here are a few short extracts taken from a recently published, anonymous book, *A Modern Mystic's Way*:

There is no power but is His; I and the stuff of my earth and body meet in His Oneness—when I do not forget to see. The world, for me, is full of miracle and mystery, when I do not forget. . . . The light in which the great mystics see, as other men do not, transfigures all their world. . . . they, to whom heaven and earth's garden seem to lie in open sight, are indeed "a chain of stars" in the firmament of man. . . For me the way of these great ones and the brightness of the light they see lie remote. The covering of my world and self conceals both from my sight; but the covering has at last begun to grow translucent, and the divine light is breaking through. . . The heights of heaven must be close to every lower place, as close as heart and heart may be.

And here are some passages from a little book called *Religion and Immortality*, by G. Lowes Dickinson:

Nothing exists but individuals in the making. All things live, yes, even those we call inanimate. A soul, or a myriad souls, inform the rocks and streams and winds. Innumerable centres of life leap in joy down the torrent. . . the sea is a passion, the air and the light, a will and a desire. . . . Man is discord straining to harmony, ignorance to knowledge, fear to courage, hate and indifference to love. He is a system out of equilibrium, and therefore moving towards it; he is the fall of the stone, the flow of the stream, the orbit of the star, rendered in the truth of passion and desire. To apprehend Reality is the goal of his eternal quest.

Nor must we forget Victor Hugo, that marvellous genius who seemed to be the forerunner of the time in which we are living now; who, concerning the grandeur of Art, the glory of the stars, of the sea, of the whole

universe, has written—in prose and poetry—words of flame that can never be forgotten. He calls a beautiful work of art, “the eternal affirmed by the immortal,” and speaking of a masterpiece he says :

The glimmer of the absolute, so prodigiously distant, sends its ray through this thing—sacred and almost formidable light by reason of its purity.

Or again :

Goodness has welled forth from beauty. There exist these strange elemental effects relating to the intercommunication of the deeps. . . . Beauty enters our eyes, a ray, and issues forth, a tear. To love is at the summit of all. . . I have faith that the infinite is the great trysting-place.

With regard to the spiritual significance of form, or expression, of which we were speaking a little while back, he says :

Beauty is form. Strange and unexpected proof that form is substance. To confound form with surface is absurd. Form is essential and absolute ; it comes from the very womb of the idea. It is beauty ; and everything that is beauty manifests truth . . . For thought, expression is what it needs must be, a garment of light for this spiritual body . . . The idea without the word would be an abstraction ; the word without the idea would be a sound ; their union is their life.

In another place he says :

Man is a frontier. Double being, he marks the limit of two worlds . . . To be born is to enter the visible world ; to die is to enter the invisible world. . . . Death is a change of garments. Soul ! You were clothed with darkness, you are about to be clothed with light ! . . . The whole creation is a perpetual ascension, from brute to man, from man to God . . . True philosophy turns aside from religions, and pushes forward to religion.

Quotations could be multiplied, but we must turn from individual writers to the world of periodical publications. Here we find such magazines as *The Quest*, *The Hibbert Journal*, *The Theosophist*, *Orpheus*, *The Occult Review*, *The Seeker* ; all written and all read by people, who, in their different ways—and some of their ways are very

different, I admit—are more interested in the search for Reality than in any material goods the world can offer them. These magazines do not, of course, command huge circulations, but the very fact that so many of them are published, and that they all do circulate to a certain extent—some more and some less widely—in England and America and all over the globe, is a noteworthy one.

It is rather more difficult to trace the growth of this 'movement in other branches of art; to lay one's finger on a spot and say, "Here it is to be seen," and again, "Here is another sign of it". Yet in painting it certainly burns forth with a clear and unmistakable flame in the spiritual allegories of Watts. It is found also in what have well been called "Turner's golden visions"—Turner, who saw with the eye of the Spirit as well as with that of the body, if ever an artist did. In sculpture it animates the vast, imaginative conceptions of Rodin, who has succeeded in expressing in solid stone and marble such abstract subjects as Thought—in 'The Thinker,' Love—in 'The Kiss' and 'The Eternal Idol,' and the power of God—in 'The Creation'. In landscape-painting, apart from Turner, it is shown (in slighter degree, perhaps, but no less certainly) in the work of so many modern artists that to name any in particular would be invidious. It seems as though artists had been learning to look upon Nature with new eyes, as though their aim were no longer to paint the outward appearance only of a river, a meadow, or a road, but so to reproduce the spirit of the place on their canvas that the observer should at once feel himself *to be there*. In a word, the artist tries no longer (as Rousseau has put it) to "make the picture spring into life upon the canvas";

his aim is rather to remove, one after another, "the veils which concealed it". With regard to portraiture also, it has been said that "never before, not even by the great portrait-painters of the past. . . . have the men and women of the day been presented with so unflinching and psychological a treatment"; and it would not need a very deep or detailed study of the *best* modern portraits (could such be brought together, as are the best portraits of the old masters) to show the truth of this. Of the ultra-modern schools, Impressionists, Post-Impressionists and the like, it is difficult for an outsider to speak, their work (particularly that of the second class named) being at present so largely the outcome of a state of revolt and transition. But it may at least be said that their aim appears to be the representation of ideas rather than of facts, of the "spirits of things," if one may so put it, rather than of the actual things themselves. Whether this aim is one that they will carry out successfully, time alone can show.

Music presents a still more difficult side of the question, for it is hard for any of us to believe that music will ever attain to more serene and spiritual heights than it reached long ago in the celestial melodies of Beethoven, in the deep and solemn harmonies of Bach. But it is certain that there are in these days more people competent—not only in technique, but also in sympathetic understanding—to interpret the works of these and other great masters, than there have been in any other age of the world, and surely this in itself is a strong sign of the spiritual epoch whose dawn we see approaching! Also, among composers, Wagner and Tschaiikowsky—to take two quite dissimilar examples—have given us a new music, full of passionate imagination, full, in

Wagner's case, of an intense poetical Mysticism. Macdowell has shown a wonderful power of interpreting—or rather, perhaps, of reflecting—Nature in terms of music. Debussy, again, has introduced a new style, which, whatever its shortcomings, undoubtedly aims at appealing to the imagination rather than to the senses; and those who should know say that there exist among us young composers, unheard as yet, but none the less, enthusiastic, whose work shows strongly the same influences that we have found in Art's other branches, and who may be the forerunners of a new school of very pure and spiritual music, full of a deep mystical significance.

Of the astounding revolution which has taken place of late in the attitude of scientists towards 'the unseen,' it is hardly necessary to speak here. Two names may be mentioned—those of Professor William James and Sir Oliver Lodge. Says the former in one of his essays :

The further limits of our being plunged, it seems to me, into an altogether other dimension of existence from the sensible and merely 'understandable' world . . . we belong to it in a more intimate sense than that in which we belong to the visible world, for we belong in the most intimate sense wherever our ideals belong.

But the most casual reference to the published writings of these two men will suffice to show how present-day scientists are discarding, or rather, overreaching, the testimony of the physical senses, and are holding 'open minds,' to say the least of it, with regard to many matters which their predecessors looked upon merely as fit subjects for sceptical derision.

There is certainly no lack of evidence to show this awakening of the spiritual side of man is a very real thing and that it is slowly but surely permeating all life, all thought, and all art.

If there are some who are inclined to doubt the truth of this, and to think that we are, after all, living in "garish summer days," as Shelley called them

when we

Scarcely believe much more than we can see,

let them remember that all days have held some narrowness of vision, and that in every age the vast majority of men have preferred to glue their eyes to the surface show which lay immediately before them. The test is in the size of the minority who believe *more* than they can see; who can say in the words of our great modern mystic poet:

Not where the wheeling systems darken,
And our benumbed conceiving soars!
The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places;
Turn but a stone—and start a wing!
'Tis ye; 'tis your estranged faces
That miss the many-splendoured thing.

Let us rest contented in the thought that those who hear "the drift of pinions" are an ever-increasing company; that the "estranged faces," though still many, are fewer than ever before; that now, more eagerly than in any other age of the world, do men "grope around the walls of life in search of the crevices through which God may be seen".

Eva M. Martin

[To the new men in music should be added the names of the Russian Scriabine, whose *Prometheus* was given in London by Sir Henry Wood, and the Finnish Merokanto whose Cantata was lately performed in Stockholm.—ED.]

THEOSOPHY AND DARWIN

By W. D. S. BROWN, F. T. S.

WHEN the time comes for questions at the close of a Theosophical lecture, it is frequently asked—does Theosophy support Darwin? To attempt to answer the question at all fully within the few minutes that usually remain on such occasions is apt to produce an impression resembling chaos more than cosmos; on the other hand to answer simply 'yes' or 'no' is a policy which has decided drawbacks. An unqualified affirmative, even if it satisfies the scientifically inclined enquirer for the time, only accentuates the difficulty which he is bound to find when he goes into the subject from the Theosophical standpoint, and meets with what seem to him quite contradictory statements, such as the existence of man on this planet before the appearance of animals; yet, if he receives a bald negative, he will probably jump to the conclusion that Theosophy repudiates scientific opinion altogether. Nor is one of religious temperament easily satisfied; for though he may be quite ready to brand Darwin as an 'unbeliever' when convenient, the religious position has been gradually compelled to withdraw its outposts and fall more or less into line with the weight of evidence. It is therefore advisable to be able to summarise briefly a few of the main points of agreement and

divergence between these two interpretations of that most elastic word—evolution.

In the first place we must remember that Darwinism is no more a hard and fast creed than is Theosophy. Charles Darwin, perhaps more than any other great man of science, was careful in the extreme to avoid drawing any sweeping conclusions until he had accumulated an overwhelming mass of detailed evidence; and probably, had it not been for the militant loyalty of Huxley, his work would not have won even the tardy recognition accorded to it. But his tireless researches into natural history have placed beyond all doubt the fact that every complex form in nature has developed by slow degrees from some simpler form, and what could be more natural than to point to man as the crown of this age-long process? While others argued and speculated, he constructed a genealogical tree the branches of which could be laid out on the table, showing where some types had shot ahead and others had stagnated or even died out. Gaps there were, and very important ones too, but the broad outline of the picture told its own story, though it had never before been noticed, at least within our memory.

Having established the first principle of a common origin of species, from which have sprung the innumerable types we see around us and can trace in the records of fossil beds, the question immediately occurred—what have been the causes of this variation of species? In other words, why should not the progeny of the same parents all grow up alike? The first answer that naturally presents itself is the effect of the conditions surrounding the animal during its pre-natal and post-natal existence. Some may be better nourished than others, or may be more exposed to danger, but in every case

the one indispensable quality for profiting by environment is *adaptability*. However perfect an organism may be in some respects, unless it possesses the power to adapt itself to continually changing surroundings, sooner or later it is ruthlessly weeded out by the seemingly implacable 'struggle for existence'.

The next factor, to which Darwin gave the now famous title of 'natural selection,' is in one sense the outcome of the effect of environment, as it is evident that opportunity must largely determine the selection of a mate. But, all other conditions being equal, is there unmistakable evidence of an instinct leading animals to choose mates best fitted to survive in the struggle for existence? Undoubtedly, said Darwin, and so do we, who regard animals as guided by a form of intelligence which, though not yet individualised, reaches a high pitch of psychic organisation. So far we are in full accord with the great naturalist who shares with Alfred Russell Wallace the distinction of having been the first to recognise truths of such far-reaching effect and yet so simple, now that they have been pointed out.

But Theosophy really begins where Darwin left off, and so it might be said that there is a difference of extent rather than of principle. While Darwin quite naturally confined himself to deductions from physical facts, Theosophy boldly claims superphysical sources of information. It does not minimise the importance of physical laws, such as heredity, in maintaining a succession of bodily characteristics, but it also recognises the operation of the evolutionary process in vehicles of consciousness pertaining to worlds of subtler matter, constituting a continuity independent of, and yet controlling and reacting to, the physical continuity.

Again Theosophy extends its researches in point of time to remote periods prior to the existence of this planet, and spreads out over many successive chains of globes the range of growth which Darwin was obliged to cram into the age of this planet. Finally, Theosophy regards the course of evolution not as a straight line but as a circle, or rather a spiral; in other words it regards the evolution of consciousness from matter as the sequel to a previous involution of consciousness into matter, forming a cycle of outbreathing and inbreathing like the winding up and running down of a clock. The significance of this extended outlook lies in the recognition of pre-existing patterns or archetypes towards which evolution is moving with purposive intent and not groping blindly after an unknown outlet.

So let us take as a typical case the familiar question: Was man ever a monkey? Before going further, it may be well to point out that the question, when put in this form, as it often is, savours of a contradiction in terms. It is rather like asking if bread were ever dough. Obviously; so long as a man is a man, he cannot be a monkey. But suppose we suggest to our enquirer that he put his question in another popular form: Is man descended from the monkey? We still have to be careful not to confuse him by trying to explain three things at once. Personally I should be inclined to waive for the moment the subject of previous globes and different streams of evolution, and give the approximate answer: "Yes, man has inherited the consciousness of the monkey, but the possession of individuality which makes him man had not yet been acquired while his ancestors remained animals." We might then take the next step in the opposite direction

with the approximate statement that the monkeys now living will become men, but not on this planet, a reference which opens the way to the second and third points, namely, that the bulk of humanity on this planet emerged from the animal stage on an earlier planet, and that the animals then were not necessarily monkeys as we know them.

But, we can hear our friend say, the beauty of Darwin's theory is that we have no need to go outside this planet ; the whole thing has been done here. Well, if our friend feels more at home where he is, he can still pursue his Theosophical studies in other directions without in any way binding himself to decide on a question which is after all more of academic than of practical interest ; but later on he will probably find it quite easy to take the plunge into the mysteries of rounds and chains. Even then the difficulties that enter into the history of life on this planet are very considerable from the biological standpoint. For instance, how were the physical bodies of the first men on this planet produced, if they did not pass through the earlier stages, say from the amœba? Then again, how were the bodies of the animals produced? Here, as before, we must admit that Darwin's view must necessarily retain a strong hold on the average intelligence by virtue of its simplicity. It appears to be independent of any reason for belief in superhuman creative agencies or extra-terrestrial forms of existence, and to bring the solution of the problem of life within measurable distance. After all we cannot wonder that it was with a sigh of relief and gratitude to science that thoughtful people shook off the fetters that the antiquated dogmas of creation had imposed, and consequently

the tendency to view with suspicion any reversion to the so-called supernatural is only to be expected.

But if we look deeper we shall find that the highest appeal which the doctrine of evolution makes to man does not consist in saving him the trouble of penetrating into the invisible, but in revealing to him the inspiring truth that his destiny lies in his own hands, and that the ascent of the past is his guarantee for the still greater ascent of the future. What the world has still to learn is that, while the struggle for existence is the law of progress for the brute, the law of progress for man is the law of sacrifice, as One who knows has put it. So our would-be Theosophist, if he really means to understand more, must face the effort of coming out from his snug retreat and meeting conceptions so startling that one can scarcely imagine anyone inventing them. His retreat will not be destroyed, but it will no longer confine him.

The first of such conceptions is the possibility of a body being materialised in finer physical matter, called in Theosophical books 'etheric,' by the thought power of a highly developed being, and being appropriated by an incarnating ego, who gradually densified this 'ready-made' mould for a physical body. This seems to have been the case at one stage at least in human history, when the Barhiṣhad Piṭrs, as *The Secret Doctrine* calls them, projected their 'chhāyas' or shadows for the less evolved members of humanity to use. It is assumed in the suggestions here put forward that the idea of reincarnation has already been explained.

Apparently some crude human bodies had already been evolved by passing comparatively quickly through the lower forms, as though recapitulating the original

evolutionary stages, on the analogy well known to embryologists ; and this work was given to less advanced egos who incarnated in them. But, as we find in similar cases, after a certain point it appeared to be either necessary or expedient that assistance should be given by highly evolved beings to bridge a gap which the normal course of evolution might not have been able to bridge, at least without great delay. So that to the Theosophist the idea of evolution includes the further principle of assistance rendered by life at a higher stage to life at a lower stage of evolution.

Next, with regard to the production of bodies for the animals on this planet : Here again we must begin by getting a clear idea of another distinct stream of evolving life, in this case at a lower stage than humanity. It is said that the crude bodies already referred to as used by the least evolved human egos were reproduced by a process of exudation ; the actual expression by which these bodies have come to be known, namely 'the sweat-born,' being taken from *The Secret Doctrine*. This process of exudation seems to have provided the material for bodies of lower types, which were occupied by the most evolved of the animal stream. It is reasonable to suppose that a less evolved animal stream started from the lowest rung of the animal ladder about the same time as the earliest human stream, but was rapidly outstripped, and has since made normal but slow progress as a group. In fact the more one hears of the wonderful latitude of the divine scheme and the provision made for every eventuality, the more one realises the extreme complexity of the subsidiary forces and systems interacting within the influence of the one irresistible power "that makes for

righteousness". One can only trace the workings of a few outstanding tendencies and conclude that as soon as any entity is able to profit by a more complex body, such a body is passed on from a higher entity who in turn has discarded it for a still more complex body; of course this does not mean that the same body is passed on, but the physical heredity of its type. The lower entity is often unable at first to maintain the former bodily standard, but nature is lavish as well as economical, and seems always ready to provide greater opportunities than can usually be taken advantage of.

By this time I think we have touched on the main difficulties which confront the student of Darwin on his first acquaintance with the Theosophical view, and with some such general idea he may well be left to follow his own course of investigation. To introduce matters of comparative detail, such as the position of the anthropoid apes, is calculated to obscure the main issues, however interesting they may seem in themselves. Again, the subject of individualisation would require a lecture to itself before any adequate presentation could be given. But, if further information were sought, I should unhesitatingly recommend a thorough examination of Mrs. Besant's masterpiece *A Study in Consciousness* before introducing anyone to the real Gordian knot—*The Secret Doctrine*.

Perhaps it may not be presumptuous to conclude with the hope that our lecturers will not overlook the work of such great minds as Darwin, who, without the advantages that we in the Theosophical Society enjoy, have paved the way for a revolution in public thought of which we now reap the benefit.

W. D. S. Brown

A FRAGMENT

By THE REV. C. W. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF, M. A., F. T. S.

(From an unpublished book *Theosophy and Christianity*)

BEFORE we bring this chapter to an end, it will be well to make one last attempt to indicate the difference made in the inner life and thoughts of one who passes from the sectarian to the universal Christianity, from the *soi-disant* orthodoxy to that true orthodoxy, which is Theosophy, and which, though words may hint at, they can never contain—for it is Life.

The man who makes this passage knows that he has passed from a world of opinions and intellectual theories, a thin world of ghosts and dreams, a world of untenable positions desperately defended, to a world of realities. He seems to himself to have broken through a shell, a crust of theological thought-forms, and to have come out into the light and air. That light will shine yet brighter; that air, so lucid, will become still more clear for him, as he passes through the great Initiations, the emancipations of consciousness, which still await him.

But even now he stands in a region of freedom and reality. Timid colleagues had warned him of the dangers of letting go of the hold to which he and they

were clinging in the darkness. Behold, he has let go, and beneath him, just beneath him, was the solid ground, the Rock of Truth. His ears are filled with a harmony which makes the old party war-cries, the babblings of orthodox and liberals, the voices of critics and anti-critics, sound thin and strange and far away. He opens his eyes and sees: the immensity of the All, incomprehensible, eternal, beyond praise or prayer, and yet, mystery of mysteries, our inmost Life, the Self dwelling in the hearts of all the lesser selves. And seeing this, he longs to speak to his fellows, full of fears, distresses, worries, absorbed in microscopic controversies, the good tidings of great joy, and to say to them:

That which thou art thou deemest not:—so vast
That lo! time present, time to be, time past,
Are but the sepals of thine opening soul,
Whose flower shall fill the universe at last.

For he sees, in this clear night of the soul, the star-studded heavens. Millions upon millions of suns; and each of them, with its attendant system of worlds, visible and invisible, the expression of a LOGOS, the speaking of one of the Words of the Ineffable.

He lifts his heart to the Lord of his own system, that Father of gods and men, who, "for the bringing of many sons unto glory," pours forth His Life into matter, whose Eternal Christ dies and lives that we may live for ever.

Here is the God of Religion, the God who asks our co-operation and our service, the glad, conscious service of sons. Of sons and yet of brethren; for we, so tiny, and He, so unutterably great, are, infinite as the gulf must seem, yet truly brethren, sharers in the Undying Existence, Words, great and small, of that Eternal. For Life is One.

He sees, too, the evolution of humanities, and the countless hierarchies of beings, on all planes: and he sees how the elder ever help the younger, the stronger the weaker, the wiser the more ignorant. From world to world, from system, it may be, to system, flash the mighty 'missions of help'. And we too, even we, when our purification and perfection are accomplished, to humanities as yet unborn "shall bring the strength of conscious divinity, and feed them with the bread of life". He sees the vision of that true Catholic Church, the multitudes of enfranchised spirits, dwelling on planets, visible and invisible, of all these myriad million Suns, new-born into consciousness of their own divinity—that Church whose mighty Pontiffs are the Lords of universes, whose priests and teachers are the "spirits of the just made perfect," the Masters of the One Wisdom, whatever form, in other systems, They may wear; whatever tongue They may speak.

This, and no sect upon a minor planet, is the "Holy, Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints" in whose ranks he will be enrolled, when the first of the great Initiations—of which our baptism is but the symbol and the promise—makes him "safe for evermore" and imparts to him the true second birth.

Has he lost his Creed, or denied it? Rather, he has but begun to understand its true greatness, and to see that those who framed it and preserved it builded better than perhaps most of them knew. And then, perhaps, when all stammeringly, he tries to speak of that which he has seen, tries to help another to catch that Vision which brings peace, he shall hear one say, politely but firmly, 'heresy'.

Poor minds of men, who, like creatures struggling in a trap, will bite and wound the hand that tries to free them from the thought-prison they have made for themselves.

But only peace and good-will should move him who has begun to see. For was not the Lord of Love Himself, when, seeing with perfect and undimmed vision, He came amongst the blind, accounted the chief of heretics? Did they not "slay Him and hang Him on a tree"?

And is not this the best and bravest work to which we who are alive to-day—in the hush before the dawn—can devote ourselves: namely, so to labour, so to teach, so to prepare His Way, that, when next He comes to offer men the Light, they may not call it 'heresy'?

C. W. Scott-Moncrieff

THE WHITE ISLAND

By THE REV. ROBERT HERRICK (XVII CENTURY)

(This poem should be read in connection with the description of the 'White Island' in *Man: Whence, How and Whither* and of Sanaṭ Kumāra, the "Eternal Virgin Youth". The coincidence is so remarkable as to suggest that it is more than a coincidence. Italics are ours. Can Herrick have been inspired, consciously or unconsciously, by Thomas Vaughan?)

In this world (the Isle of Dreams),
While we sit by sorrow's streams,
Tears and terrors are our themes
Reciting:

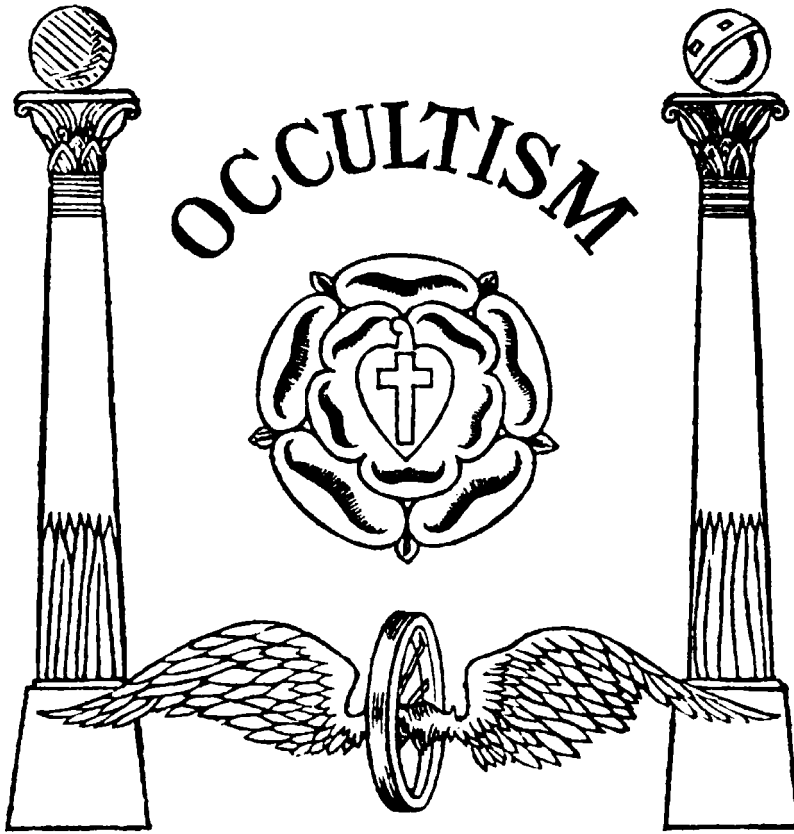
But when once from hence we fly
More and more approaching nigh
Unto *Young Eternity*
Uniting

In that *Whiter Island*, where
Things are ever more sincere;
Candour here, and lustre there
Delighting:

There as monstrous fancies shall
Out of Hell an horror call,
To create (or cause at all)
Affrighting;

There in calm and cooling sleep
We our eyes shall never steep;
But *eternal watch* shall keep,
Attending

Pleasures, such as shall pursue
The immortalised, and you;
And fresh joys, as never too
Have ending.



SEEING THE AURA BY THE AID OF
COLOURED SCREENS

By F. C. WEHMEYER, F. T. S.

FROM time to time it is pointed out that, owing to different causes, Theosophy has not gained the attention it deserves among the leaders in the world of science and thought. Probably one of the most important of these causes is that it has not been possible for the truths which are the foundation of the Theosophic view of life to be verified by more than a very few persons endowed with special faculties and senses. But it cannot

be expected that unverified statements coming from a few persons declaring themselves to be in possession of hitherto unknown powers, can be regarded as more than, at the very most, hypotheses by present day humanity. But if only a few of these hypotheses could be verified in a strictly scientific manner, interest and respect for Theosophy would surely increase.

It is true that rumours are sometimes heard of science having proved the truth of one special teaching or other. Such rumours have their source in the circle of the initiated, but are often premature or exaggerated. It often happens that someone lays claim to having made a discovery or proved something by means of experiment, which experiment, however, does not stand the test of unbiassed investigation; and such discoveries may have nothing whatever to do with science. It must be borne in mind that nothing at all is proved if, for example, on any single occasion, that which is thought to be the aura, or thought-forms, or anything else of the kind, can be seen or even photographed. Such photographs may possibly be taken when the circumstances are exceptionally favourable. But these spirit photographs can be regarded only as curiosities without any real value as proofs. Nothing is easier than to produce such photographs artificially, for which reason no more reliance is to be placed upon such a photograph than can be placed in the person who took it. Only in the case of the possibility of one and the same experiment being *repeated* at any time and by any competent person, has it any scientific value.

Nevertheless, all the attempts which have been made up to the present to investigate the unexplained laws of nature and the powers latent in man on a purely

scientific basis are of the greatest interest. For only to the extent which official science succeeds in penetrating into these branches, and adopts the truths of Theosophy, can these truths be expected to become universally accepted in the world. Attention was therefore justifiably aroused when, some time ago, Dr. Kilner, whose experiments compare favourably with those of his predecessors, declared it to be possible for ordinary non-clairvoyant people to see the aura with the help of certain screens containing a solution of a blue dye, dicyanin. These blue screens are used as follows: A darker screen is first looked through against the light for half a minute, after which the subject of the experiment, who must be standing against a black background in a semi-dark room, is looked at, either through the lighter coloured screen or without any screen at all. A sort of blue-white haze can then be seen around the person in question. This haze is that which, in Theosophical literature, has been given the name of the health aura.

It is natural that a number of questions should arise at this point. For example: What is the cause of this particular chemical, dicyanin, having this power, or is it possible that other dyes could be employed? Why cannot any blue glass be used? And what connection has the phenomenon with Baron Reichenbach's Odyle?

With the object of solving these and other questions, the writer, in co-operation with others interested in the matter, undertook a series of experiments, the result of which was as follows:

To begin with, it was necessary to make sure that it really is the aura which is seen, and not something else. We found, however, that we could not see the haze

round a chair, a piece of white paper or other objects without life, but only round living beings. Further, we found it to be subject to the influence of the will, as, indeed, Dr. Kilner has pointed out. Finally, we ascertained that several persons could see it, and saw it without help or previous use of any sort of screens, in the same way as other people with the aid of such. The conclusion must therefore be drawn that there can be no question of an optical illusion produced by the screen.

Unfortunately, in spite of repeated attempts, we also found that everyone was not capable of seeing this aura. Some only see indistinctly what they describe as a dim grey-white smoke around the head and hands of the subject, or only think that the black background seems lighter near the body. Those who see better describe the phenomenon as a blue-white haze which surrounds the body at an equal distance, this distance differing from one to three feet. Sometimes the colour of the haze is described as bordering on violet, and good psychics see the aura violet, more blue on the right side and more red on the left. The striation of the aura is decidedly more difficult to see. Near to the skin is a darker border, as may be seen on plates XXIV and XXV in *Man Visible and Invisible*. We found that the majority could see the aura more or less. Of twenty-two people who made the trial, five could not say decidedly if they saw anything or not, eight were uncertain if what they saw was imagined or reality, while nine said definitely that they saw distinctly.

As I have already said, the screens are not a necessity for this experiment, and, for this reason, it is easy for anyone who wishes to do so to make a trial. The only thing necessary is a room in which the light can

be exactly regulated, and a black background. The main thing is for the light to be regulated so that the room is neither too light nor too dark, but in half-darkness, in which it is only just possible to distinguish the contours of the face and hands of the subject. I am convinced that about fifty per cent of all who make a trial will be able to see something of the health aura.

THE SCREENS

We have not only experimented with Dr. Kilner's screens, but also with a great number of others in all possible colours, and have found that dicyanin screens, although they can be of great help to some people, are not absolutely necessary and are of little use particularly to those who only see indistinctly. Any blue glass is not, however, equally good, for one cannot always depend upon the light that comes through the screen consisting of blue rays only, it being often a blend of a number of different coloured lights giving the impression of blue to the eye, which cannot distinguish the different components from each other. But if such a screen is examined with a spectroscope, the different sorts of light which are transmitted can be distinguished one from another. The result of examination with the spectroscope gave first proof to us that the screen, besides transmitting the blue light, must also be pervious to a certain amount of the red light, if it is to be of any use. Later on, we found that the principal thing was that the screen should absorb the yellow and orange-red rays, and that part of the green ones should be weakened, after which mainly the blue and some red rays remain, these together giving the light, which penetrates,

a purplish-blue colour. Any screens which fulfil these conditions are as good as the dicyanin screens.

This seems to have some connection with the fact that when the aura is seen through a pure blue glass, or in blue light, or after previously looking towards the light through a blue glass for some minutes, it has quite a different appearance from that which is seen through a red glass or in red light. In the former case, it seems more compact, like a white smoke which gradually becomes denser round the subject. In the latter case, it seems more transparent, like rays coming from all parts of the body, especially from the finger-tips, which seems to indicate that this aura really consists of two auras of about the same extent, the colours being red and blue respectively, although on account of the dimness of the phenomenon and the difficulties of observation, it is not possible to be certain of the colours. The following explanation has been put forward by Dr. Kilner: he suggests that using a screen entails a certain change of the visual purple in the eye, and that this alteration enables a person to apprehend rays a short distance beyond the ordinarily visible spectrum.

THE ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS

As is known, white light consists of a scale of colour-tones, of which a normal eye is only capable of apprehending a small number which lie within an octave which has seven colours from red to violet. We cannot apprehend light of a greater wave-length than the red, or of shorter wave-length than the blue and violet, although the presence of the same can be proved in different ways; *e.g.*, the ultra-violet, on account of its influence on

the photographic plate. A theory has now been advanced that etheric clairvoyance and the faculty of apprehending these ultra-violet rays is one and the same power.

This is an explanation which seems very plausible, and which only has the fault of not agreeing with facts; for both Dr. Kilner's aura and Baron Reichenbach's odylic light can be seen through a screen which completely shuts out ultra-violet rays. In the same way, by means of a screen which completely excludes infra-red rays, but transmits visible light, we have convinced ourselves that these rays do not convey these sense-impressions either. The hypothesis has also been advanced that the seeing of this aura is caused by light vibrations which lie outside even the ultra-violet zone, which would explain why it has not yet been possible to photograph it. But those who make such suggestions can scarcely know what they are talking about, for the transparent bodies in the eye begin to cease transmitting light when its wave-length is less than the three hundred and fifty millionth of a millimeter; glass becomes opaque at about three hundred, the solar spectrum ends abruptly at two hundred and ninety-three on account of the absorptive action of the earth's atmosphere; and for ultra-violet light of shorter wave-length than one hundred and ninety millionth, of a millimeter, even thinner layers of the air itself begin to become impervious to light.

We must therefore take it that it is ordinary although extremely weak light which transmits these impressions, unless the existence of an entirely new sort of rays, similar to light, is presumed.

By this I do not wish to deny that sensitive persons can really see the spectrum stretching further in the direction of both the ultra-violet and the infra-red, than

ordinary people are capable of doing, although seeing the health aura does not seem to have anything to do with the matter.

THE CLOTHES

As the aura sometimes seems stronger around the hands and head, which are bare, than around the rest of the body, which is covered with clothes, the question arises as to whether the clothes may not have some influence on the appearance of the aura. In order to decide this matter, the following experiment was made. A glove was hung up on a thread in front of a black background, and no aura could be discovered round it. Some one then put the glove on. There was then a decided diminution in the extent of the aura round the hand on which the glove had been put. But it could soon be seen that the aura began to take its original appearance again, and after a few minutes, it was almost as large round the gloved as round the ungloved hand. The glove was then hastily taken off, and a slight aura was then visible round the empty glove, which aura, however, quickly disappeared.

It therefore seems that the clothes and objects which come in contact with the body become charged with an emanation from the latter, not, however, instantaneously, but after some time. After the object has become loaded with the emanation, this last radiates from the object to its surroundings.

ODYLIC LIGHT

Finally, it remains to decide in what relation this aura stands to Baron Reichenbach's odylic light.

The Baron, who lived in the middle of the last century, discovered that sensitive persons could, in the dark, see a faint light emanating from metals, magnets, people's hands, *etc.* It is clear that there is an important difference between Baron Reichenbach's odyle, which demands absolute darkness for observation, and Dr. Kilner's experiment, in which a certain, if only a very slight, illumination is necessary. Further, many more people can see the health aura than are capable of observing the odylic light. Among the twenty-two persons with whom I undertook the experiment, I have only found three who could *see the latter*. More than this, Dr. Kilner's screens are of no help in the experiment with the odylic light, but rather the contrary; and further, the odylic light and the health aura are considerably different in appearance when they are seen by persons who are not clairvoyant or extreme psychics. The odylic light generally confines itself to more or less luminous spots, *e.g.*, around the finger-tips, the eyes, the mouth, the solar plexus, *etc.*, but does not generally appear as a complete aura surrounding the body at a distance from it, except to more clairvoyant people who are said to be able to see this light, in both light and darkness, in the form of an aura with the ordinary colours, red on the left side and blue on the right. It must be remembered that the same phenomenon can appear in quite a different way, according to the degree of clairvoyance the seer is in possession of.

It should not be impossible to bring one of these phenomena within reach of official science, by means of improving the methods for their observation in one way or another, so that anyone could see them, or so that they could be photographed at any time. In this

way the border would be passed to the worlds in which the will can directly influence matter, and where there is proof that consciousness is able to work independently of the physical body. But apart from this, we can foresee that such a discovery would be of the greatest importance for medical science, for if it is the etheric body which keeps in health the physical body, and through its activity prevents its dissolution, it is certain that knowledge of this activity and of the changes in the etheric body would be of tremendous importance. Dr. Kilner seems to have been of this opinion. But all this could only be on the condition that at least ninety per cent were able to see instead of scarcely fifty per cent, or that a new, sure and unfailing method of making ether-bodies and auras visible were discovered.

F. C. Wehmeyer

THINKING HORSES

By WILLIAM H. KIRBY, F. T. S.

MANY will remember the interest aroused some years ago by the extraordinary mental feats of a horse called Hans belonging to a Herr Von Osten. Herr Wilhelm Von Osten, who was a retired teacher, had begun as early as 1890 to notice how responsive horses were to patient educative methods. He had however only succeeded in teaching Hans I numbers up to five when, to his great grief, the horse died. It was not until 1900 that Von Osten recommenced his experiments with another horse, Hans II, or Clever Hans,¹ a Russian stallion of about five years old, of excitable and nervous temperament. This horse underwent a long course of mental training and was gradually taught his numbers by means of ninepins. The system of teaching was most elementary. Herr Von Osten would take one ninepin and place it in front of the horse; then taking hold of the horse's foreleg he would raise the hoof and then beat it down on to the ground again saying: "One," and indicating at the same time the ninepin with his free hand. After some weeks of patient work, the horse having understood what was required of him, his teacher proceeded with two, three, and more ninepins until the horse was able to count up to about fifteen. At this point Von Osten began teaching Hans addition. Two ninepins would be put in front of the horse, then two more were shown, and as the teacher said "Two and two are four"; the process would be materially

¹ *Der kluge Hans.*

indicated to the horse so that presently the horse's understanding awoke to the fact that a total was required of him from the addition of two separate items and he soon began giving all his totals correctly, showing he had understood.

Following on these methods, with but slight variations, the horse was taught his alphabet, more advanced stages of arithmetic, and the comprehension of a limited vocabulary of words. The letters corresponded on a specially designed table with certain numbers, and the horse indicated by rappings with his hoof the desired numbers or letters as the case might be.

The wonderful perseverance and tenacity shown by Von Osten in these his earliest experiments are fully dealt with by Herr Krall, his present-day successor, in his book¹ to which the reader must refer for all particulars and details which it would be too lengthy to relate here.

When Herr Von Osten began first to invite public attention to the remarkable results he was obtaining with Hans, he was universally ridiculed and the whole thing was not taken seriously. It was only in 1904 that an article² by General E. Zobel, who had been present at, and much struck by some of Von Osten's experiments with the horse, drew the attention of large numbers of officers and others to the displays of equine sagacity offered by 'Hans, the Wise'.

Soon controversies arose and publicity grew by discussions in the newspapers and press between those who had witnessed and believed in Hans' exceptional powers and those who, whether they had seen the experiments at first-hand or not, had endless arguments for declaring

¹ *Denkende Tiere*, by Karl Krall, published by F. Engelmann, Leipzig, 1912.

² Published on 7th July, 1904, in the *Weltspiegel* and quoted in Krall's book.

the whole thing impossible, and, if not fraudulent, at least the work of a trickster who no doubt wanted to make money out of the horse. Trainers and circus-masters went so far as to offer to buy the horse for show purposes. But Von Osten not only steadily declined, but disproved by so doing the money-making theory. His reserved and retiring nature disliked intensely this controversy round him and his horse ; yet he was bent on proving, not to the general public of ignorant scepticism, but to the trained discrimination of the scientific world, that his horse presented elements worthy of the most serious attention on the part of psychologists, biologists, zoologists and scientists in general.

For this purpose, though an attempt to bring the Hans' experiments before the Sixth International Zoological Congress of August 1904 was unsuccessful, in the following September, Von Osten obtained that a commission of thirteen members composed of zoologists, veterinary experts, psychologists and a circus-master should examine the whole question and pronounce on Hans and his alleged mental performances. The first point to establish was whether, consciously or unconsciously, Von Osten communicated to the horse the required answers to the questions put to him. After two days of experiments the commission declared that not only could trickery be excluded, but also that the unconscious communication by Von Osten of the solution of questions did not exist, since the horse gave successful answers both when Von Osten was not present, and also when he did not know what was the answer required. Hans furthermore gave on one occasion the correct answer when the questioner, by mistake, had been expecting a quite different one.

The result of this commission constituted a great success for Von Osten ; but soon after, a smaller commission of three members, of whom a certain O. Pfungst was one, re-examined the horse and published a declaration which not only denied to Hans any thinking capacity, but alleged that Von Osten and other experimenters communicated the required replies, unconsciously perhaps, but nevertheless in effect, by some slightest motion or signal that the horse understood. Not content with this, Pfungst published in 1907 a whole book¹ containing particulars and diagrams of his alleged explanations.

Though this book at the time damaged to a great extent public belief in the genuineness of Von Osten's experiments and delayed the pursuance of scientific investigation into the remarkable results so far obtained, it could not impede the existence of facts as they really stood, and as they were known to those who believed in Von Osten and his patient perseverance.

There is no need here to go into the specious and and meticulous objections raised in Pfungst's book. Small and narrow 'scientific' criticism such as his can delay but cannot hinder the progress of enquiry and knowledge. We have known this type of would-be-scientific sceptic in all investigations outside the beaten track into the super-normal.

Pfungst's book was successfully criticised and demolished in course of time by Herr K. Krall both in writing and in fact ; for not only with one but with many horses has Herr Krall been able to repeat and excel in every way all that Von Osten had done with Hans. Moreover he has done it under conditions which have

¹ *Das Pferd des Herren von Osten (Der kluge Hans)*, Leipzig, Barth, 1907.

satisfied scientific men of European repute and far better known than Herr Pfungst, whose objections have been thoroughly gone into and negatived by apposite experiments and detailed counter-criticism, as well as by the resulting facts.¹

It was the meeting of Von Osten with Herr Karl Krall, a wealthy retired jeweller of Elberfeld, in 1905 that led up to the re-establishment, in the public opinion, of Hans' 'wisdom' and of Von Osten's reputation as the original discoverer of all that has since been proved possible to obtain from equine intelligence. In methodical fashion Herr Krall convinced himself independently of the sincerity of Von Osten and the objectivity of the experiments. The results he obtained were such as to cause him to engross himself in the particular nature of the scientific problem before him, and to decide to pursue with Von Osten further investigations.

After the finding of the Pfungst Commission it was necessary to endeavour to obtain results without any possibility of the horse discovering the solutions of problems put to him, except by processes of intelligent thought. So Hans was blindfolded with large eye-covers, and his questioners eventually were able to make successful experiments at a distance of eight yards, or twice as far away as the four yards at which Pfungst had said that experiments had been generally unsuccessful. At first, and indeed for some weeks, the results were negative and it looked as if the new conditions deleted from the horse's mind all previous training, since his answers were practically all incorrect. But Von Osten and Krall continued with

¹ Cf. *Denkende Tiere*, by Krall—Chapter on *Die Zeichenhypothese*, and O. Te Kloot *Die Denkenden Pferde Hans Muhamed und Zarif* (Berlin, Borngraber, 1912).

patient perseverance and at last were rewarded by correct replies under conditions which utterly negated Pfungst's objections of visual communication. All other kinds of signals or communication of replies between questioner and horse, Pfungst himself had admitted could be excluded. It was therefore established that, independently of the experimenter, the horse could and did reply intelligently and correctly to some questions put to him and showed thereby a thinking process.

This was the first great step definitely accomplished, and from then onwards Krall decided to pursue the matter methodically and privately until a whole continued series of results should form so overwhelming a testimony of evidence as to exclude in the future any doubts as to the genuineness either of the experiments themselves or of the results obtained. Once these were out of the question, there would be positive ground on which the nature and details of the psychological problem in its relation to the animal and the human kingdoms might be the subject-matter for profound examination by scientific experts in the problems opened up.

This brings me to the reason for and the starting point of this paper. The subject is one that at present is occupying the attention of scientific circles in practically every country in Europe. It cannot but be of very great interest to all Theosophists who study questions concerned with the growth of Consciousness, and the relation between the various kingdoms of nature. So far, little has been done beyond theorising in regard to the soul or the intelligence possessed by kingdoms other than our own. In these experiments we have elements of investigation that open out, for the Theosophist, all sorts of fields of new

and more positive interest in these other kingdoms. We have, for those who recognise Universal Brotherhood—one not different in kind but only in degree—a new reason for an increased sense of responsibility, also of duty, towards that kingdom which is so closely allied in body to ours, and the advanced specimens of which are so faithful in service, so up-reaching in mind, as to overlap and even surpass many of those whose mere physical shape, but not whose mind, makes us call them human beings.

Those who read any work on the intelligence of dogs, horses, elephants, cats, and other of the more advanced types of the animal kingdom will have certainly realised that, with animals as with human beings, one cannot easily generalise as to the degree of intelligence of the whole species. Characters, temperaments, minds differ as much in animals as in men, if only they are studied. One can stultify and render obtuse and dull and automatic an animal by brutalising and unintelligent conditions, just as one can perform that same crime on a man. For instance, an animal treated *quæ* animal, merely used, confined, and disregarded, is as dull and automatic a specimen of his species, as is a man who is merely turned into a machine or is brutalised and rendered a drudge by his heartless and unintelligent employers or his selfish incarcerators. The converse is, of course, equally true. By intelligent and patient methods one can uplift and develop the indwelling life. So it is that a vast amount of Divine energy, like steam, in the animal and human frames, instead of being husbanded and utilised for the common progress of the good ship 'Evolution,' in which we are all being carried along, is, through

ignorance, negligence and selfishness, too often allowed to leak, escape, and be wasted, whereby both man and beast are less happy, less understanding, less amenable and useful than they might be. Yet the key of love in the hearts of men should be the means to set this right. If only men and women and children would but use it to pour out sympathy, compassion and understanding towards animals and things below them, as they themselves hope and cry for this and more from those Mightier Ones above them, how much better and happier the world would be !

Herr Krall's experiments in horses, by no means showed an equal capacity for being trained, or equal powers of intelligence. As with men, so with the horses ; intelligence differed greatly and some were readily amenable and intelligent in disposition, while others were dull and obtuse. But, on the whole, it was certainly revealed that patience and training could extract much that was unexpected and latent in the horse's capacities. A peculiar facility for calculation, a power of discrimination, memory, quick observation, and many other characteristics came to light to an unsuspected degree, and were capable of development and improvement under systematic training. Doubtless as time goes on, and suitable and sympathetic methods of teaching are evolved, it will be found that much more may be done along the mental training and educational line in bringing closer together, and bridging over the gaps in understanding between, the human and the animal kingdoms, especially in the more advanced types of animals such as elephants, dogs, apes, and cats, to say nothing of the many other fairly intelligent 'friends of man'. For, after all, the amount of the ensouling individual consciousness in an

animal is less easily determined by the mere observation of the "outward and visible form" than by the patient discovery of the "inward and spiritual grace subsisting," revealed by kindness, sympathy, and painstaking processes of mind-training, whereby it can then show forth down here on the planes of manifestation as intelligent thought and action.

From 1905 to 1908 Krall and Von Osten went on methodically and systematically with their experiments notwithstanding Hans' uncertain character and growing fractiousness. This was a period of experiment as to methods and experience in teaching, especially for Herr Krall who, less dogmatic and impatient than Von Osten, was learning through his genuine love for, and insight into, the natures of animals what methods were best, what main features presented themselves. Though the ways and habits of horses have been known since man has called the horse his friend and servant, yet this was probably the first time that scientific and methodical experiments were taking place to probe psychological problems in connection with the horse and his mental powers. For instance, once the horse knew his letters his eyesight could be examined by the ordinary sight-tests with the Snellen letters of different sizes, the results showing that a horse's sight is two-and-a-half times as keen as man's. This and many other facts, expected and unexpected, revealed themselves through the daily course of experiments, carefully written down and signed each day by Herr Krall and those present. But we will come to this presently.

In 1907 Von Osten, the pioneer of this branch of animal psychology, having found in Krall a worthy successor, younger, equally methodical and more patient,

withdrew into the country to end his days and subsequently died in June, 1909.

From 1908 onwards Krall pursued, with redoubled vigour and such improved methods as experience suggested, other and more elaborate investigations and experiments with horses. These now increased in number. Two of the most famous ones, Muhammad and Zarif, both Arab stallions of about two to two-and-a-half years old, were bought about this time, and were at once brought under training along the lines that had proved best with Hans.

One of the improvements in method was the table of letters and figures by means of which the horse could rap out his answers. Hans had simply been taught to rap out figures consecutively with one hoof and this became long and tedious in the case of numbers beyond fifteen or twenty. The following table was devised by Krall, and Zarif and Muhammad were taught to tap with both the right and the left hoof.

	1	2	3	4	5	6
10	e	n	r	s	m	c
20	a	h	l	t	a	ch
30	i	d	g	w	j	sch
40	o	b	f	k	o	y
50	u	v	z	p	u	
60	ei	au	eu	x	q	

Thus units would be tapped out with the right hoof and tens with the left, *e.g.*, the number 77 would be seven taps with the right hoof and seven taps with the left. Similarly, for letters of the alphabet, these have been arranged suitably for their occurrence in German words, the system being that, for instance, to indicate the letter *p*, four strokes would be delivered with the right hoof indicating the perpendicular or unit column, and five strokes with the left hoof indicating the horizontal or 'tens' column. So the letter *m* would be five raps of the right and one of the left hoof, *f*, three of the right and four of the left, and so on. Naturally each small letter also represents its own capital.

I come now to the experiments themselves, and though I cannot write at first-hand of these experiments not having yet been to Elberfeld, I have drawn for my material on reliable published accounts and especially on a paper¹ written by Dr. William Mackenzie of Genoa, with whom I am acquainted and with whom I had the advantage of some conversation after he had returned from a week's sojourn at Elberfeld, together with Dr. Roberto Assagioli of Florence, editor of *Psiche, A Scientific Review of Psychological Subjects*. Dr. William Mackenzie's very interesting paper relating his personal experiences and observations with the thinking horses at Elberfeld was read at the Sixth Congress for the Progress of Science held in Genoa in October 1912, and created considerable interest in this new branch of psychology. Dr. Roberto Assagioli's personal observations are published in the

¹ *I Cavalli Pensanti di Elberfeld*, by Dr. William Mackenzie, Stabilimento Poligrafico, Bologna, 1912.

November—December 1912 number of his own review *Psiche*¹. I am indebted to both for many of the facts gathered together in this paper.

It appears to be quite clear from the testimony of all who have been to Elberfeld and have known Herr Krall and even perhaps experimented themselves with the horses, that everything is absolutely straightforward and above-board and that Herr Krall himself, who is doing all this for the sheer interest of the thing, at his own expense, and without any idea whatever of pecuniary interest, is a most honest and honourable man, whose whole reputation is against any sort or kind of deception or trickery.

The stable and yard in which the horses are kept are of the quite simple and ordinary description and have been visited with and without the master's presence. The stable boys are just plain, ordinary grooms without any special intelligence and merely occupied with cleaning and looking after the horses.

The horses actually under consideration at the time we are dealing with were: Hans, now sixteen years old, a Russian stallion trained first by Von Osten; Zarif and Muhammad, two Arab stallions, now six years old; two other Arab stallions, Harm and Amasis, three-and-a-half years old and only five months under instruction; Hänschen, a little Shetland pony four years old; and Berto, a big Meckleberg horse only just bought and whose peculiarity is that he is blind. None of these horses were chosen for any special reason, or because they showed any special capacity. Perhaps only Berto, because he was blind, presented features of distinctive

¹ *Psiche: Rivista di Studi Psicologici*. Dottore Roberto Assagioli, Firenze. No. 6. November—December, 1912.

interest. Each horse shows very soon his own peculiar character and accordingly requires to be observed and known before he is fully responsive to his teacher. Hänscher, for instance, though very intelligent is uncertain and capricious. He may give a wrong answer and then turn round to watch the effect on his audience, and when the latter is silent he will suddenly, of his own accord, tap out the right answer, showing he knew it all the time. So Berto, the blind horse, at whose first lesson Dr. Mackenzie was present, had first to be calmed down; yet after ten minutes of the lesson proper he began to understand Krall's method of explaining what was required of him. He soon learnt to tap with his hoof the same number of times that Krall's finger pressed his shoulder. From this beginning it is easy to see how the repetition of the names of numbers would be phonetically impressed on the horse's brain so that soon the finger-pressures were unnecessary; just as in horses, not blind, the figures on the board, or chalked on a blackboard, could by vision be made to impress themselves on the horse in correspondence with the taps he gave. Mackenzie relates how at the fifth lesson Krall wrote him that Berto was already beginning simple addition of sums such as $5+1$, $5+2$, *etc.* A word about the hoof-rapping or the 'tiptological' method used for communication between the horse and the man. At first the horse wastes a quantity of force by delivering a formidable pawing blow on to the board, much in the same way that one who learns to write strains at the pen and presses on the nib. But as time goes on these blows become graceful, rapid, little taps, the force and delivery of which already indicate something of what is in the horse's mind. Anyone who is

conversant with 'tiptology' in spiritualistic séances will understand how characteristically eloquent even little taps can be by the way they are given. Impatience can be shown by a short hard blow; fatigue or boredom is revealed by a more sliding and less clean tap, and so forth.

These horses, then, are taught addition, subtraction, multiplication, division, and extracting of square root, cube root, and roots to fourth and fifth powers. They are taught the alphabet on the board. They are phonetically taught words in German and French and their meanings, and made to spell them. They are shown clocks and watches, and made to tell the time. They are told phonetically, and by spelling, the names of people round them as also of each other and of their visitors. They are made to distinguish colours and pictures, and to understand divisions of the calendar into days and months and weeks. They are encouraged to express, and they often do so express *spontaneously*, their desires, affections and emotions.

Whereas in the matter of figures they seem to distinguish the written figure or group of figures, in letters, instead, they tend rather to express their words by such phonetic spelling of their own as happens to come best and easiest for them. Thus *Pferd* (the German for horse) they spell in many various ways such as *verd*, *värd*, *ferd*, *vhred*, *fhrd*, *frd*, *pfrd*, and so on. It must also be remembered that the alphabet is taught them letter by letter pronouncing each in the German way thus *s=ess* and *n=en*; so, curiously enough, the horse when he wants to say the word *essen* (to eat), spells it *sn*; which is, after all, both logical from *his* point of view and shorter to tap out on the board! Similarly if he

wants to spell *hafer* (oats), he does so by the letters *hfr.* which would give the word if the letters are pronounced in German. No one has taught them this and they do not all spell the same, but they have evolved a phonetic spelling of their own and many abbreviations which are not only quite intelligible but also ingenious and logical. I referred above to Herr Krall's book *Denkende Pferde* and his careful minutes of all his daily work and experiments. The book is really the concentrated and careful digest in one volume of fourteen large volumes, of over three hundred and fifty pages each, which contain detailed accounts of fully seven years' experimental work, showing the perseverance and untiring doggedness of one who saw he had a goal to attain and a truth to reveal. There is now no longer, as in Von Osten's time, any doubt as to the authenticity of the results or the problems opened up thereby. Prof. Dr. H. Kraemer of Hohenheim (Stuttgart) has lectured on the subject at the Anti-vivisection Conference at Zurich. Prof. Paul Sarasin of Basle and Prof. Dr. E. H. Ziegler of Stuttgart have signed public declarations attesting the experiments observed by them with Muhammad and Zarif. Similarly, Prof. Dr. A. Besredka of Paris, Dr. E. Claparède, Professor at the University of Geneva, Prof. Dr. Von Bultle-Reepen of Oldenburg, and other eminent and scientific men have thoroughly investigated the whole matter and have issued public statements over their signatures as to the interesting nature of the new problems of animal psychology involved. Furthermore a new society for the study of 'Zoopsychology' has just been created with a strong committee and names of scientific repute.

That the reader may judge of the proficiency to which these horses have attained, notably Muhammad and Zarif, a few examples are given, chosen at random from those witnessed by some of the eminent men above-mentioned. Let it be remembered that training only enters up to a certain point, that is, as to methods and manner of working, but the individuality of the horse and his *thinking* powers are those which engage the attention and awaken the interest.

Zarif, for instance, is asked for the square root of 12,321. Zarif first gives it wrongly as 112 then, immediately afterwards, correctly as 111. A visitor without anyone else knowing the solution asked for $\sqrt{15,876} - \sqrt{12,769}$. This was given at first indistinctly, but soon afterwards clearly and correctly as 13. "Muhammad was asked for the square root of 17,689. He answered wrongly 134. His attention being drawn to the 9 at the end, he corrected this to 133, thus showing a real understanding of figures." Or again, here is a still more remarkable performance: "Muhammad was asked, for the first time, the fourth root of 14,641 which he gave rightly as 11; then that of 1,048,576. This he answered first by 82, then 28, 26, and finally 32. 'Which is right?' he was asked, and answered then decidedly 32. A + (plus) was then placed between the two roots he had extracted and he immediately gave the figure 43." Here is another example related by Dr. Kraemer: "Muhammad was led before a looking-glass. 'What is that?' 'Horse.' 'How many horses?' 'One.' 'What colour is the horse?' 'Brown.' 'Who is it?' 'Ig' [*Ich*. German for I]. 'What is this 'I' called?' 'Mumät.' 'One letter is wanting.' 'Ä' [pronounced something like 'e']. 'No. a.' 'What is your

surname?' 'Krall.' 'Who is called Muhammad Krall?' 'Ig.'" This shows a really distinct understanding of 'I-am-I'.

The horses, like children, appear to like bright colours and have their own rather elementary ideas of beauty. Dr. Kraemer relates another rather pleasing episode. "Zarif is inattentive. 'What is the matter with you? Why won't you go on?' (with the lesson) 'Ig wil aug sn lib uhu fdr' is the extraordinary reply spelt out on the tread-board. This is an exceedingly simple phonetic rendering, in German, of the words: 'I want also to see the dear fowl with feathers.' The desired picture of a cock is shown to the horse. 'How do you like that?' 'Gud!' (good) 'What you like is beautiful, what you do not like is not beautiful. For instance one says: "I think it is beautiful." Now say something to me.' 'I think cock beautiful.' 'That's right. Why do you think the cock beautiful?' 'Han bunt fedrn ht!' (cock has bright feathers)" Another important and determining factor of the utter genuineness of these experiments is the many spontaneous and unexpected expressions which not only could not be prepared by any training, but clearly manifest the horse's desires and feelings at the time. For instance, when Muhammad was tired of spelling the name of one of those present he would suddenly break off and say "Stal gn!" (*Stall gehen*=I want to go back to my stall.) One day he broke out into the common and ran into the wood. In the evening he spelt out in his stall: "Wald gn schön." (It is beautiful to go in the wood.)

Here is an example from Dr. Schöller's note-book: Schöller writes on the black board: "Was Zucker?" (What is sugar?) Muhammad says: "Süs" (sweet).

Schöller: "But this is not a proposition. What must you add?" Muhammad. "Zucker (Sugar) ist." Schöller: "What else can you tell us about sugar?" Muhammad: "Z. ist weis" (sugar is white). Schöller: "And then? Think!" Muhammad: "Z. schmkt gud" (sugar tastes good). Next day Schöller puts before Muhammad a square of sugar and says: "Yesterday you told me sugar is sweet, and white, and tastes good. Now think if you can tell me something more about sugar." Muhammad answers: "Z. ht. 4. ek" (German for 'sugar has four corners or angles'). While Schöller was writing this down, the horse quite of his own accord spelt out "John"! The groom of that name, who was present asked: "What must I do?" and the horse replied: "M. Gbn" (M is the abbreviation for *Möhren* and so it means 'give carrots!')

A word should be said as to how Krall began to teach the horses numbers. For instance to teach addition Krall would use what in German is called the *Schneiderische Schiebe-Rechenknecht*, an arrangement by which coloured points or balls can be made to run in grooves and can be shown or covered up by a suitable slide. He would mark up $\cdot + \dots$ and then write $1+3$ and so on, $1+4$, $1+5$. Similarly for subtraction with the $-$ sign. For multiplication he would put $\cdot \cdot$ then write 1×3 ; similarly $\cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot \cdot$ and underneath 3×3 and so forth, carefully explaining by word of mouth each operation so that words and signs became familiar to the horse's mind and memory. Thus Krall taught them the significance of square roots, cube roots, and higher still. He would write $2 \times 2 = 2^2$; $2 \times 2 \times 2 = 2^3$; then $3 \times 2 = 6$ and $3^2 = 3 \times 3$ and so on. Krall's method being rather to explain and to teach in what

¹ cf. *Denkende Tiere*, pp. 157, 158.

operations consisted than how to resolve the problems, leaving them, preferably, to find a way for themselves once the principle was mastered. It is extraordinary what results were obtained and what mathematical faculties horses seem naturally to possess. Muhammad, who appears especially developed in this way, showed his capacity of extracting roots to the 3rd, 4th and 5th power from sums of six and seven figures! For instance, Assagioli relates how one morning though Muhammad was feverish and seedy with influenza, in the presence of Mackenzie and Krall, he suggested to Krall to let him propose the sum to be done. Krall consented and Assagioli gave Krall a paper on which was written $\sqrt[3]{91,125}$ (without having written the solution). Assagioli was seated well behind the horse. Krall copies the sum on to the black board and *after a few seconds* Muhammad raps out the correct answer of 45. He then gives Krall another paper on which is written $\sqrt[4]{28,561}$; this is copied as before and the horse raps out *at once* the fourth root 13—faster than most men could do. Many hundreds of instances could be quoted to show how even in their wrong answers one can trace points of interest as to the workings of their minds. But the reader must be referred to Herr Krall's book for further particulars. Numerous experiments show that horses have a time-sense. For instance, the watch is shown to them and they can, after an hour or so, tell to within a few minutes how long a time has elapsed, though those present do not know what o'clock it is. Again, another interesting point is that the presence or absence of the experimenters does not affect the result. On some occasions Krall and his friends go out of sight of the horse, behind a door with peep-holes, and the horse raps out his replies with equal success.

On an occasion when Krall was called away, Mackenzie and Assagioli were able to experiment with, and get answers from, the pony Hänschen, showing once more the utter absence of suggestion from their master. Interesting too is the fact that a coloured picture of a young woman on the outside of a copy of a magazine *Jugend* only just bought, and brought by chance to the stable-yard was shown to the horse who, on being asked what it represented, spelt out MTGN and then METGN for *Mädchen* (German for a young girl).

So when shown picture of a horse and rider, one of the horses answers in reply to questions, just as a child would, that the horse is himself and the rider is his master.

Enough now has been said to show how full of interest are these experiments with the developing intelligence of the higher animals. The same methods are likely to be tried on elephants, donkeys, dogs and the more advanced species of the animal kingdom. It is to be sincerely hoped that all investigators will be animated, like Herr Krall, *first* with love for animals and that this love will temper and will moderate the thirst for scientific research and notoriety. For, just as no good results are obtained by tiring and worrying a child, so no really valuable progress will be made by the mere scientific investigator unless kindness and love for his animal subjects opens his mind to what is also *their* point of view. It is splendid to think that we may all come to know animals better and to appreciate them more; but it is equally as important that the animals should have reason to change their mind and find us, after all, desirable acquaintances.

William H. Kirby

A PREHISTORIC GHOST

By ELLIOTT O'DONNELL

Author of *Ghostly Phenomena, Werewolves, etc.*,

IT was Christmas Eve, and I had been spending it with my friend, Raybourne Rawling, in his cottage at Helvedeore.

His little daughter, Marjorie, with whom I was a privileged person, had pinned a spray of mistletoe in my hat, and as I put it on I kissed her.

"It is sheer madness to attempt walking to Penzance to-night," Raybourne said, "look! the mist is as thick as a London fog."

"If it were twice as thick I must face it, old fellow," I replied, "my aunt would never forgive me if I disappointed her on Christmas Day."

"Well! for goodness' sake keep to the main road, and don't try any short cuts; the place is full of mine-shafts."

Promising to obey his injunctions, and buttoning up my heavy overcoat, for the night was intensely cold, I waved *adieu* to Marjorie, and stepped briskly out. I hadn't gone far, however, when my pace began to flag. I was not in the mood for walking. Ten miles! it was the very deuce of a distance! Stopping at a cottage, I inquired if there were not a shorter route.

“Yes, there be!” was the surly answer given in that sing-song style peculiar to St. Ives, and the uncouth peasantry of those parts—“yes, there be, and if you take the first turning to the left and then keep straight on it will bring you to Halsetown. Ask again when you get there.”

Groping my way along, for the mist seemed to increase at each step, I at length came to a few isolated lights, and learned with satisfaction this was Halsetown and that I was on the right track to Penzance.

After walking some distance without seeing any living creature, the silence became oppressive; I could even hear the beating of my own heart. To my right and left, in front and behind me, was a sea of mist, into which the bicycle lamp I carried penetrated but a few feet—beyond lay an expanse of moorland, reputed to be one of the wildest spots in Cornwall. Its possibilities made me unusually careful.

By-and-by the road began to ascend, and the broken walls of a mine-shaft informed me I was nearing Cripple’s Ease. At a public house I stopped for a moment or two to refill my flask—in radical Cornwall, not only publicans but everyone shows a delightful disregard of the law—and then assured that I was well on my way home, I renewed my journey.

A few yards from Cripple’s Ease the road descends somewhat abruptly until it brings one well into the village of Nancledra. I got there exactly at midnight. Capital! at this rate of walking I should be at Penzance by half-past one. But I was reckoning without my host. Hardly had I advanced a quarter of a mile beyond the village when a sudden weariness made me pause. I felt I must sit down. Shining the light of my lantern all

round me, I at length discovered a gate. Bravo! I had found a dry seat. I could rest on it without fear of catching cold.

The fatigues of the day, coupled with what I must fain admit was a rather too liberal supply of hot punch (Raybourne is the only man I know who can mix it), combined to make me decidedly drowsy, and I had hardly been resting five minutes before I fell into a deep sleep, from which I was abruptly awakened by 'a wail'.

Instantly all my faculties were on the alert, and straining my ears to the utmost, I listened.

Again came that wail! This time it sounded a little nearer. What was it? A woman in distress or a child?

Urged by an irresistible fascination—for there was something most peculiarly attractive in the sound—I jumped off the gate, and, only stopping a second or two in order to locate the cry, pushed rapidly ahead.

I have no idea how far I ran. My one object was to relieve the sufferer.

Sometimes the wail sounded in front, sometimes behind me, so that from constantly directing my course in opposite ways, I speedily lost all cognisance of my whereabouts. I must, however, have wandered a mile or so out of my way, every inch of which had been on the ascent, when I arrived at the summit of a lofty hill. From all sides of me came strong currents of cool air, impregnated with ozone.

The wail had ceased. Brought to a standstill by the sudden silence, I tried to see more clearly by the aid of my lantern certain queer-looking objects ahead of me. I did so, and realised with astonishment that I was in the centre of what undoubtedly was at one time

a circle of Celtic huts. The secret was out, I was standing on Castle-on-Dinas, a well-known Torr, some five miles or so to the south of Penzance.

I had heard that it bore the reputation of being haunted among the simple-minded country folk, none of whom would ever venture on it alone after nightfall. I was keen on psychical research! I would wait and see if anything happened. Leaning my back against a pillar of granite, I took a deep pull at my whisky flask, and lit my pipe.

I had often wanted to know what Cornish spooks were like; now, perhaps, I should see one. Would it be in the form of an elemental, I wondered, a creature, with ill-shaped head and awkward limbs, as grotesque in outline as the granite boulders standing on all sides of me, or would it be a pixy or a buccaboo? At any rate I felt sure it would not be the ordinary, dull, uninteresting spectre, wearing every-day clothes, and behaving quite rationally. By Jove! it was worth losing a Christmas dinner to see a spook in such romantic surroundings.

I glanced at my watch, it was half-past one. I would wait till two, and then run all the way to Penzance. It was eighteen years since I had left Clifton, but her excellent training in athletics had still left my limbs supple.

A sudden renewal of the wail made my heart thump. Surely it was close at hand. Beginning in a low key and gradually rising to the highest pitch, it drew rapidly nearer till, before I had time to fortify myself against an encounter, the fog lifted and I saw gliding swiftly towards me the figure of a child.

Never had I seen a stranger looking creature. Short and squat, with an enormous head and shock of

tawny hair, it presented an appearance that, had it not been for the expression of acute pain suffusing every feature of its face, would have been ridiculous. Not even glancing in my direction, but all the while locking straight ahead, it passed rapidly by me and had almost disappeared in the mist before I had made up my mind to pursue it.

Keeping it well in sight with my lamp, I followed, keeping as close to it as possible. The ground now began to dip. I stumbled, and pulling myself up, perceived the mouth of a circular pit yawning in front of me. The child had vanished!

Appalled by the suddenness of this catastrophe and hoping to see some sign of my mysterious guide in the abyss, I cautiously peered into it, and was astonished beyond measure to see a flight of stone steps.

What could it mean?

Throwing discretion to the wind, and determined now that I had gone so far to solve the mystery, I descended the staircase which apparently led down, down, down, into the bowels of the earth.

I had gone some distance and was contemplating a return, so hopeless did the quest seem, when I was brought to an abrupt halt—further progress was blocked by a pool of water. Shining my lantern on its surface, I discovered to my amazement that far from ceasing, the staircase still continued with undiminished regularity, until it was lost to sight in the innermost recess of the well. I had hardly assured myself of this fact, when I fancied I saw something white struggling violently deep down in the pool. Leaning forward to see what it was, I missed my footing, and with a shout for help, pitched head first into the sinister cauldron.

After that I recollected nothing till I found myself lying high and dry on the rocky floor of a tunnel terminating in water at one end, and at the other in a network of labyrinthine passages. Though I could see neither lanterns nor any other sign of artificial light, the place was illuminated with a lurid glow.

Wondering how I came to be in such a marvellous place, and feeling my limbs to make sure they were not an illusion, I prepared to continue my investigations down one of the corridors. The question was, which one to take? Should I toss? Yes! that would settle matters. I produced a coin and had actually spun, when right in front of me and peering at me with an unfathomable expression in its eyes, was 'the child'.

For some seconds I could only gaze at it half-dazed, and then yielding to the same extraordinary fascination I had before experienced, I followed in its wake.

The tunnel wound to the right and left, in serpentine fashion, and was in places so low that I had to stoop painfully to avoid a collision with the roof. We must have proceeded quite a mile in this manner, when, without any warning, the passage ended, and I found myself standing upright at the entrance to an enormous cavern. The place was crowded with men and women whose rough hair and skin garments undoubtedly belonged to people of the Stone age. To attract the attention of this multitude, my diminutive conductor uttered a peculiar cry, at the same time pointing derisively at me. The next moment I was surrounded by a score of hideous faces; my arms were pinioned behind my back, and I was urged forward by blows and kicks that felt like so many breaths of icy wind.

At the further end of the chamber, I saw an enormous rectangular block of granite, by the side of which stood a trio of priests whom I at once recognised as Druids. Each wore a long white gown, decorated with sprays of mistletoe and a garland of the same on his head. Their beards descending below their knees were thin and straggling, whilst talon-like nails on bony fingers accentuated the horror of their hands.

Perceiving my approach, their eyes filled with devilish glee, and raising their sickles high above their heads they shouted "Kalefaeg! Kalefaeg!"

Everyone in the chamber joined in the cry, whilst I was urged forward till I reached the very spot where the priests stood. Here a short consultation was held, during which a variety of cold clammy hands wandered over my person and rifled my pockets.

Seized by two repulsive-looking monsters who gripped me by the elbows, I was then thrown face uppermost on the stone. The chief Druid—for so I judged him to be—gave a short harangue, and the vault once again reverberated with the cries of "Kalefaeg! Kalefaeg!"

Then, to my intense horror, a knife was carefully sharpened—even now I can hear the sound of that slow, mechanical grinding—my bosom was bared, and a claw-like hand sought the region of my heart.

All this time I had been too stupefied to utter any sound; I had remained absolutely passive in the clutches of my captors; now that a hideous death positively hovered over me, I found the use of my tongue, and shrieked aloud. The knife, held directly over my breast, made a circle in the air, descended, paused, circled again, and, slowly pointing downwards, fell.

Shutting my eyes, I resigned myself to my fate. I was conscious of a sensation of icy coldness, of a sudden and overwhelming nausea, of a loud shout, and then, a blank.

On 'coming to,' I found myself in a standing position, supported by the arms of the very monsters who had hunted me to my death, whilst a young and beautiful girl was eagerly pointing to the spray of mistletoe Marjorie had pinned in my hat. The situation explained itself. The fact that the sacred symbol had been found upon me was deemed a sufficient proof that my life was under divine protection, and for the moment I was safe. But a large party of those present, urged on by a singularly malevolent youth clad in bearskin, still shouted "Kalefaeg! Kalefaeg!" and for some seconds the result was doubtful.

The chief Druid, holding up his hand, demanded silence. He then spoke to the maiden, addressing her as Cymolige, and, although I could not understand what was said, I gathered from her smile that it was of a conciliatory nature.

Turning to that part of the people who were still thirsting for my blood, the priest rattled off a few sentences in a loud voice, after which, with the noticeable exception of the sinister youth, the entire crowd responded with the heartiest applause.

The position was carried—I was saved!

Saved! but for another and more remarkable fate!

The beautiful maiden, Cymolige, taking my hand in one of her own, signalled to me to kneel before the Druids.

Not knowing what might happen if I refused to obey, I fell on my knees by her side.

The three priests first of all lifted up their arms, uttering a plaintive chant, in which the whole assembly joined; they then smote us lightly on the head with their garlands, and bidding us rise, motioned the multitude to go.

The last to leave was the repellent youth clad in bearskin. I caught his eyes, glowing with demoniacal fury, fixed on mine from a gloomy recess on the opposite side of the cavern. When he too, with a parting scowl, had gone, Cymolige sidled coyly towards me. That we were married according to Druidical rites, I hadn't the remotest doubt, and it was also certain that Cymolige considered that she had done me the very best of turns and would make me an excellent wife. That was all very well. I had nothing whatever to say against her. I am a plain man myself, and I could never wish to meet anyone more prepossessing than Cymolige. But appearance is not everything! One must have a little substance and Cymolige was both immaterial and cold, so cold indeed that when she kissed me I thought I should have frozen.

The cavern, too, did not exactly come up to my idea of matrimonial quarters. It contained no furniture, excepting the sacrificial stone that had so nearly witnessed my destruction, and the roof was hung with icicles. It was outrageous to suppose that I could pass the whole of my existence in such a place. Compared with it the North Pole would be warm. Yet I could not help feeling a pang of remorse when I looked at Cymolige.

She was, indeed, beautiful, and as certain as there is love in any woman's eyes, I saw love for me in hers. She fondled and caressed me gently, persuading me to

walk with her up and down the apartment ; and placing her arm in mine, she whispered in my ear all sorts of sweet though unintelligible words. Alas ! I could make her small return. My endeavours were handicapped by twinges of rheumatism, and my arm grew stiff and numb in trying to encircle her icy waist.

I bore it as long as my chilled body would permit, and then remembering that I had a few drops of whisky left, produced my flask.

I shall never forget the pretty look of wonder with which Cymolige watched me gulp down the contents, nor her equally pretty sniff of disgust as in compliance with her request, I handed her the bottle to smell. Of course she did not understand that my constitution was on a very different footing to hers ; that having taken to herself a husband from the world above, it was necessary to feed and warm him if she meant to keep him alive. Supposing I died, which I was pretty certain to do before long, would my strange bride take possession of my spirit the moment it emerged from my body and keep it attached to her for ever ? Much as I admired Cymolige, I had other views of eternity.

“ They don’t seem to do much in the way of building doors down here ! ” I muttered, just by way of saying something to keep my jaws from freezing, “ the Celtic architects, I mean ; it is horribly draughty. ”

Cymolige looked at me and sighed. I wished she wouldn’t, her sighs were even colder than her smiles—they penetrated to the very marrow in my bones.

Soon she grew tired of walking, and to my utmost consternation signified that we should lie down. It was in vain I gesticulated to her that it would cost me my life—that the wet uneven floor was not to be compared

to a feather bed—she simply froze me to silence with her breath.

Placing one of her dainty fingers on my head, she was pressing me downward with a delighted look of authority, when her expression was suddenly transformed to one of complete horror.

Following the direction of her eyes, I saw the youth clad in bearskin stealthily creeping towards me, a flint knife in his hand.

Throwing herself immediately in front of me, Cymolige would doubtless have received the assassin's weapon in her bosom had I not darted from her. I admit with shame, that utterly regardless of what happened to her, my one idea was to get out of the horrible cavern as quickly as possible, for much as I esteemed and respected my ghost wife, I valued myself considerably more.

Cymolige pointed wildly at one of the entrances, which would probably have led me to the sanctuary of her own people, but I purposely misunderstood, and recollecting the tunnel through which I had come, sped down it at a rate I could never have thought possible.

A glance over my shoulders told me only too plainly that my pursuer was at my heels, and as he slowly gained on me I began to wish devoutly I had taken Cymolige's advice. The strain of the quarter-mile at school was nothing in comparison with the tremendous effort of this chase. At every turn and twist of the labyrinth, I felt the proximity of the ghoulish spectre more acutely, and my exertions increased proportionately. I was fast losing my strength, and with it every vestige of hope, when the end of the passage hove in view.

Not a second too soon! The hand of the spectre already clutched my clothing, but filled with new energy I leaped forward and, shaking myself free from the bony fingers of my relentless pursuer, spurted desperately ahead.

With a yell of baffled fury the ghoulish creature hurled itself forward, and as its spider-like arms, stretched out to the uttermost, actually touched me, I dived head first into the depths of the well!

After that I have no further recollection till I found myself in bed. My aunt was bending over me with an odd expression between pleasure and relief in her eyes.

“How glad I am to see you looking yourself again, Godfrey!” she cried. “It’s just a fortnight to-day since you were brought home, insensible, from Castle-on-Dinas! and ever since then you have done nothing but talk the most unmitigated nonsense about Cymolige and your phantom-wife. Phantom-wife, indeed! when you get back to London and relate your foolish adventures, you won’t find much of the phantom about your mother-in-law.”

And she was right. It is now six months since I was in Cornwall, and during that time I have behaved in the most matter-of-fact way possible.

But there are moments—in the night I mean—when I wake and think of Cymolige.

Elliott O'Donnell

DIVERSITY OF METHODS, BUT THE SAME CAUSE

[Our readers will be interested in this expression of opinion from the Vice-President. It was addressed to a correspondent, who sent it on to the President.—ED.]

59 JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S. W.

DEAR MADAM,

In answer to your letter just received (it does not bear a date) I write to say that I myself disapprove of the organisation called the Order of the Star in the East. I believe it to be based upon a misapprehension of the arrangement designed by the great spiritual authorities of the world in reference to the second coming of Christ. That, or something closely resembling it, I believe likely to take place towards the end of the century, but I think Mrs. Besant is mistaken in supposing that it will have something to do with the Indian boy in whom she is interested. I do not want to underrate that boy. I believe him to be a very remarkable Ego through whom important results may be accomplished when he comes to maturity; but there is a long interval between that belief and the idea that has been circulated in reference to him.

As regards Mrs. Besant's action in connection with the O. S. E., you will see from what I have said that I necessarily regret this. But she is much less to be blamed in the matter than her indiscreet devotees. I have heard her say in public, and she has more than confirmed the idea in private conversation with me, that she does not want to impress her beliefs on other people. We have agreed in quite a friendly way that it is a good thing rather than otherwise that all Theosophists should be aware of the fact that she and I differ about many things.

I know so little about the workings of the E. S., with which I have never consented to have anything to do, that I hardly understand your reference to 'vows' connected with that organisation. I should utterly disapprove of any such vow as you quote. No one in the Society should be asked to pledge

himself to any sort of obedience, intellectual or of any other kind, to any one on this plane of life. Any officer of the Society who allows himself to prescribe such a course of action is entirely misunderstanding his functions, that is to say, as I should interpret them.

Some people I know, some of my own best friends, believe they have derived benefit from becoming members of the E. S., and I do not claim to interfere with their attitude of mind, but my view of the Theosophical movement and the Society is this: We have acquired from the Chiefs of the great Adept Fraternity teachings of supreme importance for all who aspire towards spiritual progress. The earnest study of that teaching should be the main purpose of all those who enter the Society; each for himself must determine how to live in accordance with it.

Personally I regret that there should be any organisation within the Society officially recognised by its chiefs. Theosophists among themselves should be free to form groups for any purpose not inconsistent with the main purposes of the Society, but, whoever forms such groups, it is perfectly clear that no one is called upon to resign his membership in the general Society because he does not think fit to join such groups.

Finally let me say that in my opinion all mistakes that may be made within the Society under the impulse of *trop de zele* do not alter my conviction that on the whole it is looked upon by the great 'Masters of Wisdom' as the most important agency at their disposal for the moment in connection with the promotion of the spiritual growth of the world.

You may make use of this letter as you think fit.

Yours very sincerely,

A. P. SINNETT

[I heartily agree with Mr. Sinnett that "no one is called upon to resign his membership in the general Society because he does not think fit to join such groups". I have never heard of any one being so called upon, and the very idea of such an exclusion is absurd.—ED.]

THE STOCKHOLM CONGRESS

By THE PRESIDENT, T. S.

“A wonderful Congress” was the phrase heard from all sides at the International Theosophical Congress at Stockholm, held from June 14th to June 18th, 1913. And it was a true verdict, for not only was it remarkable for numbers and for good feeling, but there were throughout a joyousness and a power which were experienced at no preceding Congress. One noteworthy feature was the presence of all the fourteen General Secretaries of the National Societies in Europe: England and Wales, Scotland, France, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Hungary, Germany, Bohemia, Scandinavia, Finland, Russia; the General Secretaries-elect of the new Sections of Norway and Varsovie (Russian Poland) were also there, and the General Secretary-elect of England and Wales; and the Presidential Agent for Spain had sent his proxy to France. No such gathering of General Secretaries has ever been held during the life of the T. S., and when we remember that all have been elected or re-elected since the present storm began, we have a fairly good proof of the solidarity of the European Societies, for they presented a unanimous address of love and loyalty to their President. It seems as though the attacks in India had intensified to an extraordinary degree the personal devotion to myself; I can only say that I will try to prove myself worthy of it. Cablegrams from the General Secretaries of India and America added the voices of these powerful National Societies, and America sent a delegate to speak her love in the person of her brilliant and devoted daughter, Mrs. Marie Russak, supported by Mrs. Shaw Duff and Mr. Henry Hotchner. There were cables also from Algiers, Russia, Finland, Italy, and other places.

Fifty-seven members came from Russia—a sight that would have gladdened our H. P. B.—and they gathered at the railway station at Stockholm on the morning of June 14th, to greet the incoming members from other lands. Madame Pogosky, the well-known worker for peasant industries, made a charming speech of welcome and presented a lovely bouquet, and we drove away under a shower of roses, recalling India. It was pleasant to greet our old friend Arvid

Knos as General Secretary for Scandinavia, and to meet again his charming wife, his helper in all his work. Dr. Zander jun. with his wife and his mother—Dr. Zander sen. follows Mrs. Tingley—Miss Westerlund, Mr. Thaning, Dr. Alrutz, and many others of the oldest members were there, while Captain and Mrs. Kuylenstierna were of a later and very numerous group, and crowds of younger faces were seen—it is impossible to mention all. It was pleasant to meet one with happy memories of Benares—Mr. Harold de Bildt, who had accompanied the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden on their visit there.

June 14th did not really belong to the Congress, but was the day of the Annual Scandinavian Convention, over the opening of which I was invited to preside; there was an O. S. E. meeting in the afternoon for an address by myself, and then a General Secretaries' meeting; in the evening the National Society had a big reception at the Grand Hotel, where I spoke to some hundreds of members on the 'Restoration of the Mysteries'. The Congress proper, with a meeting of the Federation Committee at 9 A. M., opened on the following day in the Musical Academy, where a remarkably fine cantata by Merikanto, F. T. S., with words by Pekka Ervast, F. T. S. and General Secretary of Finland, was admirably rendered and produced a profound effect. It was repeated to the public before my lecture on June 17th. Then came the greetings of the Scandinavian Secretary, who went on to deliver a very good speech on Scandinavian thought; then speeches from myself and the General Secretaries, each in his own language—a dramatic testimony to the spread of the Society in Europe; the sitting closed with a lecture by myself on 'The Conditions of Intellectual and Spiritual Growth,' after which Scandinavia welcomed all its guests to lunch. We met in the afternoon for business, and the General Secretaries gathered in Council immediately after the close of the sitting, a procedure adopted also on the following days. It was a rare opportunity for discussing questions affecting the welfare of the Society, and was eagerly welcomed by all. The Congress Committee met daily at 9 A. M., and as the General Secretaries had decided that a Theosophical World Congress should meet in 1915—and had expressed the wish that the European Federation meeting should be held with it, leaving the choice of place and time to the Federation—it selected Paris as the place and late spring or early summer as the time. The day closed with my first public lecture on 'World-Saviours'.

It will be seen that the 15th June was well filled, and the other days were similarly crowded, beginning at 9 A. M. with the Congress Committee and ending at night with my public

lectures, on the 16th 'The Christ in History,' and on the 17th 'The Christ in Man'. A Congress lecture that raised great enthusiasm was on 'The Deva of Finland,' by Mr. Pekka Ervast, the whole audience applauding vigorously for some time at its conclusion. It was in Swedish, so I could not follow it, but its effect was unmistakable. We shall print the papers, as far as possible, in the THEOSOPHIST, as the series of *Transactions* was broken by the non-issue of those of the fourth Congress at Munich, by the default of the German Section, and Hungary failed to issue its volume in consequence of the death of its General Secretary, and the loss of his papers. Mrs. Russak, Captain Kuylenstierna, Madame Kamensky, Madame Poushkin, Miss Blytt, Madame Ounkowsky, all contributed interesting papers, in addition to that of Mr. Pekka Ervast, mentioned above, and a paper by the late Mr. Sven-Nilsson was read by Mr. de Bildt. A pleasant interlude on June 16th, after the business of the day was over at 9 P. M., was a visit to some charming gardens in which memorials of old Sweden are preserved. Here some Swedish peasant dances were performed for our benefit, a remarkably pretty and quaint exhibition, and we had tea together in a big hall.

No one who was present at the Congress will ever forget it, nor will the delightful kindness and courtesy of our Swedish hosts pass away from the memory of those who were happy enough to enjoy it. The organisation was perfect, but better than the organisation was the love that cared for each, and the slight stateliness of Swedish manners lent an added charm to all. In other countries these are preserved only in Courts.

Seven of us left Stockholm on the night of the 17th, laden with lovely flowers, and the platform was a sea of loving faces as our train steamed off. The night of the 19th saw us in London, where I had to meet my solicitor on the 20th to conclude the legal business connected with the Indian suit. That night saw me in the train for Brindisi, with Mr. Graham Pole, who is most kindly accompanying me to Madras to give me any help in his power; and these lines are written in the Red Sea on the way back to our modern Coliseum, where the old cry of the persecutors fills the air: *Ad leones*—"To the lions" with the Theosophists.

THE 'RAJPUT HERALD' ON MRS. BESANT

[The *Rajput Herald* is a well-edited and high-class monthly issued in London, and patronised by most of the leading Indian Princes. We thank it for its generous advocacy.—ED.]

We regret to see that Mrs. Annie Besant is the target of attack in Madras newspapers. We are not concerned with the case now before the Madras High Court,¹ and we reserve our comments on it, as it is *sub judice*. But we can unhesitatingly assert that Mrs. Annie Besant, than whom India possesses no truer friend, is above all suspicion. Not even her vilest enemies have ever pretended to cast aspersions on her sincerity. All her speeches and writings are consistent with her actions, and we must have sunk very low indeed if we were to repay her life-long work on behalf of India by our cynical suspicion. Her part in moulding the destinies of India forms a brilliant chapter of modern Indian history, and we will do well to take stock of her herculean efforts towards the regeneration of India before sitting in judgment on her conduct. In one of our earlier numbers we published a character sketch of that remarkable woman, who, for sincerity, genius, and true devotion to the cause of India, stands almost unrivalled in the world. This woman bore patiently all contumely and contempt, the penalty which all sincere men and women have to pay for their sincerity, and doggedly pursued her course with one end and aim in view—to reveal the greatness of the East to the West. That was her mission in life when she joined the Theosophical Society, and that has been her mission ever since. At a time when the apostles of Western creeds are prone to look askance at Eastern sages, and sneer and jeer at the sacred lore of the East, it is Mrs. Besant that is upholding our cause and maintaining our dignity. We would be false to ourselves and to our great religion if we were to belittle the significance of her important work on behalf of India and the Hindū religion. We hope that the present discontent expressed in the Southern Presidency towards her work is nothing but a mere cloud of misplaced suspicion which will float away at the sight of the bright rays of our duty and gratitude. We appeal to our countrymen in Southern India, who seem to stand in the vanguard of the anti-Theosophical agitation, to exercise patience and dispassionately think of the enormous services which Mrs. Besant and the Theosophical Society have rendered to India.

¹ We are happy to see that the Theosophical Society has emerged triumphantly out of the ordeal. [Ed. R.H.]

AN APPRECIATION

London, prolific of surprises, can offer no spectacle so amazing as the Queen's Hall when Mrs. Besant is lecturing there. From the floor to the topmost gallery all the seats seem to be occupied by eager, intelligent listeners. An impression of an animated, well-dressed, highly thoughtful audience forms in one's mind as one settles down to listen and observe. Murmurs and rustlings and movements, glimpses of sharply defined individualities among the audience and a background of undistinguished masses of people hold the attention. Then a faint and uncertain noise of hand-clapping, which ceases as the whole audience rises as Mrs. Besant makes her way across the platform to the centre, a dignified, impressive figure, robed in white and gold, with silver hair and strong face.

Pausing only to remove her gloves, while the assembly settles down, Mrs. Besant steps on to the brass-railed dais raised slightly above the platform level, and begins her lecture. Without notes, without a pause, with no halting, uncertain searching after words to clothe her thoughts, she speaks for more than an hour. It is a steady flow which can be compared with nothing but the movement of a broad, deep river. As a physical feat it is wonderful; as a mental and spiritual achievement it is amazing. One listens with interest that deepens into a positive fascination. Only two slight bursts of applause broke the full-voiced, sweeping stream of the oration, and these, though they came at the end of two striking passages, were more in the nature of a relief to both audience and speaker than the conventional applause which punctuates the ordinary good speaker's utterance. The applause scarcely serves to break the thread of sympathy or relax the attention which Mrs. Besant claims from her hearers, and which they give without a conscious effort. The lecture is so closely woven, and moves on so steadily step by step, that if one's attention wavers one recovers to find a gap through which a necessary part of the argument has dropped. Literally the lecture requires almost as much from the audience as from the speaker in the way of concentration and close application of the faculties. Not that the argument is

abstruse or involved ; it is, indeed, singularly clear and straightforward. But it is conceived on large lines, and describes a great arc, so that one has the sense of having covered spacious fields of thought and moved over wide ranges of human history. And the diction is perfect. Every sentence may be printed as it is spoken, and will need no revising touch.

Mrs. Besant's voice rings clear and sweet in the last sentence as in the first. There is no sagging or trailing in the sentences. They are delivered with the same extraordinary vigour at the end as at the beginning. Quite naturally the end comes just as one begins to see that the argument is completed. The audience rises again, and Mrs. Besant steps down from the dais and moves from the platform, while the audience breaks and dissolves. Nothing in one's experience of public gatherings matches this for the sheer triumph of personality and the forthgiving of an abundant nature to the spiritual needs of a great mass of people.

The Christian Commonwealth

CORRESPONDENCE

The following has appeared in *The New Statesman*, London, a weekly journal of high position :

SIR,

Although I hold no brief for Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, I feel impelled in the interests of common justice to enter a protest against the terms of indictment quoted by you—*e.g.*, “criminally immoral practices”. My reasons are based on a personal knowledge of the circumstances, which I believe is exceptional. I think it sufficient to say that the charges against Mr. Leadbeater are only rendered possible by an unthinking conventional attitude towards certain customs which cannot in any sense of the word be defended in the light of modern medical knowledge. In other words, any competent eugenicist or psychologist would feel bound to judge the question with the utmost reserve. In conclusion, I am prepared to make the categorical statement that there is no English law which can in any way touch Mr. Leadbeater—a statement which in itself I hope will remove much possible misconception of the case.

Yours, etc.,

LIBRA

[Eugenics and psychology have no weight with Mr. Leadbeater's critics in Madras. They appeal to ignorance and prejudice.—ED.]

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

By G. E. SUTCLIFFE, F. T. S.

The nature of light, which was dealt with in preceding notes, THEOSOPHIST, April 1911, will, I think, repay a little further study, particularly if treated from the occult standpoint. The properties of "Heaven's Firstborn" must necessarily be of a very fundamental character, and that they are so receives testimony both from science and *The Secret Doctrine*. To know what light is we must first learn what Matter, Atom, Ether, Force, are in reality, says *The Secret Doctrine* (Vol. I, p. 523), whilst science shows light to be an electro-magnetic phenomenon, and in this it appears to be in fair agreement with occult teaching, which also says that light is electricity. The two systems of measuring electrical phenomena, the electrostatic, and electro-magnetic, cannot be transformed the one into the other, except by a multiplier involving the velocity of light; and the latest theory of matter, that of Einstein, which makes mass identical with the internal energy of the atom, measures this energy by multiplying the unit of mass by the square of the velocity of light. (*English Mechanic*, Vol. XC, p. 387, Nov. 26, 1909). It is a singular fact, from the point of view of thought transference, that in the same year that Einstein propounded his theory, (1905) I announced the same fact, at the silver jubilee of the Blavatsky Lodge, Bombay, 18th March, 1905, as a result of my own investigations (see pamphlet, *Twenty-five years of the Blavatsky Lodge*, p. 28), and at the request of Col. Olcott this was published in the THEOSOPHIST of that year. It would be interesting to ascertain which of these two similar statements was first published. As a further proof of the fundamental nature of light, I may say that I have had in my note-books, awaiting a suitable outlet for publication, for several years, a mathematical proof that the force which causes chemical combinations on the earth's surface is the force of terrestrial gravity multiplied by the velocity of light. This one fact, when recognised, will revolutionise existing theories of chemical action, whilst, on the other hand, it will confirm certain statements in *The Secret Doctrine* (Vol. I, p. 654).

Although modern science supplies us with theories of light, which give fairly true results under mathematical treatment, it does not enable us to form mental concepts, which make us realise its truly fundamental nature. For this purpose we need to resort to occult sources, and even there the information is, at present, a little meagre. The Stanzas of Dzyan (III, X and XII), give valuable hints, I think, as to the nature of light, but only a few lines of explanation is vouchsafed to us (*S. D.*, I, pp. 111 and 113). *Occult Chemistry*, (pp. 5-7) gives further information, particularly where it describes the streams of force pouring into and out of the atom, but here again much seems to be left unsaid. We are told in *The Secret Doctrine*, (I, 521) that for the Occultist, light is both Spirit and Matter, although in one sense, matter is only the illusive dregs of light, whose rays are the creative forces. One pole of the ocean of light is Spirit, and the other matter in which it condenses (522). Before Science can fathom the ultimate nature of light, it must first admit its substantial nature (I, 560). A complete scientific corroboration of the above statements will be found in the *Philosophical Magazine* for November 1908, where in a 'Revision of the Fundamental Laws of Matter and Energy,' Dr. Gilbert N. Lewis is obliged to revert to a "modified corpuscular theory of light," in which "a beam of light has MASS, momentum, and energy, travelling with the velocity of light". (p. 716.) Should this theory turn out correct, the substantial nature of light, will be fully demonstrated. But it would appear that no purely physical explanation of light can ever be quite satisfactory, since it is said to be a link between life and form, a kind of bridge between consciousness and matter. Light is an electro-magnetic phenomenon, according to modern theory, and the relationship between consciousness and matter is magnetic; it is due to Fohat, the Light of the Logos, and the two are not really separate but only polarised (*Study in Consciousness*, p. 35). Atoms are formed by the flow of the life-force known as Fohat, the first life-wave of the third Logos, and the persistence of flow maintains their existence (*Occult Chemistry*, p. 6). When seen from a higher plane, these atoms appear as rays. A Cosmic Atom becomes seven Atoms on the plane of Matter, and seven Rays on the plane of Spirit (*S. D.*, I, 696).

It would seem that what we know as Light, Life, Fohat, Atom, Electricity, Magnetism, are in some way, inextricably interlinked. They are one process under different aspects; the primary aspects are the two poles and the line joining them, and this joining line is a ray of light. The number three is sacred to light (*S. D.*, II, 624) and its fundamental properties can, perhaps, be indicated, or shadowed forth by means of a

figure of three elements, *viz.*, a circle, a centre, and a diameter. Let the centre symbolise an atom, the two radii two rays of light issuing from the atom in opposite directions, with the velocity of light. Let the atom consist of spirals of koilon bubbles, and the two radiating rays of the same bubbles be arranged in lines. When the koilon bubbles reach the circumference of the circle, let the bubbles collapse and vanish. Then if the number of bubbles in the spirals of the central atom is the same as in each of the rays, conditions are fulfilled which satisfy several requirements of modern scientific theories, and seem also in some respects to illustrate occult teaching. In order to maintain the process, there needs to be a continual production of new koilon bubbles, within the atom, by the Life-Force, or Breath of the Logos. This introduces a fourth element, *viz.*, Life, and four is the number sacred to Life (*loc. cit.*). If now the mass of the atom is proportionate to the number of koilon bubbles in its spirals, then the energy in the rays is the mass of the atom multiplied by the square of velocity, so that the relation of mass to energy is the same as in the theory of Einstein, above described. Since the rays issuing from the atom are equal and opposite, the reaction on the atom is also equal and opposite, hence it has no tendency to move in either direction; if now a force be applied so as to move the atom along the diameter, with unit velocity from left to right, the velocity of the ray issuing from the left will be increased by this amount, and the velocity of the right ray will be equally diminished. The koilon bubbles may be pictured as being produced by little pulses of the Logic Life-Breath, and by moving the atom a few of these pulses along the right ray are forced back and made to move along the left; thus the force which causes motion in matter is directly opposed by the Life-Force of the Logos, and this opposition constitutes that fundamental property of matter, known as Inertia. This explains the statement in *The Secret Doctrine* (I, 557) that Inertia is the greatest of the Occult Forces, for it is based directly upon the Great Breath of the Logos; if this were checked for an instant, the whole physical world of matter would vanish and melt away like a cloud in the empyrean (*Occult Chemistry*, p. 6). It will thus be seen that, motion once started, the velocities of the two rays are no longer equal; hence their reaction on the atom will cease to be equal; the ray on the left being quicker will cause a greater reaction in the direction of the original motion, and will thus press forward the atom continuously in this direction, so that motion once begun will be continued indefinitely. In this way the two well known properties of inertia receive an adequate explanation. The above illustration is only intended to give the germ of an idea, on which the intuition of students can be exercised; it is not implied that this is the actual process of

nature ; many modifications can be made, and complexities added without affecting the principle involved. The outpourings through the atoms, as described in *Occult Chemistry*, would have, I think, the same mechanical properties as the above two rays. The properties of inertia, above explained, are embodied by Newton in his first and second laws of motion, where he assumes their existence without attempting to account for them ; when explained as above they become deductions from the third law, the law of the equality of action and reaction, which thus becomes the one fundamental law of natural and occult physics. By means of his assumed inertia laws, Newton drew a veil over the underlying occult forces of nature, and was able to explain celestial mechanics by gravity alone. Gravity is a very weak force ; it is sufficient for the purposes of Astronomy, but quite insufficient for the purposes of Astrology. By lifting the Newtonian veil, and disclosing to view the immensely greater forces locked up in the atom and the light-ray, we at once pass from Astronomy to the occult science of Astrology, where the operations of the mysterious Fohat become the proper subject of study.

G. E. Sutcliffe

I would venture to allude to the relations of scientific progress to religion. Putting aside the troubles connected with special creeds and churches, and the claims of the clerical profession to certain funds and employments, to the exclusion of laymen, it should, I think, be recognised that there is no essential antagonism between the scientific spirit and what is called the religious sentiment. "Religion," said Bishop Creighton, "means the knowledge of our destiny and of the means of fulfilling it." We can say no more and no less of Science. Men of Science seek, in all reverence, to discover the Almighty, the Everlasting. They claim sympathy and friendship with those who, like themselves, have turned away from the more material struggles of human life, and have set their hearts and minds on the knowledge of the Eternal.

The Kingdom of Man: SIR RAY LANKESTER

REVIEWS

The Satakas or Wise Sayings of Bhartrihari, translated from the *Sanskrit* with Notes and Introduction on Indian Philosophy, by J. M. Kennedy. (T. Werner Laurie, Ltd., London. Price Rs. 2-12 or 3s. 6d. or 90c.)

The name of Bhartrihari is not unknown to students of Indian poetry, grammar and philosophy. His age is not precisely fixed: Mr. Kennedy assigns him to the eighth or ninth century A. D., stating that many authorities put him as far back as the second century. Macdonell's *Sanskrit Literature* gives 650 A. D. as the date of his death, as the Chinese traveller I Tsing, who spent more than twenty years in India at the end of the seventh century, refers to Bhartrihari. According to Indian tradition the poet-philosopher was the brother of King Vikramaditya, and passed his youth in a life of debauchery and profligacy. He took to the life of asceticism by turns, and I Tsing records that "having turned Buddhist monk, the poet again became a layman and fluctuated altogether seven times between the monastery and the world" (Macdonell). The Introductory Preface gives scanty information about the author, for which reason the book must be regarded as not complete; it gives however a clever summary of Indian philosophy—the Six Schools and the *Bhagavad-Gītā*—which, because of the author's sympathy, is not so wooden and lifeless as are the expositions of certain Orientalists.

Bhartrihari is famous for his three Satakas (wise sayings called Centuries). The first, the Niti Sataka (Century of Ethics and Morality) deals with the science of conduct, and the aphorisms are not common-place and are sometimes distinctly striking. Bhartrihari says:

The laws regulating behaviour are indeed difficult to learn, and can hardly be mastered, even by the ascetic. The man who wishes to be respectfully silent is liable to be looked upon as dumb: the man who talks agreeably may be thought too forward. If a man stands near at hand, he may be regarded as troublesome, and if he stand far off, people may call him cold-hearted. The patient man may be branded as timid, and the impetuous man is looked upon as ill-bred.

We find that the Century is full of excellent hints which may be found of practical utility and we might quote a few here:

God has given to man a cloak whereby he can conceal his ignorance; and in this cloak he can enwrap himself at any moment, for it always lies near his hand. This cloak is Silence: an ornament peculiarly fitted for an ignorant man in the company of wise men.

If a man have patience, why should he need armour? But if he have anger in his heart, what other enemy need he fear? If he have knowledge, why should he need fire to consume evil? If he live among evil-disposed people, why need he be afraid of serpents? If he possess perfect wisdom, why should he strive for wealth? If he be modest, why should he require ornaments? If the muses are his friends, why should he need a kingdom?

There are sufficient inward adornments adequate for the man of noble mind without the necessity for a more evident display—liberality for his hand; reverence towards the priesthood for his head; true speech for his mouth; power for his arms; happiness for his heart; and the holy Vedas, properly understood, for his ears.

The second, the Vairagya Sataka (Century of Dispassion) is full of fine pathos and is often sublime in its denunciation of the life of the senses, but even in the midst of ecstatic vairagya the oscillating disposition of Bhartrihari from asceticism to worldliness manifests in such mischievous verses as:

If there are songs in front of you, skilful poets from the south on one side of you and dancing girls with tinkling ankles and pearls behind you; then, my friend, enjoy the pleasures of the senses which these things may afford you. But O my mind, if you have not these things, then plunge into devout meditation freeing itself from all thought.

We must quote the beautiful touch of non-attachment that enables an orthodox Hindū to exclaim:

What profit can be drawn from the Vedas or the Smṛiti or from the reading of the Puranas or the tiresome Shastras, or even in the innumerable and bewildering multitude of ceremonial actions that lead to a resting-place in the heavenly tabernacles? In comparison with that final fire which is to consume the creations of this wearying burden of sorrow which we know as existence—the fire that will in the end unite us with the Supreme Spirit—all else is but the mere bargaining of merchants.

We cannot do justice to this Century by extracting from it, and it should be read wholly if one wants to enjoy its beauty or profit by its teachings.

The Sringa Sataka is full of eroticism and brings an unpleasant feature into the book, but Mr. Kennedy could not omit the Section from his volume, and, as he rightly says, "there are many passages in the Song of Solomon to which as much objection may be taken as to some of the aphorisms of Bhartrihari". The sayings are of course not flawless but the flights of spirituality, even of a man pulled by the Inner God on one side and by kāmīc propensities on the other, are worth a perusal and a pondering over.

This is the first of a new Series "Library of Eastern Thoughts and Letters," and we shall look forward with eager interest for the succeeding volumes. Theosophical Lodge Libraries may be strongly advised to put this collection of Bhartrihari's Wisdom-Sayings on their shelf.

B. P. W.

Kings and Gods of Egypt, by Alexandre Moret. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. Price 7s. 6d. net.)

Egypt has become literally a name to conjure with. The magnificent vista of civilisations revealed by its monuments and their inscriptions has been brought so near to us by the labours of devoted Egyptologists that a few thousand years seem but as yesterday. When therefore we meet this fascinating subject presented in popular form by an eminent authority, we are not surprised to find a volume of rare interest.

M. Moret has woven into his design four distinct colourings—the historical, the mystic, the artistic, and the scientific; so that most temperaments will find some point of contact. The historical element is supplied in the chapters on Queen Hatshopsitu, Amenophis IV, and some legendary travels of the Egyptians in Asia. The mystic and religious aspect receives close attention in the chapters on the Passion of Osiris, the immortality of the soul, moral retribution throughout the ages, and the Mysteries of Isis. The artistic side, represented throughout by many fine illustrations, is prominent in the chapter on Homer and Egypt and in the descriptions of ceremonies and temples, notably that of Deir-el-Bahari built by Queen Hatshopsitu; while the chapter on the reading of hieroglyphics affords a fine example of the application of scientific enquiry to a philological problem.

All the selections that have been made have a peculiarly modern ring about them; for instance we read that the question of women's rights was raised as early as 1,500 B. C. in the person of Queen Hatshopsitu, a veritable Elizabeth, who established her claim to the throne in the face of opposition and gave the impetus for a wide-spread artistic revival. Again, Amenophis IV, the religious reformer, better known as Akhnaton, at once enlists our admiration for the purity and breadth of his ideals no less than for his remarkable achievement in overthrowing, if only for his own life-time, the degenerate priesthood and its narrowing tyrannies; truly he has bequeathed a rich legacy in his noble hymn to Aton (the solar disc), which is published in full.

But to the Theosophist, Egypt is above all things the home of the Mysteries, and so we eagerly turn to the graphic accounts here given of the cults of Isis and Osiris. The familiar

drama of the World-Saviour who comes to earth to teach and bless, who is murdered by the envious adversary, is sought by his sorrowing mother, and finally rises again the Redeemer victorious over death and hell, has been portrayed with insight and scholarship; and, though the author gives it as his opinion that this myth took rise in the popular worship of the corn seed, he evidently also senses the higher meaning through which the parallels with other religions stand out in unmistakable significance. On the Mysteries of Isis M. Moret waxes enthusiastic, carrying us right into their later Roman setting with picturesque and vivid descriptions. His reference to the initiation which Apuleius relates in his *Metamorphoses*, and his own guesses as to the secrets revealed are quite striking, though we wonder that he does not go a step farther and accept the obviously literal meaning in the plain statement that he quotes :

Hear, then, and believe, for what I tell is true. I drew nigh to the confines of death. I trod the threshold of Proserpine, I was borne through all the elements and returned to earth again. I saw the sun gleaming with bright splendour at dead of night; I approached the gods above and the gods below, and worshipped them face to face. Behold, I have told thee things of which, though thou hast heard them, thou must yet know naught.

Classical scholars will doubtless find much suggestive material in the resemblances cited between some Egyptian customs and some that appear in the Homeric epics, while the chapter on the reading of hieroglyphics narrates with great clearness the romantic history of the recovery of the lost script, giving a fair idea of the difficulties encountered by the earlier investigators and the manner in which they were eventually surmounted by the scientific genius of Champollion and his successors. In this connection it is interesting to note that the hint which finally put Champollion on the right track came from the writings (*Stromata*) of that great Christian Gnostic, Clement of Alexandria.

We may add that in addition to the sixteen handsome full-page plates and the twenty smaller illustrations, there is a map representing the country and its vicinity at the period with which the book mainly deals. We have every reason to anticipate that this admirable production will repeat the success of the author's former work, *In the Time of the Pharaohs*, and we gladly commend it to all students who can appreciate the support which recognised science is giving to Theosophical statements.

W. D. S. B.

*The People's Books*¹ (T. C. and E. C. Jack, London and Edinburgh. Price Ans. 6 or 6d or 12c.)

Marriage and Motherhood, by H. S. Davidson, M. B.

The fact that this subject is handled with knowledge and care by an eminent physician, should make it of great practical value to all mothers and wives. From the point of view of the New School it treats of the important function of bearing children, and clearly indicates how dangers may be avoided and normal conditions induced. The benefit and advantages of possessing this well-written treatise on this universal subject, should be far-reaching.

Wordsworth, by Rosaline Masson.

This pleasing and interesting life-story of the great poet outlines the harmony of his simple life, and the themes it inspired for his description and interpretation of Nature. His uncongenial college days at Cambridge, when he was known as the poet idler, are described, and also his happy days with his sister Dorothy and Coleridge when they were "three people and one soul". The tardy recognition of his poetry is attributed to three causes: his entire lack of humour, the "sluggishness of the average mind," and the deliberate and prolonged persecutions of the Editor Jeffrey. Wordsworth is said to have excelled in poetry, metaphysics, theology, ethics and politics, and the completeness of his life's story in this handy volume is due to the well-chosen details by the author.

G. G.

Weather Science, by R. G. K. Lempfert, M. A.

One of the afflictions of the human race is its liability to rapid and unexpected changes of weather. It may safely be said, then, that we are all to some extent interested in such a description of the way in which meteorological changes may be foretold, as is contained in this little book. A concise account is given of the conditions under which clouds are formed, of the laws governing the movements of storms, how weather charts are constructed, and how forecasts are prepared. A grasp of the principles here so clearly explained will

¹This admirable and cheap popular series is obtainable at THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

enable one to read with intelligence the weather charts and reports of the daily newspapers and to have a fair idea of the more marked changes to be expected. Mr. Lempfert mentions an interesting fact of which, probably, the majority of our readers are not aware, namely that there is a close connection between India and Argentina :

Thus a comparison of the monthly means of pressure observed at the Argentine Observatory at Cordoba, with corresponding values from India, shows that these two regions are, as it were, in opposition to one another. When pressure in India is in excess of the normal pressure, the Argentine is in defect of its normal, and *vice versa*. There is, in fact, an oscillation between these two widely separated regions which has been described, not inaptly, as a barometric see-saw (p. 82.)

We should have liked a little fuller account of the more elementary meteorological phenomena. We do not find, for example, any account of the relation of dew-point to temperature as enabling the observer to foretell a coming frost—a matter of great importance to farmers and horticulturalists. Also in the beginning of the book, in discussing the relation of temperature to air compression, it is stated (pp. 18, 19) that the variation is at the rate of 1° F. for every 180 feet of change of level, while at the end of the book in discussing the Stratosphere (p. 85) and under Inversions (p. 88) it is said that the regular fall of temperature with increasing height is at the rate of 1° F. for each rise of 300 feet. The two statements appear to be at variance, and of this no explanation is given. In so far as the broad principles of weather science are concerned the book is very well done. It contains a small Bibliography and an Index.

C. R. H.

The Training of the Child. A Parent's Manual, by G. Spiller.

The moral education of children is a subject which has been so far in the history of child-study comparatively neglected. The laws governing the physical and intellectual growth of the child have received much more attention than have those which obtain in the equally important realm of character-building. Mr. Spiller's *Training of the Child* is an attempt to furnish a hand-book for parents which will serve as a guide in the difficult task of systematising the home-training of their children. The first part is devoted to the consideration of general problems—questions relating to the attitude of parents and teachers to each other and to their charges, the home

atmosphere, punishment, and so forth. In the second part the author traces the child's development from birth to the age of twenty-one and describes, one by one, the successive stages of growth through which the normal human being passes, pointing out the dangers characteristic of each, and suggesting methods by which these may be avoided or their effects minimised. An enormous amount of information is concentrated into the ninety-three small pages. But this is a small defect and one on the right side. The educational plan sketched is very interesting and the general tone of the book is exceedingly healthy and positive. Great emphasis is laid on the necessity of order and cheerfulness and self-control in our dealings with the young. In working out the details of his plan the author shows great ingenuity and love of children. Among the many schemes and devices suggested as ways of training "without tears," all, even those well practised in the art of managing children, will find something new and helpful.

The Baby. A Mother's Book by a Mother, by a University Woman.

Mothers, nurses, and all who are in any way occupied with the care of children will find this little book a valuable possession. The views expressed therein are the outcome of the experience of a mother who has watched and tended her three babies, children of average physique and heredity, and steered them safely through the dangers and difficulties of babyhood. Her success and the health of her children is due merely, she says, to her having observed certain simple precautions. These she describes in her book. The advice given is eminently sensible. That portion of the book which deals with childish diseases and their treatment has been carefully revised by a doctor, and it has been so arranged that, by the use of the Index at the end of the volume, information regarding any one of the common ailments of children may be found at a moment's notice. The questions of food, clothing, and exercise are discussed in a way which show the author to be practical and well-informed. The hints given should prove exceedingly useful.

Wellington and Waterloo, by Major G. W. Redway.

A brief sketch of the life of Wellington; a short outline of the Peninsular war; the story of the events culminating in

Waterloo and an account of the battle itself in some detail ; these are the contents of the book. The author has contrived to combine extreme compactness with great charm of style. Well-chosen telling little anecdotes relieve what might otherwise have been a rather monotonous record of facts and names and dates, as so many incidents are recounted in so small a space. Two maps, showing the positions occupied by the contending parties at different times during the campaign add materially to the usefulness of the volume.

A. de L.

Psychic Control through Self-Knowledge, by Walter Winston Kenilworth. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Kenilworth is the author of three other named works as well as of two 'etceteras' and so we suppose his books must have a certain popularity with lay Theosophists and those who find pure Theosophy too strong for them, and for this reason we might commend this volume to those who accumulate libraries for propaganda purposes and try to suit all classes. His knowledge seems to rest on a very sound basis, as he refers frequently to the Vedas and once quotes the *Voice of the Silence*, and many of his statements are well and tersely put : e. g., "Religious reformation is the purging process which removes superstition and ignorance," "Courage, fearlessness, and cheerfulness are characteristic of those who know Self." One cannot help feeling however, that Mr. Kenilworth might have written less, had he read a little more Theosophy, or at any rate might have written more connectedly. Personally we found the book rather tiring to read. All the paragraphs are long and are what are technically called 'loose,' beginning with short didactic statements and filled with short sentences—once we found that six consecutive sentences mustered but twenty-five words. The result on one's nerves is rather that of a strenuous day of maxim gun practice.

E. G. H.

The Chain of Ob, by St. Clair Harnett. (Andrew Melrose, London. Price 6s.)

A strange story in which the astral plane plays a great part, in which dream-world wonders are narrated by the hero who bears the "Chain of Ob," or "The Ring of Satan," or "Satan's Bracelet," and is therefore "reputed wondrous tender to influences from unseen worlds and ghostly visitors". Our hero, who is a twentieth-century man, goes to sleep in an old mansion and finds himself a living entity in the reign of James II and fulfils his destiny in being evoked by his lady-love by means of certain witch-spells; he is only "a phantom from the future," he is "not yet born but conjured from the future". Here is a new kind of ghost—not the traditional one from that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller is supposed to return, but one who has not yet been born and is therefore not dead, who is yet to come to birth and life. This new conception is well worked out, but it would have been wonderfully improved by a little Theosophical knowledge of the astral plane and the akâshic records. The story is, moreover, very incomplete; if Rosalys and her companions of the seventeenth century had been made to reincarnate in the group of Eve Sparks of our generation, the tale would have gained a tone and finishing touches which now it lacks. Mr. Harnett is decidedly a clever writer, and his originality of thought and fluency of language make *The Chain of Ob* worth a perusal.

B. P. W.

De Sprookjes van Moeder de Gans, hun oorsprong en beteekenis, published by the author P. Pieters, Jr, Amsterdam. Price fl 0. 35.

Mr. Pieters has already shown on previous occasions that he is thoroughly in love with fairy tales and folk-lore. Here he gives us a small essay on the stories of Mother Goose, their origin and signification. Being a student of Theosophy and at the same time well acquainted with scholarly research on the subject, he is in a position to lay before us a quite interesting and instructive conclusion. For those having to do with the bringing up of children the booklet may serve the very useful purpose of being used as a starting point for imparting ethical, philosophical and even occult or Theosophical instruction in a form thoroughly adapted to the age of young pupils.

J. v. M.

Human Affection and Divine Love, by Svāmi Abhedananda.
(The Vedānta Society, New York.)

The well-known author describes the charm, the worth and the necessity of human affection as being one of the inherent powers that govern and evolve all lives. In animals it manifests as animal love, and clings as such to human beings who worship the physical body and seek bodily comforts as the be-all and end-all of life. Human love ill-directed causes humanity to commit murder, theft, robbery, and indulge in other vices; it becomes divine love only when it seeks no return for self, when fearlessness and non-attachment are gained. Since the fulness of Love cannot be found in human love, it is advised that the Eternal Ideal be made the object of all human affection, in all human relationships. The book contains sayings of Shri Ramakrishna at the end, and is very daintily bound.

G. G.

God and the Universe, by G. W. De Tunzelmann, B. Sc.
(S. P. C. K., London. Price 4s. net.)

This is one of the best books of its kind that we have read. It is a brilliant application of strictly scientific reasoning to the problem which its title indicates. The author gives ample proof that the day is now past when science could be appealed to in support of materialistic propaganda, scathingly exposing the pseudo-science of discarded hypotheses by which street-corner oratory still attempts to impose on the obstinately ignorant. He then boldly turns to rational philosophy for a conception of the universe which is frankly derived from the ancient oriental schools, but which, needless to say, loses none of its original grandeur by illuminating the deeper teachings of Christianity.

The scheme of presentation is progressive and logical. The reader watches the virtual construction of three successive world-models, the mechanical world-model, the energy world-model, and the mind world-model. None of these is supplanted by the succeeding one, but each in turn is shown to be inadequate to explain the facts beyond a certain point. Thus we are led step by step to admit that the mechanical world-model, which may be taken as the expression of Newton's observations, fails to satisfy the demands of the later discoveries in electro-chemistry. Experimental science is then seen enlisting the services of the mathematician

to suggest properties of the ether capable of correlating the forms of energy associated with electric discharge; and so the transition from a basis of matter to one of energy is rendered intelligible as the inevitable outcome of the reduction of the chemical atom into electrons. Here we are brought up in our enquiry by the apparent dissipation of energy common to all physical systems, and the author urges with reason that the agency of intelligence alone can account for either the production or the maintenance of energy in concentrated form. Here it is of interest to Theosophists to note that he speaks of the idea of ingress and egress of etheric currents to and from a four-dimensional universe as not only legitimate and mathematically demonstrable, but even preferable to other conceptions; while positive and negative electrons are spoken of as 'sources' and 'sinks' situated on the boundary between the three-dimensional and four-dimensional universes, so that currents can pass through their nuclei in one of two directions. Arguments are next adduced for regarding mind as a source of energy, and the logical sequel follows in the formulation of a mind world-model in which Universal Mind is the ultimate source of all energy.

From this position we are led on to man's relation to God as the Eternal Self-Consciousness, and find here and there passages which for directness compare favourably with many an exposition of yoga. We cannot help feeling rather out of our depth when reading of Absoluto-Infinite Being in conjunction with personality, and perhaps the writer sometimes feels the same, but at least there is no attempt to hide behind words such as impersonal. The life of Jesus is introduced with freshness and dignity, and the reader is left free to choose between three interpretations of His teaching on future existence. Two very practical chapters define the author's outlook on social progress and his objections to the theories of the Socialist party and others of still more drastic tendency; nor must we forget a friendly passage of arms with Bergson. We are indeed glad that what was once a series of lectures has been embodied in book form, and congratulate the S. P. C. K. and the Christian Evidence Committee, under whose direction it has been published, on the adoption of a really scientific and philosophical line of propaganda.

W. D. S. B.

Songs of the Dead End, by Patrick MacGill. (The Year Book Press, London. Price 3s. 6d.)

Ours is not an age of poetry, though books and volumes of verse are published. Since the passing away of Browning and Tennyson and Swinburne the aristocracy of poetry is dethroned and a middle class—the working class of journalism—has assumed the charge of uplifting mankind and the result is versification, clever, often admirable, sometimes inspiring, but rarely truly poetic. Patrick MacGill at the age of twelve began life as a farm hand “where his day’s work began at five o’clock in the morning and went on till eleven at night through summer and winter”. Then from fourteen to twenty-one he was “either a farm hand, drainer, tramp, hammer-man, navvy, plate-layer or wrestler” and during this time his inner life was devoted to the worship of the Muses. When he was nineteen he published *Gleanings from a Navy’s Scrap-book*, which was a success. While working on a second volume he changed his occupation and went on the staff of the *Daily Express*, a post which he subsequently relinquished and then published *Songs of a Navy*. Both the volumes having gone out of print “he has put together some of the pieces out of either, re-written others and added fresh ones” and the result is the volume before us. The poems look like Kipling’s and are reminiscent of him, but they are written with a certain feeling which give them a charm of their own. The volume is as excellent a book of verse as we have come across for many months and the personal experience makes Mr. MacGill’s verse so interesting that we read it often with pleasure, occasionally with admiration.

B. P. W.

Greek and Roman Ghost Stories, by L. Collison Morley. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. Price 3s.)

Although this book is a scholarly production containing much that is of interest to the psychologist, and we are therefore duly grateful to the author for what it is, we cannot lay it down without a sigh as to what, in the hands of a *raconteur* who understood how to create the proper atmosphere for a ghost story, it might have been. A touch of the magic wand of Mr. Algernon Blackwood, for example, would make all the difference to this little volume of Greek and Roman stories, which are presented to us with all the aloofness of a librarian

checking a catalogue. However we must not be too critical, and our readers will certainly appreciate the story of the ghost of the gnat which we take (abbreviated) from among a number of equally good tales, selecting it because the animal apparition is so much more rare than the human.

A shepherd falls asleep in the shade by a cool fountain, for his midday rest. Suddenly a snake appears upon the scene and prepares to sting the shepherd. A passing gnat sees the danger and wakes the shepherd by stinging him in the eye. He springs up angrily, brushes it off with his hand, and dashes it lifeless to the ground. Then to his horror he sees the snake, and promptly kills it with the branch of a tree. While he lies asleep that night, the ghost of the gnat appears to him in a dream and bitterly reproaches him. When he wakes, the shepherd is afraid of being continually haunted by the ghost of his tiny benefactor. He therefore sets to work to raise a mound in honour of the gnat and cuts on a marble slab the following inscription: "Little gnat, the shepherd dedicates to thee thy meed of a tomb in return for the life thou gavest him."

There is also a poetical little tale of the death of Philemon, the comic poet. We conclude with a passing reference to the Plinies which may interest our readers:

The elder Pliny... wrote his account of the German wars entirely because he dreamt that Drusus had appeared to him and implored him to preserve his name from oblivion. The Plinies were undoubtedly two of the ablest and most enlightened men of their time; and the belief in the value of dreams is certainly not extinct among us yet.

We are glad the author holds this opinion.

K. F. S.

Abbas Effendi, His Life and Teachings, by Myron H. Phelps. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. Price 6s. net.)

This book is likely to attain to ready popularity, owing to the increased and wide-spread interest in Baháism, or the religion founded in 1844 by the Persian Bab and his successors, Beha Ullah and Abbas Effendi. It contains an interesting introduction by Professor E. G. Browne and a portrait of Abbas Effendi, whose life history is told by his sister at their home of exile in Akka, to which the author made a pilgrimage in order to gain a first hand knowledge of the subject. It narrates the persecutions, imprisonment, martyrdom and exile of the

entire family and the early followers of the faith ; also their hardships endured at Teheran and Baghdad, their expulsion from Constantinople and Adrianople, and thence to Akka. This New Dispensation marks another era of liberality, in its aim to stimulate and revive all religions, which it recognises as being equally divine, and with teachings differing in degree only to suit the capacities of the evolving races to which they come. It also recognises a common source of truth and divine authority in each Manifestation to guide and instruct the world in the fundamental truths, and has the high ambition of attempting to infuse new spirit into what have become mere forms of religion. "Love and good-will to man" is the keynote of the teaching, and self-discipline its first aim ; for it claims where there is contention, there cannot be the higher conception of truth. The elaborate code of moral and social ethics written in forms of epistles, maxims or 'tablets,' claim nothing of originality, but are re-statements of truth such as were contained in the teachings of earlier saints and sages. The fact that several millions in Persia alone are followers of this faith, proves that its influence is a power in the world. The author adds a number of the discourses he heard personally from Abbas Effendi, and also sayings from the writings of Beha Ullah.

G. G.

Rays of the Dawn, or Fresh Teaching on some New Testament Problems, by a Watcher. (Published by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd. London.)

Written by one who describes herself as "having grown up in the School of the prophets rather than of the priests," this book is admittedly written under inspiration and with a mission "to point the way to a better understanding of the Scriptures and to a knowledge above the criticism and beliefs based upon the letter". The present work however gives internal evidence of being written by one who has carefully studied both Biblical criticism and psychic research, and is written with more sense of literary form than is found in many of these automatically written productions. It deals with the psychic phenomena of the principal events in the life of Jesus and gives 'thoughts' on the Illumination of the Apostles Paul, John, and Peter, with 'teachings' on the various epistles. It

is also written—and here its chief interest will lie for many—to prepare the way of the Coming Christ, with which Coming several of the author's seven visions are concerned. The first vision is the "Nearness of the Coming Christ"; another deals with "the preparation for the Coming," in which the seer saw a vision of people working very hard lifting heavy stones, and was told she might be a helper if she liked, and began to work. The final vision shows Christ's probable reception—rejection by the Churches and reception by the poor and oppressed being again His lot. The explanation of the meaning of the Star in the East has also its interest:

It was part of the story of the Heavens for earth's reading. In this star, Easterns felt a great moment for the world had come; though they could not explain why, they felt impelled to search for a new-born child, who should rule both East and West. They in the East saw His star appearing in the West. This signifies that the two halves of the world should be unified by a common object of worship. This is coming about, though many in the East and West are not *aware* that it is the Christ who is drawing them into this one-ness. His Second Coming will again be the focus, as the first was, of a common worship and wonder.

E. S.

The Principles of Astrological Geomancy, by Franz Hartmann. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London Price 3s. 6d. net.)

Geomancy, the dictionary says, means the art of divination from dots made on the ground or, later, on paper. Sixteen such lines are made without counting the dots and, from these, four figures are constructed according as the lines contain an even or odd number of dots, and from these, further figures and so on, until one has fifteen figures, the fifteenth being the 'Judge' and giving the final answer to the question asked. A more elaborate answer can be obtained by the construction of an astrological house and a combination of astrological and geomantic methods. In fact the book is one that should interest all students of Astrology. Those to whom the statement that time does not exist on the highest planes and that the past, present and future are all co-existent in the Absolute, may possibly be led to believe by Dr. Hartmann's arguments that it is possible, by stilling the intermediate vehicles, to bring through some knowledge of this ever-present future on to our limited three-dimensional physical plane, and that his own experience of eighty-three per cent of correct replies to questions may be due to something else besides coincidence, fraud, or delusion.

E. G. H.

Ancient Egyptian Legends, by M. A. Murray. (WISDOM OF THE EAST Series.¹ John Murray, London. Price Rs. 1-8 or 2s. or 50c.)

This is a book intended not for the scholar but for the public, and contains eleven interesting legends of miscellaneous Egyptian Gods, of Osiris and the deities connected with him, and of Ra. The author's way of telling them is attractive, and as the public is eager more and more to learn about ancient Egypt and her mysterious Gods these legends will no doubt find a ready sale. The Notes at the end are instructive, and the serious student will find them very useful. These short stories of a nation of yore are worth reading, and will give the voracious novel-reader excellent food for a few leisure hours—and they will be well spent. To the instructed Theosophist the book will appeal more, and in these mere legends he will find many of his teachings told in a way, sometimes unique, sometimes novel, but always very instructive.

B. P. W.

The Adyar Bulletin—July. Mrs. Besant writes on 'What Theosophy has to say to the Australian Workers,' and gives an interesting account of her recent activities in 'From the Editor'. A charming and sympathetic nature sketch is provided by Lignus, and Mr. Lazenby writes originally in The 'Awakening of the Fool'. Of the permanent features in the magazine, 'Students in Council' discuss 'Minor Initiations'. 'When Friends Meet' contains a conversation on the progress of the soul—probably the most interesting conversation the 'Friends' have as yet recorded. This number is very good and quite up to the standard the magazine set itself at the beginning of the year.

The third volume of *Theosophy in Scotland* has reached us. Tastefully bound, it presents a charming appearance. This magazine seems especially suited for its purpose and contains every month notes from the various Lodges, and all Theosophic activities of niterest are chronicled. The Scottish Society is to be congratulated on having put forth such an excellent volume in the third year of its age.

¹ Obtainable at THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

FROM THE PRESIDENT'S OPENING SPEECH AT THE STOCKHOLM CONGRESS

Now with regard to our policy. You have in Sweden a good deal to face because, for some reason (probably to make you strong for your work in the future) all the difficulties of the Society have here found a battleground, so that the differences of views are very clearly enunciated, and you have to realise that in your own country the various parties (if I may so call them) connected with this great movement have each found a footing.

That is not, I think, a thing to be regretted. Our policy in regard to these dissident parts of the Theosophical movement is an important thing, and I would venture to suggest what seems to me the wisest policy. With regard, for instance, to that part of the movement which left the Theosophical Society under Mr. Judge and is now headed by Mrs. Tingley, I would earnestly ask you to let all the attack come from that side and not from ours. It is far better that you should not quarrel with them even if they desire to quarrel with you. If you leave to them the whole of the attack and receive it with generosity, with magnanimity and with kindly feeling, then and then alone can you hope that peace will ultimately be secured. It is yours to remember the great words of the Lord Buddha: "Hatred ceases not by hatred at any time; hatred ceases by love." So if for the moment our brethren of the Universal Brotherhood find in hatred their weapon against us, let us use rather the shield of love and not the sword of hatred, and answer with kindness, with generosity and good feeling any of the attacks that they may think right to make upon us.

Realise that with the great majority of assailants, they are working for what they believe to be the truth, and if they make the mistake of thinking that truth is best defended by attacks upon others, then let us give them credit for their good intentions and hope that wisdom may ultimately lead them to choose a better way. So I would ask you not to answer hatred with hatred. Let them do their work and let us do ours. Remember that hatred disintegrates, while love unites, and let us carry out our name of Brotherhood and know no exclusion but remember it is universal.

With regard to our brethren of the German Section who have left the Theosophical Society and enrolled themselves under a new name, surely we can show to them also the same policy of respect. They will probably reach a certain number of people whom as yet we cannot reach. There is the advantage that they are using another name, so that there is not even outwardly any conflict between us. It is true that their

language is a little harsh, but, after all, the harsh language is directed against me personally rather than the Theosophical Society, and the last thing in the world that I wish is that I should be made a bone of contention between two Societies whose aim on both sides is to find the way of truth.

And so I would say with regard to them also, if they attack me, do not respond by attack against their leaders. It was necessary that they should leave us for we cannot in the Society permit any to be excluded, and the very moment that our German National Society excluded from its membership those who held a particular belief, the belief in the near coming of a World-Teacher, it was impossible that that National Society should continue to represent the Theosophical Society in Germany. Rightly, then, they went out on a policy less broad than our own, for it is our duty to keep the breadth of the Society and to make no matter of belief reason for exclusion from our ranks. But the fact that they prefer that principle need not prevent our respect, nay, I will say our admiration; for while Dr. Steiner does not care to recommend the works of our branch of the Movement, I have always advised people to read Dr. Steiner's works, not because I agree with everything in them, but because I believe that we should read every view which is put forward by the seekers after truth, and that we are the wiser and the stronger when we see the truth at different angles and from other standpoints, and do not confine ourselves alone to the study of a single line of thought.

Profoundly do I believe it to be true that the great Lords of Wisdom meet a man on any path whereon the man is treading in the search for Them, ever echoing those words of the *Bhagavad-Gītā*: "Mankind comes to me along many roads and on whatever road a man approaches me, on that road do I welcome him, for all roads are mine." Let us then act in the spirit of that teaching and see in the roads of our brethren roads to the same truth, and when we meet in the centre we shall know that all roads are one.

That, then, friends, it seems to me should be our policy, complete tolerance, inclusion of every opinion. Remember that each opinion adds something to our knowledge and that we should try in the struggle of opinions to learn from our opponent more than from our friends, for the opponent sees the truth at a different angle, while those who agree with us see it from our own. Such then is the policy that I would venture to lay before you as one that appears to me to be the wisest for the Theosophical Society. Let us do our own work, let us walk along our own road, let us give out the truth to the world as we see it, but let our note, so far as may be, be the note that harmonises the discords rather than a note which adds to the discords of the world.

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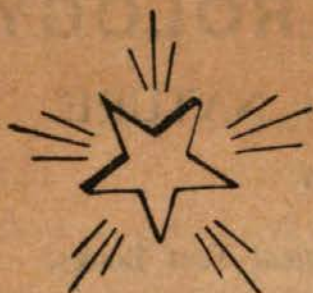
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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

WHEN Mr. Gokhale speaks, he should be listened to with the most careful attention both by Indians and English, for he never speaks without careful thought, and his statements of facts are as accurate as his reasonings are logical. Speaking in London last month he said that the position of Indian students in England was growing steadily more difficult, and he urged on the public the harm that would result as these young men returned to India with a feeling of resentment and bitterness in their hearts. Mr. Gokhale speaks none too soon. When I was last in England I heard of some most unfair and ungenerous treatment of Indian students, and when it is remembered that these men will largely lead public opinion in India when they return, it is easy to see the harm which will accrue both to India and England if they come home alienated instead of attracted. While vindicating the right of India to its own educational equipment, Mr. Gokhale pointed out that for many years England would offer advantages with which India would be unable to

compete. Apart from this, it is vitally necessary that the advantages accruing from first-class education here should be made equal to those which result from education abroad. It must be remembered, to take one illustration from the Educational Service, that however brilliant the abilities of an Indian youth, however high the honours he may have gained at an Indian University, the Imperial Educational Service is closed against him, and he can only enter the Provincial. To enter the Imperial, he must have taken a degree in England. To discourage the flow of Indian students to England by ungenerous treatment, and then to shut the best educational posts against them because they have not studied in England, is surely a policy which is as dishonouring to England as it is cruel to India. Yet this is what is being done—perhaps thoughtlessly and ignorantly, but none the less surely, and it *must* cause bitterness.

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*

In India itself, the present fate of the students is in many respects heart-breaking. The Indian boy has a passion for education—and surely this is a noble and right ambition—and the family pinches itself to educate its sons (not yet its daughters). If he passes his matriculation examination, he often finds it impossible to secure a place in the over-crowded colleges of his Presidency, and hundreds of boys wander the streets disconsolately, begging not for bread but for knowledge. If the lad has failed, he may find himself shut out from school, or admitted only on paying double fees. There seems to be money enough in India for entertainments, for extravagant marriages, and for gilding the spires of temples, but for education—no.

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Nor are the students the only ones to suffer. We have the extraordinary spectacle in Calcutta of eminent gentlemen shut out from University lectureships because they have taken part in the political life of their country. But have not University professors the right to form political opinions and to express them? Surely learned men should apply their learning to the questions of the day, and having studied the past should try to enlighten the present. Little wonder that this most injudicious action should have caused much excitement, and the strong and dignified protest made should have roused sympathetic echoes from all parts of the land.

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I have seen some notices in the papers of a book on the Indian Bar, which quote passages that seem incredible, especially as the book is published by Messrs Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., a very respectable English house. Here is one, taken from the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*:

To a certain type of Hindū mind this rhodomontade recalls the mandate of the goddess Kali Mata to the Thug about to start on an expedition. And, as a matter of fact, the lower fringe of the vakil fraternity are not unworthy successors of the Thugs. A species of legal Thuggie is rampant in India. Lord Curzon has denounced 'the sharks in human form that prey upon the unfortunate people'. That tribe, in so far as it is composed of the limbs of the law, is a baneful product of our legalism which is their stock-in-trade.

There are doubtless black sheep in the Indian Bar as in the English, but this passage is a scandalous slander. From the Indian Bar men have risen to the Bench, who could hold their own in any English Court. Every good cause in India is laboured for by Indian lawyers, and from the Indian Bar are drawn the noblest and most self-sacrificing workers for the nation's good.

Indian progress owes more to Indian lawyers than to any other one class of educated men, and such words as the above, if truly quoted, are a disgrace to the man who wrote them, and to the firm which published them.

* * *

Another very unfair impression is given in a novel, *Shri Ram—Revolutionist*, in which it said that the Gurukula at Hardwar is “rousing young men against the English”. The attempt to connect anarchy with the Ārya Samāj movement is most unjust, and the Rev. C. F. Andrews, who has lived in the Gurukula for weeks, writes protesting against it. Sir James Meston, the Lieut.-Governor of the U. P. lately visited the Gurukula, and spoke approvingly of it. It is a purely Indian attempt to give higher education under the most favourable conditions, and should be looked on sympathetically by all lovers of India.

* * *

Why should Theosophy make good Judges? In the Madras High Court we have had Sir S. Subramania Iyer, whose name is synonymous with probity and capacity. We had the Hon. Mr. Krishnasvami Iyer, one of the ablest and most level headed of men. I do not know if I should count the Hon. Mr. Sundara Iyer, although he is nominally a member, for he has shown no interest in Theosophy since his friend Mr. Krishnasvami Iyer passed away. We have the Hon. Mr. Sadasiva Iyer, who is gaining golden opinions all round by his sound knowledge and urbanity. Theosophy seems to suit the judicial mind!

* * *

There are many friends who will remember the name of Krishnalal, a C. H. C. boy, who worked hard

in collecting funds for that institution, but was one of those who drew down anger on his head because of his devotion to Alcyone. I am glad to say that he has just received a Government scholarship of £150 a year, and he goes to Europe to study the sugar industry. He should be useful to India on his return.

* * *

A Burmese High Priest, who has some ten thousand followers and who is said to be clairvoyant, has proclaimed that the Lord Maitreya has already left the Tusita heaven and is on earth as a boy, and that everyone should prepare to meet Him by practising meditation and purifying the body by abstinence from flesh. Many are thus preparing themselves for the time when He shall begin to preach. One of our Fellows, Mr. S. Nityanandam, sends a prophecy of a saint, Virabrahman by name, who lived two centuries ago, in a place named Kandimalliahpalli. He gave a series of prophecies, foretelling events which, so far, are said to be remarkably accurate. Among these he stated that the World-Teacher would be born near the above place, would be brought up among people who had been connected with Him in the past, and that He would come out into the world in Raudri or Pingala—1918 or 1920.

* * *

Through the kind offices of mutual friends, the Editor of the *Hindu* and myself have met, and have talked over the position into which we have drifted during the last two and a half years. We both of us honestly desire to serve India and to help forward her growth towards freedom and national prosperity. We have therefore withdrawn all pending legal proceedings against each other, to the end that we may not waste in strife the

time and the energies which should be devoted to the service of the Motherland. I trust that the end of strife may be the beginning of a co-operation useful to the country and pleasant to both.

* * *

Subscriptions from Theosophists to the Stead International Memorial Fund (to provide lodging-houses for women, to be called the Stead Hostels) may be sent to Miss Sweet, 10 Laura Place, Bath, England. The names of the Societies helping in this good work will be inscribed in the entrance hall of the London Hostel. The memory of W. T. Stead should be gratefully remembered by all Theosophists, and I hope that many will help in this good work, which is so dear to that noble and generous heart. Major-General Brocklehurst, C. B., C. V. O., is the Chairman, and Miss Josephine Marshall, the Hon. Secretary. I shall personally be very glad to send on any contributions which may be entrusted to me.

* * *

The Christian papers are rejoicing much over a Miss McNeile, who wrote an article against Theosophy in a missionary journal. The article, though containing various misstatements of facts, is not, on the whole, very unfair, but in the various comments made on it in Christian journals the editorial is quoted, which says that Miss McNeile came to India "with the intention of working with Mrs. Besant," but that "as the result of a full investigation of Theosophy in India, she is now the head of a Christian School," and so on. One cannot of course say what Miss McNeile's "intention" was, but I hear for the first time that she came out to work with me. She kept her "intention" very private

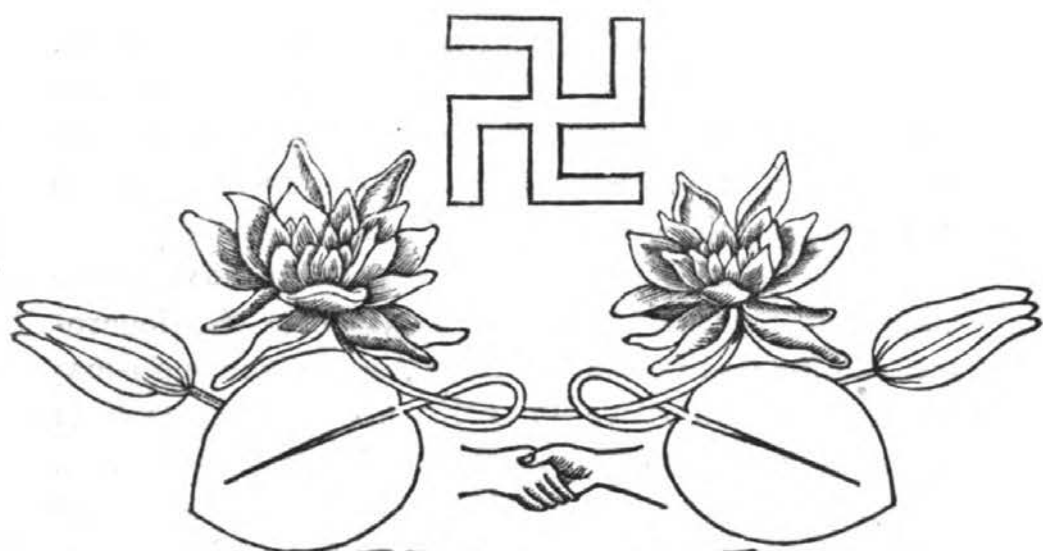
until now, and, I believe, came out from England to a Roman Catholic Convent School at Simla. She certainly did not come to me. She was a member of the T. S., but I never heard that she had left the Christian faith. She once came to see me at Benares, after she had left the Convent School, and was, I believe, then working with the Benares Christian missionaries. Her investigations must have been carried on from the Roman Catholic Convent and the Benares Protestant mission-house, neither, one may opine, a very favourable environment for such enquiries. The good little lady came to me at Benares in order to try to convert me to Christianity—a most well-intentioned effort, I am sure. I thought it was nice of her, though not perhaps very well imagined. I have not seen her since, and I do not remember ever having seen her before, though she had probably been at meetings addressed by me in England. It is fair to note that Miss McNeile says nothing of all this in her article. The remarks are from the editor.

* * *

Dr. Horton, says the Bradford *Daily Telegraph* has made “a mild but effective attack on the doctrines of Theosophy”. He thought that disagreements of opinion among the leaders must cause doubts among thinking people. And this from a Christian! What about the differences among Christian teachers, from the Pope of Rome down to the pastor of the youngest Protestant sect? Differences among people who impose no dogmas and urge individual investigation into truth are surely less surprising than differences among those who preach “the faith once delivered to the saints”.

* * *

We are putting up—thanks to the generosity of Mr. Charles Harvey—a large extension to our Publishing House ; the T. S., oddly enough, has been the pioneer in Madras of the use of reinforced concrete for building purposes, and the present work, superintended by Mr. Gillespie, C. E., is being carried out on improved lines. The total length of the building is about one hundred and forty-eight feet, breadth forty-four feet. Reinforced concrete has been used for the foundations and to form a plinth four feet above floor level. From this the walls of the main building will be built of smooth-faced concrete blocks, while in the four corner towers rock-faced blocks will be used. All the concrete blocks will be made on the spot by a ‘Winget’ Concrete Block Machine, specially imported. This machine, though the most costly on the market, is proving to be equal to all the claims made on its behalf by the makers. All sorts and sizes of blocks can be made with equal facility. It is interesting to note that the Indian workman has taken quite kindly to this machine and in ten days increased the output from five to fifty-three blocks per day. It is quite a mistake to think that Indian workmen will not readily take advantage of mechanical aids to labour. Mr. Gillespie finds them, as the above shows, most teachable and dextrous.



BROTHERHOOD

HOLLAND'S OPPORTUNITY

By C. VAN VOLLENHOVEN

Professor of Leyden University

[This translation is sent to us by a Dutch member, as a sign of the possibility of Holland fulfilling a wish that I ventured to express there last year, that that small, but famous, country should lead the world to peace.—ED.]

I

IN spite of all the political struggles with which we have to contend at home, to the outside world we show an appearance of union, an asset indispensable in these international times.

From all parts of the world there is a unanimous call for something to be done to bring into subjection the spirit of anarchy which is rapidly growing: this

call even now, would be a success, if only one of the Powers would step forward as a pioneer. But which ?

The answer to this question, one of great moment, is burning on the lips of many. For there is one country to which millions of eyes are turned with hope in this year of 1913—that in which the Palace of Peace has been recently erected.

Still Holland hesitates. The citizens look to the Chambers, the Chambers to the Government, the Government to the Committee of Preparation for the approaching Peace Conference of 1915, and this Committee looks on with complacency at the repose of the others.

Only a strong wave of public opinion can carry the much needed activity into this sluggish disregard, and it is with due respect to all that this little work endeavours to move in that direction. It preaches that, before the end of 1913, our country, after two hundred years of decadence, will have resumed her international status.

II

During the last thirty-five years, and especially since the first Peace Conference of 1899, two great suggestions have stood out in bold relief whenever the topic of the cultivation of an international life of nations has been discussed, *viz.*, international jurisdiction, or arbitration, on the one hand, and general disarmament on the other; jurisdiction to settle differences—at any rate legal differences—peaceably between States, and disarmament to render it impossible for a powerful country to act as a magistrate in home affairs or—a greater evil still—as a selfish tyrant.

Under these conditions valuable funds would be saved to be directed to the interests of material welfare, science and art, and of educating the lower classes. It is true that the gradual codification of international public law and jurisdiction (laws of war, neutrality, *etc.*), is to be considered, but justice and disarmament remain the most prominent questions to be solved. Supposing for a moment that these two should be, as they deserve to be, the two central projects, can Holland fulfil any special mission in this respect ?

As to international jurisdiction, every possible suggestion has been made for its furtherance at the two Peace Conferences, as well as in books and periodicals. America especially has contributed freely, making fresh though not always novel plans. In this respect Holland can undoubtedly lend a helping hand by broad-minded treaties of compulsory arbitration, such as those with Denmark and Italy, also by frankly acknowledging and regulating, in the Constitution and in the Law, the superiority of the Court of Arbitration above the High Court ; but Holland continues to contribute to this aim, like all States, with more or less enthusiasm.

As to disarmament ? Supposing, by way of an example, we were to go to the length of disarming partially or wholly. This could not justly be called an example, for no great Power would build one battleship or one fortress the less on that account. In the matter of disarming, a small and moderately armed country could never take the lead. If then international jurisdiction and general disarmament are *the* two problems of importance, there seems to be no call for Holland to take the lead.

But are they such ?

The disclaimer is so evident, and has so often been voiced, that it is now sufficient to treat it lightly.

This international justice—it is said—is not a full image but a fragment, a *torso*. For, even supposing one could obtain, between the fifty international States of the world, a complete set of comprehensive treaties of compulsory arbitration, what will happen when one of those States refuses to submit to a verdict pronounced? This has happened when sentence was passed in 1891 by Venezuela on Columbia, and was threatened in 1909 between Bolivia and Peru, although a general treaty of arbitration had been effected during the course of their legal proceedings. This will be the more likely to occur as the cases increase in number when a State, in consequence of its general arbitration treaty, need no longer give separate sanction to each arbitration. And what is to happen if a State refuses to appear in Court? These two possibilities are expressly mentioned in the Porter Treaty of the Second Conference. Here is no sheriff's officer, no right of execution, no arm of the law, none of the things that make the judge and his judgments irresistible within the pale of the frontiers.

And it is the same with general disarmament. The bishop, in the commencement of *Les Misérables*, from sheer trust in God and his fellow-men, sleeps with unlocked doors, and, when robbed by Jean Valjean, he saves him from the hands of the law and makes him a present of a pair of silver candlesticks into the bargain; all this is beautiful, especially when read in boyhood in a novel, but would anybody dream of making it a system of general practice, if he were responsible for peace and order in the Netherlands or in Amsterdam? And how can it be said that law and order would be preserved in

the world if all compulsion beyond the national frontier were wanting? Hence general disarmament is a fragment, a *torso*.

Fortunately, however, it is not difficult to point out where the deficiency in each lies. We have but to go back a few centuries in our own history, when here in Holland, before there was a supreme Government, each nobleman and each head of a municipality was impelled to convert his residence into a stronghold or a fortified town. In those days the money expended in keeping unrest at bay was in excess of the costs of maintaining both municipal and government police throughout the country; for each of the numerous castellated mansions and fortified towns would spend a fortune on armaments and other means of defence. Coupled with this was the fatal effect that, when now and then a lord of the land himself found reason to encroach on others, he would be opposed not only by villagers and citizens but by little states in the State.

However, if a solid, central district authority gradually develops above the authority of these nobles and cities, capable of generally preserving law and order by soldiery, the fortified dwellings and towns and the press-gangs will then gradually disappear. We see in this the precursor of our present-day position, requiring, within the frontiers, besides the civil police, nothing but a few marshals and now and then a little military show.

Now in the intercourse of States the conditions obtaining are identically the same. So long as there is no authoritative body ruling the States, formed by the representatives themselves, in order to maintain right and peace, it is imperative that each must keep order

within his own vicinity or estate, though it becomes too expensive a luxury for the great as well as for the small Powers, and it is never conclusive for the lower dominations. Could, however, an international magistrate always and everywhere preserve the written and unwritten law, by operating through a universal army, to keep peace, then the great as well as the small Powers would gradually relinquish their national armaments. In this way all the countries, both great and small, would be guaranteed less expense with greater efficiency, especially the smaller States. This would at the same time put an end to the danger that keeps threatening the world as long as one of the States is a dare-devil. Then, and then only, the foundation of universal peace will have been laid.

In order to avoid having this merely regarded as "a coinage of the brain" or a scholar's phantasm, we shall confirm it by citing a fact and an individual as evidence.

The *fact* is the experience, taught by comparative history of law, that whenever a new legal body comes into existence, asserting supremacy over a second legal body, a still higher authority becomes requisite. Even our centrifugal Republic of the United Provinces has not been able to avoid insisting on the agreed quotas being yielded by provinces defective in payment, not only by confiscation and the sale of goods, but especially by practically quartering horsemen or soldiers on them, or using some other effective method for constraining them to do their duty.

The *individual* we shall mention as evidence is Roosevelt. With a diffidence such as we have ceased to expect from him, he says, as early as December

1904, in his Presidential Address, that disarmament, if it should ever come about, will never be able to go so far but that the great Powers will retain a small force for purposes of 'international police'. But frankly and excellently does he express it in May 1910 at Christiania, saying that it would be a masterpiece if a State or a Statesman were to arise who saw his way towards establishing an international police-force, capable of carrying out the awards of the Court of Arbitration and putting down violence between nations.

But do we need such evidence at all?

If the void indicated is the real one we should henceforth no longer be allowed to say: "*Si vis pacem, abjice arma*," but: "*si vis pacem, para exercitum internationalem*". The cry will then no longer be for general disarmament, but for universal armament, the equipment of a world-army, along which road—the only possible road—national disarmament of nations can be achieved. The aim will then no longer be "Peace through right," but "Peace through a world-army as defender of right".

Meanwhile it cannot for a moment be doubted that, to prevent the execution of a plan of this kind, the enemy is lying in wait on either side. On the one side the monomaniac of power will call everything impossible and unmanly which savours of international compliance, or of free submission to 'fantastic rules' universally beneficial. Possibly the underworked officers from the smaller garrisons in the Netherlands will join their ranks.

But on the other hand it is to be feared that also sincere friends of Peace will be disappointed. In this way the movement will lose all its beauty, for

how can one wave a banner of "Peace on Earth" while planning for a substantial international army and fleet? How will anyone venture to say, "The people that walk in darkness have seen a great light," when that light is emitted from anything so material as a world-police force? and what is to become of all those choirs of children with wet hair and white frocks, who sang an Ode of Peace to the Czar on the 18th of May? what of those enthusiastic monuments on which some metal dove is depicted, spiking a cannon with an olive branch? Alas! the answer can be but short and sober. The world-peace must indisputably be the key-stone, but cannot possibly be the foundation-stone; and one international force with disarmament of the nations in the hand would be worth more than ten, one hundred, or one hundred thousand unattainable total disarmaments in the bush.

III

If the topic of a world-organisation is an actuality to all modern States, to us Hollanders of 1913 it is of vital importance, for the following reason; because no Power seems so cut out as the modern Dutch State does for the realisation of the world-organisation, for bringing into existence, besides international justice, such an indispensable world-army as will be able and obliged to say: "*Je maintiendrai.*"

Let us see what will be desirable.

One can hardly picture to oneself one of the mighty Powers taking that lead. England, Germany, France, Russia and Japan cannot act as pioneers without seeming to be in the eyes of the world either crafty, if it be one of the strong Powers, or else beginning to feel the



weakness of their own defensive powers, if it be a State in decadence. America, which might have felt an inclination to operate in this direction, has, since the war of 1898 with Spain and since the preparation for opening the Panama Canal, been more and more intent on fortifying itself. Of the smaller States that are to be mentioned in this respect, Switzerland and Belgium do not count, because they, being neutralised, may not in any way take part in an aggressive action, not even if it were merely in the service of right and arbitration, whereas Norway would probably meet objections by its treaty of inviolability of 1907. Thus Sweden, Denmark and Holland stand a good chance.

The State that undertakes this venture must moreover be above all suspicion of wanting to lift itself to a higher standing. It may, therefore, not be a rising country; it must also, in the eyes of others, possess the privilege of having a distinguished and historical ancestry. These conditions afford Holland a favourable opportunity.

The State that undertakes this venture must be what Hanotaux has called "a small people but a great nation". Now "there's the rub" for Holland; for though our world-wide known port, our painters, our great men of science, our East Indies, are famous, we are not by far that which we were two centuries ago; and should we not rather excel those times? We realise that at present the eagle-thoughts of the King- Stadtholder would seem foolish to us instead of inciting us; we acknowledge that Switzerland and Belgium shame us in many things every day.

The State that undertakes this venture should, if possible, find itself at home in the international life

which it volunteers to lead. In this respect we are favoured above all others by the codification of the international civil law, the Peace Conferences, the Court of Arbitration, later on the Prize Court and the Palace of Peace.

Finally, the State that undertakes this venture ought to find occasion for such action in its national life. Once more: Holland could not wish for a better occasion, for how shall we commemorate the event of 1813 or 1815? By triumphing over the fall of Napoleon? But Holland is fortunately crowded with people who have not an atom less reverence for the man Napoleon than Heine as a boy felt in his Düsseldorf avenue, at the entry of "*Hosanna! den Kaiser,*" with people who ask themselves how we could ever have been delivered from that spider's web of before 1795, outside the years 1810-1813, if we had not had Napoleon's broom but only the duster of Gysbert Karel. Shall we, as we did fifty years ago, drag the Creator down to our level, and cause a second Multatuli to write a second "God's blessing through Waterloo"? No! Holland will earn self-esteem and the esteem of others much more if, at the completion of the Palace of Peace, it can celebrate the downfall of the disturbed world-organisation in 1813 by a deed which means the beginning of a guaranteed world-organisation.

IV

What is the deed to be?

On this point we have experience and shall use it. An experience gained in the Treveskamer in the Binnenhof, where since 1893 the Conferences for international civil law have been held. In order to induce hesitating

or recalcitrant States to join, no monumental piece of work has been done, the enormous practical worth of which would immediately appeal to all; but, on the contrary, simple matter has been chosen in which there would be few practical difficulties—international civil law—thus to effect an entrance-bridge to make the approach smooth and enticing.

The same thing would be desirable here: a deed with a definitive direction giving precedence which would of itself be an inducement to rising higher step by step, but at the same time would be free from half-heartedness and guided by prudence. The Government is under obligation towards foreign countries, as well as towards our Parliament, not to take any steps in this direction other than those, of which they can foresee the consequences, keeping the results well in hand. For this there seems to be required from our Government only three declarations of consent to be communicated in very good time to all the States, when preparing for the third Peace Conference.

Firstly: When a sentence of the Court of Arbitration at the Hague, or of another international magistrate, is not voluntarily carried out, and that Court, or the other magistrate, or the acquitted party, desires its execution with a strong arm, the Government should bind themselves to place at their disposal such part of the Dutch fleet for this action as is requisite for that end, and not indispensable at the moment to Dutch interests, subject to the opinion of the Government; of course, only in so far as that part of the fleet, working together with other fleets, is equal to the end in view.

A squadron, operating on these lines, would then, in order to indicate its function, fly an international

flag at its top-mast, the carrying of which (this to be stipulated at the Conference) should only be sanctioned by a writ of the Court of Arbitration or of the Prize Court—a flag of plain gold for instance (an *oriflamme*), or, as an emblem of peaceful power, a golden hammer on a blue background.

If, for example, Venezuela should be sentenced by the Court of Arbitration to pay a hundred thousand guilders to Mexico, or Montenegro, or Belgium, and Venezuela fails to do so, then the compulsion must not depend upon the question whether the Power that has gained the lawsuit is strong enough by land and sea and is equal to such an action; but, at the request of that country or that magistrate, the execution must be taken in hand by a number of voluntary representatives of the Commonwealth of Nations.

Secondly: If a treaty, which is also binding for Holland, contains regulations on the duties of warring nations towards neutrals (States as well as individuals and merchant ships), and if during a war these duties are contravened or threatened with contravention by one or more of the belligerents, then the Government should, at the request of the neutral State desiring assistance, bind itself to place at its disposal such portion of the Dutch fleet as is required for the purpose on the one hand, and not indispensable for the moment, on the other hand, to Dutch interests, subject to the opinion of the Government; here again, provided the co-operating naval power be equal to this purpose, and here again under the international flag carried upon the strength of a writ of one of the two Hague Courts. If therefore Russia and Japan should be at war, and Japan should violate the neutrality of Indo-China or of French

ships, then at the request of France, the duty of prevention or avoidance of such violation, now prohibited by treaty, should be performed by the Commonwealth of Nations—for instance by the convoy of those ships or by stationing a fleet off that coast. We have purposely spoken only of the fleet in connection with Holland, in mentioning these two points, because we can then devote our strength towards the betterment of that means of defence which is bound up with our national fame, because we are still in the act of reforming our land-forces, and because probably there will, in this respect, be difficulties to meet in connection with articles 183-184 of the Constitutional Law. The above-mentioned request must not be specially addressed to Holland, but through the bureau of the Arbitration Court to all States.

Thirdly: When a squadron of foreign powers, with or without the co-operation of Dutch vessels, is operating and flying the international flag, the Government should bind itself at the request of the admiral to open all harbours and ports in the homeland and colonies as a sanctuary for such a fleet (Nieuwediep, Sabang, Curacao and others), unless some of these harbours should be at the moment indispensable to Dutch interests, subject to the opinion of the Government. If other Powers were to follow the example of Holland,—either with all ports and harbours in the homeland or in valuable colonies, or else with those *ilots perdus* (provided they are suitable sanctuaries) that are only of value for the national honour, the French Indies, Portuguese Timor, some of the Antilles—one would soon have over the face of the earth a complete web of such national harbours or ports as international naval ports.

At the Conference itself all this should be, if possible, recast in collective treaties ; also a decided regulation might be made that the rendering of assistance to ships flying the international flag is never to be considered as a violation of neutrality.

In connection with what has been said it may be of some importance by way of suggestion, if at the Conference the Commonwealth of Nations, the *Société des Nations* were provided with a name that could be remembered and coupled with other words—‘Generality?’ ‘Custody?’—and if her revenues (especially those levied for the bureau of the Arbitration Court and the Prize Court) and her expenditure (the salaries and cost of that bureau and the Prize Court) were regulated. Then the new-born would, without any initiation, have a baptismal name and a money-box, and, by way of a soothing gift, the completed Palace of Peace, retaining its present Board, might be given, to fly the flag of that Union from its tower.

Finally, a Dutch bye-law should be made before the Conference and communicated to all States, stipulating that if the nation or a colony were sentenced to a fine by the Court of Arbitration, or another magistrate, on the strength of a treaty, against the Dutch State, the sentence should be executed in the same way as if it were pronounced by our own Court of Justice.

It is unnecessary to say what impression such preparation and consent would make.

Those who read the ‘weeklies’ and ‘monthlies’ preaching “peace through right,” word by word, will know that we find in them merely “warmed-up dishes,” nothing new, no perspective. At the international parliamentary Conferences, also at the last one in

Geneva, it was the same story, with nothing new and no perspective. The plans for the third Peace Conference are once more a warmed-up dish, with nothing new and no perspective. How different it would be, as well for the Governments that have to act as for the nations looking on, if before that convocation a deed were done and universally communicated—without any fuss but with resolution—a deed that will bring something new, that prophesies, from which appears a strong faith in that world-organisation which is being born!

The world has been, according to serious students of modern history, slowly but surely shaping from 1800 to about 1860 what may be called a union of European States. The events of 1860 to 1900—the terrible wars in and about Europe, the appalling colonial divisions after 1880—have shown that this movement had been introduced too early, even if the financial union of nations—postal union, *etc.*, *etc.*—continue to operate. About 1900, however, the upbuilding of this union of sovereign States was resumed with keener enthusiasm, and also included the States outside Europe. It is not a question as to whether we Hollanders and our department for Foreign Affairs consider such a thing as a world-organisation desirable, for its advent is inevitable. The question is only whether we are to be the ones to act, or whether we shall let our opportunity pass once and for all. If in 1863 no decision had been taken to cut the Waterweg, the Rotterdam of ten or twenty years later could not have maintained its comparative standing with Hamburg and Antwerp. It was to be then or never. If Jules Ferry and King Leopold had not, after 1880, decided to found their colonial empires in Africa, France or Belgium of ten or twenty years later could not

have gained a position as African powers. It was to be then or never. Should Holland now forego her favourable chances of playing a leading part in the world, should she not see that this, and this only, is the die that must now be cast, should she not recognise that only in this way the despondency, caused by her forces being too expensive but yet below the standard, can give way to the encouragement afforded by contributing a part or share to a healthy and attractive whole, without excessive expenditure, then this world-task will be taken in hand by America or any other country, and we shall henceforth be playing the part of an insignificant country and a crushed nation.

I hope for better things.

The great nations have had to take the lead in forming the world-organisation, for without their aid nothing could have been done. Russia conceived the Conference of 1899, Roosevelt that of 1907; but now I reverse Joseph Chamberlain's words—now the day of the *small* nations has come. The third Conference must not only be heralded abroad: it should also be furnished with a programme of its own, and launched, convened and opened by our Queen Wilhelmina herself.

V

Or is perhaps the working power of our country not equal to so much fresh vexation of spirit? Are the national irons in the fire already too many for us to add another international one to their number?

This is a delusion of the senses; for the apparent increase of our burden will, on the contrary, prove to

be the helpful yoke by which the national burden will become lighter to carry.

Let us first look at the material side of the proposition: the making of a small beginning of a world-force. Does the defence question by land and sea leave us in peace? No! Though we should be wanting in the invigorating belief that we can really make our dead and living power of defence fully efficient, still every new Government goes on working at this defence, realising that we must show ourselves not defenceless and not despondent. How would it be if our indispensable improving of fleet and army were to be supported by the ideal of a limited, but excellent though small, Dutch contingent to a future world police-force? What if we, after having proclaimed that ideal in sober diplomatic language to the Powers, were to set to work with talent and indefatigable devotion at the above described army, and as much as possible cut down military expenses falling outside the preparation of that ideal? Will any European country then be able to say that we are more defenceless and despondent than we are now? will the '*vox mundi*' reproach us that we save expense, because we have to economise where the end is only to be gained from a never-failing treasury? Even a superficial egoism must convince us that the only trustworthy defence for Holland is that of collective international justice, and the only true means of defence is that in which we help to equip international justice. By speaking of a national force and fortifications capable of maintaining our home and colonial possessions against foreign countries (against Germany! against England!) we are deceiving no one but ourselves, if indeed we do even that.

But of greater importance than this materialistic argument is the spiritual one. When in 1575 the Leyden University was founded, to be, like Heidelberg and Geneva, a refuge for free science, nothing struck the spectator so forcibly as the fact that, in the midst of the great struggle with Spain, the only question asked was by what means Leyden could be made such. In spite of provincial jealousy, all the provinces co-operated and the first master was a Frisian. In spite of national emulation, the States sent out delegates abroad in quest of teachers and Scaliger was called from Touraine ; in spite of the bad repute in which scholars then stood, the foreigner, as well as later on the Burgundian Salmasius, was allowed to attain a higher degree than the Dutch professors—that of '*Decus Academiæ*'—and to take rank above all professors including the Master, providing this one aim—the aim of all—was reached, that Leyden should become the foremost University of the late mediæval type, that the torch of Leyden should attract the youth of all Europe. When revising the law of higher education in 1905, it was not once asked how higher education is to be raised as high as possible in the eyes of Europe, but only whether the position would be very much aggravated if, for some reasons, rights were awarded to a young University. With every Budget, Leyden is voted for against Utrecht, and Utrecht against Groningen. Why? Because we are lower-minded than our forefathers? No! Because we have lost sight of the one great aim; because a nation that is inactive does not desire his neighbour as a fellow-fighter, but emulates him as a rival and tries to pull him down. Where is the rivalry between Amsterdam and Rotterdam, army and navy, artillery and

infantry, that rivalry that makes both parties puny and ridiculous to the spectators, when one great emotion directs the whole nation to one great aim ?

But perhaps all this is mere empty talk—this “ whole nation ” and this “ great aim ”. Thus also say the hair-dressers, hotel-keepers, booksellers, gardeners, students, bargemen and infant school teachers.

Certainly, all these. A Government that is preparing to make its country take part in the ruling of world-affairs, to help in changing the face of the world, will be paralysed if the nation, in all her ranks and members, does not everywhere procure the esteem of the world to such an extent that we must confess the world would be the poorer without this people. Our position at the Peace Conference would be weakened if the hotels at the Hague were expensive and bad, or the street-boys impertinent, just as it is strengthened by every Dutch dredging-machine in East Asia, by every prize that is awarded to a Dutch manufacture, by every laurel with which a Dutch orchestra is crowned, by every Dutch tube of liquid helium.

Now these words must not be read as an exhortation—needless to us—that the officer should plan better routes of navigation, the physician a better arrangement of the army, the shipowner an improvement of agriculture and literature, the painter better banks ; or that all these officers, physicians, shipowners, painters, farmers, bankers, consuls, and engineers, should give unsolicited advice concerning the acts and inactivity of the Second Chamber.

The Government will be much more grateful to us if everyone takes care to perfect his own work in his own sphere.

But a Government that is preparing itself to raise its country requires this: that an irresistible pressure should emanate from the people, that it should feel the strain of the nation under it as one feels a motor-car, that is forced to stop on the road, vibrating with working energy.

We are still far removed from this ideal. The dawn has come, but night still lingers. But for a few Socialistic leaders we cannot yet foresee the advent of the International Commonwealth of Nations; and the revival of our race in the coming years has as yet too few sympathisers.

It goes without saying that such a cause does not become a common cause by an address here and an occasional article there. The public should be daily educated up to the cause; the farmers should be visited, and everything should be done that Chamberlain and Balfour have done to make Tariff Reform the question of the day with the English people. The cause should be advocated everywhere, looked at from all sides, learned and popular, idealistic and commonplace, in poetry and prose, from the pulpit and in the *café-chantant*; but care should be taken, behind it all, that the nation has the courage to take upon itself a great part, because she realises that Dutch things can and must become as good as English, American, French or German things are; because she dispenses with everything that displeases her in copying other nations—those Dutch faults which we can so cordially hate for the very reason that we find them in ourselves—because she cultivates indefatigably what she admires in other nations; because she would not have the courageous sending out of the 'Gelderland' to convey

President Kruger, considered as an exception, but as the first in a long sequence of brave international deeds.

But if the Government wishes to get our nation to do this, so that a Dutch Government shall once more take root like the divided house of Judah and bear fruit, then the heart of the people, the national imagination, must be held in thrall by that one concrete aim, by that one international task—grand, comprehensible, simple—around which all the rest groups itself as aid and support.

Never will the masses, not even the cultivated masses, be enticed to fight with an indefinite inducement; the visible, the tangible, the attainable goal is indispensable, of which the distance can be measured, the costs reckoned, the working means computed. In the days of our great Republic we were none the worse for being a sober people.

And so the summary of this dissertation brings us back to the beginning.

However, the work is not by any means finished when the idea has been introduced and somewhat draped. Something more is necessary before a serious man ventures to give himself over to a cause: namely, thorough reflection, in order to think out the subject, to plan the execution of the scheme, to calculate and foresee all its consequences, military and juridical. To begin with: the technical knowledge of the enterprising naval officer and of the enterprising army officer is indispensable for this detailed work, though it be only for co-operation of the national fleet and army into a perhaps transitory international whole, and for the question as to which of our military expenses can be dispensed with in this new

venture. Then a new series of minor additions to the treaty law of Peace Conferences must be made, which need not be mentioned here. Also the subtlety of a snake and the courage of a Roosevelt will be necessary to conquer the paper barricade which the tardy officials of the Government departments will discover in the States' papers and in the Constitutional Law, especially in Article 181, where it says that our navy and the home army are to serve only "to protect the interests of the State"—as if a lawyer's eloquence were needed to demonstrate that in the year 1913 everything that could be instrumental towards maintaining peace in West Europe and to help on the world-organisation is directly in the interest of this kingdom, computable in money. This result will be unattainable, these difficulties will be insurmountable, if the cheerful certainty is wanting concerning the high aim and the privileges it would bring; but with that certainty, when a minister, who is a man, says with the tone of Van Heutz: "It must be," all these obstacles will be swept away like gossamer.

Or are we afraid that the statesman of an older generation, under the influence of old-world ideas, will convince us that all these dreams of a Commonwealth of Nations and of an international calling of Holland are but phantasms after all, soap-bubbles which only a child will reach out for? Are we afraid that the pioneers of science will make any impression when they raise an objection, because such a world-organisation is not in keeping with their pen-and-paper definition of the sovereignty of States? Let them say it; we are prepared to answer them. We know from the history of the Middle Ages that there was a country, a glorious country, in which the State authority had deteriorated to such

an extent that the King was mockingly called the King of one city, "*le roi de Bourges*," a country that had a no more clearly defined duty than that of restoring the pre-eminent authority of the azure banner with the golden lilies, but where nothing happened, because all the statesmen, councillors, scholars, generals, of King Charles were apathetic and sceptical and without faith in the great task and the great future. Should now, in our days, the circle of the influential and powerful foreign countries—with its diplomats, its lawyers, its flag-officers and commanders-in-chief—smile apathetically and with incredulity at this pure and royal aim of a world-jurisprudence, supported by a world-force, then let Holland dare to be the Joan of Arc!

C. Van Vollenhoven

EDUCATION AND HOW A THEOSOPHIST MAY HELP IT

*(A paper read at the distribution of Prizes
at the Sri Sarasvathi Patasala for Girls,
Kumbakonam, June 1913)*

By ALICE E. ADAIR, F. T. S.

I HAVE one excuse and two reasons for taking courage to address you on this great subject—one of the weightiest of human concerns. The excuse is that I love nature, I love books, and I love children, three essential factors in education. As for the reasons: first, it has been my happy karma in my own youth to have had teachers who were devoted to their profession, who knew how to teach and who loved their pupils. Some of these governesses and masters stand out in my memory as the inspirers of most that has given value to my life. Amongst other things, they gave me in my earliest years such a solid mental grounding that no after-study was ever a task to me, a love of literature and art which has withstood all shocks of circumstance, and has brought colour and fragrance into the dullest surroundings, and above all, they gave me a wide outlook upon life, born of their own great minds and loving hearts, that was to find its culmination in Theosophy in later years; and this is why I believe I know a little about how children should be taught and what education means to a woman.

The other reason is that, in the country from which I come, this matter of education is a vital question, a question to which Government and people are widely awake; so that whether the party in power be Labour or Liberal, there is but one policy with regard to education and that is—progressive. The system is still to some extent experimental, but the effort is being made to combine the best results of English, German and American educational experience on as comprehensive a scale as possible. Education being free to all, only deliberate neglect and wilful evasion of the law by the parents or guardians can debar any Australian child from sound mental and physical culture. Kindergarten classes are now attached to the State Schools, so that a child may enter the school at five (he is compelled by law to enter at seven); and just before I came to India the introduction of a law was spoken of which would keep the control of the child's education in the hands of the State until his or her twenty-first year. This arose partly out of opposition to the growing tendency to employ boys in their teens in the place of men in many forms of work, and partly out of the realisation that even if boys and girls have to work during the day they are kept out of mischief if their time at night is taken up in learning some useful art or craft by way of diversion. At the State Schools boys learn trades, and girls learn all branches of household work. I wish you could see those wonderful kitchens and the happy faces of the girls, as they prepare under supervision the most appetising dishes. These they can afterwards buy for a very small sum and take home to share with their parents. Excellent laundry-work also they do, as well as plain needlework. In this respect the

State Schools are ahead of the private schools, but even in these now children are being taught to be quite amazingly useful as well as ornamental.

I feel sure that the educational development in Australia is simply a reproduction of what is occurring elsewhere in the world; but somehow there (perhaps because everything is on a smaller and therefore more intimate scale) these matters are more widely discussed, and in such an atmosphere one cannot live without absorbing some theoretical ideas at least.

Now with regard to the meaning of education perhaps no idea has undergone a greater transformation within the last quarter of a century than this. It used to be thought that education meant imposing upon the child the habits of thought and behaviour of those in authority over it; in other words, making children as nearly as possible fit the mental mould their parents and teachers made for them. Now that is all changed, and no educationalist will dispute the claim that the meaning of education is to help the child to express itself, not others; to out-draw (educate) all its latent powers of mind and heart and will, and to help it to assimilate all that will enable it to give the highest possible expression of its own individuality.

Nor are mind and character now-a-days the only subjects of attention; the body has also its share. Physical culture, drill, intervals of rest and recreation, are all part of school-life. Medical inspection of the children takes place regularly, their teeth, eyesight and hearing are carefully attended to; and when their bodies are found to be weakly, the parents are forced to keep them permanently under a doctor's supervision. Fires

warm the great schoolrooms in winter, and every precaution is taken to prevent the outbreak of any illness by making the surroundings as hygienic as possible.

The same detailed attention is given to mental training, and in these two branches I doubt whether the Theosophist can help very much, in the West at any rate, except perhaps in advocating the adoption of vegetarian diet for children, and in bringing his influence to bear in correcting the great nervous strain so often put upon teachers and pupils by the exaggerated importance given to intellectual attainments as such; for with regard to the training of the body and the mind western science is pouring out all the wealth of her discoveries at the feet of the child, to aid in building up sound minds in sound bodies. But on the other hand much remains to be done with another aspect of education—character-building, the development of the will and emotions—with the moral and religious training. There lies a great field for Theosophical activity. It is not that teachers are either ignorant or indifferent in this matter. Hear what the President of one of the great American University Colleges says: “The aim of education is to turn out a citizen who will have the greatest possible value to the State; that he shall be trained to an intelligent sharing of the community’s best ideals and to a knowledge of *social* goals, laws, and methods.” And he maintains that this cannot be accomplished without moral and religious training, without “the power that comes, as in no other way, through personal associations and embodied ideals,” adding that we cannot spare the example set before the child of the life of Jesus. He speaks there of course as a Christian;

the same must hold true with regard to the ideal lives of other religions.

It is not then that educationalists are blind or indifferent. It is not even that they have no plan of work, for he goes on to say that part of the definite religious training of the future "will involve that the problems of the pupil's moral life shall be brought to the pupil himself, and that he shall be helped to see them in their concrete relation to his own life and volition"; which means that the principles embodied in the kindergarten system where the words 'don't' and 'must' are eliminated from the teachers' vocabulary, will be put into practice elsewhere, and boys and girls will be guided to choose the good and the true instinctively. 'Moving Pictures,' Dr. King thinks, will be largely used in this moral training, presenting the dramatic scenes from history and literature which strike the heroic chord hidden in every child, and preach sermons without words.

Again he says that some steps will be taken in order "to secure definite training for leadership through the wide distribution of responsibility in school and community life". Is it not interesting thus to see evolving from the shadows of the past the ideals Mr. Leadbeater has shown us as existing in the wonderful civilisation of Peru? With the growing complexity of life and the ever-increasing problems that confront us in the growth of civilisation, this training for leadership becomes a more and more vital necessity.

The public conscience is now also awakened to this necessity for religious and moral education, for various organisations have been formed and are being formed with this object in view; but the conditions are

such and the difficulties are such as make it an impossibility at present. And it is here that I believe Theosophists everywhere can best help. The inspiration of their ideals will enable them to rise above all discouragement, and they have what so many others lack—a definite plan upon which to work.

The greatest obstacle in the way in Australia, and I expect elsewhere, is the strong sectarian feeling. Religious instruction of a sort is given even in the State Schools, but it is dependent upon the voluntary exertions of the clergy of the various churches and must be given out of the ordinary school hours—obviously an altogether unsatisfactory arrangement. In some parts of the world the difficulty increases, for differences in religions as well as of sects are involved. And this is likely to become more and more common as the races intermingle. There is no doubt that we are approaching the time when there will be a standard of education greater than a national, when its significance will be regarded from the universal, not from the racial, point of view. That it is possible for children of different nationalities to be educated in harmony together even now, provided the law of love be the controlling power, has been proved by the splendid efforts of the teachers in the free kindergartens of New York City slums, where the scum of many races congregates. There, amidst difficulties that you cannot imagine, clever and self-sacrificing women—for the finest brains and hearts are needed for this particular kind of service—have turned hordes of small half-savage street-arabs of varying tongues into good American citizens. Brought into the happy, clean, orderly and loving atmosphere of the kindergartens, they were made to feel themselves

part of a whole, a unity represented by the circle in which they sit, their teacher one of themselves; that circle it is the duty of every little child to keep beautiful and true. They were made also to feel that the relation of each to the other and to the whole is that of a ' helper ' ; for the one who refuses to be a helper has no place in the circle, no place in the kindergarten, he must go out of it until he feels that he can help ; and this is practically the strongest form of moral suasion brought to bear upon him. There we have the secret of success staring us in the face—Unity, Brotherhood, Service, the fundamentals of Fröebel's educational system and an open road for all Theosophical activity.

The first way then of Theosophically helping education lies in living these ideals; the second in spreading these ideals; and the third in sympathising with all who hold them, whether they are Theosophists or not; for I think we cannot often enough remind ourselves that the Theosophical Movement is a much wider thing than the Theosophical Society.

In the near future, as you have heard, it is Mrs. Besant's intention to found Theosophical Schools where these principles will be put into practice; and probably when it is seen how well the system works, other educational institutions will be encouraged to adopt it. In the meantime there is much to be done besides giving Mrs. Besant our best support in this. We can continually try to bring about a better understanding between the followers of different religions, and of different sects of the one religion, and so bring nearer the day when children shall be instructed in the schools in the basic truths of all religions. We can help by giving sympathy and

appreciation to the whole teaching fraternity and by honouring their profession as one of the greatest. We can help by showing in the home life the practical application of the ideals of conduct we would have children taught in the school life; and we can help by reverencing with all our hearts the sublime truths Theosophy has revealed to us.

And now I should like to speak for a few moments about the education of girls. I know of no finer words ever spoken on the subject than those of John Ruskin in a lecture called 'Queen's Gardens,' and though sometimes perhaps he scolds a little too much—even this lecture has a trace of it—one can forgive this small failing because of the noble truths he utters.

The place he gives to women as their right, individually and in the State, seems strangely in accord with your greatest and best Hindū traditions. Comparing the powers of men and women he says :

Man is progressive and defensive, eminently the doer, the creator, the discoverer, and inventor; his energy is for war and conquest, his intellectual power is speculative and inventive. Woman's power is for rule, for justice; her intellect is for sweet orderliness, arrangement and decision. She sees the qualities of things, their claims and their place. The man's work for his own home is to secure its maintenance progress and defence; the woman's to secure its order, comfort, and loveliness. The man's duty as a member of a commonwealth, is to assist in the maintenance, in the advance, in the defence of the State. The woman's duty, as a member of the commonwealth, is to assist in the ordering, in the comforting, and in the beautiful adornment of the State.

And the education that is to fit the girl for this her rightful place is to be the same as a boy's, but with a different application. She is to learn not so much for the sake of knowledge as an end in itself, but in order that she may feel and judge more truly. Her knowledge need not necessarily he says be as foundational or as progressive

as a boy's but it must be of exquisite accuracy as far as it goes. Science, Art, Literature, Nature, all these must have their place in her education, Mathematics in as far as they will train her in habits of accurate thought, and domestic training so that she may be useful in all ways. He lays great stress upon giving her freedom, freedom of heart as well as physical freedom, and makes this comment on the difference of method required in the education of boys and girls.

You may chisel a boy into shape, as you would a rock, or hammer him into it, if he be of a better kind, as you would a piece of bronze. But you cannot hammer a girl into anything. . . she grows as a flower does. . . . you cannot fetter her; she must take her own fair way. . . Let her loose in a library of old and classical books, as you do a fawn in a field. It knows the bad weeds twenty times better than you, and the good ones, and will eat some bitter and prickly ones, good for it, which you had not the slightest thought would have been so.

Referring to the desire for power implanted in every woman's as in every man's heart he exhorts all girls to desire it earnestly and addresses them thus :

Your fancy is pleased with the thought of being noble ladies with a train of vassals. Be it so; you cannot be too noble and your train cannot be too great; but see to it that your train is of vassals whom you serve and feed, not merely of slaves who serve and feed you; and that the multitude which obeys you is of those whom you have comforted, not oppressed, —whom you have redeemed not led into captivity.

In the ancient days the rank of women was never disputed; it was regarded as equal with that of men, as is instanced by Ruskin in the lives of many heroines in English, Italian and Greek classics, to which we might add the names of Saṭī, Uma, Sāviṭrī, Ḍamayantī and Sītā from Indian literature; and in the custom of the buckling on of a knight's armour by his lady's hand in the days of chivalry he sees the image of an eternal truth—"that the soul's armour is never

well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it; and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honour of manhood fails." Finally he pictures the ideal woman, the heroine of the classics, the sovereign lady of mediæval chivalry, the embodiment of "Wisdom: her greatest function—Praise; her supreme power—Peace, held straight in gift from the Prince of all Peace".

Gentlemen of India! How long shall Wisdom, discrowned and sceptreless, suffer dishonour at your hands, her queenly robes trailed in the dust of religious pride and superstition? How long shall your ladies call to you in vain from the enchanted castles of their painted slavery, held prisoners of the giants—Prejudice and Ignorance? When shall the chivalry of your splendid past awaken once again within your hearts, and spur your manhood's strength to knightly deeds on their behalf? You alone can say. But see to it that you do not tarry too long, lest the fair jewel of India's liberty be missing from the glorious diadem that shall crown the Confederation of free Nations in the days to come, whose trident shall be Universal Brotherhood, Universal Religion, Universal Education—for the three are one.

Alice E. Adair

THE MESSAGE OF EDWARD CARPENTER

By MARGUERITE POLLARD, F. T. S.

“**I** AM a voice singing the song of deliverance.” In these few words Edward Carpenter announces the message which he developed in all its many aspects in *Towards Democracy*. His is pre-eminently a message of liberation, of freedom from all bondage, and confidently he asserts his vocation :

To sing for all time
The song of joy—of deliverance.

In the work of self-liberation, the task set before every imperfect human soul, all the steps are steps of unification; the lower and the higher selves have to be made one; when union is accomplished there is deliverance. This truth is stated very beautifully and convincingly in ‘The Wandering Psyche’.

You, who un-united to yourself roam about the world,
Seeking some person or some thing to which to be united—
Seeking to ease that way the pain at your heart—
Deceive not yourself, deceive not others.

For united to that which you really are you are indeed beautiful, united to Yourself you are strong, united to yourself you are already in the hearts of those you love;
But disunited you are none of these things—

And so the “ageless immortal Gods,” who ever seek to come in the forms of men and “to make of earth a Paradise by their presence,” are baulked of their divine desires, hindered by the barrier of little plans and purposes woven like a tangle of cobwebs across the door

of the heart. While such barriers are continually being built :

How shall they make their entrance and habitation with you ?

How shall you indeed know what it is to be Yourself ?

The knowledge of the Higher Self involves the knowledge of the All-Self, of the great Life brooding over cities, " where the wind rustles through the parks and gardens " involving itself " in the lines of street-perspective, the lamps, the traffic, the pavements and the innumerable feet upon them ". Do not be deluded because this life may not be at once apparent, though centuries may go by and there be no assured tidings of it. There is only one universal and all-satisfying love, and finally all reach it :

All come to me at last
There is no love like mine,
For all other love takes one and not another,
And other love is pain, but this is joy eternal.

And so the illuminated see in the toil of many hands to multifarious ends, the guiding of the Great Hand ; in the fixed gaze of hurrying faces in the street, each seeing only its own light, the Light towards which all look.

Underneath all beats the Great Heart of all, which alone remains without change, the Inner Space of the soul, of which the outer space is but the image or similitude. Therefore it is wise to draw upon the inner riches of the Spirit in all tranquillity. All the beauty of the universe lies stored for you and it will surely come to you. This is the lesson of ' The Lake of Beauty ' :

All that you have within you, all that your heart desires, all that your Nature so specially fits you for—that or the counterpart of it waits embedded in the Great Whole, for you. It will surely come to you.

Yet equally surely not one moment before its appointed time will it come. All your crying and fever and reaching out of hands will make no difference.

Learn the lesson of quietness and be at peace.

Do not hurry : have faith.

If that which rules the universe were alien to your soul, then nothing could mend your state.

But since it is not so—why what can you wish for more? all things are given into your hands.

In this same poem ‘Have Faith,’ Carpenter teaches the yoga of indifference. Realising the kārmic action of *repulsion* as well as of attraction he gives the teaching :

Let the strong desires come and go ; refuse them not, disown them not ; but think not that in them lurks finally the thing you want. Presently they will fade away and into the intolerable light will dissolve like gossamers before the sun.

How unreasonable it is to be fretting when “ on all sides God surrounds you, staring out upon you from the mountains and from the face of the rocks, of men and of animals ” ; how senseless and undignified to be forever “ hurrying breathless from one unfinished task to another ” ; the lilies of the field and the beasts have more dignity than you !

Brush aside all cares and vexations, all anxieties as to matters of no account :

Pass disembodied out of yourself. Leave the husk, leave the long long prepared and perfected envelope.

Enter into the life which is eternal, pass through the gate of indifference into the palace of mastery, through the door of love out into the great open of deliverance.

Give away all that you have, become poor and without possessions—and behold ! you shall be lord and sovereign of all things.

Freedom can only be obtained by extricating oneself from the things that cling and stick, just as the fly cleans its legs of the honey in which it has been caught. This is the teaching given in the poem called ‘Disentanglement’. Nothing is in itself evil and to be

shunned; on the contrary all things are to be used; but in the using one must not be entangled or they will become bad and cause suffering:

There is no desire or indulgence that is forbidden; there is not one good and another evil—all are alike in that respect. In place all are to be used.

But be not torn by desire:

Return into thyself—content to give, but asking no one, asking nothing;

In the calm light of His splendour who fills all the universe, the imperishable, indestructible of ages,

Dwell thou—as thou canst dwell contented.

The same lessons are repeated again with great force and imaginative power in 'The Secret of Time and Satan' where the necessity of self-mastery is insisted upon with grave reiteration. Yet nothing is evil *in itself*.

For (over and over again) there is nothing that is evil except because a man has not mastery over it; and there is no good thing that is not evil if it have mastery over a man;

And there is no passion or power, or pleasure or pain, or created thing whatsoever, which is not ultimately for man and for his use—or which he need be afraid of or ashamed at.

The ascetics and the self-indulgent divide things into good and evil—as it were to throw away the evil;

But things cannot be divided into good and evil, but all are good so soon as they are brought into subjection.

Even love "glorious though it be" must be treated as a disease so long as it destroys or impedes the freedom of the soul; for by wooing the mortal creature and *ending there* man gives himself away bound into the hands of Death:

Yet he who loves must love the mortal, and he who would love perfectly must be free:

Therefore if thou wouldst love, withdraw thyself from love:

Make it thy slave, and all the miracles of nature shall be in the palm of thy hand.

This is truly as Carpenter calls it "a hard saying," but those who are unable to learn it must be whirled

and gulfed in a sea of torment, and must travel far and be many times lost upon that ocean, ere they know what is the true end of their voyage. The end of love is not to be sought in any act "lest indeed it become the end," but rather are acts to be sought whose end is love, and then that which was desired shall be created; then, all acts being past and gone "there shall remain to thee a great and immortal possession, which no man can take away".

To realise the One Life, to be free from the limitations of the personality, it is necessary to rid oneself of all sense of superiority. There must be none of the self-satisfaction against which the disciple is warned in *The Voice of the Silence*, as being like "unto a lofty tower, up which a haughty fool has climbed; whereon he sits in prideful solitude and unperceived by any but himself". All sages are agreed as to the necessity for humility; without it there is no entry into the kingdom of heaven. A caution against the "hallucination of superiority" is given in 'Who are You?'

Who are you who go about to save them that are lost?
Are you saved yourself?

Do you know that who would save his own life must lose it?

Are you then one of the 'lost'?

Be sure, very sure, that each one of these can teach you as much as, probably more than, you can teach them.

Have you then sat humbly at their feet, and waited on their lips, that they should be the first to speak—and been reverent before these children—whom you so little understand?

Have you dropped into the bottomless pit from between yourself and them all hallucination of superiority, all flatulence of knowledge, every shred of abhorrence and loathing?

Is it equal, is it free as the wind between you?

Could you be happy receiving favours from one of the most despised of these?

Could you be yourself one of the lost?

Arise, then, and become a saviour.

Not from above, but rather from under or behind do the Sons of Light push humanity forward to its goal.

When all hallucination of superiority and every shred of abhorrence are overcome, then the soul is free to make its home everywhere. It is no longer hindered by any pride of race and can truthfully declare its readiness to "peregrinate every condition of man—with equal joy the lowest". But whether one is willing to accept it or not, the Law of Equality cannot be violated for long; nature will not suffer herself to be defeated; for a little while we may snatch the goods of the earth regardless of the fact that the claims of others are as good as ours, but in the end the great Mother will make us render back all that we have wrongfully taken from her other children :

Whatever you appropriate to yourself now from others,
by that you will be poorer in the end;
What you give now, the same will surely come back to
you.

If you think yourself superior to the rest, in that instant
you have proclaimed your own inferiority;
And he that will be servant of all, helper of most, by
that very fact becomes their lord and master.

Seek not your own life—for that is death.

But seek how you can best and most joyfully give your
own life away—and every morning forever fresh life shall
come to you from over the hills.

The Law of Equality is not a harsh law but a law of joy. By accepting it and abiding by it, many wearisome burdens are lightened and removed, old cares and anxieties vanish, and having learnt the lesson of its own identity the soul passes out free.

O Joy! free, to flow down, to swim in the sea of
Equality—
To endue the bodies of the divine Companions
And the life which is eternal.

Another passage dealing with the question of superiority and the Law of Equality is that entitled 'Who You are I know Not'. Here Carpenter gives a caution against a very common failing, namely, that of trying to bring everyone to our own way of thinking instead of letting them follow the law of their own souls. We should rather glory in their honesty and wish them God-speed on their way, confident that in infinity all paths will meet :

Who you are I know not.

For a certainty you are not greater or less than me ; I neither look upon you with envy nor with pity, with deference nor with contempt. Endowments and dignities and accomplishments are of no account whatever ; but honesty, and to stand in time under the great Law of Equality—after which you will be satisfied and joy will take possession of you.

Till then farewell. *Do not follow me, but go your own way voyaging—and then haply some time we shall meet.*

The great Law of Equality is working slowly, relentlessly, at the present day adjusting the karma of the ages, abasing the tyrant and raising up the oppressed.

At last, after centuries, when the tension and strain of the old society can go no further, and ruin on every side seems impending,

Behold, behind and beneath it all, in dim prefigurement, yet clear and not to be mistaken—the Outline and Draft of a new order.

Out of its hunger for community of life, for freedom, for love, for the life of Nature and the sun, humanity is obtaining strength to create a new and improved society, the barriers of race and class and sex are being broken down and "the innumerable personal affection" is finding "proud beautiful sane utterance and enduring expression" in all its forms.

The love of men for each other—so tender, heroic, constant ;

That has come all down the ages, in every clime, in every nation,

Always so true, so well assured of itself, overleaping
 barriers of age, of rank, of distance,
 Flag of the camp of Freedom ;
 The love of women for each other—so rapt, intense, so
 confiding close, so burning passionate,
 To unheard-of deeds of sacrifice, of daring and devotion
 prompting ;
 And (not less) the love of men for women, and of women
 for men—on a newer greater scale than it has hitherto been
 conceived ;
 Grand, free and equal—gracious yet ever incommensur-
 able—
The Soul of Comradeship glides in.

The Soul of Comradeship is the great deliverer from
 all social evils for the individual as for the race. When
 a man has that spirit, the chambers of his house are all
 in order but its doors are all open, for *the prisoner* has
 escaped and in vain we ask for the inhabitant, for he is
 now the occupant of a thousand homes.

Once when the house was closed I dwelt here—a
 prisoner ;
 But now that it is open—all open—I have passed out,
 Into the beautiful air, over the fields, over the world,
 through a thousand homes—journeying with the wind—Oh! so
 light and joyous,
 Light and invisible
 I have passed, and my house is behind me.
 Ask not for the prisoner, for he is not here ;
 Ask not for the free, for thou canst not find him.

Go back, thou too, and set thy house in order,
 Open thy doors, let them stand wide for all to enter—
 thy treasures, let the poorest take them ;
 Then come thou forth to where I wait for thee.

Marguerite Pollard

“ A NEW DRUG ”

[The following interesting extract is taken from the *Indian Forester*, May 1913, (pp. 245-6).—ED.]

AN American journal states that Dr. B. L. Bayon, who penetrated into the fastness of the Caquet, a region adjoining the now infamous Putumayo district of rubber atrocities fame, has just returned with specimens of a marvellous drug, extracted from a climbing plant by the natives of that place. He found that the drug, which is the active principle of this plant, which is called yage by the natives, is anti-anæmic, and produced very beneficial effects, in lessening and even curing the much discussed disease “beri-beri”. But the doctor discovered that it had other and different qualities, and exercised an influence over the brain. It is said that a small quantity will throw the person who takes it into a cataleptic state or trance, in which they see hidden things, hear mysterious music, and are able to describe what is going on in the world. One of the companions of the learned doctor, the commandant of the district, persuaded Dr. Bayon to give him a few drops one night, and in the morning he described his experiences, which had conveyed to him the knowledge of his father’s death and of his sister’s severe illness. The nearest outpost of civilisation was fifteen days distant, but a month later the news was found to be true. The new drug is to be most carefully and scientifically examined. Dr. Bayon has named this active principle “telepatina”. Should yage be found to possess all the virtues claimed for it, the world may drift back into a belief in “Dreamland, where all our dreams come true.”



SAVIOURS OF THE WORLD, OR
WORLD-TEACHERS

*A Lecture by Annie Besant, P. T. S., at Stockholm,
Sunday Evening, 15th June, 1913*

FRIENDS :

The three lectures which are to form part of the Session of the European Congress of the National Societies belonging to the world-wide Theosophical Organisation, are intended to form a brief series connected the one with the other. All of them deal in

fact with the life, the power, of the Supreme Teacher of the world. To-night the general theory is to be the subject of discourse ; we are to trace through age after age the re-appearance of this World-Teacher for the helping of man, for the founding of great religions. Then to-morrow we are to think on the subject of the Christ in History, the historical manifestations of the great Teacher, to whom in Christendom the name of the Anointed, the Christ, has been given. And then in the third lecture of the series we are to study the subject from its more mystical side, to consider the relation of the human Spirit to the divine, and to try to see the conditions of the unfolding of the Christ in man. Those of you who are familiar with Christian teaching will remember how the great Initiate, S. Paul, pointed out that it was the intention of the Christian religion to bring about the birth of the Christ within the individual believer, and that that Christ-Child, thus born in the human Spirit, was to grow and to develop until the full stature of the Christ was reached in man. Until that becomes objectively true, as it is ever true implicitly, in the human being, Christ cannot become the first-born among many brethren, surrounded by those who have reproduced in themselves His own likeness, so that the great family of the Sons of God shall be realised as the rationale of the evolution of the Sons of Man.

Quite roughly, that is the outline of the subject in the three parts into which it naturally falls for the purposes of study. And it will be reasonable at the outset of our thinking to trace, however briefly, however imperfectly, that great human evolution which changes the imperfect into the perfect, the weak into the strong, the Son of Man into the Son of God. For it has been

recognised in the great faiths of the world that there is a path which human feet may tread; and long before the Christian faith came to the helping of the world, that path was described as a narrow path, a razor path, a path difficult to tread, and the name by which it was and is known in ancient occult teaching is the same name by which Christian Mystics have called it in modern days—it has ever been named the 'Way of the Cross'. For the idea of the Cross as known in the ancient world was that the life of God came down in order that the world might be lifted up through that life; and in the ancient symbolism it was said that the Spirit was crucified in matter, that Spirit descended into matter in order that matter might be uplifted into Spirit; and you may remember how Plato wrote, speaking of the second manifestation of divine life, that which in our own phraseology we call the Second LOGOS; how it was said that the LOGOS, the Wisdom, was shown in the form of a cross in the universe, decussated as a cross. That ancient idea is profoundly true, and manifests one of the great occult truths of evolution, and that is the idea that underlies the Cross in all the ancient pre-Christian faiths.

You find it ever as the sign of Spirit descending into matter, and then as the sign of Spirit triumphant over matter; so that everywhere it stands as the sign of life emerging from the grave, the grave being the matter and the Spirit the Life triumphant. It is found on ancient pottery, it is found painted in ancient frescoes, it is found carved in ancient stone and decorating the sides of the walls of temples which were ruined before the modern faith of Christianity was born. And this is natural, inasmuch as all faiths

contain the same essential truths, use the same significant symbols, and those symbols ever indicate the same spiritual verities. As this truth dawns upon us not only from the statements of ancient faiths, not only from the researches of occult investigators, but from the testimony of antiquarians and archæologists who have searched into the ruins and the fragments left behind by ancient civilisation, as we see this truth emerging from the fundamental identity of the great faiths of the world, we feel a strong power, a certainty of conviction of the essential truths of religion, which could never be ours so long as our faith depended on a single book, so long as we saw only a single revelation, instead of the constant manifestations of God in man.

And so we find in our study of religious truths, that there has ever been the idea that gradually man might quicken his evolution and tread onward, step by step, along the narrow path which should lead him to the life that knows no ending, when for him the cycle of births and of deaths would be over, and the one who had overcome, who had conquered all the difficulties of life, should become a pillar in the temple of his God, to go forth no more, but to support the temple for the reception of men.

In modern days, by those same antiquarian researches that I have spoken of, the history of our globe has been rolled far back into the centuries. Tens and hundreds of thousands of years have gradually been seen to be all too short for the story of the evolution of man. When some of us were children in the western world, we were taught that the history of our globe was comprised within a brief six thousand years, and when, shortly before the French Revolution, that most

remarkable Mayor of Paris, M. Bailly, published in Europe the chronology brought from India—the chronology brought from the Brāhmaṇas of India, and it was seen that they reckoned the age of the world not by tens of thousands but by hundreds of thousands of years, that each age in the world which made only part of its story was to be measured by many hundreds of thousands of years—when that first came across from the East to the West, it was laughed at as Oriental exaggeration. But modern western research has proved its accuracy, and those long ages of Brāhmaṇic chronology are accepted by modern science, and seen to be necessary for the tremendous evolution that lies behind. So gradually bit by bit, more and more light has been thrown upon the path, and it has come to be realised by very many—I do not for a moment pretend that in Europe it is as yet by the majority, but by many of the deeper thinkers, by those who try to solve some of the problems of the human race, it is seen by them—that the only explanation of this long evolution of consciousness, which goes side by side with the long evolution of forms, must lie in a continuing consciousness which unfolds itself in body after body, in age after age, until it develops from the ignorance of the savage up to the heights of genius, up to heights of wisdom and of holiness.

And so it will come with no surprise to the student, when the idea is presented to him, that those who are seen in the world's history towering high above their fellow-men, those who bear the sacred names in the great religions of the world, that those also were once men as we are men, and have climbed upwards to Their divine perfection through the difficulties and

struggles that now encompass us, their younger brethren. When we recall the words spoken by the Christ when He was last on earth, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect," we realise that to reach such divine perfection demands not one brief span of human life, but many and many a life during which that perfection is attained, and we begin to understand that when we see the Saint on earth, he is but marking one stage of the progress along the road which each one of us shall tread; and that beyond that Saint, exquisite as his life may be, there stretch great reaches of superhuman perfection; and at the very summit of those, on the high mountain-peaks, covered as it were with the dazzling whiteness of divine perfection, there stands the flower of our race, the man who has become divine, and who is therefore able to help his younger brethren still struggling up the mountain side; that even the world's Saviours were once men like ourselves who have evolved the God within Them, the God hidden in us, made manifest in Them.

And these great Founders of religion show marks of strange similarity. It is not only that in the story of Their lives a similar history is seen to be outlived age after age; but it is also seen that their teachings are fundamentally identical; that over and over and over again the same moral teaching comes forth from those divine lips, the same great precepts which are to lead us to perfection are spoken in the ears of different nations, are given out in different tongues, the meaning ever the same. We notice the earliest World-Teacher who came to the instructing of the childhood of our Aryan race—in that great cradle of the Race which will once again be acknowledged in time to come as it was

in the past, found in Central Asia—known under the name of Vyāsa, the Teacher who gave in that far-off time the Sanāṭana Dharma, the Eternal Religion, the Wisdom Religion, which since has spread its branches under different names over all the children of the Āryan race; we find Him teaching: “To do good to another is right; to do evil to another is wrong.” We find him declaring that that which you would not have another do to you, you should not do to another, but that which you would wish done to yourself, that you should do to your fellow-men. That teaching, familiar to you as the teaching of ‘the Golden Rule,’ is a rule that has ever been given by great World-Teachers in the past, and as we see the similarity of teaching underlying differences of presentment, as in a moment I will show you, we see that these resemblances are so striking that they must needs come from a single spirit; we are not surprised to hear that the World-Teacher remains one and the same through many and many an age of human history, through many and many a stage of human civilisation; that it is the same mighty Teacher who comes back again and again into the world He loves, who is known under different names, it is true, but the names veil the same mighty Individual, the same World-Teacher, the same Prophet of the different faiths, bringing the same message, teaching the same truths, breathing the same compassionate love; He is the same age after age, appearing in His world for its helping, and thus lifting humanity age after age another step up to the golden ladder which ends at the feet of God.

And seeing this gradually come out from the story of the past, we begin to see in human evolution two

lines of mighty helping, used for the evolution and the gradual uplifting of men ; two lines of saving and of guiding, the one the line of the Ruler, the other of the Teacher, the one the line of the Protector who guides the fate of nations ; who builds the earth age after age into different distributions of continents and of oceans ; who has in hand the evolving of the different Races of mankind—each Race bringing out its characteristic qualities, and so gradually contributing its share to the final perfection of humanity. And side by side with the line of the Ruler, the Protector, the King, we see the line of the Teacher, of the Founder of the faiths of the world, of the Guide of spiritual evolution, who gives to one faith after another its own characteristic note, its own dominant teaching ; so that, as all the great truths are to be found in each faith, there is also one in each faith which dominates the rest, giving to it its own peculiar colour, evolving in it its own peculiar characteristics ; just as the Races are builded into the final perfection of humanity, so the religions also are builded to bring out one by one the great qualities which are needed in spiritual evolution, until both outer and inner perfection shall crown the working out of the mighty Plan, made by the Divine Architect before our humanity was born, to reach its consummation when our world has touched its ending, and its fruitage is the perfection of humanity.

Looking at it then in that wide way, we see the Ruler and the Teacher coming down the stream of history side by side, each with His own work, and as the life in the East, so far as our Āryan race is concerned, is older than the life in the West, we find an eastern name given to the World-Teacher in those

eastern lands—a name which means the Essence of Wisdom ; sometimes in Theosophical books you come across the name Bodhisattva, and that translated is simply Wisdom-Essence, the Essence of Wisdom, and wisdom is knowledge penetrated by love. And so the World-Teacher in those older days is known by this eastern name, just as in later days in the West the World-Teacher took the Greek name for the nations of Christendom, that name of the Anointed, the Christos, by which He is known among us.

But the difference of names must not blind us to the identity of function and of teachership. We must realise that names vary with languages, but Truth is eternal and remains the same ; and the World-Teacher brings it out from time to time in order that man may learn gradually what he could not learn at once, and realise that great Knowledge of God which is in very truth Eternal Life.

We see, then, down the ages certain great figures stand out, the Founders of religions, and I am limiting myself to the Āryan race, omitting Those that have gone before, not because that history is not also profoundly interesting, but because in a single lecture one must limit the area of discourse if the object is to be worked out of conveying such hints of knowledge as shall lead some of you to study for yourselves. For remember that the only object of a lecture is to stimulate the hearers into study ; not to give them a mere superficial idea, which is all that any lecture can do, but to be a sign-post pointing to the road along which every student must walk for himself ; for only by individual study can knowledge worthy of the name be gained, and the duty of the lecturer is only to point out the way,

every man having to study for himself and to gain by his own efforts a grasp of Truth.

These great Teachers, then, that we see shining out from time to time in the history of mankind, in the history of our own Race, when They appeared in our world, founded certain religions. Of those great religions the oldest in the Āryan race is that which you know in its modern form as Hindūism. That is followed by the religion that grew up in later Egypt, that spread along the borders of the Mediterranean, that shaped not the modern but the very ancient Greeks who preceded the modern, and left its traces on some of the Mediterranean Islands, the whole basin of the Mediterranean being the receptacle of the teaching.

And then the third great faith, that which came from Persia, the very ancient Persia beyond the Persia of our books of history. Then the great stream of teaching that settled itself in Greece, among those who, in comparison with the very ancient, make up the modern Greeks, the teaching that in a moment, with the others, I will describe. Then the fifth of these streams, that expresses itself under the name of Christendom, and became the faith of the western world. Five in number you will notice, each the religion of one sub-division of the great Āryan Race. For these large sub-divisions into which a Root Race, as we call it, divides itself, these great streams of emigration from a central point that spread over the world in all directions and add a new perfection to humanity, each has its own fundamental proclamation of Truth, varied as the sub-race divides again into nations, into families, but always the same root from which the trunk and branches spread ; and you can see what we may call a family likeness in

all the smaller branches that spring from the branch which runs back to the parent trunk. Five then are these sub-divisions, the racial sub-divisions, and five the great religions belonging each to each.

The first of these is that in which Hindūism originated—a religion which had as its special mark the sense of duty between the members of the community, which struck the keynote of the duty of man to man, and founded that duty in the recognition of the One Divine Life in which every human being inheres, from which he draws his own individual life. I mentioned the name given to the World-Teacher when He came forth to found that ancient faith, the name of Vyāsa, and He took as the symbol of His teaching that body, that divine body, that we call the Sun of our system. If you look at the symbol under which God is expressed in that ancient faith, you will find that it ever goes back to the Sun, from which the life of the system pours forth; for as all life in our solar system comes forth from the Sun, and every planet takes from the Sun its light and life, so in Hindūism was the Sun regarded as the outer manifestation of God Himself, the one Life of the world and of all that lived therein; and we find its central prayer—the prayer that is ever repeated by every Hindū as he turns eastwards as the Sun rises, and bows before the Sun as its light dawns in the eastern sky—you find that ancient prayer still ringing from modern lips: “That Sun we worship, may the divine radiance make wise, may it brighten our thought.” To that divine Life and Light, recognised as divine in the outer world and as the source of all physical as well as all emotional and mental and spiritual life, the cry goes up from that ancient faith day by day, that that light which we

worship may shine in us and irradiate us. As the heat and the warmth and the light of the Sun were the symbols by which the World-Teacher gave knowledge and wisdom to the first religion of our Āryan race, so we find that after a while He retired and left in the field His pupils to carry on the knowledge and to spread the truths He taught.

It was not until another great emigration went forth, that which went forth to Arabia, to Egypt, along the basin of the Mediterranean, the second of which I spoke, that He again came forth from His home in Central Asia, and, taking the body of a disciple in Egypt, began to teach the same ancient truth of the One Life in every man, in the outer world as well as in his inner heart. But in Egypt He spoke a language a little different, and instead of taking the Sun itself as the symbol of divinity, He took the Light which came forth from it and which dwelt also in the hearts of men; it is from ancient Egypt that those words were drawn, so familiar to every one of you in the Fourth Gospel of the Christian Church, of the "Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world". Those were the words He spake in the name that is known in the West as Hermes, or as Thoth in the ancient Egyptian faith; He, the Messenger of the Supreme, declared that the Light which exists in the world around us lives also in our own hearts, and He taught that man should look within for the divine Light and find it burning within his own heart. He taught that when once you see the Light burning within yourself, then, and then only, shall you be able to recognise the Light as it burns in the heaven above us, as it shines in the world around us; for only as we know God in ourselves, do we learn to see God in all who are around us.

Nay, to us He is not only in the man, but in the animal, the vegetable, the mineral kingdoms, for there is nothing which exists, moving or unmoving, that could for one moment be bereft of Him, in a world where all is God; there is not the lowest grain of dust that is not penetrated with the one divine Light even as it shines out in the highest Archangel; for the Light is one, and that Light is the Light of the world.

And so He taught through Light the ancient hidden side of the old Egyptian lore. Many a sentence is to be found of the Light. The King of Egypt, the Ruler, is told that his one great duty is to "look for the Light," for only as the King sees the divine Light in the people that he rules can he be truly King by the grace of God, recognising divinity in his subjects as he feels it within himself. And the priests were taught to "follow the Light," and the people were told to "seek for the Light"; and so everywhere in ancient Egypt the Light was the symbol of the Godhead and only as it irradiated the heart of man could man hope to realise the splendour of the divine Life. Egypt, because its central teaching was of Light, had as the keynote of its faith, Knowledge. Knowledge and science are as much characteristic of the ancient faith of Egypt as Duty founded on the recognition of the One Life was the dominant note of ancient India. The 'Wisdom of Egypt' has come down through the ages, and as you know, even one of our sciences, chemistry, takes its name from the ancient land of Khem, the old name of Egypt. For Law is the symbol of Knowledge, as Duty is the flower of Truth.

And then another emigration was to come forth, that which was to people ancient Persia. To Persia the same great World-Teacher came forth, there to give

the religion that you know, under the name of Zarathuſtra, the Teacher of Purity ; and he took Fire as the symbol of God, because fire is the great purifier. When you cast gold into the fire, the dross is burnt up and only the pure metal remains. As you cast the human being into the fire of struggle and of difficulty, the dross of weakness is burned away, and the pure gold of the strength of the Spirit remains. And when He went to Persia and took His human form, the form of a well-beloved disciple, he preached the doctrine of the Fire to the Persian people ; He bade them think of God as Fire, and bade them bear reverence to the earth as the shadow of God ; to keep purity in their lives, their persons, their houses, their lands—Purity being as much the dominant note of the Zoroastrian faith, as Knowledge was the dominant note of the old faith of Egypt, and Duty that of India. And thus, teaching them this Purity symbolised by Fire, He built up that mighty civilisation of which the remnant still exists after some thirty thousand years.

Again the time came when another emigration was to go forth, the fourth of these emigrating hosts, called by us the Keltic, although that name in Europe generally is restricted to some of the families that came forth from it, rather than to the root-trunk to which we give it. They, coming from their intermediate home, the Caucasus, as some of you may have heard in the opening speech of our Congress, passed from the Caucasus into Greece, and made the mighty nation of the Greeks as you know them, from ten thousand years before Christ onwards. To them the great Teacher also came, but came in other guise, though teaching the same great truths ; for He came to Greece as bringing the Beautiful, and he took

as symbols of the Beautiful, music which is harmony, where every power is made accordant with every other, and the perfect life is a life that breathes out music and therefore breathes out beauty. It was He who, as Orpheus, founded the great Orphic Mysteries, from which all the later Mysteries of Greece proceeded. It was He who, playing on his lyre, attracted not only human beings but also the very animals from the fields and woods; for so compelling was that marvellous melody that it won the heart of every living creature that heard it, and the very trees, it is said, bowed down in homage, as the notes flowed through them and gave a fresh beauty to every form, a fresh radiance to every colour. And beginning with those Orphic Mysteries and the teaching of the Orphic Prophets of the Beautiful, Beauty became the dominant note of Greece; so that whether it embodied itself in exquisite architecture, whether it showed itself in wondrous sculpture, whether on the canvas the brush brought out the glories of colour, or whether the thinker and the poet shaped the wondrous Greek literature, you find that perfection of form which is characteristic not only of the Greeks, the forefathers, but of all the Latin races of our modern Europe—you see in them everywhere the one note of Beauty added to the ever-growing chord of human life.

And when that work was done, then the great World-Teacher who had been the same Individual appearing in the different forms, came for the last time back to India, and there He took on His last body, that you have heard of as Gauṭama, the Lord Buddha; for His work in this world was over, and wider fields called for His service, utter perfection having been

reached by Him and His labour on earth fulfilled. You remember how here He reached what is called the perfect Illumination, the perfect Enlightenment, and then, after teaching for some five-and-forty years of life, how He passed away from earth. But still they tell us in those eastern lands that from time to time His shadow shines forth upon the world in blessing; for He was the first of our humanity who touched that height of stainless perfection, He who, having been World-Teacher through these long ages of the past, handed on to His mighty Successor the function of teaching the Race through the further stages of its evolution—to Him who in the East is still called the Bodhisattva, who in the West appeared as the Christ.

For now another Individual, though of the same mighty Brotherhood of World-Teachers, comes forth on to the stage of the world in order to lift up our race to yet higher reaches of spirituality, to yet greater glory of perfection. And we find Him first appearing in the eastern lands under a name that you will know very well—the name of Shrī Kṛṣṇa—that marvellous Child of eastern stories, who is an embodied Love, and who to two hundred and fifty millions of our Race to-day is the supreme Object of worship and of devotion. Very brief the life that there He led. As a youth He passed away, but so marvellous was His out-welling love, so marvellous His compassionate tenderness, that even those few years of mortal life have changed, as it were, the aspect of Hindūism, and have made it a religion of Devotion where before it was rather a religion of Knowledge. Just so also among the Buddhists—the people who use the name of the Lord Buddha as that of their supreme Teacher—you find that they

speak of Gauṭama, the Lord Buddha as the Buddha of Knowledge, but they speak of the One who is now the Supreme Teacher as the Buddha of Compassion. It was that brief life of love, which has made so wondrous a devotion in all our eastern brethren, that 'Kṛṣṇa-cult,' as it is called, which suddenly springs up a few centuries before the Christian era, which is not traced to any definite beginning by the ordinary Orientalist in the West. They know not the true eastern story; therefore they cannot understand the religion of love, which suddenly sprang up in that eastern land. They cannot understand why, in many points, it is so like Christianity, why it has so much said in it of divine grace, of the helping of man by God, of the lifting up of the helpless and the sinner. They cannot understand how these strange likenesses to Christianity appear in a pre-Christian form of worship. They do not dream that the secret lies in the fact that it was the same World-Teacher who is the central Object of devotion in both, who is worshipped under the name of Kṛṣṇa in India as He is worshipped under the name of Christ in Christendom. His great mission as the Christ was to the fifth sub-race of the Āryan people, those who spread over northern and western Europe, and these fourth and fifth sub-races intermingle one with the other, and you find the great faith of Christianity dominating them both.

If we saw that in the religions of the past there was a dominant virtue, its keynote, as it were, added to the great chord of perfection, if we saw that Duty and Knowledge and Purity and Beauty were the gifts of the World-Teacher of the past, who as the Lord Buddha gave the Law to men, what do we find in the later religions, where the new World-Teacher has

descended in order to lift humanity higher towards the perfection of divinity? We find in the cult of Shri Kṛṣṇa, as I just said, an unbounded devotion, a perfect self-surrender of man to the Object of his love ; and if you ask me what is the note in Christianity which is the dominant note of that great faith, which rang out as the keynote, which has largely changed the atmosphere of the world, you will find that that keynote is Self-Sacrifice—the development of the individual to know the value of himself, and then, the only use of that value, to sacrifice himself for the good of his fellow-men. For just as the teaching of the Christ on earth laid so much stress on the value of the individual, as He reminded His hearers, “What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul” ; as He constantly pressed on His hearers the immense importance of the individual life ; so you see Him teaching by His own perfect sacrifice even unto death that lesson of Self-Sacrifice which is the central truth of Christianity. For it is only when strength has been developed, it is only when greatness has been evolved, it is only as the strong man stands out conscious, knowing his strength, it is only then that you see the full beauty of the lesson: “Let him that is first among you be as your servant” ; “He that is greatest is he that doth serve”. It is Christianity that teaches us the lesson that power is meant for service, and that strength is only noble when it is bowed to the uplifting of the weak. That is the keynote of the Christian faith, adding the value and the use of strength to all the lessons from the other great religions that have gone before it in the religious evolution of man, and it is that lesson that Christendom is beginning to learn.

Already that social conscience is awakened which begins to realise that knowledge and power and strength are only human, as they are vowed to the service of the race, and which accepts that great word of a Master of Wisdom and Compassion, caught up and proclaimed, strangely enough, by an English scientist, Huxley, that "the law of Self-Sacrifice is the law of evolution for the man". That is the latest lesson that has come from the lips of the World-Teacher, in order that the human race may be able to step one rung further up the ladder of truth and of love.

You must remember that the teaching which is sent out in a great faith is not limited in its influence to the religion which sounds it forth. When a religion becomes a dominant expression in the world, as each great world's faith does in time, then the keynote of the religion sounds out over the other religions and you find in them also an echo of the central teaching of the one which is leading the civilisation of the world. And so you find to-day in eastern faiths, that this note of Self-Sacrifice, struck so loudly by Christianity, is beginning to influence the lives of the nations and to be re-echoed by people after people. And while it is still true, as I have often said in addressing an eastern audience, that this ideal of altruism, of self-sacrifice of the strong to the weak, showing itself as public spirit, showing itself forth as the sense of public duty—while I have told them, that that is far more developed in the West than as yet it is in the East, still we can see in eastern nations the beginning of the answer to the keynote that in the West has been struck, and you find there also the dawning of this public spirit in which strength is to be used for service, and knowledge for the

helping of the ignorant. Every faith has had this idea, but it is the central idea in Christianity.

And looking back thus at the great World-Teachers, at the two mighty Individuals, the One succeeding the Other in the mission of World-Teacher, you realise that at one time there is only a single World-Teacher for all the religions of the world. They all look up to the One, though under a different name.

Are you inclined at first to think that the Christ who is so precious to yourself should be your own personal possession, and should belong only to the faith of Christianity? Is it not much more beautiful, is it not much more inspiring, does it not make you feel your Brotherhood more with the children of other religions and the followers of other faiths, if you realise that they worship your Christ under different names, and send up the homage of adoration to the same mighty Teacher, although the name by which they call Him is other than your Greek name of the West? It seems to me that to know that great truth, that there is but the One, supreme over all faiths, that He sends out His blessings to the faithful in all religions, that the inspiration of love in them is His love that flows into them, that His love protects them, that His wisdom guides them, that He is the purifier from all superstition, is a more grandiose and inspiring view of the Christ, than if you thought of Him as belonging only to a single faith while the rest of the children of men are outside His love, His care, His thought. Have you forgotten the words that you find in your gospel: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold"? Truly not of the Christian faith, but still belonging to the one World-Teacher, whom you here worship as the Christ. He knows His sheep and they

are known of Him, although the Shepherd bears another title, and by some other name men love and adore the One.

Now has this great succession of the comings of the World-Teachers reached its ending? Has human evolution touched its goal? Are no more sub-divisions of the great Āryan Race to be evolved? Is there no more progress stretching on our earth before the aspiring souls of men? Are we the highest evolution that humanity is to accomplish, the crown showing out the limit of the divine power on our earth? And yet how far are we from the perfection of the Father, which is the goal marked for humanity by the Christ Himself.

We cannot believe it; and as we do not believe that the outer evolution of man is over, that there will be no more human Races budding out from the stock of humanity, so neither can we believe that the spiritual evolution of man has touched its highest point, and that the World-Teacher is withdrawn from the earth, and shall not again tread in familiar human form the roads of the world He loves. And so to many of us, I do not say to all, the fact of the comings of the past is the prophecy of the comings of the future, and we believe that whenever from the human branch a new branchlet is put forth, to that branchlet, as in the past, the great World-Teacher shall come with His message of wisdom and of love, with the wondrous inspiration of His presence, with the placing before the eye of the new human sub-race the example of a perfect life, which shall lift humanity a step nearer to the divine. Surely the long succession is not over; surely it cannot be that the life of the divine within us shall not expand to yet fairer forms, to yet more beauteous manifestations.

And so there are many among us who look for His coming again, for that same great One who took human form in Palestine, and will, we believe, take it again for the helping and uplifting of our modern world. I ask you, has there been any time in the story of the world, in all those far ages of the past, in which the need of man was greater than his need to-day? in which he more required a help which can only come from above? in which he had more need of leader to guide him into the path of wisdom and of peace? Look abroad in every country at the hopeless poverty of the masses of the people; look at the ignorance, worse than the poverty—although they re-act upon each other, the poverty making worse the ignorance, and the ignorance breeding fresh poverty; look at the unrest in every nation; look at the discontent in those who yearn for a better social condition, for a nobler human life. See how in the young amongst you, the next generation, how the social conscience is awaking, how the more highly placed and the more wealthy are asking in every land: “What can we do for the redemption of our brethren, how can we help in the uplifting of our people?” See how on every side knowledge is growing and is beginning to grope after the inner things, the things that materialistic science will be unable to discover; and see the multiplying prayers arising from the heart of humanity, that He who once came as Teacher will come again as Teacher to the world that needs Him.

And as you think it over, pondering it in your own hearts, as you ask of the heavens above you and the world around you whether the need of man is not great enough to compel the Heart of Love again to reveal itself amongst us, then to you also shall the light of dawn

become visible. Then for you too shall the Star in the East, the Morning Star, arise; and as that Morning Star presages the rising of the Sun, and is lost in the beams of glory when he rises above the horizon and sheds his light upon our earth, so shall you see in the heavens the Sign of the Star, which the wise men of old saw and followed, seeking the infant King. You shall know that already the world is beginning to listen, to listen whether the sound of His footsteps may not be heard as they approach our earth. Will not you, many of you, join with us in the cry: "Come, O World-Teacher, to enlighten the ignorance of the world; you, who saved it in years gone by, come as our Saviour once again."

ANNIE BESANT

BEAUTY IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY

By ANNA KAMENSKY, F. T. S.

A Paper read at the International Congress, Stockholm

WE are familiar with the idea of the synthetic *rôle* of Theosophy in the domain of religious thought. We, as Theosophists, know that it forms a bridge between the intelligence and the heart, between science and religion; that it gives a basis to faith, and, by enlarging, spiritualises the domain of science. At one time or another of our lives we have, each one of us, experienced the blessed working of this synthesis, and its precious value has been brought home to us.

There are, however, other spheres, with which we are less familiar, and in which this problem has been less elaborated. And yet the working of this synthesis makes itself everywhere felt in a most forcible way, as for instance, in the sphere of the child, where we are face to face with the problem of education. We see that Theosophy, armed with its synthetic and enlightening power, enables us to grapple with the most intricate problems of education, to sound depths which have never yet been fathomed.

There is, it appears to me, a truth which should be an axiom for every Theosophist, and it is that the centre of gravity of all education resides in the education of Self—for to that end the work of all educationalists

should tend. Awaken as early as possible in every human being the desire to work towards the culture of his or her own soul and character.

It may be remarked that this desire is bound to follow the awakening of the religious consciousness, and it is brought home to us best by the pathway of the Beautiful.

What then here is Beauty ?

It is the partial manifestation of Divine Harmony on earth. It is brought about by the perfection of sound or colour, of form or of movement, which accompanies the unveiling of the life of the soul ; it is effected in a much more noticeable way, when we presuppose the perfection of sentiment, of thought and of character.

We thus arrive at a synthesis of enormous scope : the synthesis of the ethical problem together with that of *Æsthetics*, for the source of both is Beauty.

What then are we to understand by *Æsthetics* ? It is the science which teaches us to understand and realise the external beauty of everything, while Ethics (moral duty, obligation), teaches us to appreciate and realise the internal, inner, beauty of everything.

It is clear and evident that these two spheres are in intimate contact one with the other. Beauty of sound, colour and form must imperceptibly lead us to the worship of moral beauty.

But we must first of all be of one accord, as to what we term the science of beauty. There is a wide difference between the words: *Æsthetics* and *Æstheticism*.

“ Nothing is beautiful but the true,” said Boileau. Without truth there can be no beauty. And the only

conditions under which it can manifest itself are simplicity and purity, which always accompany true beauty. It is in an atmosphere of purity that the artist's talent grows, and that is why he must learn to live up to the conception of higher things, on the heights, as it were. One self-interested movement, one selfish desire, one earthly thought, and the pure current of inspiration becomes troubled, and the artist loses his creative genius. This tragic sequence has been vividly depicted by the Russian writer, Gogol, in one of his short stories, 'The Picture'. It tells of a richly gifted young painter who begins to barter his talent; little by little his capacity weakens, his character decays, and ultimately his talent perishes.

Æstheticism on the contrary does not seek true beauty, which it is incapable of producing. It seeks only effect, by what path, by what means, it matters not. Void of real life, it seeks the illusion of life, and works on our nerves by unexpected and vibratory impressions, which produce certain sensations. Ignorant of true beauty, Æstheticism can exist in an atmosphere of impurity, which by contrast enables it to produce its effects in a more marked degree. Hence it seeks what is artificial, unhealthy, frightful, and it is in the domain of human passions that its ravages are most disastrous.

History furnishes us with many striking examples of the excesses to which Æstheticism may lead. It suffices to remember Nero who, in the midst of his orgies, and while witnessing the torturing of the Christians, paid minute attention to the effect of beautiful light, and sang to his own accompaniment on the harp while watching the burning of Rome, ordered

by him for the satisfying of his corrupted thirst for pleasure. Here we gain an idea as to the lengths to which Æstheticism dare boldly venture when it is rampant; and that is, as a general rule, whenever and wherever there is moral and social decay. False in its conception of beauty, cultivating forms only, it becomes a hideous mask in its negation of the spirit of true life.

But Ethics, the culture of the beautiful, always strikes the true note, the right chord, and thus becomes on its upward march the twin sister of moral rectitude.

But again how is this union brought about? It is brought about by the aid of rhythm, which spans the spaces between the different planes of the universe; for rhythm is naught else than the manifestation of Life, and Life is a divine rhythm.

A modern writer, the Prince Volkousky, has given us a delightful definition of the word rhythm and its value. Rhythm, he says, exists, beats, and vibrates throughout the universe. The drop of dew which falls from the roof on to the sand, the magpie tapping on the sounding trunk of the willow tree, the insect which leaves the regular marks of its passage across the soil, the twinkling star now enlarging, now diminishing, its disc of light, the ocean wave making its bed with rhythmic uniformity on the shore, and then gurgling adown the beach as it returns to the sea—all these are the beatings of the universal heart, which reaches its realisation in man.

But it lies in the power of man to change his rhythm, and not only his own but that of others, and this power is perhaps the greatest that nature has conferred upon him. Thanks to it, man has created the sphere of Art, and thanks to his capacity to direct his

own will to the transformation of his rhythm, man is able to work at his education of Self, not in order to create art, but in order to create on earth a fuller, richer, more beautiful, more precious, happier life, than that which men and women lead to-day.

The writer here touches an essential point, for if man is able to transform his rhythm by harmonising himself with the being he contemplates, we have there the method of moral alchemy, with possibilities for the perfecting of man which stretch beyond the limit of our imagination.

If we fix our attention on any object and seek to know it, what happens? We begin to vibrate with it, and in this union of souls we live with it, it is in us; that is to say, there is a phenomenon of identification, a phenomenon which presently brings about a complete transformation of the whole being.

Let us take for instance a very simple case. You go for a walk in the woods, and, busy with your own thoughts, you stride along paying no special attention to the paths you are traversing, to the branches which interlace overhead, to the beauty of sun and sky; you gain from your walk but a sensation of physical well-being; you will have learnt little or nothing. But if you start out for the same walk leaving behind you all worldly pre-occupations and selfish thoughts, and give yourself up to the beauty of all that surrounds you, the flowers, the branches, the sky, you will be penetrated and inspired and strengthened by the peacefulness, the rest, the glory of it all. Then you will vibrate in unison with Nature, and you will feel it as a living symbol of spiritual reality, of which it is but one of the countless veils. Its voice will penetrate into your heart

as a poem of joy and gladness, to which your soul will respond by a hymn of thankfulness, and you will bow in reverent gratitude before Him who teaches us to know Him by His beautiful works; you will, I reiterate, return from your walk penetrated and filled with the purity and peace which breathe from Nature, for you will have been, if but for a few moments, in intimate contact with the soul of Nature.

Returning home, you will, if you are an artist, perhaps sing, or write a poem; you will perhaps paint a picture, which will inspire those who see it; or again it may be you will simply just turn over a new page in your life with a vow to keep it cleaner than the previous one; for all these signs are one and the same. Your Spirit, in direct contact for a moment with the Divine Self, will have dilated your being by inspiring it with a creative force, which will seek to rush out in creation. The deeper the contact in these hours of contemplation, the deeper the results. And herein lies the secret of Genius, which instinctively knows how to give itself up entirely to these hours of profound pondering, to the earnest contemplation of a phenomenon or an idea, and thus are made the great discoveries which form epochs in the history of thought and human culture. It has been justly said that what distinguishes a man of Genius from other men is the capacity of concentration.

In all the spheres of human activity this capacity is essential, and it is by the culture of it that the work of the artist, the poet, and the thinker begins.

Let us now pass on to the domain of moral rectitude. Here we meet with the same essential points. It is governed by the same laws, the same results accrue. Those who lead a deep and spiritual life and who

become our teachers always begin by awaking in us the desire of inner attention, which alone can give the true harvest. If we study the lives of the saints, we invariably find marked out most clearly the step from contemplation to concentration, which we must follow, and this last, in its turn, leads to illumination.

One of the Fathers of the Greek Church, Father Theophane, defines the spiritual travail of man in the following manner :

From his intelligence he descends into the heart, and there rests in the presence of God.

Then comes down silence so great, that the movement of a fly could be heard. And it is in this silence that are born the following states of the soul :

Concentrated attention.

A peaceful benevolence towards all, even towards our enemies.

Complete recollectedness.

The deliverance of the heart from all earthly strife.

The separation from all that is temporal.

Wisdom then enlightens the will, and, arrived at this state of the soul, man thirsts to establish harmony between the external and the internal. His love of God becomes an irresistible force, which seeks to give itself and to shed its rays on every human being.

Thus said one of the Fathers of the Greek Church.

It is interesting to find in philosophy the knowledge of the same laws, and of the power of concentration.

Fichte says : " Objects of the external world are created in the super-individual consciousness, and are given to the Self for contemplation. And by contemplating these objects we arrive at a knowledge of the world, which is the image of God."

Schelling, by the same method, arrives at the following conviction : " I am a living Spirit."

Hegel proclaims : " The true knowledge of the Absolute is only possible by contemplation, which carries us beyond all that we can conceive."

These quotations from the works of philosophers and saints give as a result three important things :

1. That spiritual work, like all other work, demands continued attention, and that concentration is the beginning of it.

2. That the contemplation of anything great helps to engender concentration.

3. That during the hours of contemplation a process of intimate identification goes on which, by putting us into harmony with the person or thing contemplated, leads to the transfiguration of the being who contemplates.

In this state of transfiguration, which is very near illumination, is born spiritual cognition, the Gnosis, in which love and knowledge are confounded, and Wisdom appears. Wisdom, in its turn, illuminating our Will, impels it to active service, and makes of us servants of God and humanity.

This last expression, the supreme expression of this state of the soul, is formulated in the Vedānta by the cry of the yogī of India : “Ṭaṭ ṭwam asi.” It is the identification of the illuminated Self with the Divine Self, and the recognition of this divine element in every human being, great or small, beautiful or ugly, weak or strong, in the saint as in the savage, in the ignorant as in the wise. It is the culminating point to which our illuminated thoughts can rise during meditation, to that soul-inspired state which brings us to the very threshold of the final union, of the triumph of the Spirit, when the illusion of matter is for ever vanquished.

The saints and wise men, in order to attain this height, usually employ a concrete object of adoration, the supreme Guru, the Mahādeva, whose lotus feet are

placed on flames on sacred earth. In other words they contemplate an ideal in the image of which they recognise their Self. In the same way as the painter paints in his picture the likeness of the divine vision which has appeared to him, as the poet, inspired by a hero he has seen in his dreams, composes his songs, so the soul also needs a model to help its growth; and that is why the man who is seeking spirituality must constantly keep himself face to face with the image of Him who is for us the living symbol of the beauty of the soul.

It follows of itself then, that if we would help the younger generation, we cannot do better than place before its eyes some great ideal, which will help it to cultivate the inner life, and give it the necessary inspiration. For by contemplating a great ideal we unconsciously place ourselves in harmony with it, we vibrate, if but for a moment, in consonance with it, and by it our own rhythm is transformed to a rhythm stronger and more beautiful. We unconsciously identify ourselves with that which we have set up as our ideal, and in this momentary identification we grow, our whole being expands in the atmosphere of beauty, and we issue forth from these hours of contemplation better and purer than we were before.

It is just in these hours of intimate meditation that we discover our Divinity, and the discovery enables us more clearly to discern our divine possibilities and powers.

It is very natural that we should seek more and more to renew this contact, which words cannot convey, with the God in us, and that we should to this end begin the work of purification; for we feel that we

must render ourselves worthy of this contact in order to experience in all its fulness the unspeakable joy it can give. For do we not know that only the pure in heart can hope to see that which is divine?

Here we have a great stimulus for the work necessary to change and influence our will, which, lighted by love, transforms our passive desire into an active and conscious energy. In other words, the will changes from the static to the kinetic state.

And so, awakened by love for that which we contemplate, the contact of which gives such profound satisfaction to our whole being, we find in beauty a stimulus which becomes an irresistible force for good, and which impels us to activity in systematic work for the culture of the soul.

This culture causes rapid growth of the powers of our will, and purifies our whole being, as we come more and more into harmony with the objects of our adoration, and the inner accumulation of strength finds an issue for the pouring out of itself in the path of service.

There is therefore no greater help towards spiritual growth than to recognise a something greater than ourselves, and to follow it with all the strength of which we are capable.

There is no source of such inexhaustible inspiration as the divine ideal, which Theosophy offers to us in the august image of the Masters of Wisdom and Compassion, the simple thought of whom makes our soul tremble with reverent and sacred joy.

What then, to the soul, can matter trials, troubles, conflicts, tempests, when it has before it the glorious vision of Those who guide the life of the world, and

when it has understood the reality and beauty of the path that leads to Their feet? No more doubt, no more fear is possible; precipices or verdant paths, pain or joy, all are the gifts of Their blessed hands, and all is well with us, for all these but lead us to Their feet.

The radiant vision of Their beauty is an unfailing, inexhaustible source of inspiration, which gives the unspeakable joy of service, together with that peace which lets in the light intense, and keeps it ever burning.

Is it not then true to say that there is no more powerful force than Beauty? nothing that has greater influence over us? no inspiration that is more utter?

The Russian writer Dostoievsky, the great unconscious Theosophist, was right when he said: "It is beauty that will save the world."

Anna Kamensky

THE RELIGION OF THE SIKHS¹

II

*Guru Nānak, Guru Aṅgad, Guru Amār Dās,
Guru Rām Dās*

By DOROTHY FIELD

[The first of this series was printed in our December issue, 1912, under the title 'Indian Unrest and The Religion of the Sikhs'. We much regret the delay in printing the remainder, that has occurred through a misunderstanding. The remaining articles will appear in October and November.—ED.]

GURU Nānak, the founder of the Sikh religion, was born in the spring of the year 1469 A.D. He was of the Kaṭri sub-caste, and his father was an accountant in the village of Talwandi in the Panjab. The cry uttered by him at birth is said to have been as the laughing voice of a wise man joining a social gathering. The astrologer who came to write his horoscope worshipped the child, and prophesied that he would wear the umbrella. He said that he would be worshipped both by Hindūs and Muslims, and that the child's name should resound both in earth and heaven. In very early years these prophecies were found to have some justification. Nānak soon began to speak on divine subjects

¹ The facts of the life of Nānak and of the subsequent Gurus are borrowed from *The Sikh religion, its Gurus, Sacred Writings and Authors*, by Max Arthur Macauliffe (Six Volumes)—the only account in translation, and one which has been compiled from many obscure Indian sources. Quotations from the translations are included by kind permission of the Oxford Clarendon Press.

and to spend nights in devotion. At seven years he went to school, where he made an acrostic on his alphabet, enumerating praises of the Creator, which composition is still in existence. One day, however, he was observed to remain silent, and, when questioned, asked his teacher: "Art thou sufficiently learned to teach me?" The schoolmaster replied by giving a list of his qualifications. To this the boy replied: "To your accomplishments I prefer the study of divine knowledge." He then composed a hymn which began in the following manner:

Burn worldly love, grind *its ashes* and make it into ink;
turn superior intellect into paper.

Make divine love thy pen, and thy heart the writer; ask
thy guru and write his instruction.

Write *God's* name, write His praises, write that He
hath neither end nor limit.

O master, learn to write this account,
So that, whenever it is called for, a true mark may be
found thereon.

Upon this the astonished schoolmaster did homage to the boy and told him to do as he liked. After that Nānak took to private study and meditation, and proceeded to discipline himself by the practice of yoga. He would remain for days in the same attitude, and associated entirely with religious men. In the dense forests around the village he would wander entirely absorbed in religious speculation. In all probability he learnt a great deal from the ascetics whom he came upon there. They doubtless taught him something of the various philosophies of India and acquainted him with its religious literature. These wandering ascetics had travelled long distances, and they carried with them the news of the latest religious reformers they had come across. Thus Nānak became acquainted

with the current ideas of his time in a way that could never have been possible had he remained at the little village school. After a while his father persuaded him to learn Persian. Though this tongue was despised and even feared by the Hindūs, it was used for State documents and accounts, and was therefore useful where the obtaining of a livelihood was concerned. Before long Nānak had composed an acrostic on the Persian alphabet, again astonishing his teacher. This acrostic shows Muhammadan influence, indicating that Nānak's mind was already drifting away from orthodox Hindūism. His knowledge of Persian must have enabled him to read Muhammadan writings, and thus to come directly under the influence of pure monotheistic fervour. During this time Nānak and his parents were in constant disagreement, and he found himself face to face with the inevitable struggle between the claims of the world and those of the Spirit. At nine years old he refused to be invested with the sacrificial thread, although he realised that its renunciation would involve the loss of caste. The priest explained that without it no man could be a Hindū in the real sense, but Nānak remained unmoved.¹ The hymn which he then composed is preserved :

Make mercy thy cotton, contentment thy thread,
 continence its knot, truth its twist.

That would make a janeu for the soul ; if thou have it,
 O Brāhmaṇa, then put it on me.

It will not break, or become soiled, or be burned, or lost.

Blest the man, O Nānak, who goeth with such a thread
 on his neck.

Every effort to obtain useful work for the young reformer failed. He tried agriculture, but he was

¹ He accepted the thread, however, at his mother's pleading.—ED.

always absorbed in spiritual meditation. When reproached in any way he would usually reply by means of an improvised hymn, such as the following :

Make thy body the field, good works the seed, irrigate with God's *name* ;

Make thy heart the cultivator ; God will germinate in thy heart, and thou shalt thus obtain the dignity of *nirvāṇ*.

On one occasion he lay down, retaining the same position for four days, and declining all physical exertion. Finally he informed his father that he had sown his own field, and that its harvest was now ready. " He had done farming work for God, who had treated him as a lord does his tenants, and the day that he effected union with his Creator his soul within him would be glad."

His father suggested shop-keeping and various professions, but always with the same result. His friends began to fear that he was mad, and a physician was sent for. Nānak replied that his pain was separation from God, and his medicine the repetition of the Holy Name. At this the physician fell down and worshipped him, telling his parents to have no anxiety, as their son was a great being. It is a matter of dispute as to the point in his life at which Nānak married. He certainly raised no protest against this part of his worldly duties. He always taught the value of family life, although it is true that he was obliged to leave his wife for long periods during the work of his ministry. The earliest records say that he was married at fourteen, but it is also contended that the marriage took place later, when his religion was more formulated. However this may be, after various further unsuccessful attempts to adopt a profession, Nānak went to Sultanpur, where he had a post offered him in the Government Service by friends who understood his nature. He discharged his duties

there as store-keeper with considerable success, and spent his nights singing hymns to the Creator. The minstrel Marḍana—who afterwards accompanied him on his many wanderings—entered his service and played the rebeck to his master's hymns. Every day before dawn Nānak would bathe, and on one occasion after doing so he disappeared into the forest for three days. During this time a long vision was vouchsafed him, in which he was taken into the presence of God and held conference with Him. His replies to the Creator are retained in the forms of many beautiful hymns, the most famous of which is used as the preamble to the Ṭapji :

There is but one God whose name is True, the Creator, devoid of fear and enmity, immortal, self-existent, great, and bountiful.

The True One was in the beginning. The True One was in the primal age.

The True One is, was, O Nānak, and The True One also shall be.

When Nānak returned from the forest, it was the general belief that he was possessed with an evil spirit, but efforts to exorcise this met always with the same result. After this the Saint donned a religious costume in order to sever his connection with the world. He kept silence for a day, after which he uttered the pregnant announcement: "There is no Hindū and no Musalman." From this announcement it may be said that the formation of the sect began. Nānak was taken before the Governor to explain his utterance, when he pleaded for a return to that sincerity and spirituality which was so lacking in the religions of the day. He went to the mosque with the Governor, where he divined the wandering thoughts of those who

officiated, and the whole company were bound to acknowledge his super-normal power. The Musalman Governor became converted, and both he and religious hermits offered Nānak temporal possessions, all of which, however, he refused. He left Sultanpur, and all the people—both Hindū and Musalman—came to bid him farewell.

He then started out, with Marḍana as minstrel, and went for long travels in the Panjab, performing miracles and making converts wherever he went. His teaching was usually expressed by means of improvised hymns—very largely protests against the formality and mechanical observances of his day. These he sang to the accompaniment of the rebeck.

Apparently he did honour to the Muhammadan Saints, for in the course of his wanderings he went to visit the tomb of Shaikh Farid—a Muslim Saint—and he held many noteworthy consultations with Muhammadan Sages. His early writings show their influence very strongly, but there are also attacks on the formalism of their observances. With the Hindūs he was constantly at war over questions of caste. He carried his opposition to their time-honoured customs even to the extent of allowing the use of flesh food. Very early in his wanderings he converted a Brāhmaṇa on this point, showing him how inevitably we are bound to material things and how futile are the attempts to escape from these facts. Flesh was allowed in the old days, he said, and it is far better to remember God at all times than to make paltry distinctions in the matter of food. Nānak broke all the rules of caste, and took his meals with outcastes. He taught his converts to do the same, bidding them live in harmony with each other. The

one form of observance that mattered, he told them, was the repetition of the Name with love. Sometimes he made very violent attacks on the Hindūs, as when he said: "The Hindūs are going to hell; death will seize and mercilessly punish them." He explained that this was because of their worldliness and hypocrisy.

The Guru travelled all through the Panjab, and at Delhi he encountered the Emperor, before whom he performed a miracle. He appears to have made a favourable impression on the monarch, who offered him presents. The Guru wore a dress which was a strange mixture of Hindū and Muhammadan religious garbs. He wore a mango-coloured jacket, with a white sāfa or scarf, and over it the headgear of a Musalman Saint, a necklace of bones, and the saffron mark upon his forehead. At a place called Gorakhmata, Nānak seated himself under a famous pipal-tree, withered with age, and it is said that the branches became suddenly green. This miracle converted several Yogīs. After this they went to Benares, the birth-place of the renowned Kabir, whose writings had so greatly influenced Nānak. There they sat down in a public square in the city. A leading Brāhmaṇa went by them on his way to bathe, and when he saw the Guru he uttered the Hindū salutation: "Rām Rām." He then noticed that the Guru wore no necklace of sacred basil and no rosary. Nānak explained that God's Name was better than all these things. Afterwards he uttered fifty-four stanzas called the Omkar, on which the high priest of the Holy City became converted and accepted the Sikh religion.

During the Guru's subsequent journeys in Eastern India he had some severe further tests. Some women endeavoured to tempt him with their charms, with their

wealth, and also by means of magic. Nānak however, remained faithful, and succeeded in converting his tempters to Sikhism. The Saint then went into the wilderness, where he was tempted by 'the devil' Kaliyuga, who offered him wealth, women, supernatural power, and sovereignty both in the East and in the West. In the end the Guru vanquished him, and Satan fell at his feet. The Guru and Marḍana then returned by the Brahma-putra, and made a coasting voyage round the Bay of Bengal, where he came into contact with the worshippers of Kṛṣṇa. On one occasion he was invited to stand in the temple and join in the gorgeous ritual of the service of Jaganāth. The lamps were lit, and offerings were made on salvers studded with pearls. There were flowers and censers, and a fan to excite the flames of the incense. Despite all this beauty, Nānak refused the invitation of the priest, and raising his eyes to heaven uttered the following hymn, so famous in the Sikh Scriptures:

The sun and moon, O Lord, are Thy lamps; the firmament Thy salver: the orbs of the stars, the pearls *enchased* in it.

The perfume of the sandal is Thine incense; the wind is Thy fan; all the forests are Thy flowers, O Lord of light.

What worship is this, O Thou Destroyer of birth? Unbeaten strains of ecstasy are the trumpets of Thy worship...

The light which is in everything is Thine, O Lord of light.

From its brilliancy everything is brilliant;

By the Guru's teaching the light becometh manifest.

What pleaseth Thee is the real āraṭi.

O God, my mind is fascinated with Thy lotus feet as the bumble-bee with the flower; night and day I thirst for them.

Give the water of Thy grace to the sarang Nānak, so that he may dwell in Thy Name.

After awhile regular Sikh Societies began to grow up, definite rules as to the lives of the disciples were

laid down. Hymns of Guru Nānak were collected and made into services, and some of these, such as the Ṭapji and the Asa-ki-war, were repeated before daylight. Reading and exposition usually followed, after which there was further singing of hymns, and then breakfast was served. There were various other services during the day, and then the Sikhs all dined together. These meals were an important point, as they signified the breaking-down of caste, and were also a method of charity to the poor. Before retiring to rest the Sohila was read, which includes the beautiful hymn quoted above: "The sun and moon are Thy lamps."

At the singing of hymns a small boy was constantly to be noticed listening intently. Guru Nānak, on discovering that he was but seven years of age, asked him why he came so regularly, seeing that this was the time of his life in which to eat, play, and sleep. The boy replied that he had once observed that little sticks burn before big ones, and from that time he had grown afraid of Death. For this reason he attended religious gatherings, since it was very doubtful whether he should live to be old. The Guru was delighted with the reply, and told the boy that he spoke like an old man (Badha). He was known as Bhai Badha in consequence and became a famous Sikh, taking part in the enthronement of no less than four of the subsequent Gurus.

Among many other places, Guru Nānak visited Madras, where he disputed with the Jains, and then visited Ceylon, where he was fortunate enough to convert the King. He was also taken before the Queen, to whom he expounded his doctrines. He then journeyed

once more to Northern India and travelled to the Himālayas, continuing his journey westward to various centres of Muhammadan sanctity, and at last reached Mecca itself, and entered the sacred city disguised as a Fakir. He carried a cup for his ablutions and a carpet whereon to pray, and a collection of his own hymns in his hand. At first he uttered the Muhammadan prayer with due orthodoxy, but very soon his reformatory zeal began to display itself. "When he lay down to sleep at night he turned his feet towards the Kaaba. An Arab priest kicked him and said: 'Who is this sleeping infidel? Why hast thou, O sinner, turned thy feet towards God?' The Guru replied: 'Turn my feet in the direction in which God is not.' Upon this the priest seized the Guru's feet and dragged them in the opposite direction; whereupon, it is said, the temple turned round, and followed the revolution of his body." This miracle is not taken literally by all; some say that it is to be understood in a spiritual sense, and means that the Guru turned all Mecca to his teaching. He returned to India and resumed his wanderings, until, feeling that his end was approaching, he appointed his servant Aṅgad as his successor in preference to his sons. This man with certain other Sikhs, had been subjected to very severe tests. Originally he had been a priest of Ḍurgā, but had become a convert to Sikhism. After his conversion the Guru had decided to test the number of his real Sikhs. He put on dirty, tattered clothing, and with a knife in his hand went forth with dogs as though for hunting. Several Sikhs fled on seeing their Guru in this terrible guise. Nānak then threw upon the ground first copper, then silver, and afterwards gold coins, and on each occasion several Sikhs gathered up coins

and departed. Finally the party came to a funeral pyre, and the Guru ordered any who were his true disciples to eat of the corpse. Only Lahina—as Aṅgad was then called—was willing to do so. When the sheet was raised, however, nothing was found beneath it but sacred food. Aṅgad was then promised the Guruship, and Nānak himself placed the umbrella over his head and bowed to him. It is recorded that troops of Sikhs, Hindūs and Musalmans came to bid Nānak farewell and to sing songs of mourning at his death. The Musalmans said they would bury him, but the Hindūs declared that they would cremate him. At this the Guru told the Hindūs to place flowers on the right of his body and the Muhammadans on the left; those whose flowers were found fresh in the morning should have the disposal of his body. The crowd then sang the Sohila, and the Ṭapji, after which he uttered “Wah Guru,” and his Spirit entered into Aṅgad. The body was covered, but when the sheet was removed in the morning nothing was found beneath it. The flowers on both sides were in bloom. Nānak died on the tenth day of the light half of Assu, A. D. 1538.

Guru Dās, a famous Sikh, in his analysis of the gloomy state of the world at the rise of the Sikh religion, says :

Nānak established a separate religion, and laid out an easy and simple way of obtaining salvation by the repetition of God’s name He cut off the fear of transmigration and healed the malady of superstition and the pain of separation from God Sikhs are recognised by practising humility They live as hermits among their families, they efface their individuality, they pronounce the ineffable name of God, and they transgress not the will of the Creator by uttering blessings or curses upon their fellow-creatures. Thus were men saved in every direction and Guru Nānak become the true support of the nine regions of the Earth.¹

¹ *The Sikh Religion.*

Guru Aᅅgad followed out Guru Nānak's principles in all particulars. He was the very essence of humility and obedience, and proved himself in every way worthy of the Guruship. The severe tests to which he had been put by Nānak stood him in good stead, and he lived a thoroughly Spartan life. He would rise three hours before day, bathe in cold water, and meditate while the musicians sang the Asa-ki-war. Sick persons—particularly lepers—would then come to be healed by him, after which the Guru preached, and expounded the hymns of his predecessor. At nine o'clock visitors of all castes received sacred food, and afterwards the children of whom the Guru was particularly fond. He loved to draw morals from the play of these little ones. In the afternoon Aᅅgad would watch wrestling matches, and it is to be noticed that despite his weakness and spirituality he taught the value of courage and physical strength. Minstrels were kept as in Guru Nānak's time, and hymns were improvised by Aᅅgad on special occasions. Several of these hymns were added to the Sikh's daily services.

Aᅅgad taught, just as Nānak had done, the eating of meat, and it was through a discussion on this subject that he converted Amār ᅀās, who was afterwards his successor, and who came to him as servant. He told him that there is life in everything, in fruit and flowers as well as in flesh ; whatever was eaten, remembering God, he said, should be profitable. Whatever comes without hurting a fellow-creature is nectar, but whatever is received by giving pain is poison. Aᅅgad was already a married man with grown-up sons when he received the Guruship, which office he only held for fourteen years. He died in the month of Chaiᅇ, A. D.

1552, after appointing Amār Ḍās as his successor. This ceremony was performed in the same way as in Aṅgad's case—the new Guru being enthroned on a seat of honour, while his predecessor laid five copper coins and a cocoanut before him. Bhai Badha, of whom mention has already been made, then placed the sacred ṭilak upon the forehead. It will be noticed that Aṅgad, in common with the first Guru, elected his servant in preference to his sons.

Aṅgad's chief contribution to the history of the Sikh religion was the construction of a special alphabet for the writing of the hymns. Guru Nānak had composed his hymns in local dialects, and his successor deemed it advisable to adopt a simplified Panjabi alphabet for the transcription of these. This modified form was called Gurumukhi, and it contains but thirty-five letters whilst the Samskr̥t alphabet has fifty-two. Thus the Sikh Scriptures—contrary to the Scriptures of most Indian religions—came to be written in the current language of the people instead of in a classical tongue and with a written character of their own.

Amār Ḍās was already an old man when he began his ministry, but he lived to the age of ninety-five, and held the Guruship for twenty-two years. He composed a great number of hymns—among them a service that is now used for marriages, and another for mourning occasions. He accentuated all the tenets of the previous Gurus, emphasising the necessity for men of all castes partaking of the same food. None was allowed to see him until he had eaten from his kitchen. All were welcome to his hospitality, whether they accepted his divine message or not. The greatest delicacies were offered to visitors, but the Guru himself lived on

coarse food and observed the most ascetic habits. He literally took no thought for the morrow; what he daily received was daily spent, and he kept no personal possessions. A Rāja whom he converted permitted him to see his wives, and he took this opportunity of protesting against the veiling of the face by women. By this time the Sikh sect was growing in importance, and when Sikhs met one another they made salutation using God's Name. Guru Amār Dās lived in Goindwal by command of Guru Aṅgad, this being the first time that a definite city was chosen as the Sikh headquarters. The third Guru suffered considerably from the jealousy of his brother—whose claims to the Guruship had failed—and also from the malice of Muhammadan dignitaries, but he everywhere taught the forgiveness of injuries. He made attacks upon fortune-tellers and astrologers, telling them that 'the favourable time' is when men pray to God. The enlightened Akbar was now Emperor, and he favoured the Guru and tried to make peace between him and the Brāhmaṇas. He requested Amār Dās to propitiate them by making one yearly pilgrimage to the Gaṅgā, in which case he should be relieved of the usual tax. This the Guru did, and the Emperor then offered him several villages, which, though refused by the holy man personally, became the property of his son-in-law through his daughter. This son-in-law he duly installed as his successor.

Rām Dās became Guru in 1574, and held the office for seven years. Guru Nānak had appeared to his father-in-law before death, and told him to have a tank constructed upon the land that the Emperor had given to the Sikhs. This tank or lake should be called

Amriṭsar (tank of nectar) and the Sikh headquarters were to be established there. Rām Ḍās had already begun this work, and he continued it during his life, and a village gradually began to spring up round the sacred water. The first miracle of healing power very soon occurred, for a leper who bathed in it became so changed that his own wife did not know him, and the Guru himself was obliged to assure her that it was he.

Guru Rām Ḍās instituted the Masands—or Collectors of funds—for assistance in building the tank and so forth. This institution was at first a great success, but afterwards the collectors became dishonest and their office was abolished by the last Guru. Rām Ḍās emphasised all the precepts of his predecessors, particularly the sanctity of family life and the vanity of pilgrimages and unhealthy asceticism. In answer to the Hindūs who complained of their lack of observances, he said that all his followers would obtain salvation in their own homes. Heaven they did not desire to win; that was not a fit reward for their merits. Their minds were entirely absorbed in God's love, and that was their heaven and their salvation. "The Hindūs had no knowledge of 'the glory of the Saints'."

The fourth Guru died A. D. 1581 in Goindwal, leaving as his successor his younger son Arjan. With the accession of Arjan we come to a new page in the history of the religion.

Dorothy Field

(To be continued)

AN INDIAN GEM

Fortune is mine, my wife is fair,
The fame thereof spreads everywhere.
What of that? What of that? What of that, Oh! sot,
If thy Guru's feet thy heart seeks not?

Strong sons and grandsons, house and kine,
All that the heart desires are mine.

The Vedas, Shāstras, all I know,
Of Manu's Laws, I mastery show.

For righteous living, stainless hands,
Honour is mine through many lands.

Rulers and kings, from far and near,
Low in the dust my worth revere.

My deeds of mercy all proclaim,
And love and reverence my name.

Nor noble steeds, nor worldly joys,
Wife, children, wealth, my mind decoys.

Nor forest deeps, nor household cares,
Nor beauty's lips, my mind ensnares.

The pure one, singing this Octave,
Householder, student, monk, or king,
He wins the longed-for Brahmā state
For whom the Master's word is King.



THE SERVERS

By C. W. LEADBEATER, F. T. S.

ALL who have read *Man: Whence, How and Whither* are acquainted with the idea of the Group of Servers—a band of people who have offered themselves to do a certain amount of the hard work of the world, especially the work of the pioneer. When a new country is to be brought under cultivation, there must be men who will be the first to enter it, who will be willing, for a long time, to dispense with all the little conveniences which make existence bearable, to live

roughly and to work hard, cutting down trees, clearing away undergrowth, digging up and levelling the ground, boring wells and constructing roads, and generally turning the wilderness into a fruitful field and making the jungle habitable; and without such preparatory labour civilised life, and all that it brings in its train in the way of opportunity and achievement, would never be possible at all.

The same statement is true of other and higher kinds of development. When a new Root Race is to begin, the Manu in charge of the business must take a certain number of people and deal with them much as the pioneer deals with new country. He must break up many of their customs, their prejudices, their ways of thought, and implant in them others which are quite different, at the same time that he is introducing changes into the shape and build of their physical bodies. Clearly such work—difficult and complicated as it must be in any case—can be done more easily if the human material is docile, if it is to some extent accustomed to the process, and willing to co-operate to the best of its ability, just as soil which has once been turned over is easier to dig than that which has never been touched. Such material the Manu finds in us who are members of His Band of Servers. Notice the qualities which He must need in us.

First, the docility of which we have just spoken. We must be willing to follow Him through all dangers and difficulties, eager to take any hint that He throws to us, always ready to put aside personal desires and feelings for the sake of the work that has to be done.

Secondly, such comprehension of at least the broad outline of the work as will enable us to co-operate

intelligently—what in the present age we call an interest in Theosophy.

Thirdly, patience, for without that we shall assuredly fall out by the way in the long march of evolution, and become discouraged at the scantness of the visible result from all our endeavours.

Fourthly, industry, the inflowing of energy from behind that keeps us moving in spite of all hindrances—the fly-wheel that carries us over the dead-point of exhaustion and despondency.

Fifthly, adaptability and comradeship, so that we may learn to work together as a whole, to trust one another and make allowances for one another.

Have we then—we who have the honour to belong to this Band—all these qualities fully developed? Certainly not, but we are in the process of developing them, and every possible opportunity is given to us to hasten their unfolding. After the experience of many incarnations extending over thousands of years, we ought to exhibit these qualifications to an extent markedly greater than that observable among our fellowmen. If we do not so manifest them, if we are not yet what He would have us be, that is evidently our fault and we should instantly set about amending it. The history of our past lives shows us clearly what He is trying to do with us; and it shows us also that with some who are of our party His endeavour has already succeeded to the fullest possible extent. Further, if for the rest of us progress has not been so rapid, the knowledge of what those who are now Adepts have done should be to us at once the greatest possible incentive and the most emphatic encouragement. Let us see, then, what can be learned from this past history.

Since the book *Man* was written some further investigations have been made, in the course of preparing for the press the new book containing an account of forty-eight of the lives of Alcyone. These investigations modify to a certain extent some of our previous conclusions, and alter the relative importance which we were at first disposed to attach to the various factors governing the successive incarnations of this Group of Servers. When the 'Lives of Alcyone' were first published in THE THEOSOPHIST only a few of the *dramatis personæ* were given after each Life—just those characters which happened to come into close touch with the hero of the story or exercised some definite influence over his life. A few of these people appeared nearly every time, but most of them were irregular; and this seemed to the investigators quite in accordance with what might be expected, for obviously men of widely differing temperaments would make for themselves karma of various kinds, which would carry some in this direction and some in that, and would give some a long life in the heaven-world between incarnations, while others would find themselves descending into physical life after a much smaller interval.

From other lines of study we have realised the existence of three great factors as determining the place and time of each man's birth. First, the force of evolution, which places each man where he can most readily acquire the qualities in which he happens to be deficient; second, the law of karma, which limits the action of that first force by allowing the man only so much as he has deserved; third, the law of attraction, which brings the man again and again into connection with those other egos with whom he has already formed

links of some kind. We find these laws acting usually in the order above assigned to them ; and that order conveys their relative importance in the case of the great mass of humanity. It is true, as we supposed, that the length of a man's life in the heaven-world is determined by the amount of spiritual force which he has generated while on earth ; it is true that the karma of his previous lives decides to a great extent the kind of existence which he will have now, and the happiness or misery which he shall experience in that existence.

But further enquiry has shown us that, in the case of the Band of Servers, these rules which ordinarily operate are subordinated to the purpose of the Group. It is of the essence of our membership of that Band that we should be ready to put aside all the feelings and interests of the individual for the sake of the whole ; and we find that this rule holds good, even with regard to the births that we take. For us the third of these three great factors comes first ; and what is primarily considered is not our individual karma, but the need of the Group as a whole. In those earlier enquiries we found occasions when but few of his friends appeared along with Alcyone, and at the time we took it for granted that the others were probably out of incarnation at that period. By spreading our nets a little wider, by examining generations before and after that in which our hero happened to be born, by searching among neighbours and friends as well as among blood-relations, we have in nearly every case been able to find all or almost all of those whom we have specially identified ; so, while it is true that Alcyone's individual karma, or the necessities of his private evolution, have brought him sometimes into the very midst of the Group, and

at other times thrown him for the moment aside from it, we must not, therefore, assume that there is any change in the evolution of the Group as a unity.

It is now clear that the members of this Band, whether emotional or intellectual, spiritual or material in disposition, have come down through the ages together, and that the fact of their association has always been the really dominant influence in their lives, and the most important element in determining the time and place of their rebirth. They have been placed where they were wanted for the work, without any consideration, for the moment, of their individual needs or their private progress. We must not suppose that their individual evolution has been neglected, or that their precise personal karma has in any way failed to produce its due effect; but because of their membership in this remarkable clan these needs have been achieved by methods differing slightly from those which are more usually employed. The greater or lesser amount of spiritual force generated in a given life, for example, finds its result not in the comparative length of the heaven-life, but in its comparative intensity.

There are considerable intervals during which the Group is not required for work of an occult nature; but even then it still keeps together; its members do not go off separately, each pursuing his own evolution, but they are put, so far as we can see, wherever the greatest good of the greatest number can best be consulted. When they are not wanted for outside work, their own evolution is taken into account; but even then it is not that of the individual, but that of the mass. In fact, to a certain extent, the clan may be considered as a little sub-world by itself. Most of the karma of its members is necessarily

generated with their fellows, and therefore tends to work itself out within the Group, and to make the ties stronger between the comrades. It is, therefore, evident that in calculating averages for the world in general, it is wiser not to include the members of our Group, as they are under an influence which differentiates them in various ways from those who are not as yet being specially utilised.

In the introduction to the 'Lives' published in *THE THEOSOPHIST* it was mentioned that we had noted the existence of two classes of egos, who, among other things, differed in their usual interval between lives, one taking an average of about twelve hundred years, and the other an average of seven hundred. We still find these classes to be clearly marked; but when members of them come into the Band of Servers their intervals are immediately thereby affected. The distinction still persists in certain pronounced cases; a detailed study of the charts which will be published in the new book of Lives will show that there are occasions on which one may suppose that the inherent tendency proves itself too strong for the new influence, and the clan temporarily breaks itself into two groups, each of which takes the interval to which it had previously been accustomed. But when that happens we find that almost invariably the whole clan is again united by the simple plan of synchronising the third incarnation of one set with the second of the other, so that they are only apart for what is comparatively a very short time. Between these occasional outbreaks of old habit they arrive at a sort of compromise and keep together, but with intervals which are somewhat irregular—sometimes a thousand years or more, and sometimes only eight hundred. Single

members occasionally break away from the Group for an incarnation or two—presumably because they have generated karma which necessitates special treatment.

A phenomenon of interest, which has its influence upon these occasional departures from the regular routine, is the existence of what may be called sub-groups. Some of the principal characters have a small following which tends to go with them wherever they go. This is fully apparent only when we have the whole series of charts before us, so that our readers will not be able to make a complete study of it until they have the new book of Lives before them ; but even from the very partial lists which were published in *THE THEOSOPHIST*, it is possible to observe indications of this fact. The close attachment of Herakles to Mars is an instance in point ; Mars himself is usually associated with Jupiter and the Manu ; while Herakles in turn has a certain more or less regular following, in which Capella, Beatrix, Gemini, Arcor and Capricorn are prominent. A still closer attachment subsists between Alcyone and Mizar, and wherever they are it will usually be found that Sirius, Elektra and Fides are not far off. Erato, Melete, Concordia and Ausonia form a group of four who happen to be closely related in this present incarnation ; but this is no exception to their general rule, for in past lives they are constantly in intimate connection. A remarkable couple are Calypso and Amalthea ; for these two are constantly to be found in the relation of husband and wife, and if either of them is so ill-advised as to marry somebody else they usually adjust the matter by eloping together. Another group which seems to be closely linked consists of Draco, Andromeda, Argus, Atalanta, Lili, Phœnix, and Dactyl ;

the connection here is so frequent that when in the course of our investigations we came across one member of the party we always felt certain of speedily encountering the others, and we were rarely disappointed. Yet another group includes Hector, Albireo, Leo, Leto, Berenice and Pegasus; another comprises Aldebaran, Achilles and Orion. All these form smaller systems within the clan as a whole, much as in the solar system each of the greater planets has a system of satellites of its own. Only in the case of the Group there is this difference, that the sub-groups are not invariably coherent; they are together more often than not, but they do break up and intermingle sometimes, and it is evident that such changes of partnership are intentionally arranged.

Another very curious group is composed of entities whose link with the clan is less defined, for their connection with it seems often rather hostile than friendly. A decided instance of this is Scorpio, who comes down through the ages in violent opposition to Herakles, an attitude still maintained even in the present life, in which the hatred and unscrupulousness are as prominent as ever, though the power to harm has obviously decreased with the passage of time. Other members of the same type, but somewhat less violent are Cancer, Lacerta, Ursa, Hesperia; and they in turn have a set of friends such as Trapezium, Markab and Avelledo, who are sometimes associated with them and sometimes with more definitely loyal members of the Group. Pollux, who is occasionally of this party, has a special link of his own with Melpomene, though it often works along undesirable lines. Some who began forty or fifty thousand years ago as members of this less

satisfactory sub-group seem to be gradually coming out of it and allying themselves more and more closely to the main body; Gamma and Thetis are cases in point. Others there are who are closely and honourably associated with the clan, but almost always in a subordinate capacity; an example of this is Boreas. Egos retain very decidedly certain special characteristics; for example, all the characters are in most of the lives to some extent related to one another, and therefore presumably on the same social level; but whenever we come to an incarnation in which some of them are priests and warriors, and others are traders, one can always guess beforehand which names will be found in each of these classes. There are some who appear in the Group only occasionally, and as it were by chance—evidently themselves not regular members of it, but probably karmically associated with some who are members; examples of this kind are Iota, Kappa and Liovtai.

The Group of Servers is a large one; the two hundred and fifty characters to whom names have been assigned are supposed to be less than one-tenth of the whole. It is thought likely that the whole clan is divided into companies for the purpose of special training, and that these companies are taken in hand one after another by the Manu and His subordinates. Our two hundred and fifty may well be such a company, and when one of its members disappears from it for a time he has probably been gaining experience in one of the other companies. There are various pieces of evidence that point to this. For example: our characters are called together by the Manu about 70,000 B. C., when He is making preparations for His new Root Race; many of them were killed in the massacre which took place then,

and received a promise from Him that those who died for the sake of the Race should be reincarnated in it immediately under somewhat more suitable conditions. When, ten thousand years later, the Race was definitely established, every member of our Group appeared in it. When the time came for the formation of the second sub-race our Band was utilised both in the first occupation of the valley and again two thousand years later when the actual migration into Arabia took place. Just the same thing happened with regard to the third sub-race, our Group passing through three incarnations in the course of its establishment. But when the time came for the founding of the fourth and fifth sub-races, not a single member of our clan of two hundred and fifty is to be found among those who are helping the Manu in His work. It seems evident, then, that at that period the turn of another company had come—another set of egos must have been going through this training.

When the Bodhisattva condescended to appear in India as Shrī Kṛṣṇa and in Palestine as Jesus, no single member of our Group was in attendance upon Him, nor were we chosen, as now, to prepare the way for His advent. In each of these cases He had attendants, so the presumption is that they belong to one of the other companies.

From the glimpses we have had of the beginnings of the Sixth Root Race we know that our clan of Servers is to have the honour of being employed in that connection, and there is also reason to suppose that we shall have a part to play in the development of the sixth sub-race of this present Root Race. But the purpose for which we are now called together is neither of these, though it is still of the usual preparatory nature. We

are now called upon to prepare the way of the Lord—to help to make ready the world for the descent of the Bodhisattva. Because that is so, the method of this incarnation differs from all those that have preceded it. When we were founding a physical race, we were born in the same country and thrown into close physical relationship, but that is not at all what is needed now. The coming Teacher needs heralds to prepare His way in all countries, and so that ancient and compact Band of Servers finds itself scattered loosely over the whole civilised world.

Having thus scattered us, They bring us together again, but this time intellectually, on the mental plane instead of the physical. They draw us all together through our common interest in Theosophy, and They are trying upon us this interesting experiment, to see whether after all the experience we have had, we can preserve the clan spirit and work equally well together for a common object when we are born in different races and different families. The subjects of the experiment at first know nothing about it. They find themselves in relation with people of other races and of many types, all with their various peculiarities, and the first idea that occurs to them is how tiresome these peculiarities are, and how difficult it is to get on with these people. But presently they get through these surface differences to the common humanity behind. The ego breaks through the veil of his vehicles, and the old sense of comradeship re-asserts itself. We must needs be in every land because He needs His agents in every land; we must needs be a coherent whole, because all those agents must work together as one great body animated by one mighty spirit.

In those older lives we usually find our people gathered together into three or four large families, springing often from a single couple, or from two or three couples. The descendants of these couples for three or four generations generally consist almost wholly of members of our Group. Then suddenly the stream dries up, and the next generation consists of strangers. But many among these strangers have been observed as recurring frequently, and it is possible that they might prove on further examination to be members of that second Group whose existence we have been inferring. It may well be that that second Group, whose members are as yet unidentified, may have been employed to follow our Group in the case of the first, second and third sub-races, and that they were tried in the leading *rôle* in the case of the fourth and fifth. It is likely that on so important an occasion as the descent of the Bodhisattva both of these Groups, and quite possibly a dozen more, may be brought into incarnation.

Our investigations were undertaken for a special purpose in connection with the past lives of Alcyone, and the egos to whom names have been given are those who appear most closely in association with him—those who were going through the same training at the same time. Those who happen to be training in another squad naturally do not appear at all, although it is obvious that their work must have been just as important in connection with other sub-races. Even in our own squad many other entities are recognisable as recurring frequently, and might no doubt be identified among existent fellows of the Theosophical Society if the same amount of individual trouble were given to them that was given in the beginning to the others.

Sometimes Theosophists have asked us whether they were not among this Band of Servers in the past, as they feel themselves so strongly drawn to some of the Great Ones, or to the President, that they feel sure they must have met them before. I think it is quite certain that almost every member of the Society (at any rate, every member who is working strongly and disinterestedly for it) must have been in one or other of these Groups at one time or another. Some of them may form that later generation which we so often half recognise. Round the families which we have catalogued there is a sort of *penumbra*, an outer fringe which probably contains thousands who are now students of the sacred wisdom. Indeed, some who are not specifically mentioned may be as closely related to the Great as those on our list; for we often recognise but two or three children out of a family of eight or ten; no doubt the unidentified children are Fellows of the Society also!

Sometimes a character almost forces himself upon our notice. For example, I noticed on several occasions a grand but unknown figure appearing in close connection with some of our most honoured names—an ego, evidently, of great importance. Having met with this character two or three times, we at last decided to follow Him down to the present day, and discovered Him to be the Master of the Master K. H.—a senior Adept, to whom in our charts we have given the name of Dhruva. Quite recently I came across another character, apparently by the merest accident. One of our members brought to my notice a young friend of his because he had heard that we happened to have a certain interest in common; and the moment that this

young stranger was introduced to me I saw that he was *not* a stranger, but, on the contrary, a prominent character in many of those lives of old—one whom I had supposed to be at present out of incarnation. He came into my life this time as the proofs of the new book on the *Lives of Alcyone* were already in hand; he was just in time to be included in Chart No. I, but just too late to take his place in the specimen ledger-page, as that was already 'struck off'. What happened then may occur again; at any moment we may come across a person who held an important position among us in those days of old. Even if we do, however, he will be too late for inclusion in this edition of the book; the door is shut for this particular cycle of manifestation! Indeed, in any case, no more names are now being given, as the number is already somewhat unwieldy for our charts and ledgers. Also, no useful purpose is to be served by adding to the list; we have already enough instances from which to draw deductions with regard to the Servers; if further investigations are made, they would be more profitably undertaken among some entirely different class of entities.

The charts are prepared on the principle of a genealogical tree, and each gives the relationship of the characters at a given date. From them it is easy, though laborious, to prepare a kind of ledger in which each character has his own page, and his relationships in successive lives are entered in due order, thus enabling us to see at a glance what position he has held, and how often he has been in touch with this person or with that. A specimen page of such a ledger will be given in the new book as a guide for anyone who wishes to construct such a volume.

A friend recently remarked that the length of physical life of the characters mentioned is always much above the average given in the present day by insurance statistics. That is true; but actuarial tables have so far concerned themselves only with an average based upon the present lives of a number of different egos, not with the successive lives of one ego! For anything we know, egos may have idiosyncrasies in this matter; some may be in the habit of taking the longest physical lives that their karma permits, while others may prefer more frequent changes. Or it may be all decided for us from outside.

Students will notice that all through the ages almost all our characters have been practically monogamous. This must not be taken to indicate that the civilisations in which they were living had never admitted the practice of polygamy. The taking of one wife only may perhaps have been an instruction of the Manu; or it may have been largely a matter of practical convenience, as it is in India to-day. I understand that Hindū custom places little restriction on the number of wives any man may simultaneously have, yet among my many friends in India I know none, outside of certain royal families, who has more than one wife.

Families in our charts are often fairly large—though not unusually so, when compared with some of those of the present day, for in this twentieth-century incarnation one of our most illustrious members belongs to a family of thirty-five—a larger number than any which we have yet found in our charts! The intelligent care of the children was always a prominent part of the instructions of the Manu; and for that reason we find but little infant mortality among our characters.

It was by His instruction also that the families intermarried so sedulously, in order that the newly-established race might be kept pure from intermixture—the result being that we comparatively rarely find one of our characters marrying one of the unrecognised.

We are usually scattered over three or four generations, and it is curious to note the groupings which occur. The two or three couples with which the families begin are often those who are now among the Great Ones, and we can understand that by supposing it necessary to have strongly developed characters to set the type. These Great Ones are themselves usually brothers or sisters in a family, the other members of which are unknown to us. Their parents are sometimes obviously highly developed people, and one may assume that they have probably since then attained Adeptship, and passed beyond our ken. The immediate descendants of these two or three couples are usually certain people who are even in the present day closely following Them. These people in turn intermarry, and then we get the bulk of the Group. But there is generally a sharply defined bottom line to the chart, below which there are rarely any stragglers. Even in that lowest line our characters almost invariably find husbands or wives who are recognised, but their families, though numerous as ever, contain no characters whom we know. This arrangement is sufficiently common to make it reasonably certain that it is not accidental, but intended.

It is interesting to notice that some characters occur almost always in this bottom line, and so, as far as our charts and ledgers are concerned, appear to have no offspring, because their children are not among

those who have been identified ; others on the contrary usually occur near the top of the chart, and consequently show plenty of children, though their grandparents, and sometimes even their parents, are unknown. Others have the habit of falling always in the middle of the chart, so that we are able to fill into our ledger both their ancestors and their descendants. It is too early as yet to speculate on the meaning of this arrangement, though no doubt it will emerge as the result of further study. It may be assumed that those who have members of the Group as their children are learning how to train vehicles for the use of these helpful egos ; but speculation is hardly likely to be profitable until we have the whole mass of facts before us in tabular form, and have time to consider them from all points of view. Admirable work has already been done along this line by Monsieur Gaston Revel, but unfortunately he had at his command only the very small body of statistics published in THE THEOSOPHIST, and consequently many of his conclusions will need revision—as indeed is the case with most of our earlier attempts to generalise. For example, we embarked upon an interesting enquiry as to whether on the average the period between lives was longer after a male or a female incarnation ; but now that we see that among us the interval for men and women alike is determined by the requirements of the Group as a whole, it is obviously useless to pursue that line of investigation any farther.

It is evident that the experiment which is being tried in this present incarnation with the Band of Servers is quite a new one. Not only have they always in the past been in physical relationship, but it is clear that the details of this relationship were not left to

chance, but were carefully arranged as part of a definite plan, in which the close association of the semi-patriarchal family life of those times was utilised to attain the required results, just as in the present day of semi-detached families quite other means are used, and advantage is taken of the mental association of societies and clubs of various kinds.

That the methods employed have been effective is shown by the case of Alcyone. In this present twentieth-century life only one member of the group which we have so often found surrounding him was born in consanguinity with him, yet every member of that group, on meeting him in this life, for what was then supposed to be the first time, instantly recognised the spiritual relationship which means so much more than any earthly tie. And what is true of Alcyone and his immediate and closest friends, is also true of the other groups or sub-divisions of the clan of Servers, and to a somewhat less extent of the clan as a whole. Forty or fifty lives ago we find Alcyone engaged in riveting certain special links; later we find him meeting these same people frequently, it is true, but still somewhat less closely associated with them, because he is then engaged in forming certain other links—making efforts the results of which are perhaps still in the future.

As the real object of these incarnations is the formation of these links, so that the members of the clan may learn to understand and trust one another, and thus gradually become a pliable, reliable, intelligent unit that can be employed by the Great Ones as an instrument, it is obvious that we cannot measure the importance of any life by the superficial incidents which

are all that we can describe in our series of stories. Picturesque occurrences may sometimes offer opportunity for heroic effort, and so may suddenly crystallise into visibility the results of long slow interior growth ; but on the other hand a life barren of adventure may yet be fruitful in the quiet development of necessary qualities—a life happy, industrious, unsensational, pleasantly, placidly progressive. Putting aside the recurrent relationships due to the association in small sub-groups, it will be found that each unit has during this series of lives been brought into intimate connection with a large number of the other units. If, for example, we open the ledger at hazard, and look down the column of husbands or wives, we shall find on the whole very few repetitions. Sometimes one ego will marry another over and over again, but more frequently the forty-eight lives will show forty-eight different experiments in marital life. It seems clear that the Authorities who direct these matters are mixing us intentionally, in order that by entering into most intimate affinity with a number of different people we may know them thoroughly and learn how to work with them.

To be a member of this Band of Servers is indeed a noble ambition, but it is not one of those that bring honour in the eyes of men. In the founding of races and sub-races it was often necessary for some of our characters to hold high office as Kings and chief-priests, though the communities with whom they were thus associated were usually but small. In later days, however, and especially within historical times, we have been content with humbler positions, though we shall find that we have always been among the cultured

people of our time. Few of us have borne names known in history, and those few have in most cases since reached Adeptship, as may be seen by referring to the table published in *Man*.

Most of us are by no means upon that intellectual level, but what is asked of us is not the possession of genius, but of those qualities which I mentioned in the beginning of this article. Since that is obviously what is required of us, our business is to work at that development, and that with all speed, so that when the Lord comes He may find in our Group an instrument ready to His hand, an instrument as nearly perfect as we can make it.

The more we see of this Band of Servers, the more thankful I personally am to have the honour of belonging to it, for it has clearly a definite work to do for Him; and to have the opportunity of doing that is indeed a rare felicity. Feeling this as I do, I cannot but regret most poignantly that some who formed part of this Band in long-past centuries should have fallen away from it in this life. I know that they cannot fall away permanently, that their wanderings are only those of the naughty child who snatches his hand from that of his father and takes a little run on his own account—ending often in a tumble into the mud; I know that in their next incarnation they will be back amongst us studying the same philosophy, working for the same great end. They will surely take future opportunities; but what a pity to miss this one! Remember the story of the Lord Buddha, and the tremendous impetus which His blessed Presence gave to all who came within its influence. The coming Lord of Love will have the same effect upon those who stand

round Him; why should any man shut himself out from participation in such benefits? May we hope that this marvellous magnetic force will draw them all back to His feet, that His glorious Light will open the eyes of the blind, that misunderstandings, jealousies and envyings will melt away before the fire of His Love? So mote it be! But if some are missing who should be among us, all the more zeal and energy must we show, so that the total of work done may be no less—so that, if it may be, our comrades' absence may pass unmarked until they have time to recover from their temporary disability and return to the ranks. Above all must we remember the golden rule that "Hatred never ceaseth by hatred; hatred ceaseth only by love"; for only by observing that can we be worthy to know and to serve the Lord of Love when He comes.

C. W. Leadbeater

SOME PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES

By ELISABETH SEVERS, F. T. S.

THE following slight and fragmentary psychic experiences are given, as I share Mr. Van Manen's opinion that varieties of psychic experiences may be as valuable in the realm of psychism as varieties of religious experiences have proved themselves to be in the realm of religion.

As a child I was at once intensely interested in anything to do with the supernatural and horribly frightened of any personal experience. I used to lie awake in agonies of fright, fancying I could hear invisible people walking about in my room, generally ending on these occasions with my head under the bed-clothes to protect myself from sight. Mercifully I never *did* see anything, and the only psychic experience, if it can be called such, of my childhood, was a rather curious, recurrent nightmare. I used to dream that I was standing alone, poised in space, and the sense of utter loneliness was in itself appalling. On each side of me were large threatening storm-clouds, and the climax of the nightmare was reached by these clouds descending upon me with a rush and a roar which threatened to annihilate me utterly. I still remember the sense of injury engendered in my childish mind, the last time I had this dream, at being scolded instead of sympathised with. I was at the sea-side recovering from some

childish complaint, and an accident had happened—a fellow-lodger had broken her arm or leg. Frightened, I suppose, though I had not seen the accident, I awoke in the night shrieking with this nightmare, and unfortunately disturbed the invalid—for which, next day, I was reprimanded.

But I, my brother and sister, were all, I suppose, nervous, delicate, rather excitable children. We all talked in our sleep, did sums out loud in our sleep if we had been worried with home arithmetic lessons before we went to bed (we were all notably bad at arithmetic), and I at any rate walked in my sleep. I can still remember the acute discomfort of waking to find myself away from the safe shelter of my bed, totally oblivious as to my whereabouts and ignorant as to how I was to find my bed. One's sense of locality seemed to be temporarily obliterated. I generally found myself clutching at the window curtain, attracted to it, I suppose, by some glimmer of light. My horror of the dark lasted until I was almost grown up, when suddenly it left me without any reason. Of course I have, like Mr. Van Manen, dreamt that dream of discomfort at finding oneself improperly clad in public, but with me it was generally only a trifling article of attire that was missing, a belt or gloves. But I am sure now, looking backwards, that I owed to a certain sensitiveness in thought-perception a good deal of the discomfort of a rather uncomfortable childhood. I used to know things without being told them, and so participated in a manner very trying to myself in a good many of the grown-ups' worries.

Until I became a Theosophist I had practically no real psychic experiences. I had for protection walled

myself in pretty completely, I fancy ; at least I had tried to do so. When I adopted vegetarianism and the practice of meditation, from time to time psychic experiences arrived, and then seemed so natural that they did not frighten nor disturb me at all. For one thing, I have been fortunate in not having any of an alarming nature. Mine, on the contrary, had a kindly habit of arriving when I was in need of comfort or help. The most common of my psychic experiences was at first the smelling of sweet perfumes and the seeing of colours, the second generally in meditation but the first often in everyday life. In trains, which do seem a very prosaic *milieu*, I have had several psychic experiences. Returning from the Continent one spring, and feeling very much depressed both at coming back and at some family changes, soon after leaving Harwich I remember great clouds of perfume suddenly surrounding me.

With regard to this psychic sense of smell, I remember a rather striking example which I experienced in York Minster. I was walking down its long nave rather hurriedly—conscious I was already late for an appointment with a friend—to examine some detail in connection with, I think, the tracery on the west door, which had been pointed out to our notice in a lecture on the Minster ; so I was not in the least thinking about psychism of any sort. Suddenly, I was conscious of a very strong perfume as of a garden of flowers on a hot summer day ; I merely thought to myself : “ This is a new variant in psychic odours ” (as the one most familiar to me was that of incense), after having, of course, looked round to see whether there were any flowers anywhere about. There were none, and I went on to the bottom of

the nave, looked at the door and retraced my steps. However when I came again to the place where I had first become aware of the perfume, I met it again, and I came to the conclusion that instead of the perfume concerning myself, as I had at first thought, it had, for some reason that I knew nothing about, a distinct habitat of its own; one walked into the odour and walked out of it. I looked about to see if I could account for this phenomenon in any way, if there was any side-chapel or tomb—one remembers how the bodies of the mediæval saints used to give out a sweet perfume which was accounted one of the signs of their sanctity—any material object about which psychic influences might be playing; but the long bare nave alone stretched before me. Perhaps somebody of holy life had prayed or meditated on one of the wooden benches which alone the nave at that spot showed, and his prayers had sweetened even the atmosphere of that holy place, so sanctified by long centuries of worship and so intimately connected with England's history and life.

Once, on going from Bath to Cheltenham to deliver a lecture to the Ethical Society, the train ran into a very dense fog and had to go very slowly; to my astonishment I distinctly heard the ringing of an astral bell, shrill yet sweet in tone. There was no bell in the carriage, and when my fellow-passengers had disappeared, I examined the carriage to see if anything could have made the sound I had heard, but found nothing. On this occasion I assumed that some astral entity thought I was frightened by the fog, which I was not in the least, and so had kindly rung a bell either to re-assure me or to divert my mind.

Again, when travelling from Cheltenham with Mrs. Besant to Leeds, I witnessed in the train a phenomenon I have never seen before or after, which I attributed to the fact of Mrs. Besant's proximity heightening my astral vision, for I am not at all clairvoyant left to myself. I was tired, and was sitting in a corner doing nothing, when before my eyes—they were open not shut, my astral seeing is generally with my eyes shut—a kaleidoscopic geometrical coloured pattern unrolled itself, gazing dreamily at which I presently went to sleep in good earnest and was disgusted with myself when I awoke.

A striking example of prophetic protective care occurred to me when I was living at Bath (I am sorry I cannot give any dates for any of these occurrences but I never can remember dates and I am writing in the Nilgiris far from old diaries or papers). I am always more inclined to be psychic at Bath than elsewhere, which I attribute to the fact that its mild and relaxing climate does not at all agree physically with me. I was then President of the Bath Lodge and was in the habit of writing on Tuesday mornings a summary of the Monday's evening lecture, taking it myself to two newspaper offices in time for publication in the evening papers. For some reason or other I had not on this occasion got through the reports in time to take them in the morning, and I intended in consequence to take them in the afternoon, as I was going to a meeting at the Guildhall for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and should have to pass one office on the way while the other was quite close. I was resting in my room, after lunch before going out, when a voice said to me, it seemed within me: "Post those notices." To

post the notices meant that they would get to their destination later than if I took them, not to speak of wasting postage. But as I had had previous experience of the folly of neglecting psychic impressions, I obeyed.

When I was exactly opposite the first office at which I should have left my notice—and to do so I must have crossed the street and so have been within the danger zone—I saw to my astonishment a mass of scaffolding on the front of the building fall to the ground, a workman falling with it, while on another story a man cautiously felt his way to safety, disappearing through an open window; I then realised that posting my notices had probably saved me from at least serious injury.

About this same time in Bath I was very much annoyed with repeated knockings in my room. When the knockings took to answering my thoughts, I really thought it was time to put an end to a phenomenon that was only disagreeable. I came to the conclusion that this phenomenon was largely the result of, if not occasioned by, my own emotional and mental attitude, as when I changed this attitude the knocking ceased, there seemed to be some ground for this conclusion. Also about this period I beheld my first ghost as I was returning home one night about ten o'clock from the usual Lodge meeting. It was the figure of an elderly woman dressed in what struck me as very old-fashioned clothes. I particularly noticed that she was holding up her skirt on one side with the right hand rather high, and so displaying a good deal of white stocking. As this figure stepped out from a neighbour's doorway nearly on the top of me, I was rather startled. But my first instinctive thought was: "This is a psychic appearance and not

human." I stopped and pondered on my action. I wished to prove if it were a ghost or a human being. But I argued: "If I catch hold of her"—the only test that then presented itself to my mind—"and my hand goes through her I shall have a horrid shock. If on the other hand she is solid, a living breathing woman, how shall I excuse my action?" In any case I thought I would put a little distance between the figure and myself. So I went on a few steps and then turned to have another look. The figure had vanished; I only saw the long expanse of a lonely hilly road. I pass that garden entrance nearly every time I go out in Bath, but I have never by night or day seen the apparition again. I made no inquiries, for the house belonged to a gentleman in himself rather a character, who might quite possibly have resented the idea of a ghost issuing from his domain.

Curiously enough only a week or two later, again returning from a Lodge lecture, I encountered another figure, whether astral or physical I was not sure, that of a man this time. He was also standing outside a house I had to pass, but was sheltered by a portico and was not nearly so close to me as the previous figure had been. As I drew near, he turned his head and looked at me, but in the darkness I could not see him distinctly. Again I argued: "Shall I go up to him and speak to him?" But it was again quite close to my home, and I knew that if he were physical he would probably know me by sight and think me quite mad. As in the previous case I had the instant thought on perceiving the figure: "This is astral." Not seeing of what use these nocturnal apparitions were to me, and not particularly desiring their repetition, I took

one or two obvious precautions to improve my health (I knew I was very run down at the time), with the satisfactory result that I beheld no more ghosts.

For you can, if your attention is directed to it, quite easily shut off psychic experiences. As a rule I never remember my dreams or nocturnal experiences. On one occasion I dreamt I was in a place where at that time I was particularly anxious to be, so that nightly I used to go to sleep willing myself to go there. In my dream I saw a friend, and noticed she was a very odd colour. I thought she looked so ill that I wrote to her next day, and asked her how she was, mentioning my dream. I however received no answer and did not in fact much expect one, as she was a remarkably bad correspondent, and being herself very psychic my dream would not strike her as anything unusual. But talking to a friend about a year afterwards, who had been stopping with my dream-friend at the time of my dream, she, knowing nothing of my dream, said: "I knew she was going to be ill. I never saw a woman such a colour." Later I visited my friend in the house of my dream, and only recognised it in a sort of burst of remembrance, when one night the dividing doors between the drawing-room and dining-room were thrown open. I had not at all enjoyed this particular dream experience. It had in fact been so painful to me that on waking I had said to myself: "One has quite enough pain and trouble in waking consciousness without adding to it unpleasant dream experiences"; and I set myself against remembering my dream life. For before I heard of Theosophy I had regarded the night as a blessed time of oblivion and of respite from trouble, and the thought persisted. I

was confirmed in this resolve when I found that my dream experiences symbolised, or rather more accurately anticipated, very painful happenings on the physical plane.

When awake, I cannot compose a single line of poetry and have never even tried to do so. So one night I was quite pleased to find myself in a dream composing poetry. When I had composed two lines only, I said to myself in my dream: "Is it really I who am doing this?" and with the thought of the *I*, as so often happens when the self-consciousness or the rational faculty obtrudes itself in any psychic experience, I awoke and did not even bring back my two lines! Once sitting in meditation in a Third Object Group in London, a voice dictated to me two lines of poetry which I wrote down eagerly; but when the meditation was over I found that doggerel was the result. Once and once only I dreamt a whole short ghost story, in the flash of an eye it seemed; even in my sleep I was sensible of speed. The story afterwards appeared in *THE THEOSOPHIST* in the 'In the Twilight' series.

To return to my ghostly adventures. On sleeping once in a very haunted but most prosaic and cheerful-looking apartment in Yorkshire, I was awakened from sleep by an extraordinarily loud knocking of a metallic nature immediately above my head. It sounded more like the fearful clamour of a dockyard than anything else I can liken it to. I had not gone to sleep until some time after 11 o'clock. It was Saturday night. I argued to myself that it was impossible for either workmen or burglars to be making such a noise. Besides if others heard it, it would disturb the whole house, which was quite peaceful. As the knocking left off directly

I was awake, I reasoned that its object was to awaken me, and I was distinctly annoyed at being aroused when I had been very fast asleep after a very fatiguing day and with the prospect of another tiring day before me. So I lay quiet. I did not even trouble to light a light but remonstrated vigorously in my mind with the supposed knocker, pointing out that if he wished to communicate with me the proper place to do so was the astral plane. Nothing more happened and I soon went to sleep again and slept quietly for the rest of the night. Next day by means of a trained clairvoyant the ghost was traced, and a tragedy in which he had taken part, discovered. I hope he was laid for good. It appeared that his object in awakening me was to obtain my aid in hunting for some hidden treasure in which he was interested. In more detail this ghost story appeared in the *Adyar Bulletin*.

At the Third Object Group I mentioned before, we used to practice telepathy, and I remember that I developed a tiresome propensity to receive people's wandering or instinctive thoughts, instead of the thought on which someone was concentrating and which we were endeavouring to reproduce. A curious and rather annoying instance of this occurred one day in the group meeting to another member of decidedly psychic propensities. On the preceding evening I had taken part in a long and very elaborate Masonic ceremony, and at one point of the proceedings had been specially impressed by what might possibly have been some instance of a past life's memory. (*En passant*, though that is a point I cannot for obvious reasons elaborate, Masonic ceremonials present rather favourable opportunities for psychic experiences.) To my astonishment a non-Masonic member, being asked to describe his experiences

during a group meditation, proceeded to describe what were evidently fragments of the ritual I had taken part in the previous night, the part that had, for the reason given, particularly impressed me. He had picked it up from my aura, I imagine; I was not at that moment thinking of the ceremony.

I am inclined to think that telepathy is, as a rule, rather a nuisance. It so often results in letters crossing, necessitating more writing. With one's relations or close friends it is astonishing how often one anticipates what they are going to say or are thinking. One day when I was visiting an old friend in Bath—she happened to be an untrained psychic of some ability—she said to me: "I knew I should see you soon; I dreamt of you last night." For some days I had been thinking of visiting this friend to enquire after one of her daughters who was ill, though, as it happened, that day I had gone out intending to see someone else, and, on meeting the person I intended to visit, thought of this other call which I ought to pay. I think the same week this happened I went to see another friend of whom I was then seeing a good deal, a thorough agnostic as regards both Religion and Occultism, but a clever and amusing woman; I found her in the act of writing to me to ask me to come and see her. I wondered who in these cases was influencing whom, and was quite relieved to hear soon after that some friends had sat in a circle one afternoon and willed me to come and talk to them about Theosophy, and that I had known nothing about it. But I had one day a rather striking example of the power of thought, of even a passing thought, which is not quite so easy of explanation. I was passing the garden-door of the house in Bath in which I was born,

and in which I lived until I was twenty-three. As I passed by on the other side of the street, I looked across and thought to myself: "I had a great deal of experience in that house, and some of it was of a distinctly painful character. I wonder I feel nothing when I pass it by"; and I went on my way. I returned about half an hour later, and without thinking of the house suddenly nearly fainted as I came opposite to it. I had felt quite well until I reached that particular spot, and when I recovered sufficiently to reason about it, I felt quite sure my sudden indisposition was due to psychic and not physical causes. My passing thought had evidently stirred up an elemental of some strength.

I made a more practical use of thought-power during the last Boer war. We read one evening in the evening paper that my brother—who had enlisted in one of the irregular forces which were hastily got together when the British arms met with reverses—was reported as 'missing' after a small engagement in which the British force was ambushed, and all the English were either killed or missing. The War Office authorities, on being appealed to, knew nothing, and a very anxious time of family suspense naturally ensued. One night I thought I would try if I could find out anything about my brother's fate. I knelt by my bed-side and composed myself carefully, and tried to send out my consciousness to S. Africa with the object of finding out if my brother were alive or dead. I obtained nothing sufficiently definite to put into words, yet a complete certainty that my brother lived possessed me, so much so that I answered some of the letters of condolence I received, to that effect, and was told afterwards, by which time I had been proved to be right (for my brother had been

knocked senseless in the fight by a spent bullet and had later been taken prisoner) how very odd one of my correspondents had thought my confidence.

I am inclined to believe that in writing one is occasionally helped more than one's natural vanity quite likes to admit, by astral collaboration or by astral suggestion. I remember being quite annoyed when a clairvoyant informed me that she saw the figure of a man near me in a monk-like garb whom she thought helped me in my writing or speaking. I much preferred thinking I did it all myself. But when I thought over this idea, I came to the conclusion that, though the help need not necessarily come through the agency of a monk, who might be just passing by on the astral plane when the psychic saw him, help was sometimes given. For example in my *House of Strange Work*, written in my second or third year of membership in the T. S., I certainly wrote of things which in my brain I did not then know. I cannot now remember exactly how it began, but I was at that time in the habit of spending a good deal of my time in meditation in a garden in the shadow of the Himālayas. I was very pleased at finding or inventing such an interesting place to meditate in. It replaced an earlier meditation spot I knew well—a temple standing on a promontory surrounded by water ; a flight of steps, at the bottom of which a boat was moored led up to the temple terrace, on which a man who had just left the temple stood looking at the expanse of water and of blue sky with unseeing eyes. But though I can visualise easily, I never could either see or picture to myself the face of the man whom I daily saw standing in the garden in the shade of the branches of a large tree, which looked to me like a

cedar tree ; I always stood behind him, and the back of his head and figure was all I ever saw and it seemed sufficient. But I well remember the thrill with which I heard Mrs. Besant's wonderful word-picture of the Lord Maitreya, standing in His garden looking out over the Indian plains below, with which she closed her Presidential Address at the Benares Convention of 1911. I remembered it when, zigzagging up the Nilgiri Mountains in the little mountain train the other day, two or three times *en route* one caught panoramic glimpses over the wide-stretching plains below. But before that address I did not know that such a garden existed.

In the Albemarle Street Library, when the English T. S. Headquarters were in that locality, I had one afternoon a curious experience. I had asked for Mabel Collins' *The Blossom and the Fruit*. Told that it was missing I took instead *The Idyll of the White Lotus*. Suddenly the feeling came upon me that I had to do something with this book. But I had no idea what I was to do. I went to sit in a corner of the library in which I knew that there were helpful influences, and waited for more light. However no illumination appeared, so I borrowed the book and took it home with me. Next day, I think, I began to write an article on the 'Three Truths' given to the young priest at the close of the book. In fact I wrote two articles, but I knew as soon as I had finished the first that that was the work I had to do ; the second article was of no consequence. They were both published, the first in the *Co-Mason*, and the other in the Dutch *Theosophia*. In connection with this incident there was a sequence. Soon after I wrote these articles the first number of the

American Masonic Magazine edited by Mrs. Holbrook was sent to me—I do not remember its name. On opening it I found the 'Three Truths' printed as a motto or introduction. I was struck by the coincidence and wrote to Mrs. Holbrook to ask her if she had any particular reason for printing these 'Three Truths' in connection with Co-Masonry, with which on the surface they did not seem to have any particular relation. In return she informed me she had a very definite, and I gathered spiritual or psychic reason, for so using this quotation; that it was of too private a nature to write, but that when we met she would tell me. However her death has preceded our meeting. But this seemed, I thought, a rather interesting example of a psychic inspiration setting two people to work on parallel lines on the different sides of the Atlantic at, roughly speaking, much the same time. And I hardly knew Mrs. Holbrook. We were in no way in psychic communication. In fact when I wrote to her, I did not remember that we had personally met, but in her return letter she reminded me that we had once met, at Harrogate, I think. But I never quite understood why it was necessary for my 'Three Truths' article to have been written. It was in no way a remarkable article, and attracted no notice that I am aware of. It may of course have been of use to some one unknown to me.

At one time when I had a great burst of writing short stories, mostly of a psychic nature, I used to take up my pen without an idea of what it was going to produce, and wait until the ideas flowed through. I used to feel as if a tap were turned, and the thoughts flowed automatically through. But the people and the scenes so created were quite real to me. I saw them,

I felt with them, I lived with them, I grew quite fond of them. At that time when I began to write, I used to make up my mind as to whether I was going to use my brain consciously, or to put myself into a receptive attitude and wait. The latter way of writing is not, of course, always successful, but at that particular time at Bath, in writing fiction at any rate, I always adopted it. But there is always something rather cryptic about composition.

Since I have been in India, the ancient and traditional home of mystery and magic, my psychic experiences have been almost nil. On arriving at Adyar, however, I was immediately struck—Alcyone was living there then and was the centre of very much care and thought—by the strong feeling of belief in and expectancy of the coming of the Lord Maitreya. It was so strong that one really felt it would occasion one no surprise if, at any turn of the road, one perceived the figure of the Lord approaching. And soon again I felt I had to write something, and I knew it was to be something connected with the Order of the Star in the East. But I had no idea what it was to be. I waited some days for the thought to develop, but it did not come though the impression persisted. So in the Shrine Room one day, at my usual time of meditation there, I asked that if I were to write anything on this subject, I might be told what to say; then I waited. And soon the words were formed, I heard them as it were within my head; it is so difficult to put these experiences into words: "Say to them; I, the Lord who am Love incarnate, when I was last with you, you murdered; I, who am Justice, by false witness you brought about My death," and I knew I had the clue. Next day when I sat

down to write out the two sentences, the rest came without any difficulty. Now that article, published under the head 'A Meditation,' has been a useful one. It has been several times reprinted from *The American Theosophist*, where it first appeared, has been translated, used by O. S. E. groups, and issued as a propaganda pamphlet. There seems so much more reason for my being helped with this article, than with the other on the 'Three Truths'.

The only other psychic impression of any importance I have experienced at Adyar happened one night at the evening class. As it was a very wet monsoon night, in either November or December 1911, we had the class in the upper hall or drawing-room instead of on the roof as usual. Mrs. Besant was in Benares, so in consequence, Mr Leadbeater, Mr Jinarajadasa, Alcyone and Mizar, instead of appearing from her rooms, came from Mr. Leadbeater's room, passing close by where I was standing, and in fact nearly touching me as they passed. I had not noticed their coming by this unexpected route, and was rather startled at their appearance. I put my hands together, in the usual Indian greeting we adopt at Adyar, just as Alcyone passed me. I suppose my action caught his eye; at any rate he turned and smiled at me. As he smiled—and his smile lights up his face in an extraordinary manner—I saw the Star flash out over his head, its lower rays almost touching his forehead. I saw it but for a moment, and the sight seemed to make me feel momentarily a little faint. When Alcyone had taken his seat opposite me and I looked across at him, it had vanished.

Elisabeth Severs

THE PEN OF THE MANU AND OF GOD

TO H. P. B.

By WELLER VAN HOOK, M. D., F. T. S.

AS on tablets of bronze with a finger of fire the record of God is written—immutable utterly! Is it bronze of the earth and the furnace of which the tablets are made? Of the finest of ether are they, changelessly blazoned. How writes the Creator each day a page of His book—His memory page, ne'er to be dimmed? With the deeds of His children He writes as with finger dipped in heart-fire.

The LOGOS writes His days with the deeds of His Spirit of Flame. And men that have found God's Way and learned how He wields His sceptre of flame may write the world's fate in that book with a pen that is made of their children's heart-flame of love.

So on an ancient day once thought a King of might in his knowledge of God, heaven-taught; he would at last be the Manu, devising and forming a new race of men, that souls oft returning anew to the earth should find fresh embodiment in splendour undreamed of before. So would he fill his pages full in the diamond Fate-book of God.

Oh! long the way of attaining that goal—the new race upbuilt—if told by the life-grips of men; but, measured by the All-Father's life, not long! Pine-trees may spring from tiniest seedlings 'neath His gaze and,

reaching full stature, grow senile, then succumb to just decay, and fall; or the torrent's bed slowly be moved by the soft water-wearing of its firm rock bed—yet He, in spirit-repose, aye remains! See the stars wheeling over in dignified flight, rejoicing, majestic, ordered, each holding due remoteness from his mate. Decade by decade they stand—the fixed stars, seeming a little scornfully to view the swift darting comets, or the wilful, wayward moon and the moody planets in their petty annual journeyings. But watch a thousand years! See! A slight change is there! Our ball 'mid the stars has, with the shepherd sun and the other planets, wandered flock-wise in the dotted dome of blue among the spheres and stands in some new zodiacal sign!

Cease counting time by days and years! Call no task long not measured by the time-space 'twixt the signs or yet clocked by the wheeling of our universal axis once in twice ten thousand years or more about the Northern Star! So measures the Manu! So He regards mankind as slowly it climbs the stairway to God. And labouring in such cycles—they but gigantic fragments of the eternal—He has wrought!

And with what *stylus* must He grave the everlasting adamant? or with what flame should He burn the records of His will upon the page? 'Twas with the soul-flame of His servant that should be light-bearer to that world where long before the Illuminates—Gautama, Hermes, Pythagoras, Plato, Iamblichus, the Anointed One of Bethlehem, and He that is fondly called by children with the name of the Adriatic island-city and that one the Defender of the Love-Rose Cross—were the world's joy and hope and the redeemers of God's hosts, to lead men back to Him as His legitimate Sons.

So was that one prepared in those long multiplying centuries while the egg of God's own self-enclosing in His prakṛti wheeled in two signs of the phantasm-belt that marks for us some shadow limit of the being of Brahmā!

No menial task was this but Love's mighty labour! As the mother lifts the soft, nerveless nurseling, and out of the jelly-mass of sweet inchoate man-stuff draws a smile divine by sending down to it of her own divinity, so He, The Mage, if her bright spirit for an instant drooped, sent streams of wise, loving, ātmic grace to her. Most God-like were His darts and her flame divine leaped up to His, the Father's, and—once more she, the worthy, mighty servant toiled upon the up-leading way.

Who shall be that Homer to tell the Achillean epic of her drama-service on three continents, to rouse the whole world from its slumber of illusion-darkness and, anew like those Christs of old, proclaim the way?

Now is the first act of the Root Race drama done! Or, since the first man of that Root Race is not yet seen, should we more wisely say the theatre is built, the prologue by His *Angelos* read, and the actors, not yet costumed, are rehearsing their most mighty lines!

And the fair, blank page of the sacrificing Father of us all, offered for the writing of His children small and great, has been touched by the finger of that Manu, who with His mighty, worthy servant H. P. B., has written there for ever the story of His own sacrifice and His miracle of Grace.

Weller van Hook

THEOSOPHY IN MANY LANDS

RUSSIA

The Hall of the Theosophical Section at St. Petersburg is no longer large enough to accommodate the increasing number of members ; so the General Secretary proposes to take down the wall between it and an adjoining room in order to increase space. The number of Lodges is also growing ; one dates from the Congress of Races held in London in 1911 and studies brotherhood on these lines ; another is set apart for the study of Dr. Steiner's works. One group of members meets to discuss Art problems in the Light of Theosophy. The old Order of Service, at first almost exclusively devoted to philanthropic work, has changed the nature of its activity. A circular to this effect consisting of fifty questions was sent to members, and each has undertaken some particular work for the T. S. either manual or intellectual, from the pasting on of stamps to translations and literary work of all kinds. A new journal has appeared under the auspices of M. Konzmine, a Theosophist of Kiev. It is intended for the young and bears the title *Chevalier*. As to its purpose, we take from it the following lines :

We are in favour of moral laws, laws which are infringed by the narrow and exclusive cult of knowledge and of reason. The principle of the struggle for existence, which tends to become the guiding principle not only of isolated personalities but of whole nations, is a principle of animal evolution and belongs to that world. For the might which is right we must substitute the law of justice, and all strength should be made subservient to the higher principles of the good, the beautiful and the true, which should be applied to life as one learns an art or a science.

The latest publication of the T. S. is a collection of the works of members of the Educational Circle of St. Petersburg, on the first period of infancy that is to say on the first seven years of life.

Finally we mention the beginning of a movement full of vital interest of which an account has been presented by its initiator, Madame Poushkin, at the last International Congress. It relates to prisons. Madame Poushkin has succeeded in getting permission to visit these and already the results have exceeded one's highest expectations. The need for moral help is indeed very, very great, especially amongst the criminals of

the lower classes, ignorant and simple as they are, sometimes half imbecile, who have fallen into error more often from mental and moral blindness than from perversity. The details of this work will be found in an Official Report later.

M. K.

ENGLAND

London letters tell of the success of the meeting held in the large Queen's Hall at the Annual Convention of the T. S. in England and Wales. This was indeed an innovation, to take such a Hall for the meeting, and it shows that the interest in Theosophy in London is no mere curiosity to hear a well-known speaker, but is a genuine interest in the teachings themselves. Lady Emily Lutyens took the chair and Mrs. Russak, Mrs. Despard and Dr. Haden Guest were the speakers. It was, as one friend writes, "a milestone in our history".

JAVA

A most remarkable revival of Islam is going on in Java, and a Society named the 'Sankat Islam' has been formed, and has some 300,000 members. It arose partly as a re-action against an effort to convert the Javanese to Christianity. It has taken up the principles of one of our Leagues of Service—abstinence from "the seven Ms." sexual immorality, gambling, liquor-drinking, opium-taking, *etc.*, and is imposing these restrictions on its members. The T. S. in Java is working very well. A printing-press has been established, a Teachers' College is being erected open to all races and giving religious teaching. We congratulate our worthy brother, D. van Hinloopen-Labberton, the leader in all good works.

BELGIUM

M. Wittemans, an Antwerp advocate, writes of his presentation of a report of the T. S. to the World Congress of International Associations lately held in Belgium. The Belgian T. S. is affiliated with the Societies for Ethical Culture, and the Theosophical League of Peace has taken part in the National Peace Congress. At Antwerp a Protestant pastor has formed a group of young people who regularly listen to expositions of Theosophical ideas from Fellows of the T. S.

REVIEWS

The Son of a Servant, by August Strindberg. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d.)

August Strindberg, The Spirit of Revolt, Studies and Impressions, by L. Lind-af-Hageby. (Stanley Paul & Co., London. Price 6s.)

The first book is not a novel but an autobiography, and its psychological interest is great. Since the death of this well-known Swedish author, his works are becoming popular in English-speaking lands. His *Confessions of a Fool* is unique and true, and the present volume gives the incidents, charmingly told, of Strindberg's early years—childhood and boyhood—and breaks off at his starting for the University of Upsala; yet even by then he has preached his first sermon and has translated with the help of his brother a French boys' book, though it was not published. Strindberg had a strange childhood, and if the story is a faithful narration then it must be called a pathetic one. But we have to take into consideration the temperament of our author: in almost every page comes out the lament of an injured boy, of a child who is continuously wronged by mother, father, stepmother, brothers, friends, teachers, playmates, servants, and what not! The morbid frame of mind which reflects the pain felt by our boy-hero demands our sympathy. He does not see himself as others might have seen him. Strindberg's Realism limits him to a circumscribed vista psychologically; he has only one point of view—and that is his own. Others are entirely judged by their actions; their feelings, thoughts, and inner workings are of no account to him; but in his own case his own inner activities are put down on paper for his readers' illumination and his actions are to be judged in that light. His self-pity runs through all his pictures, which are graphic and entrancing. As a psychological autobiography the book is not a success; as a true story

it is fascinating. A perusal will not mean time wasted, and there is much of valuable thought in it which claims for it a certain distinction.

Then we come to the second volume. An estimable study of a disappointing personality—such is the verdict many will pass on perusing this notable volume from the clever pen of Miss Lind-af-Hageby. In reviewing the first volume we have spoken of the one point of view of Strindberg—his own, and the second strengthens that view and reveals one of the most egotistical personalities in modern public life. It is somewhat amazing that a believer in reincarnation and karma—and Strindberg did believe in them—should have such an untrustful, gloomy and pessimistic outlook on life and the world. Perhaps such an attitude may be explained by the remark of Miss Hageby: “The misanthropy which breathed poison out of Strindberg’s writings, which showed souls and things in hideous nakedness, and sores and disease with horrible realism, was the darkness which he held high so as to call forth the cry for light.” There is very little in the personality of Strindberg that attracts us: he is bold and original in his writings, but conceited, very personal, posing as a martyr till he becomes childish and vulgar. His personal life cannot be better summed up than in the words of Miss Hageby: “He was certainly an evil-liver in the sense of conventional morality. In giving free play to the impulses of his ever-expanding personality, he played the colossal egotist and sinned against the laws of God and man. If by evil-living we understand a craven sensualist or a man beset with Don Juanesque frivolities, he was not one.” Intellectual conceit and emotional outbursts colour his life and work, conceit so daring and outbursts so passionate that one naturally looks for the hidden spring, the motive which gave them birth. Strindberg wanted to justify the principles of democracy to the aristocracy of his time, and his love for the populace prompted him to try and raise them to an aristocracy of thought—and the result was not a brilliant success, for the ways and means he adopted were vulgar exposures of personalities rather than principles, chafing and cursing at laws temporal and spiritual, with a view to destruction rather than construction. He was “an exponent of extravagant thought and lawless ideation”. Strindberg will live in history as one who expresses a curious psychological

phase in the growth of the human mind, helpful to a very few, and inspiring spiritually a lesser number. We must quote his opinions about our great founder, H. P. B. Miss Hageby writes:

He declared Madame Blavatsky's masterpiece to be "detestable through the conscious and unconscious deceptions, through the stories of the existence of Mahātmās," interesting through the quotations from little-known authors, condemnable above all, as the work of "a gynander who has desired to out-do man, and who pretends to have overthrown science, religion, philosophy, and to have placed a priestess of Isis on the altar of the crucified One." In spite of this denunciation, Strindberg had absorbed many Theosophical ideas, and his later writings are not altogether free from the influence of the despised "gynander" and the theories of occult science which she expounded.

Before closing the review we must congratulate the author of this excellent and well-illustrated volume, written in simple and chaste English. Miss Hageby has performed a miracle in producing a fascinating book on a formidable subject—and it is indeed well performed.

B. P. W.

The Natural Food of Man, by Hereward Carrington.
(C. W. Daniel, Ltd., London. Price 7s. 6d. net.)

The table of contents and a superficial glance at the matter of this volume filled us with the hope that a really good book on vegetarianism, suitable to put in the hands of an educated inquirer, had at last been written. Unfortunately a closer examination does not bear out our pleasant anticipation. The arrangement of the matter is excellent, and all possible aspects are discussed in such orderly sequence that it is regrettable to find the arguments advanced so often fallacious and the data upon which they are based by no means unimpeachable. The book is written for the purpose of advancing the extreme view that the proper foods for man are fruit and nuts alone, but in spite of careful perusal of it we cannot say that we are convinced of the soundness of the position taken up. Indeed many of the arguments advanced against animal substances tell equally against the author's own theories. Milk, for example, is condemned as unsuited to man, among other reasons, because of the difference in composition between the blood of man and the blood of the cow. Presumably since there is a still greater difference between the blood of man and the sap of the tree we ought equally to condemn the eating of apples! As a warning against the use of cream we are told that those

who partake of large quantities become bilious, *etc.*, a remark which equally applies to the olive oil which we are here advised to use in its place.

Very full tables, selected from the well known investigations of Atwater and Bryant, are given of the chemical composition of various food materials, which are of course of great interest. We regard however the elaborate arguments as to fuel values which are based on them, as wholly fallacious. Certain foods may have a very high percentage of carbohydrates and at the same time have a very small protein content, and thus would possess an exceedingly high fuel value, while the reverse may be the case in other types of foods. A short trial of the two diets would speedily show the folly of relying on fuel values as a guide to correct dietary.

Nine pages are devoted to condemning the use of salt, and having read them we remain unconverted! We believe in reality the key to the question lies largely, though perhaps not wholly, in the matter of "conservative cooking". If this is the rule, and a proper proportion of fresh vegetables be taken, then undoubtedly salt is quite unnecessary as a condiment. If however the mineral constituents are to a great extent boiled out of food-stuffs and thrown away, then there can be no question that a saline in some form is necessary, though it is doubtful if sodium chloride is the best form in which to take it. Alcohol is condemned, yet oddly enough we are told that cider is the only wholesome drink besides water, though cider of course contains a large proportion of alcohol. In view of the writer's contentions we naturally look for his strongest arguments against starch-containing foods in the chapter upon cereals, only to find, however, diffuse statements instead of close reasoning and overwhelming facts. It is because the starch in cereals must be converted into glucose before it can be absorbed by the body, while fruits supply this glucose direct in a better and purer form, that we are urged to reject cereals from our dietary. We are surprised that no figures are given to bear out this contention and to indicate the amount of glucose supplied to the system from fruit and cereals respectively. The only figure quoted is in a footnote which states that in raw cereals only about one per cent is so converted. Few of us however live on raw oats or raw wheat! Let us look then at such figures

as are available. We find the carbohydrate content of whole-meal wheat flour to be seventy-one decimal nine per cent. as against fourteen decimal two per cent. in apples, while the protein value of wheat is thirteen decimal eight per cent., but that of apples only decimal four per cent., an overwhelming balance in favour of wheat on both counts. These percentages are quoted from Mr. Carrington's own tables. In the face of these figures much stronger arguments are needed than are here put forward to convince us that we should be wise to exclude cereals from our dietary. Much is said as to the vitality given to the body by uncooked foods, fruits in particular. Regarded from the Theosophical point of view however we cannot of course agree to any such proposition. We hold that the food eaten only supplies the chemical necessities of the system while the vitality, or *prāna*, is absorbed from the atmosphere by a special organ in the body. Probably the special stimulating effect of uncooked fruits is due in a large measure to the acids they contain, which are frequently overpowered by the sugar added in cooking ; there is a great difference, for example, in the stimulating effect of an acid fruit, such as an apple, in comparison with a sweet one, such as a banana. The acids of course have a considerable effect in temporarily clearing the blood of purin bodies, and it is to this that we should be inclined to ascribe the effects discussed.

It is a pity that so many statements are made in a partisan spirit, giving only one side of the argument. For instance it is said that cancer does not attack vegetarians, and two or three people are quoted as authorities; but no mention is made of the recent pronouncement of the Cancer Research Commission of London, a thoroughly impartial body, that vegetarianism is no protection against cancer. So too in stating that the experiments of Mr. Chittenham have proved that the protein required by the body is much less than is generally stated by physiologists, no mention is made of the special method of mastication necessary to obtain such results.

There is very great need of a book such as Mr. Carrington evidently had in mind in writing the present volume, which will give to anyone interested all that may be said in favour of vegetarianism in pleasant readable form and in not too technical language. The arguments advanced, however, must be

sound arguments and the facts cited unassailable, and if there are reasons for and against, both should be stated; for the modern reader is an educated individual and is sure to detect any sins of this sort and having discovered one of them is likely to condemn the whole position.

We decidedly agree that much more fruit and conservatively cooked vegetables should be taken than is now the case, and that where this is done the cereals may be much decreased with enormous advantage to health. Not only is this a need in Europe but in India also, where there is such an astonishing over-consumption of carbohydrates in the form of rice, bringing with it as retribution diabetes, which is unfortunately so tremendously prevalent among Indians.

In spite of many shortcomings the book contains much that is interesting, while the publishers are to be congratulated on its excellent appearance and binding.

C. R. H.

Theosophy and the Theosophical Society, by Annie Besant. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price: Cloth Rs. 1-8 or 2s. or 50c.; Boards Re. 1 or 1s. 6d. or 40c.)

This book contains the four lectures Mrs. Besant delivered at the Adyar Convention of 1912, which are "intended to place before the public certain views as to the meaning of Theosophy, as to the work of the Theosophical Society". Mrs. Besant again manifests her marvellous faculty of constantly re-stating her teaching in eloquent and ever newly interesting fashion. The lectures are: Theosophy or Parâvidyâ; Theosophy; the Open Road to the Masters; Theosophy; the Root of all Religions; The Theosophical Society: Its Meaning, Purpose and Functions.

When that perplexing question is casually asked, as so often happens, "What is Theosophy?" this book will be a convenient one to present to the questioner to study. It is admirably fitted as an introduction to a deeper study of Theosophical teachings. With regard to the needs of members the final chapter will probably be of most interest. It is much to be hoped that they will note and remember that the President of the Theosophical Society states:

No word I utter, no statement I make is binding on or must be accepted by any member of the Theosophical Society. The Society has no tenets, it

has no beliefs that are binding on its members. The opinions of the President of the Society have no more authority within that body than the opinions of the lowliest member who is a Fellow of the Theosophical Society.

In her final lecture Mrs. Besant states that the Theosophical Society exists for the sake of studying and spreading Theosophy, and so it is often thought odd that acceptance of the teaching is not made a condition of entrance; but it is on the contrary thought preferable when men have accepted its one belief of brotherhood, to study the other beliefs first and to believe afterwards, holding as we do that truth makes its own way, and wants no proof.

The meaning of the Theosophical Society, its place in the world, is defined as to spread a new impulse of spiritual life among the religions and nations of the world, and to stand as a witness to the existence of the Great White Lodge. Its purpose is primarily the recognition of brotherhood, based on the recognition of the one and only life, to teach the brotherhood of religions, to substitute idealism for materialism, science for blind credulity, and mysticism for formalism, and to bring within the reach of science the superphysical worlds, to revive the science of sciences, the science of the soul. With this part of the programme few perhaps of our members will disagree; but then we pass to a purpose "which many amongst us do not yet accept but which is none the less true for some of us". This purpose is the founding of the sixth sub-race from the members of the Society, a nucleus from which later the sixth Root Race will develop. "And then another purpose, which is only believed in as yet by a small minority, is, that it is to serve as the herald of the coming Teacher and prepare His way in our mortal world." Surely in the many functions of the Theosophical Society here set forth there is something in which every member may find wherewith to satisfy the heart, to set alight the fire of aspiration, and to give him material to serve the race. And if to some the vision of the future which anticipates the founding of a new race of men and the coming of the Teacher of Angels and of men has not been granted, can they not believe, as history shows us, that, though seers are few, they *are*? Is it impossible, even in our ranks, for some to believe that, as of old, some lips have been touched with fire from God's own altar, that some can see where others are blind, hear that spiritual message to which

others are deaf, and so at least refrain from scoffing at, and from attempted injury to, the messengers, and admire the bravery and devotion which *will* speak its message whatever calumny and insult say. It has moreover already been proved to be true as the closing words of this book declare: "No earthly voice shall silence the mouths which have been told to proclaim His coming." Hatred has but recently done its worst against the heralds of the Christ, but neither slander nor lies have injured; their poison, by the divine alchemy, has been and is being converted into a fertile nourishment and a wider spreading of the message it was sought to discredit and so to silence.

E. S.

Rationalism, by Rt. Hon. J. M. Robertson, M. P. (Constable & Co., Ltd. Price 1s. net.)

That attitude towards life to which the author attaches the term 'Rationalism' is here very clearly and ably defined. It is curiously like and yet unlike that which one imagines to be the point of view of the typical Theosophist. To disentangle the threads that are common to both from those that belong only to one, to compare the two and weigh their relative value, would be a profitable exercise and one which should recommend itself to thoughtful students of Theosophy. In such analysis this little book would be an excellent basis upon which to work—a sort of mental measuring-rod. For the position is forcefully stated and is considered in relation to all the important phases of our life as thinking beings—to religion, philosophy, art and the ideals of practical life. The book is decidedly stimulating and invites reflection.

A. de L.

The Gospel of Beauty, by Harriet B. Bradbury. (The Power Book Co., London. Price 2s. net.)

Beauty is a theme of which we never tire and the volume under review belongs to the higher class literature of the New Thought School which is so helpful to men and women who are beginning to glimpse the spiritual significance of life. An interesting preface indicates the view-point: the *art* of religion is as important as the science or philosophy of religion;

the one giving the stimulus the other the restraint which perfect balance demands. "All art is an expression of the Spirit." "To study and co-operate with the workings of the divine Spirit in our souls must be the method of any successful religious culture." The first half of the book tells us where beauty is to be found and what the love of beauty means. From the generalisation "Beauty is everywhere," we are led to the study of beauty in particulars, in some details even which the superficial observer might classify as ugly. In the latter connection Emerson is quoted :

In the mud and scum of things
There's always, always something sings.

In the world of nature, of thought, in art and in humour, in patriotism and hero-worship and even in war and death, beauty is to be found. And when we speak of the love of beauty we speak of "the æsthetic aspect of the love of good"; whilst the purpose of this love is the refining and spiritualising of our lives. These ideas are all well worked out. The chapter on 'Beauty in Art' is weak. The remarks concerning Egyptian, Chinese, and indeed Grecian Art show a lack of knowledge as well as of artistic perception. But, compensating for this, there follows a charming exposition of the cult of 'teism' in Japan; and in conclusion we have a chapter on 'Ideals,' in which quite the best thing is the description of the beautiful old age which may attend us if we "live with our ideals". We recommend this book to those who have begun to seek their ideal in beauty of life.

A. E. A.

Theosophy and the Woman's Movement, by C. Despard. THE RIDDLE OF LIFE SERIES—No. 4. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c.)

Provided with photographs of the author, Madame Blavatsky and Mrs. Besant, the keynote of this beautiful and inspiring little book is at once struck in the explanation given of the true reason of the strength of the Woman's movement; "Because it is in the direct line of spiritual evolution"; an answer directed by a true intuition. The present relations of man and woman are unsatisfactory and have to be altered, and the common humanity of man and woman must be not only

theoretically recognised but realised practically, Mrs. Despard insists. The materialism of the eighteenth century has given way to the spiritual uprising at the end of the nineteenth century, which, with the reproclamation of Theosophy, has helped men and women to realise their individual responsibility and awakened their independence. The cardinal doctrine of Theosophy, that life itself is one, has also aroused in women the spirit of service that gives all that humanity holds most dear so that the world is helped. "It is in the vision which grows out of the honest recognition of human brotherhood, without distinction of sex and class that the movement and Theosophy touch and meet." The readjustments necessary are :

A readjustment of character, which can only come to pass when Society allots an equal standard of morals to man and woman. A readjustment of our law of action: not the interests of the individual self, but the interest of the all-self must be sought, the principles of unity must be brought into practical working. A readjustment of the relations between man and woman, not only in the family, but in the State, woman being given the opportunity of larger and more effective service to the community. A readjustment of that congeries of judgments, desires and other incentives to action, which is known generally as Public Opinion.

The separateness showing as selfishness, the mark of early stages of human evolution, has to give way to that characteristic of an older soul, a sense of duty, recognised as imposing the law of sacrifice and of service.

And as Mrs. Despard significantly writes: "Woman, it should ever be remembered, is an example in herself of what the law of Duty and the deeper law of Sacrifice mean." The Woman's Movement is the power it is to-day because of woman's positive desire for self-sacrifice, a desire which satisfied originally in the narrow circle of the home has now spread out to embrace the world and to serve all humanity, a self-sacrifice of which our author is a self-evident, inspiring, and much loved example. In these days of perplexity and of trouble, while the thunder-clouds lower over that storm centre of the Woman's Movement, Woman's Suffrage (though the subject is not directly dealt with in this book), this presentment of the Woman's Movement in its widest conception, as an important part of the great spiritual forces making for the world's uplifting, will come as a message of a deep spiritual significance for many, with comfort and healing in its words. It is the seers of mankind who are its truest guides, others are apt to be but opportunists, for "without vision" as a wise man once

wrote "a nation perishes". Mrs. Despard has the seer's vision, joined to the experience of practical problems her philanthropic work has brought to her, and the knowledge of human nature and of affairs her work as a social reformer and as a politician in directing the Women's Freedom League have given her. She *knows* by personal contact the many canker sores of our proud civilisation. She *knows* full well also how the teachings of the Wisdom alone throw light on darkness and give help in time of trouble. And so it is on the note of vision this practical Mystic fittingly closes :

I take comfort, in the midst of much that distresses and bewilders us, from the knowledge that, although far off, we have beheld the vision and that the spiritual forces which have ever made for its manifestation are behind us.

E. S.

Yang Chu's Garden of Pleasure. Translated from the Chinese by Professor Anton Forke, Ph. D. with an Introduction by H. Cranmer-Byng. (WISDOM OF THE EAST SERIES. John Murray, London. Price Ans. 12 or 1s. or 25c.)¹

Yang Chu is an unknown philosopher. Of all his teachings only a single fragment remains, but it is a fragment "complete and explicit enough to enable us to form a clear estimate of his teaching and philosophy". He was one of the brilliant philosophers who came to Liang, capital of the state of Wei, in the third and second centuries before the Christian era. He settled there as a small proprietor and continued there till his death about 250 B.C. What there is to be learnt about Yang Chu discloses a personality at once profound, even cynical, witty and singularly clear-sighted. His ideas were so daring, so unconventional from the then accepted order of things, that it is not to be wondered at that his philosophy failed to find a permanent foothold :

His philosophy had no place for rites. It denied a ruling spirit, it was anti-deistic. It could disclose no signs and marvels. To the seekers for guidance he offered happiness in its most simple form, and that at the expense of vulgar self-assertion and self-glorification. Elaborated and subtilised, it forms the basis for the Epicurean philosophy in Greece; in the calm summit of its indifference it attains the ultimate perfection of the ego realised many centuries later by Max Stirner, and is akin in some respects to the Charvaka philosophy in India, while lacking the harsh note of combative scepticism which leaves the Indian doctrine less a philosophy than a rebellion in thought.

¹ Obtainable at THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING, HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

Spontaneous generation of child-like happiness is the central doctrine of Yang Chu's creed, and that happiness is to be expressed by man through self-reliance and self-effort—"neither wisdom, nor virtue, nor wrong-doing, nor gain at the expense of others can help you." A book that we recommend to all Theosophists, especially to those who greatly favour asceticism.

B. P. W.

Mahommed, by Meredith Townsend. (Constable & Co., Ltd., London. Price 1s. net.)

The trend of modern thought leads all who come in contact with foreign peoples, whether as missionaries of religion, government and military officers, or merely as travellers, to take an interest in the traditions, social and religious, of races other than their own. Hence the publication in recent years of an ever-increasing number of inexpensive books on the various world religions, and on the heroes whose influence has made the nations what they are. A valuable addition to these is this reprint of Mr. Townsend's study of 'The Great Arabian'. The secret of Mahommed's power over his followers is a subject which may fitly occupy the minds of Englishmen, the citizens of an Empire which includes among its subjects many millions who bow before the Prophet's name and reverence his memory. A careful reading of the present volume should aid the student in his understanding of the problem and we wish it a wide circulation. For the story is simply and forcefully told; the setting is carefully described; and above all, the author, in his interpretation of oriental life and character, exhibits a sympathetic insight into the conditions he is portraying combined with a mental balance which keeps the judgment unbiassed and sees both sides of a question.

A. de L.

Character and Religion, by the Rev. and Hon. Edward Lyttleton, M. A. (Robert Scott, London. Price 5s. net).

Coming from the pen of one who occupies perhaps one of the most responsible positions of the present day, not only towards this generation but also towards the next, these writings of the widely known and universally respected Headmaster of Eton College demand our closest attention. We find the

author lamenting, as all thoughtful men are lamenting to-day, the presence of the pleasure-seeker ever with us, and the absence of sound stuff out of which to form the first-hand thinker, the patriot, the leader of men. Should any such child of promise be forthcoming, however, it is evident that he would meet with instant recognition on the part of the author of these pages. Rare indeed is it that we find such tender comprehension of the early struggles of the youthful enthusiast in all their pathetic futility as is shown by this man of ripened judgment and matured wisdom, in whose breast the poet, whom we are told dies young in all of us, has surely survived in purity of perception and in delicacy of feeling. He writes :

The youth starts with his heart aflame and his hopes high, but before long he finds himself praised and blamed just for the wrong things, and whenever he is vitally eager and sees a little further than other people, the Titanic bulk of human stupidity rears itself against him, and he is derided and misunderstood.

Such a youth is often a source of trial to his friends and relatives. He bristles with the defects of his qualities. Society will make nothing of him since he is no candidate for the world of sport ; he means business, but as Mr. Lyttleton puts it :

Who are they who do good work in the world ? Are they not those whose hopes as well as energy are wholly set on the task in hand ? Real eager self-dedication to a great cause, a conviction even if exaggerated of the overwhelming importance of the undertaking ; these are the ingredients which go to the making up of a firm fabric.

There is much then in these pages to attract the education-*alist*, and they may also interest the ordinary Theosophist as showing the high-water-mark of modern Christian thought *per se*. There is more than one conclusion, however, to which the author fails to carry us. For example he would have us believe that humility did not exist as a virtue before the Christian era. He writes :

... between the time of Aristotle and that of 1 Cor. xiii (roughly from 333 B.C to 57 A.D.) a moral revolution was brought about in the very region of men's being where it seems most inconceivable that it could ever be.

We are willing to admit that since ambition is the " last infirmity of noble mind " so humility may be the youngest of the virtues ; we are even prepared to think that in contrast to the Phariseism of the Jews, the serene aloofness of the Platonists, humility may at that time have appeared as a

stranger to the world ; but unfortunately for our author's argument we find no less a person than Lao-Tse in the year 600 B. C. teaching that " By displaying oneself one does not shine," " By standing on tip-toe one cannot keep still," *etc.* He was not alone in this teaching, for about the same epoch the Lord Buddha chose to wander earth " crownless and homeless that the world be helped " :

Making its dust my bed, its loneliest wastes
My dwelling and its meanest things my mates.

On the subject of egotism also our author indulges in rather sweeping statements, though he admits it " presents many mysteries of a baffling description ". He remarks severely :

There is something downright repulsive in the fact of a man turning his own spiritual being inside out.

Is there? Are the Hebrew psalms then repulsive? Surely in them we have the spectacle of a man " turning his own spiritual being inside out," yet we were under the impression the twenty-third psalm was among the loveliest things in English literature; but let our author continue :

If the spectators of this process can by force of habit overcome the feeling of repulsion nothing remains but boredom.

And with this sweeping assertion he slams the door upon the whole subjective infinite ! We think the boredom must be in the eye of the beholder in this case. True self-revelation never yet bored a really sympathetic soul. The objective art of Corneille and Racine may leave us untouched in their academic coldness; not so the pettiest details of the poet's passion for the " lady of all gentle memories," the self-revelation of the artless 'Sonnets from the Portuguese,' the plaintiveness of the Hebrew poet, the poignancy of *De Profundis*. Let us be loath to condemn any man as an egotist, since after all it is only self—the lower self in us that sees the lower self in others. God *in us* must see the Christ *in them*, and if to throw open the portals of self-revelation, if to proclaim the powers and glories of the subjective infinite be to become an egotist, then not only is some of the greatest literature egotistical but even the Christ of the Christians can scarcely escape the reproach of egotism.

K. F. S.

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